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CAMPING OUT.

By W. P. Stephens.

Modern civilization may well be described by the words so generally applied to fire: "A good servant, but a bad master." At no previous period have the appliances for easy and comfortable living been so numerous or so generally distributed among all classes, and the men of to-day have much cause for congratulation compared even with those of a generation since. Whether for purposes of business or pleasure, the number of man's servants has of late greatly increased. The telegraph, the telephone, the locomotive and the steamship, the modern printing press, and thousands of minor devices which add immensely to the sum total of his pleasures, are all willing servants if properly used; but once in control, they become the hardest taskmasters.

The telegraph and telephone offer a ready and useful service at all times; but, again, they often become the most rigid fetters, binding a man's whole life to the office and exchange. Steam has increased to an enormous

THE CAMP.

extent the ease and pleasure of traveling, but it is now too often used as a means for a rapid rush from place to place, with none of the pleasures which accompany more deliberate travel; and the many other adjuncts are too generally misapplied as a means for accumulating a little more money or building up a short-lived fame at the expense of health and true enjoyment. Men have come to live fast, rather than well.

The wise man is he who, while appreciating and utilizing all these privileges to the fullest extent, has independence of mind sufficient to dispense with them at times, and to refresh himself and renew his life and vigor by a short return to mother earth, and a more primitive form of existence. The average American, with his characteristic energy, is apt to devote himself early in life to some special object, which he probably will attain eventually, but for years he has time neither for rest nor pleasure. When he is in the position to enjoy a well-earned respite, all capacity for doing so has been lost, and he must remain a money-getting machine or die speedily of *ennui*. The great importance of recreation, and especially of outdoor sports, was long lost sight of in the busy days of our earlier history, when a vigorous outdoor life was followed by most men from necessity, but there came a time, later on, when mercantile pursuits began to overbalance the agricultural, and it seemed as though the health of the nation must suffer from a too close devotion to work. Fortunately a reaction has now set in. Men, and women too, realize the importance of more fresh air and outdoor exercise, and sports of all kinds were never in a more promising condition in America than they are to-day. Each, from yachting to lawn-tennis, has its patrons and its proper place as an agent of health and a means to a higher physical life; but none is so inexpensive, so easily within the reach of all, or, if properly followed, so pleasant and beneficial, as a few weeks spent under canvas in the open air, or, as it is generally called, camping out. In Canada it has long been very popular, and it is customary for families, large and small, to find a home in the woods during a part of the Summer, generally on the banks of some small stream, with water enough to float the indispensable open canoe, either birch or basswood.

One naturally associates camp life with the army, and, besides the regular army of the United States, a small part of which is really under canvas in sober earnest, a great division of the outers each year is made up of the militia regiments of the various States, which spend a few weeks in camp each year.

This sort of camp-life, and that of some of the "camp-meetings" of the religious denominations, has little to attract the average camper-out who desires comparative solitude. What is needed is a period of rest and repose, free from all cares of business, with pleasant and healthful exercises and sport, and without too many of the inevitable deprivations and discomforts. Unfortunately, the latter are apt to play a very prominent part in the experiences of the beginner, and it frequently happens that the first week in camp is also the last, and the disgusted neophyte returns home with the resolve never to wander again beyond the realms of clean sheets and a cooking-stove.

The main object of the old camper is simplicity; he tries to carry as little as possible with him, and to depend on his skill and experience for his subsistence in the woods. The novice, on the other hand, starts off with little experience, but a load of impedimenta that would puzzle an old hand to pack compactly and transport easily. A camping party of "tenderfeet," as they are impolitely termed, is always a never-failing source of amusement to the old woodsman.

Supposing such a party of four or five to have located a camp, and to have, by some means, brought to the place the various articles which they consider essential, their experience is apt to be in this wise: A tent of some kind is sure to be a part of the outfit, and first a site is selected, and it is pitched after a fashion. The ground is probably rough and uneven, but in the hurry this is apt to pass unnoticed. There may be higher ground in the rear, whence any surface water will run, but the day is clear and bright, the sun is shining, and such a thing as rain is never even thought of. The tent pitched, a rubber blanket is thrown down for each man, with a greater or less number of woolen blankets, making the bed. Pillows are not thought of at the time, but they will be remembered later on. Besides this, there is a most varied collection of *bric-à-brac*, prominent among which are sure to be several coffee-pots—all new and shining—of novel and complicated shapes, axes of ingenious form, designed for anything but cutting wood, outfits for shooting and fishing that as yet have never seen service, with an army of Yankee notions, suggesting strongly a wholesale purchase at some of the big city stores which deal in everything, from a yard of lace to a washing-machine.

The party are tolerably certain to have something on hand for the first afternoon in camp, a stream to fish or some point of interest to visit, and this takes up the time until five or six o'clock, when all come together with real open-air appetites, and dinner is proposed. Of course, a fire is the first thing, and all want to build it, but the matter is finally intrusted to one or two experts who have seen campfires on the stage, or perhaps have inspected a gypsy camp at a church fair. Of course, wood will burn; so wood is gathered, but it is either wet or green, to a certainty. A collection of limbs and branches, reduced to manageable size by much exertion with a toy ax, is finally piled up in pyramidal shape, and after many efforts is ignited. It does not burn much at first, but there is plenty of smoke, which rushes into the tent, and drives out, in confusion, the cook who is carefully studying the polyglot directions on a can of patent soup; it flies about the camp and brings confusion to the assistant cook, who has just cut his hand with a most ingenious and novel can-opener, and it routs completely the pair who are laboriously erecting a structure of forked sticks such as is only seen in the front yards of country villas, in company with a red kettle.

After a season of smoke comes the flame; small at first, and lapping prettily around the sticks, but soon increasing in volume until a roaring volcano belches forth sparks and embers over tent and clothing, throwing out such an intense heat that no one can approach it. Now, surely, is the time for cooking. Various parcels of mysterious shapes are opened, and reveal several frying-pans (every man is sure to have at least one), a large collection of coffee-pots, with patent broilers, reversible gridirons, and other similar utensils. Most of these articles are at once filled from the cans and boxes that contain the provisions, and then thrust as far as possible into the flames. Now begins the fun, but not for the hungry watchers. An ominous sizzling and spluttering betrays the fact that the fish in the frying-pan are being reduced to cinders in places without any appearance of cooking in other parts. Scarcely are they off the fire, at the expense of burned fingers, before the largest and most complicated of the coffee-pots is seen to subside suddenly into a shapeless mass of metal, while a terrific explosion in another quarter announces that the water has boiled

away in the saucepan that contains a can of pudding. Oatmeal is an excellent thing to have in camp—it is so handy, so easily cooked, and so nutritious—but the hungry novice is sure to measure the dry meal by his appetite, and to provide a liberal portion, forgetting how it swells when wet. A quart kettle is filled half-way with the prepared meal and then to the top with water, and it is put in a nice warm place, where there is plenty of flame. Did you ever see the curious toy called eggs of Pharaoh's serpents ?—a small pyramid that, when ignited, turns into a heap of ashes fifty times its original size ? The oatmeal soon starts to perform a similar feat, and with the most successful results. Waiting until no one is looking, it quickly boils over the kettle, rises higher and higher in a mountain of dry, swelled grains until it threatens to overwhelm not only the fire but the entire camp, and then, like a punctured balloon, collapses into an insignificant heap of ashes about the ruins of the kettle.

Who that has read of camp-life has not longed for the delicious flapjack, light and delicate ? and who has not heard of the camp cooks whose dexterity is such that two of them will toss cakes from one to the other ? And then flapjacks are so easy to make ; only a little prepared flour mixed with water and cooked in a pan. Nothing seems easier, but it isn't until you know how; and the demoniacal manner in which that batter will stick to the pan, curl up, run into corners, burn, and do anything but cook, will astonish one who tries it for the first time.

By the time the cooking has reached this stage, all are very hot, tired and hungry, and well smothered with smoke ; but their troubles have only begun. When the meal is finally ready, it is a mixture of partly burnt, partly raw food, mingled with ashes, bits of stick, etc., that would scarcely tempt the appetite of an ostrich, and that even our tired campers are glad to turn away from in spite of their hunger. One solace only remains, the young woodsman's and canoeist's friend—canned corned beef. Careful chemical analysis has established the fact that *there is* some nourishment in canned corned beef, but, as has been well said by one who has tried, the same is true to a certain extent, of sawdust, while in taste there is little to choose. However, in this case there is no alternative, the red pyramid we know so well is divested of its metal overcoat, bread or hard tack is produced, with spring water, and at last a brief and unsatisfactory meal is made.

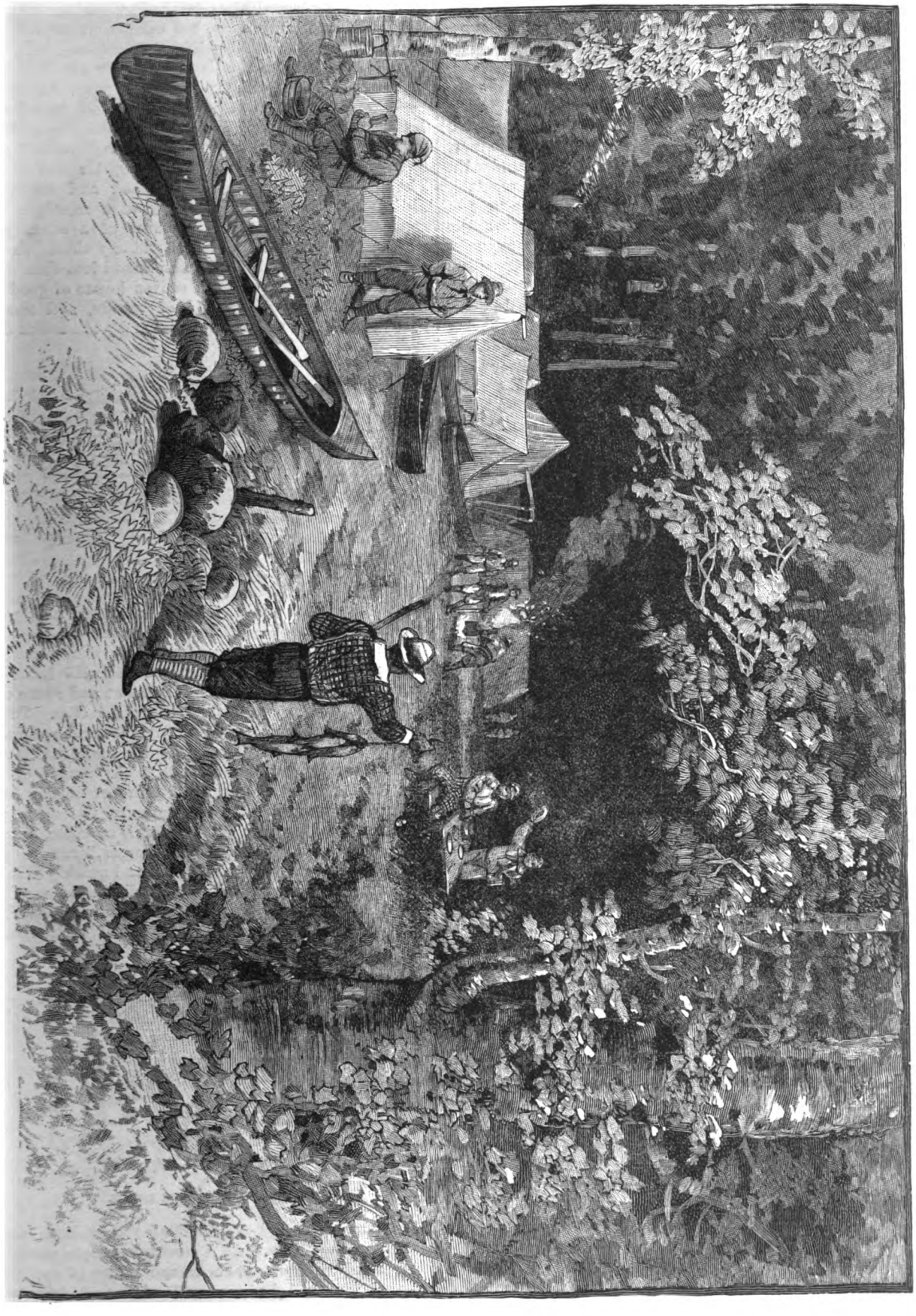
There still remains the dish-washing, the bane of all who camp out, but our tired men are little in the humor for any further labor in this direction, and are only too glad to think of bed. Blankets are spread out, pillows are improvised from anything at hand, and all turn in, but not to sleep. After a day of labor and excitement, the reclining position and utter idleness are for a time very restful, but just when one should drop quietly off into a doze, there is a sensation of uneasiness about some of the larger bones, which increases until an investigation is in order, revealing an edge of a buried stone, or a root of a tree, overlooked in the haste of the morning. All efforts fail to dislodge it, and there is not room to move away, and the sufferer groans and tosses until the obstruction, whatever it is, seems as big as his head. Meanwhile, the boots or canned goods or other stuff that has been hurriedly pressed into duty as a foundation for a pillow, becomes endowed with a wondrous number of corners and angles, none of which conform to a single point of the head. At such times, too, musquitoes, bugs, gnats, flies and creeping things are usually rife, while, should it happen to rain, the water drips through the light tent, runs in torrents down the hillside and beneath the sleeper, and it sometimes happens that the Summer storm is violent enough to precipitate the badly stayed tent into the general ruin. After such a night as only Poe could tell of or Doré picture, it is small wonder if the embryo woodsmen arise tired, wet, hungry and utterly fagged out, only anxious to get home and stay there.

The picture is not an inviting one, but, alas ! many will recognize its truthfulness, and it might be much worse. If, for instance, the party had carried one of the patent camp-stoves and outfits sold to unwary ones, instead of trying a wood fire, they might, in addition to being smoked nearly to death, have sought complete escape in self-destruction ; or had they tried any of the modern successors of the rack or Inquisition, the folding camp-bed, their reason might have been permanently wrecked. The antics these couches have been known to perform, shooting out first one leg and then another, and doubling up like a jackknife, would cause envy in a buck-jumping horse. A victim of their manœuvres, a strong, hearty man, has been known to struggle with one until completely exhausted, finally dropping helpless among a wreck of canvas, wood and iron, with an exclamation that sounded like Amen, but was something stronger.

Such is a day and night in camp to a party of beginners, and it may well deter any one ; but all camping out is not like this. There is a camp to which, on any day in August or September, we could guide the reader, a camp more or less like many others throughout the country, where a little skill and experience make the glorious outdoor life all that it should be, and reduce the discomforts and annoyances below the average of the dweller in brick and brownstone. A sandy beach a couple of yards wide divides the smooth turf from the clear, bright waters of a noble river. On the beach are drawn up two or three open canoes, each with rugs and cushions, and its pair of light maple paddles. A short distance away, on the shore, are pitched a couple of wall tents well secured with guy-ropes, and covered each with a fly sheet to keep out the rain, while in front of each is an awning hung. A little trench about the two serves to divert any surface water, and inside the ground has been carefully smoothed off before the beds of well-picked hemlock browse were laid. The pillows, too, are of the same fragrant material, stuffed into light muslin bags or covers, easily washed and renewed. Both tents are plainly furnished inside, with only such articles as long use has shown to be necessary, but one in its fittings betrays plainly that there are ladies in camp ; a fact still further evident in the little grove where a hammock is swung ; books and needlework are strewn about on rugs and blankets, and a merry party are chatting together.

The culinary department consists, first, of two large logs, some eight inches in diameter and six feet long, laid side by side on the ground, about four inches apart at one end, and seven inches at the other ; the upper sides of each being hewn flat. This curious-looking affair is the camper's range, *par excellence*, superior to all patent stoves and portable apparatus. A fire is made between the two logs, where a good draught can always be had, and the wood, cut and kept dry in advance if possible, is allowed to burn down to a hot bed of embers. Over the narrowest part of the space stands the coffee-pot, at the other end the great potato-kettle, and between are various other pans and utensils, with a generous space of hot coal left to broil a steak or mess of fish over, or for a plate of toast. No handles melted off here, no stifling smoke and

THE CAMP INVADED.



A CAMP IN SUMMER DAYS

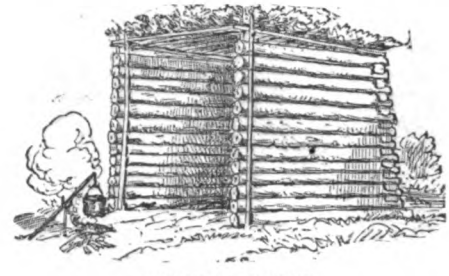
hot flames, no grimy pots and pans. On the warm tops of the logs lie the cups and plates, and part of an appetizing meal already dished.

The presiding genius of this department, a tall, handsome French-Canadian, a gayly striped toque surmounting his bronzed face, is near by with a spade, digging in the sand—for what? A few turns of the spade disclose an iron lid about two feet in diameter, and a little more sand thrown out reveals a deep pan of cast-iron under the lid. Lifting this out with an iron hook and carefully dusting it off, the top is removed, disclosing a nest of seven rich, brown loaves of bread such as one never sees in cities; bread that would indignantly disown any relationship to the stuff sold under the same name everywhere out of the woods. This camp-oven is used not only for bread, but for beans—a favorite luxury in the lumberman's camps—for meat, and any cooking. A hole is dug in the earth or sand, a fire is kindled, and allowed to burn until only the ashes are left and the ground is thoroughly heated. The hole is swept clean of all embers and the bake-kettle placed in it and covered with hot earth, being left for an hour or more until the food is thoroughly cooked.

Before the meal is ready a canoe is seen up the river, coming swiftly down under the impulse of two flashing paddles, one wielded by a lady. The blue sky, reflected in the sparkling water, makes a pretty background for the golden yellow of the canoe, while the red toque of the lady, with her companion's darker head-gear of blue, add just the needed tone to the picture. The canoe strikes the sand, the bowman leaps out and hauls her up, the lady steps lightly out, and the rods, with a fine string of fish, are carried ashore, and soon a jolly party are seated on a rough plank bench beside a table of similar build.

Such is camp-life under proper management, as it is enjoyed in thousands of camps in the United States and Canada every Summer, and as it might be enjoyed by hundreds who spend far greater sums in a few weeks at a watering-place without a tithe of the benefit to health. This is the camp of the Summer-outer who spends a few weeks in the woods, but who is still tied closely to civilization, returning to it after a short absence. Now let us visit the camp of the woodsman, whose life is spent among the birds and beasts of the forest, and whose chosen companion is Nature herself. In these days of steam there are comparatively few places left, east of the Mississippi, which offer a quiet retreat to men of this stamp; but the traveler in the remoter parts of Florida, or among the small, secluded lakes of the Adirondacks, may chance on the camp of a true woodsman, one whose home has been in the woods for more years than many of us can number. The plain camp and simple outfit proclaim the old hunter content with little, and finding full enjoyment in this placid, uneventful existence. His shelter is a little "shanty tent," a structure of four posts driven into the ground and joined with four strips at the top, over which is stretched a covering of water-proofed sheeting. In front is the camp-fire, constructed as described, or else a sort of fireplace of green logs. Near by is a pile of dry wood, in the tent is the trusty gun, a fly-rod, a knapsack, a small, light camp-ax, a sleeping-bag, and a few articles of clothing. The cooking utensils are but few: a coffee-pot and frying-pan, with one or two others; the skill of the hunter and cook does the rest. On the beach, for this camp is sure to be very near the water, is the hunter's special pet, a canoe, so delicate and small, weighing less than a dozen pounds, that most men would hesitate to use it; but it is safe and roomy enough for its owner. With such a simple outfit as this he passes his days alone, save for his treasured black-brier pipe, asking nothing of the world as it rushes on, but extracting an intense, if quiet, enjoyment from his life of solitude.

Far different from this is the camp sometimes found quite near to a large city. For some years a gentleman of New York has been in the habit of crossing the Hudson each Summer, to a point on the Palisades just opposite the city, where a camp of two tents made a Summer home for his wife and daughter and himself. The tents were permanently pitched and neatly furnished, and the family lived there at a merely nominal expense, enjoying all the pleasures of a country life, while within easy reach of the city at any time. Another similar retreat was situated on an island less than a mile from a large northern city, a canvas house of good size, the floor being regularly laid of boards, and the tent itself, of red and white canvas, sewn by the ladies of the



CANADIAN CABANE.

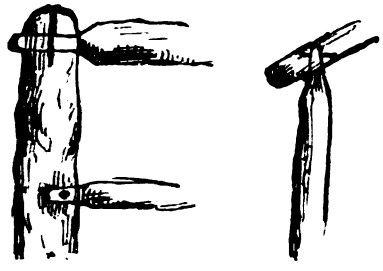
party. The space was divided into a central hall, with a large room on one side and two smaller ones on the other, while a small tent in the rear formed an annex used as a kitchen. The interior was carpeted and well furnished. Just outside the rear door a sailing-canoe and some other boats were moored, used for visiting the city. In this canvas house a large family spent the entire Summer cheaply and pleasantly, and with far more satisfactory results than if they had staid in a city house or had been for the same time in a big Summer hotel. Many similar camps are found each Summer, the more pretentious taking the form of small frame cottages, some of which, the so-called "portable houses," are so constructed as to be readily sent by rail and quickly erected. Others are of more rustic design, built in the woods of logs, with bark roofs, or, perhaps, a framework of cedar poles and saplings, covered and walled with canvas.

FRAME OF BIRCH-BARK LODGE.

The permanent camps are fitted up rather more elaborately than those in tents. A stove of simple construction is fitted for cooking, chairs and tables of rustic design are improvised, beds are made of a rough framework covered with tightly stretched canvas, or hammocks are swung, and the walls are soon ornamented with trophies from the woods.

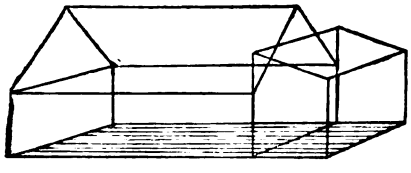
Such are the homes of the camper—pleasant, healthful

homes, where the Summer and Fall are quickly passed in hearty outdoor sports and vigorous amusements that carry a man back to his boyhood days. No morning



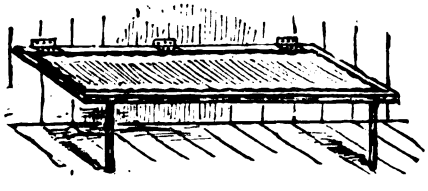
TIMBER FASTENINGS OF BIRCH-BARK LODGE.

paper breaks in with an unwelcome interruption. No stock "ticker" tells of rising or falling markets, and for a time the annoyances of business and the exactions of society may be neglected with impunity. Many think that such a life is only suited to the strong and vigorous, but this is a great mistake. The ones who need and who



FRAME FOR FLOORED WALL-TENT.

will obtain the greatest benefit from it are the invalids and persons of delicate health, whose life is spent wholly indoors. Of course it would be folly for them to attempt to "rough it," as the practiced woodsman or the old camper-out of many Summers does. Care must be taken to select a suitable locality—mountain or seashore,



THE WALL COT.

as may seem desirable—and to arrange a dry and secure shelter in a good site. Here a pleasant Summer home may be made, where the work of restoration and the gaining of new strength will go on in a way that will put to shame the vaunted resorts of the springs and watering-

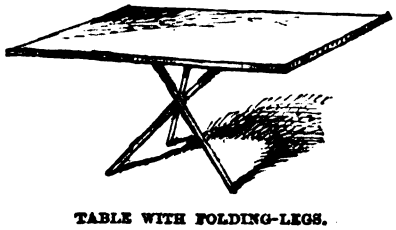
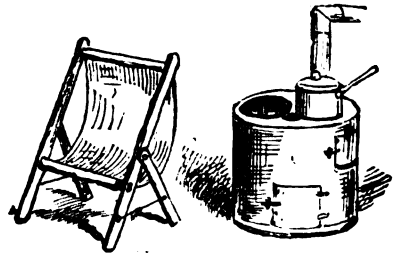


TABLE WITH FOLDING-LEGS.

places, where a seven-by-nine room and late hours are supposed to give rest and health.

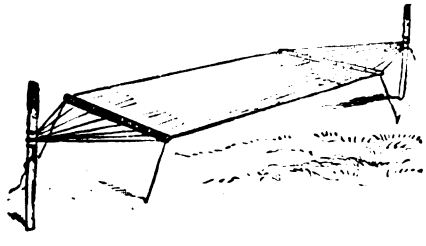
But camp-life, even among pleasure-seekers, is not confined to Summer. There is a large body of hardy veterans who find pleasure even in the weather of a Canadian Winter, and who, in search of the moose and caribou, think nothing of leaving warm beds and firesides for a week under canvas in the snow. No Summer outfit answers here; the heaviest clothing and warmest headgear are needed. At night the camper stows himself away in a sleeping-bag—a large bag made out of



EASY-CHAIR. CANOE CAMP-STOVE.

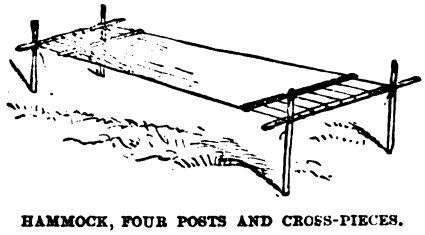
a thick quilt, in which he can bury himself completely—and sleep comfortably in the coldest weather. With such a bag, a light affair of eider-down, weighing only a few pounds, and its accompanying covering of oiled muslin, protecting from rain and snow, a trip in a canoe has been made along the Labrador coast late in the season, the canoeist sleeping out comfortably, notwithstanding the bitter cold.

Of the many organizations which make a Summer



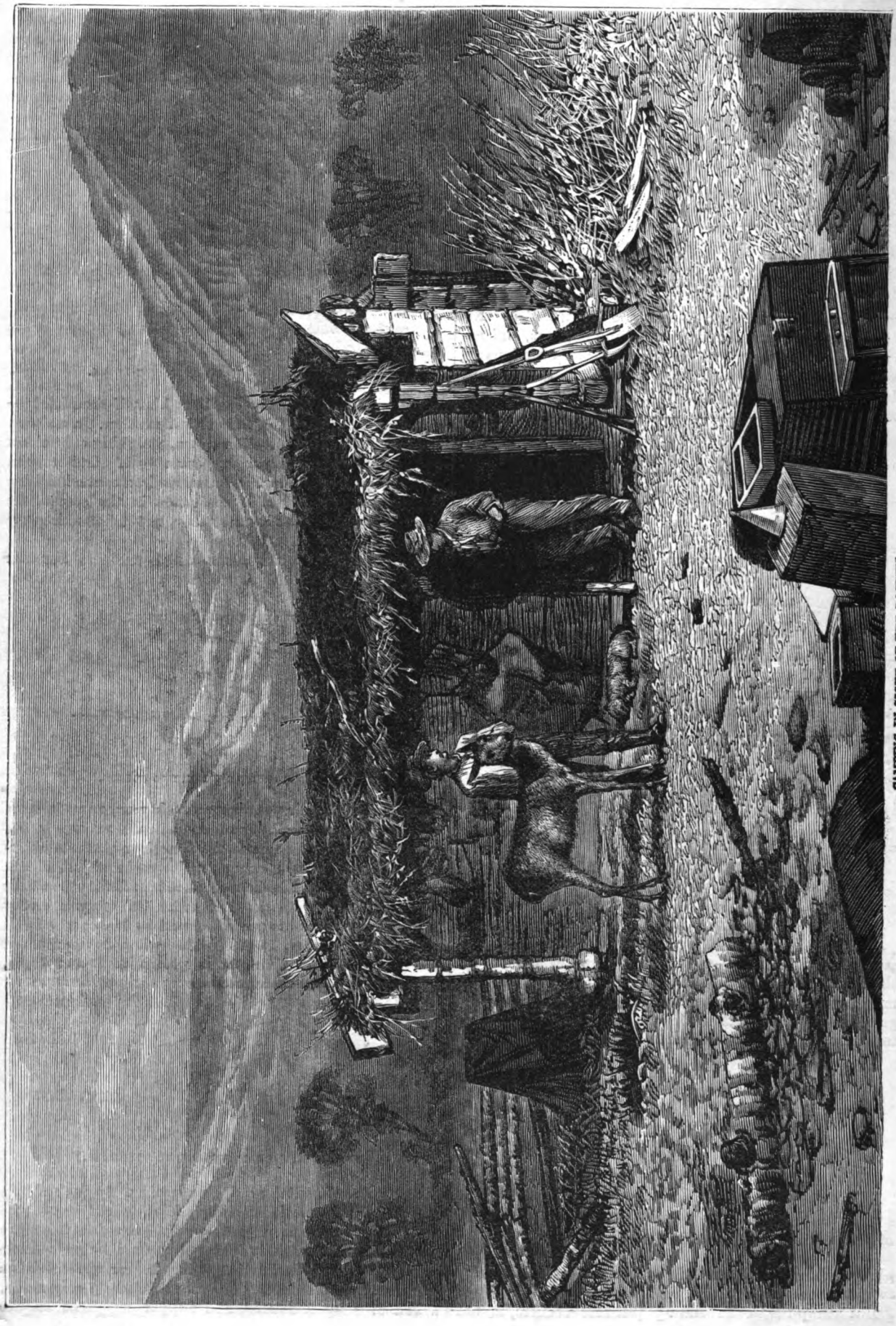
HAMMOCK, SWUNG WITH TWO STICKS.

camp a part of their programme each year, none is more successful than the body of canoeists, now nearly one thousand strong, known as the American Canoe Association. To cruise and camp is the main object of the canoeist, for this his boat is built and fitted, and for this are all its appliances designed. On every Saturday night when the waters are not closed by ice, canoes in all parts of the country, from Florida to Canada, are packed and launched, and alone, or in parties of two or three,



HAMMOCK, FOUR POSTS AND CROSS-PIECES.

their owners set out for a day's camping. At dark a halt is made, the canoe is hauled up in some cozy nook, the little striped tent is pitched over it—hanging from the masts—a fire of wood is soon going, or, if rainy, a little alcohol lamp is lit inside. Over one or the other an omelette is cooked, a cup of coffee or chocolate is made, a can of soup is heated, and supper is spread on the



CAMPING IN SIGHT OF THE ROCKIES.

THE POETRY OF "CAMPING OUT."

hatches. Bread and marmalade appear from some mysterious inner recess with, perhaps, other delicacies, or fruit. After supper the dishes are soon cleaned up and stowed away, the sleeping-bag is spread in the canoe, the clothes-bag makes a soft pillow, the little globe lantern, hung from above, gives a light to read by, while the sides of the tent, covered with musquito netting, prevent all intrusion from the insect world.

After half an hour over pipe and book, the light is turned out, all is made snug, and the tired canoeist is soon dreaming of a Summer camp a year, instead of a fortnight, long. Next morning he is up by sunrise, for time is very precious; his breakfast is ready; all is cleaned and packed away, and the canoe launched. Off again, under sail or paddle, he hurries here, or loiters there at will, stopping, perhaps, for dinner, and then off again, until he turns toward home in time to return to the white collar and black coat of civilization in the evening, or, at latest, to be at his desk in the office next morning.

Such holidays are enjoyed every week by many, and serve as a preparation for the grand event of the year, the A. C. A. Meet. To some central point chosen for its natural beauty, Lake George or the Thousand Islands, come hundreds of pilgrims from all quarters, not strangers to each other, but nearly all bound by one common tie, whose greatest pleasure it is to meet together for a couple of weeks each year in the hearty companionship that a life in camp engenders. Tents of all patterns are pitched by the score on the hillside and in the grove. Flags and pennants fly from high trees; at night huge camp-fires and rows of Chinese lanterns light the scene, while the inhabitants of this curious and ephemeral city vie with each other in the variety and brightness of their picturesque apparel. The time is filled with races, fishing, short trips about the vicinity, in visits to the ladies' camp a mile away; and, best of all, in the still hours of the Summer night, when the fire burns up from an enormous pyramid of wood on the highest hilltop, in songs and stories of other camps, of long cruises, of adventures on the Mississippi, on Lake Gorge, in the Everglades of Florida, in the wilds of Northwestern Canada and on the rivers of India—for the canoeist of to-day cruises everywhere—and wandering in distant lands, every experience is carefully treasured until the time when he returns, as all do, to this shrine of the craft, to be related to listening friends.

Such is the camp-life of those who seek only pleasure and recreation; but others there are, less fortunate, whose homes must be made on the exposed mountain-side, where precious metals are found; in wild and untraversed regions, where their zeal as explorers leads them, and on the prairies of the West, where the vast herds of cattle find pasture. No holiday life is theirs, but a hard round of labor and often of privation, separated, far from friends and home; but, strange as it may seem, the life, like that of the sailor, has its own peculiar fascination—once away from it and amid the pleasures of the city, a restless longing takes possession of one which is satisfied but by a return to the freedom and vigor which only a close intimacy with earth, air and sky can give.

THE tumble-weed derives its name from the circumstance that when ripe the wind tears it up by the roots and sends it over the fields rolling hither and thither, so that its seed is soon thrashed out. It is sometimes seen piled fence-high on the prairie farms.

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

By G. Washington Moon.

The mountain lake, which seems asleep in love,
And, dreaming, murmurs to the pebbly shore
Its tender passion for the clouds above,
Which stoop to kiss it, and at sunrise soar
Away to heaven, hears oft the tempest roar,
And rouses till its bound'ries are o'erleapt;
But soon is calm and loving as before—
So, too, the poet's soul by passion's breath was swept;
But calmed itself again, as if in love it slept.

He breathed out war, and whispered love's soft vows;
He poured forth satires, and wrote hymns of praise;
He wailed the dirge, and sang the mad carouse;
And told of "palaces," and "banks and braes."
But "Auld lang syne," and such-like touching lays,
Reveal the nature whence they all did flow—
Who has not heard his song of other days,
So quaintly sweet, "John Anderson, my jo"?
Nor felt, "How true the heart that could have written so!"

Ay! true indeed; and loving as 'twas true.
How bright a picture of his heart we see
In that brief hour wherein he bids adieu
To her whose lover he was proud to be—
Dear "Highland Mary" of fond memory!
Ere many months they hoped to be united,
And dwell together 'neath their own roof-tree.
They met, to part awhile; and vows were plighted—
They never met again! Chill death that sweet flow'r blighted.

The twining branches o'er their heads were waving;
They stood beside a purling silv'ry brook,
And, in its waters clear, their clasped hands laving,
They held between them God's all-sacred book;
And, vowing to be faithful, fondly took
A last embrace! Ever as she did gain
Each distant height, she turned with ling'ring look;
He, after her his tearful eyes did strain;
And so the lovers parted, ne'er to meet again!

The mem'ry of this scene would ever fill
His heart with all the agony of woe.
Honor to Burns! his name is cherished still.
What though he lived a century ago;
Time, in its onward and resistless flow,
Only the more the poet's name endears!
Honor to Burns!—'tis all we can bestow—
Sighs for his sorrows; for his loss, our tears;
Praise for his deathless songs; and, for his memory, cheers.

SOME ANECDOTES OF CHARLES LAMB.

It is told of Charles Lamb that one afternoon, returning from a dinner-party, having taken a seat in a crowded omnibus, a stout gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full inside?"

"I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster-pie did the business for me."

Coleridge, during one of his interminable table-talks, said to Lamb, "Charlie, did you ever hear me preach?"

"I never heard you do anything else," was the prompt and witty reply of Elia, which has become a favorite byword at the present day.

The regular routine of clerkly business ill suited the literary tastes and the wayward though innocent habits of our essayist. Once, while at the India House, one in authority said to him, "I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you come very late in the morning."

"Yes, sir," replied the wit; "but I go away early in the afternoon."

The oddness of the excuse silenced the reprover, who turned away with a smile.

A retired cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the

business that had enriched him, once remarked to Charles Lamb, in the course of a discussion on the poor-law, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words: "Yes, sir, I am aware of it; you turned it all into cheese several years ago!"

Lamb was once invited by an old friend to meet an author who had just published a volume of poems. When he arrived, being somewhat early, he was asked by his host to look over the volume of the expected visitor. A few minutes convinced Elia that it possessed very little merit, being a feeble echo of different authors.

This opinion of the poetaster was fully confirmed by the appearance of the gentleman himself, whose self-conceit and confidence in his own book were so manifest as to awaken in Lamb that spirit of mischievous waggery so characteristic of the humorist. Lamb's rapid and tenacious memory enabled him to quote fluently several passages from the pretender's volume. These he gave with this introduction: "This reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young." He then, to the astonment of the gentleman in question, quoted something from the volume.

Lamb tried this a second time; the gentleman looked still more surprised, and seemed evidently bursting with suppressed indignation. At last, as a climax to the fun, Lamb coolly quoted the well-known opening lines of "Paradise Lost" as written by himself.

This was too much for the versemonger. He immediately rose to his feet, and, with an impressive solemnity of manner, thus addressed the claimant to so many poetical honors:

"Sir, I have tamely submitted all this evening to hear you claim the merit that may belong to any little poems of my own; this I have born in silence; but, sir, I never will sit quietly by and see the immortal Milton robbed of 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Coleridge," says De Quincey, "told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to take a course of sea-bathing, and accordingly, at the door of his bathing-machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, one attendant at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters, they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them:

"'Hear me, men. Take notice of this: I am to be dipped——'

"What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea bathing machines; for, having reached the word dipped, he began such a rolling fire of di-di-di-di that, when at length he descended *aplomb* upon the full word dipped, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call 'the operative clause' of the sentence, and both exclaiming at once, 'Oh, yes, sir, we're quite aware of that,' down they plunged him into the sea.

"On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus:

"'Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?'

"'Oh, surely, sir, by all means.'

"'Then listen: once more I tell you I am to be di-di-di'—and then, with a burst of indignation—'dipped, I tell you——'

"'Oh, decidedly, sir,' and down the stammerer went for the second time.

"Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation.

"'Grant me pa-pa-patience; is it mum—um—murder you me-me-mean? Again and a-ga-ga-gain, I tell you, I'm to be dipped!'—now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' said the men; 'we know that—we fully understand it'; and, for the third time, down went Lamb into the sea.

"Oh, limbs of Satan!' he said, on coming up for the third time, 'it's now too late. I tell you that I am—no, that I was, to be di-di-di-dipped only once!'"

A NOTED CHURCH.

THE old parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, one of the most interesting and venerable of its kind in the City of London, has been thoroughly restored, and reopened for divine worship. Its square-built tower, which, with the odd-looking, old-world beacon at its summit, has been so long a familiar landmark in the ward of Cripplegate, has, we are pleased to notice, been left quite intact, and in other respects the body of the church has not been materially altered.

Dating back to the middle of the sixteenth century, St. Giles's Church has always been one held in especial esteem by antiquaries, if only for its association with the memory of John Milton, who was buried in the same grave with his father at the upper end of the chancel. There is a monument to his memory—a bust by the elder Bacon—erected in 1793, at the expense of Samuel Whitbread. Visitors will also scarcely fail to note a monument in memory of John Foxe, the martyrologist, whose gruesome book was in the days of our forefathers considered such acceptable Sunday reading. Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with the old church is that at its altar, on August 20th, 1620, there was married to Miss Elizabeth Bowchier a young man, scarcely out of his teens, who, when called upon to sign the parish register, had to inscribe it as Oliver Cromwell. We wonder how many visitors to the old church have since gazed upon this priceless autograph of the future Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPH.—During the siege of Paris in 1870 advertisement columns were photographed and carried into the beleaguered city by pigeons. These advertisement columns were full of business notices and family communications to besieged Parisians; and other news of more public importance was sent in the same way. The tiny photographs thus obtained were inclosed in quill tubes and tied to the pigeons' tails. When they arrived in Paris, the photographs were enlarged, copied and distributed. It is said that the total number of messages sent into Paris during the investment was no less than 115,000, that they only weighed two grammes, and that one pigeon could have carried them all!

THE following, though old to some, may be new to others, and will enable the latter to make a simple barometer for themselves: Two drachms of camphor, half-drachm of pure saltpetre, half-drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a very good weather guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change, minute stars will rise up in the liquid, while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the chemical combination.

FRANZ LISZT.

By E. Brewer.

A man like Franz Liszt, who comes before us at the age of seventy-five, clothed with honor and with the purpose of his life achieved, is a character most men delight in. It is, therefore, no idle curiosity which induces us to gather up all that can be told of him by those who have known him intimately; for it is by studying such a life that those who are starting on the race can also hope to win.

PORTRAIT OF FRANZ LISZT.

To begin at the beginning. Franz Liszt has both Magyar and German blood in his veins. His mother, Anna Lager, was born in Krems, a little distance from Vienna, while his father, Adam Liszt, was the descendant of an ancient and noble Hungarian family. Having no estate, he was compelled to earn an independence, and was fortunate enough to obtain the situation of steward in the palace of Prince Esterhazy, and in the village of Raiding, near Oedenburg, he married and settled in a modest little home.

Adam Liszt had a passionate love for music and art, which his daily occupations left him little time to indulge in. Yet every spare moment was used to such effect that he could play all stringed instruments, as well as the flute and pianoforte; and one or other of these he usually played at the services in the chapel attached to the palace.

Haydn was Kapellmeister to Prince Esterhazy, and Hummel, Concertmeister, at the period of Liszt's stewardship, and between these three men there existed a great friendship. It was here, also, that he made the acquaintance of Cherubini and other famous masters.

What wonder that Adam Liszt recognized with intense joy the love of music in his little son Franz, who was born in the year of the comet of 1811, in the month of October? The child was brought up in the atmosphere of harmony, and his easily excited imagination was fed and impressed by the home and church music, and by

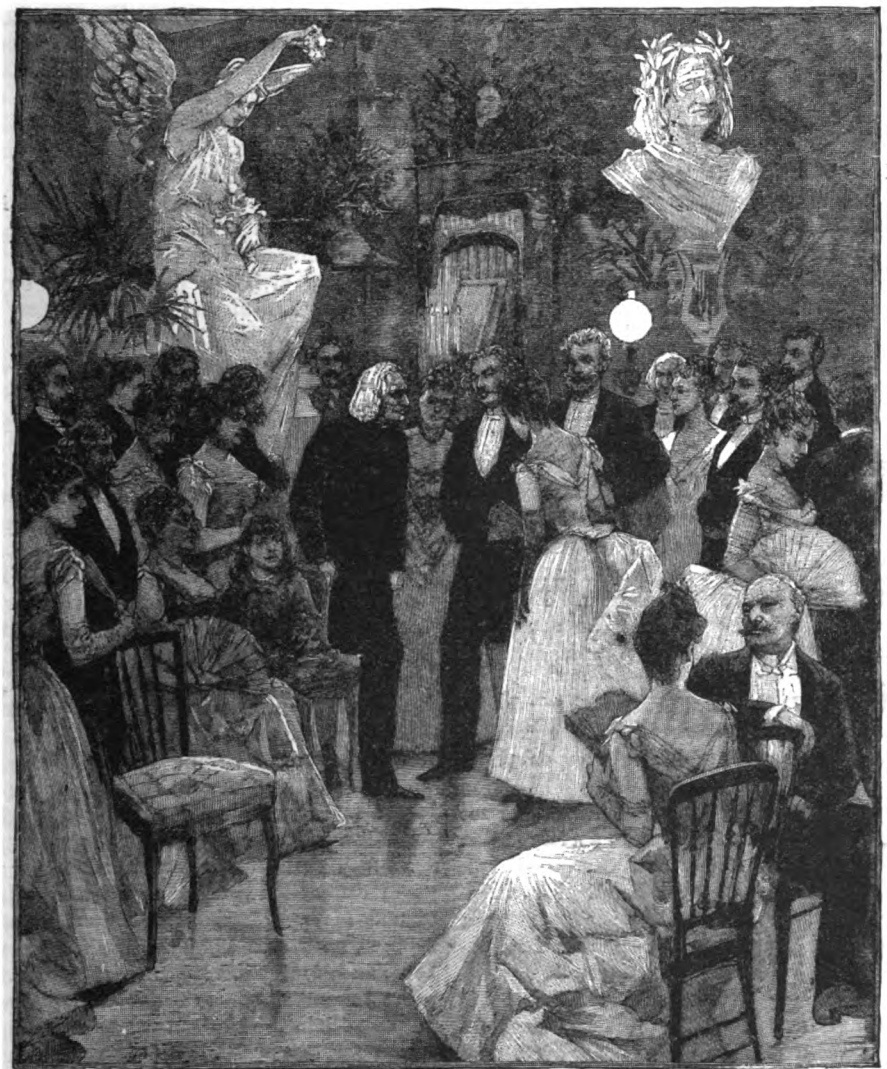
the wild, fantastic melodies of the gypsies, who not infrequently rested in the village. The boy knew his notes before he had mastered the alphabet, and would steal away from his playmates to his father's pianoforte.

From the age of six he seemed to have neither life nor enjoyment out of his music, and applied himself to it with such passionate energy that his mother became alarmed for his health. He was found one day regarding a portrait of Beethoven, which hung on the wall of the living-room, and addressing it said, with all the earnestness of a vow : "*One day I mean to be like you.*"

Speedily and with steady purpose he went forward, astounding every one by his manipulation of the piano, by his reading music at sight and by his power of improvising.

He was only nine years old when he played at a public concert at Oedenburg, with such success that he was at once secured for a concert which was to be given in the prince's palace at Presburg. This concert was attended by a most musical and artistic audience, as well as by many Hungarian nobles, who were so struck and delighted with the boy's talent that they guaranteed him $300 a year for six years, to enable him to continue his studies under the best masters. It would have been difficult to find a happier boy than Franz Liszt when he heard of his good fortune. All he wanted was an opportunity of study ; for he never wavered in the purpose of his life ; never lost confidence in his power to achieve it, with God's help ; and never doubted his power to return in a measure the tenderness, care and self-sacrifice of his parents.

This generosity of the Hungarian nobles brought about an entire change in the life of the Liszts. The boy must seek the best masters wherever they were to be found ; and the father, therefore, resigned his appointment as steward, and broke up his little home, to enable him and his wife to accompany Franz.



RECEPTION IN HONOR OF FRANZ LISZT AT PARIS.

So to Vienna they went, and dwelt there two years, while Franz took lessons on the piano from Czerny, and in composition from Salieri and Randhartinger.

Two concerts were given in Vienna for the purpose of introducing the lad of fourteen to the people of his music-loving city. Beethoven, who rarely at this time appeared in public, was among the audience, and was so delighted with the boy's extraordinary talent that he went on to the platform, and, before the crowded assembly, took Franz in his arms and kissed him.

These concerts were a great success, and provided Adam Liszt with the means to take Franz to Paris, and thus fulfill his heart's desire that his boy should enter the Conservatoire and complete his studies under Cherubini.

They came to Paris, but Cherubini would not relax the law of the Conservatoire, which was that no foreigner should be admitted.

"My father and I," writes the boy, "besought very earnestly that the law for once might be set aside, but it was of no avail. I was miserable and not to be comforted ; everything seemed lost to me, and I believed there was nowhere any hope for me."

Fortunately he succeeded in securing for his teachers Paer and Reicha, with whom he studied composition, and so was able to make his way without the help of the Conservatoire.

The letters of introduction he carried from the Hungarian nobles opened the *salons* of the Parisian aristocracy to their *protégé*, and the Duchesse de Berry and the Duke of Orleans, afterward Louis Philippe, took him specially under their protection. Le Petit Liszt, as he was called, was the hero of the day, the pet of the nobility, the artists and the learned ; in short, of all cultivated Paris.

Just as the press in Vienna, in Munich and in Stutgardt had lauded him, so now did the Paris journals, especially after his appearing at a concert in 1824 at the Italian

Opera. He was said to be the "first pianoforte player in Europe, the child beyond compare, whose bewitching elegance, charm of mind and manner, kind heart and aristocratic bearing had taken captive the hearts of all." Soon Le Petit Litz became known as a composer; and his opera in one act called "La Sancho; Or, the Castle of Love," was brought out at the Académie Royale, in October, 1825, amid such a storm of applause that the actor who played the chief character, when called before the curtain, took up the fourteen-year-old composer in his arms and thus presented him to the enthusiastic audience.*

During the next two years he made artistic tours in Switzerland and in the French provinces; he also came twice to England in 1824 and 1825, accompanied by Erard. George IV. showed him much kindness during these visits.

In May and June, 1827, he played at the Philharmonic concerts in London. His reception was not so enthusiastic as on previous occasions, and his agent suffered a loss, which Liszt, with great generosity, made good.

It was just after this visit that he went to Boulogne, accompanied by his father, to take sea-baths and get a little rest. While there, Adam Liszt died suddenly. Overwhelmed with sorrow as Franz was, he did not forget that upon him now lay the responsibility of providing for his mother, who had staid in Austria while he and his father had been traveling from place to place. So he sent for her at once to Paris, where, at the expense of his ambition, he supported her in comfort by giving pianoforte lessons.

He rarely now appeared in public, and gave himself up to morbid sensitiveness. From this unhealthy state he was suddenly and thoroughly roused by his first love-dream. He fell in love with Caroline, Countess St. Erig, the daughter of the Minister of the Interior. But notwithstanding that the love was mutual, she could not be his wife, as her father had already promised her in marriage.

Again, as in the days of sorrow after his father's death, he withdrew from the world, and would have entered a monastery but for the pleading of his mother, to whom he was ever tender and obedient.

It was the July revolution that roused him and once more set him free to work and mix again in society, when he became acquainted with Berlioz and Chopin, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, and Georges Sand. His ambition, also, was most thoroughly roused by the appearance in Paris of Paganini, whose power over the violin he desired to equal, nay surpass, on the pianoforte.

Franz Liszt, in speaking of Paganini, says that his playing made him understand what the true mission of a musician should be, viz.: not to use his art for egotistical profit and advantage, but, on the contrary, to make it a power of sympathy, uniting and binding the hearts of men together, to use it as a means of inspiring in them the love of the beautiful, the noble and the holy.

In quiet and incessant work the time went by until, in 1834, he made the acquaintance of the Countess d'Agoult, better known by the name of Daniel Stern. This lady, who died in 1876, was the mother of his three children, one of whom is the widow of Richard Wagner. It was in this year, 1834, that he again appeared at concerts, and made good his title to the first rank of pianists.

"It is difficult," says La Mara, "to talk of Liszt's playing to those who have never heard him. His playing is a revelation." "The instrument glows and sparkles under his hands," says Schumann. And Mendelssohn, writing of him, declares: "I have never seen a musician like Liszt, in whom feeling and sentiment seem to run to the fingertips and pour out in an unchecked stream." In Liszt's own words: "My pianoforte is myself, my speech, my life."

After this year of success in Paris, 1834, he lived in retirement at Geneva for two or three years, until he was mastered by the desire of once again living a public life. From 1839 to 1847 he traveled about from place to place, triumph and honor following ever at his heels. He was decked with orders and titles by pope and princes, such enthusiasm as he excited had never been heard of. Suddenly, in the midst of all this, he became weary of triumphs; he seemed impressed with the vanity of it all, and longed for a quiet home; and, to the astonishment of every one, he settled down in the little town of Weimar in 1849, as conductor of the Court Theatre. Here he became the universal attraction, not only of Germany, but of all countries. When Liszt settled in Weimar it was with the purpose of bringing before the public such works as had in themselves great merit, but which had had no opportunity of being produced on any stage. Among these were "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Manfred," and "Benvenuto Cellini."

Wagner, in his time of sickness, misery and despair, owed much to the kindness and appreciation of Liszt. He himself says: "When in Paris, sick and ill, my eye fell on 'Lohengrin,' I felt a sort of compassion that this music should never appear from off the death-pale paper; so I wrote two words to Liszt, whose answer was that preparations were being made to produce it on the largest scale that the limited means of Weimar would allow." Again he relates how, "while resting in Thuringia for a few days, uncertain whether I must fly from Germany, I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my 'Tannhäuser,' and was astonished at recognizing my second self in the achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music, he felt in performing it. What I wanted to express in writing it down, he expressed in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend, I gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had hitherto longed for and sought for always in the wrong place."

Liszt dwelt in Weimar until 1859, when, owing to some opposition to the production of an opera, he resigned his appointment and went on a long visit to his mother, who still lived in Paris. He went to Rome in 1861, and, four years later, received the title of Abbé, became a member of the Franciscan Order, and dwelt for a whole year in the Vatican. Pio Nono had a great admiration for him, calling him his son, his Palestrina.

In 1869 Liszt returned to Germany, and paid long yearly visits to Weimar. The Grand Duke presented him with a house beautifully situated in the midst of the park, and here, says Amy Fay, "he lives elegantly and free of expense, whenever he chooses to come to it. One of the rooms in this house has been furnished and put in order by the Grand Duchess herself. All Weimar adores him. When he walks out he bows to everybody just like a king. No wonder that he is loved and honored, for never has man done so much to help young artists. His heart and purse have been ever open to them, his time and experience always at their disposal. Since 1847 his life has been exclusively consecrated to the benefit of others, to artistic undertakings, and to charitable objects." All who are interested in this great master should read La Mara's "Musikalische Studienköpfe" and Amy

* This, the only opera of Liszt, was burnt in the fire which occurred in the Opera Library.

Fay's "Music Study in Germany." Her pictures of Liszt and his everyday life in Weimar are most vivid and fascinating,

Our enthusiasm at his reappearance, after an absence of nearly half a century, has been a marvelous testimony to the power that must have shone out in his early life; the earnestness and quiet strength of his purpose; influences that seem to have followed him even in his retirement. From the Queen, who commanded his attendance at Windsor Castle and hastened to do him honor, down to the humblest of her artistic subjects, there has been the desire to express admiration for a life nobly lived, a purpose perfectly fulfilled. Who that heard him quietly improvising at the rehearsal of St. Elizabeth will ever forget the thrill with which he listened to those first notes struck by the hand that in England had been silent for more than half a lifetime? Or the wave of emotion that swept over him on the following night, as Liszt's appearance was greeted over and over again by storms and tempests of applause? Few people living can compare the Liszt of fifty years ago with the Liszt of to-day as he stood before us; but the face with age can only have gained an added charm; the charm of a heart and mind at rest after its work; the quiet serenity of the evening of a life spent in artistic labors and in doing good to his fellow men.

Among the latest things noted is the fact that the Burmese and their neighbors the Shans are very expert blacksmiths, although the apparatus used is of a very crude description. The bellows employed for the forge curiously suggests in its construction a double cylinder steam-engine. The cylinders are represented by two bamboo trunks four inches in diameter, and about five feet long, standing upright on the ground. At their lower ends, a tube runs from each to the charcoal fire in which the iron to be wrought is heated. Piston-rods, also made of bamboo, and packed with bunches of feathers, are fitted within the cylinders. These, when forced downward, cause the compressed air to be urged to the fire through the smaller tubes. A boy perched on a high seat works the bellows by depressing each piston-rod alternately. The Burmese have also a primitive method of turning out brass and bronze castings. The article to be made is, first of all, modeled in clay; it is then covered with a layer of beeswax of the same thickness that it is desired the finished casting to be. An outer skin of clay two inches in thickness is laid above the wax. Funnel-shaped holes at frequent intervals in this outer crust afford a passage for the molten metal; and there are also straw-holes to let out the imprisoned air. As the hot metal melts out the wax, it occupies its place, solidifies, and forms a hollow casting.

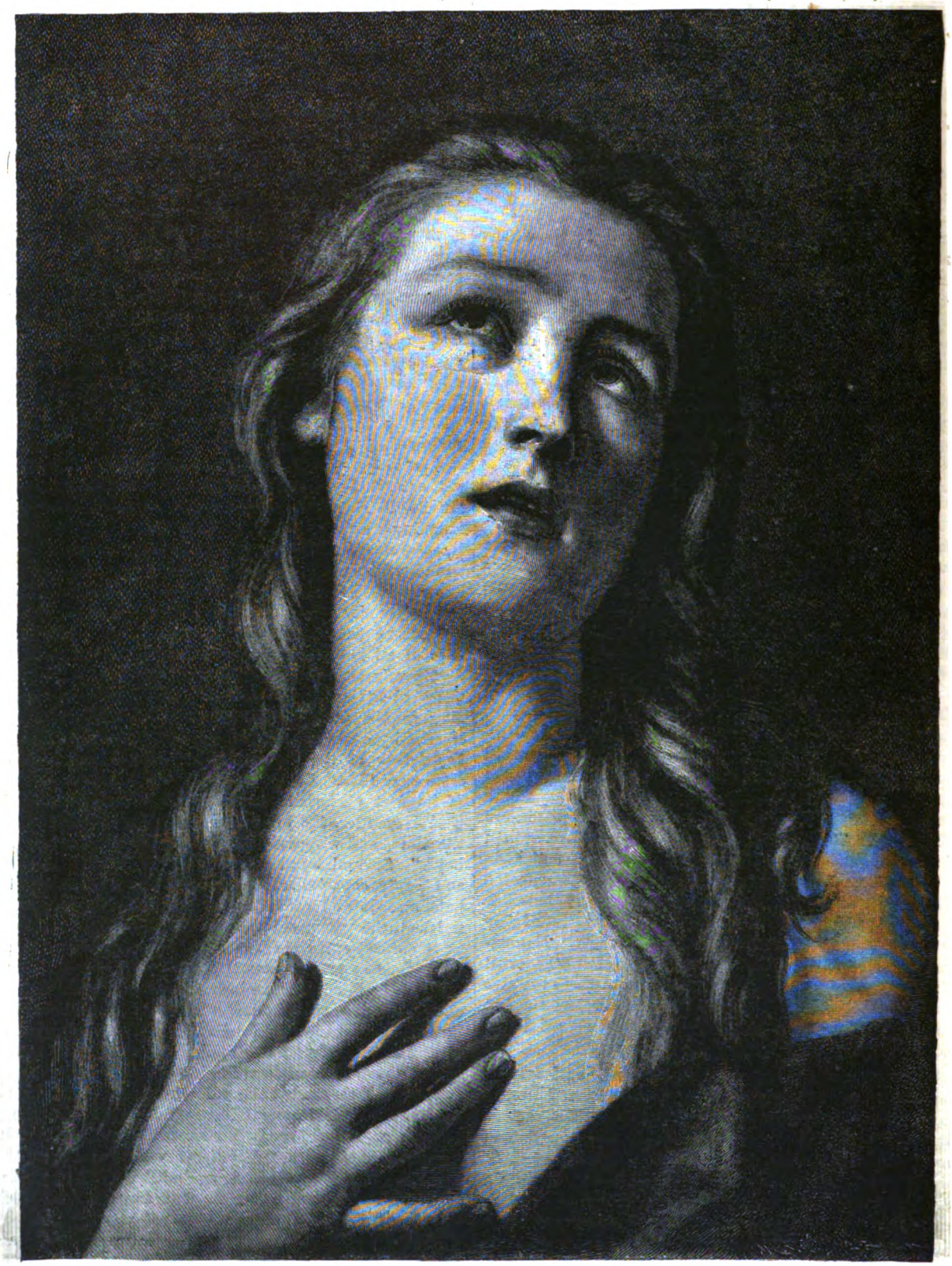
An industrious, if somewhat eccentric, gentleman at Berlin has succeeded, after many years' patient labor, in amassing no fewer than one thousand heels from various kinds of boots and shoes worn by ladies and gentlemen more or less eminent. These novel articles of *virtù* he has had duly mounted in a handsome glass case, while a carefully prepared catalogue gives the date of their acquisition and the names of their former possessors. The origin of this latest development of the acquisitive craze is said to date from a visit by the collector, in 1861, to the old Castle of Kinast, during which a beautiful Swedish lady lost one of her boot heels; and this identical heel forms the most cherished object in the eyes of the ardent collector. He is, it is perhaps needless to say, a bachelor.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES AND THE THEATRE.

The theatre still ranks among the most classical of German temples to the Muses. The spirits of the Dioscuri, whose monument stands at the entrance to the house, seem to hover over the little city still. Servants, exaggerated as the assertion may seem, discuss opera and the choice of classical dramas like people far beyond their station in other cities. I have known mistresses to purchase season tickets for their maids. Yes, where a natural taste is wanting, rare in one of Teutonic birth, it must be cultivated. Seats are so reasonable that one does not wonder the entire town and cities for miles around possess season tickets. One can sit in the best place in the house from September till June for less than $30. The entire community congregate on the "day of sale," and individuals triumph in carrying off the choicest places. Some have occupied the same identical seats for twenty-five years. Could they be other than educated? For an American who wishes to study music no other city offers so many advantages as Weimar, the home of Liszt, the patron of its opera and orchestral school. The town has many traditions and customs which centuries have hallowed.

A curious privilege is that allotted to the "Jena students." It is no rare thing to meet them in the streets, in sleeping gowns instead of coats, long pipes reaching nearly to their feet, long-haired, high-booted, like the students of a century past. The thoroughfares resound with their songs and club-rooms swarm with their accomplished duelists. One might think himself in a university city of the Middle Ages rather than one of the present advanced day. But the most interesting privilege of all is the unique one described below. On the first production of Schiller's "Robbers," a century ago, the students received permission to sing the airs occurring in the piece. Through the varied changes of a hundred years the prerogative remained unrevoked until the father of the present Grand Duke conceived the traitorous idea. Last year, in the centenary anniversary of its first performance, the privilege was restored by Carl Alexander, the present prince. I was in Weimar at the time, and witnessed the rejoicings of the "Varsity boys." Several hundred seats were reserved for them, and gayly caparisoned in their fancy coats and little hats, swords and caps, they marched in. The overture finished, the "bemooste haupt" the moss-covered head, as the oldest corps student is reverentially called by his fellows) arose and commanded "*silentium!*" The dropping of a pin could have been heard. Color flushed the cheeks of admiring ladies. Then swelled from their breasts that glorious old college song "Gaudeamus Igitur," which, finding its birth in Jena years ago, has now spread to all seats of learning in the world. "The play may begin," resounded the order of the leader when the last note had died away. Throughout the performance, so soon as the actors began an air, up rose the "bemooste haupt" with "*Silentium!* we shall render that song," and the jolly students again filled the house. The orchestra was placed under the ban for the time being, and the players in their costumes sat about awkwardly enjoying the spectacle—a scene never presented in any other theatre.

At least a dozen times the audience was treated to this odd incident, and when the curtain fell, deafening and prolonged applause greeted the young fellows, in which none joined more heartily than the generous prince who had renewed the coveted prerogative.



MAGDALEN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY PIETRO DE ROTARI, DRESDEN GALLERY.

MRS. DEVEREAUX'S SECRET.—"THE DOOR HAD OPENED FAR ENOUGH FOR ME TO SEE THAT THE HAND WHICH SWAYED IT BELONGED TO A TALL YOUNG WOMAN, WITH DARK HAIR, DARK EYES, AND A PALE FACE."

MRS. DEVEREAUX'S SECRET.

By Theo. March.

Somewhere in her many wanderings to and fro, Mrs. Dirk Van Rennsel met Mrs. Devereaux. When, or where, or how, no one knew, but she first came to the surface quite as a matter of course, in Mrs. Dirk's delightful letters from Rome three years ago. Later, equally a matter of course with Mrs. Dirk, she sank into oblivion, and was heard of no more until last Winter, when she stepped bodily, and, with infinite grace, into the circle Mrs. Dirk had gathered at The Place.

She became the central idea of that circle from the first moment. Whether it walked, or drove, or danced, or flirted, it talked of her. Whether it wrote love letters, business letters, or mere gossip, it wrote of her. Of her beauty, her manner, her wardrobe, of her unknown past, her uncertain present, her hazy future, there was enough to say, and it was said. The thought of her was dropped into many a mind like a pebble into deeper or shallower waters, and the circling waves of surmise and hearsay spread and spread until they reached and touched young Schuyler Van Rennsell, Mrs. Dirk's brother-in-law.

He came to me at once, and said he was going down to The Place for the night. A tiresome case and a troublesome client had kept him in town through the holiday gayeties, and the countless cousins, with whom he was the favorite he deserved to be, had begged in vain for his presence.

"But, you see Laura," (I am a cousin—a Van Rennsel), "it is just as well to keep an eye on Julia. Who is this woman they are all talking about? What do you think of her? There is no telling whether she has Julia in her toils, or Julia is leading her a dance into No Man's

Land. Julia is very good in her way, you know, but her way is a bad one, sometimes, for other people."

He looked quite anxious and careworn. I knew he was thinking of certain episodes in Mrs. Dirk's past we had shared, and I hesitated what to say. But, finally, I told him he had better go down and see for himself, *then* come to me.

"Go down with me," he said. "It is a dismal day, of course, but I will telegraph, and we will manage to enjoy it. Do you like this Mrs. Devereaux?"

"Yes, I think I do," I answered, slowly. "I *know* so little of her, Schuyler, and——"

"And you are a Van Rennsel," he laughed. "That covers it all, Laura. What fools we are sometimes about such things! I am tired of it, but——"

"*You* are a Van Rennsel," I said, demurely.

He went away, amused, yet doleful. I am afraid, like many another girl of our set, I looked after him with eyes very ready to see his perfections, for he certainly made a great difference in the street as he walked down it. It even pulls a little at my heart now, when I recall that stately figure and that proud head, and I wish, just a little, that we were going off together this afternoon for "a good time" at The Place.

Not that *he* expected it to be very pleasant that time. Dirk Van Rennsel was Schuyler's idol always, and when, in dying, he left Mrs. Dirk to his care, he laid a heavy burden on shoulders only too willing to bear all and everything for him. She *is* the most provokingly delightful woman on earth, and poor Schuyler knows more of the provoking past than any one else. She had dragged him into no end of nonsensical unpleasantness, and he had no idea what awaited him.

It was a regular January day, of the song and story kind—rainy, blowy, sleety, snowy, and generally forlorn—but Schuyler telegraphed we were coming, and, of course, the ride down in the train was warm and comfortable. It was quite dark when we reached The Place, and I was so chilled and stiff from the drive over from the station, I could scarcely get out of the carriage. Schuyler stood waiting for me, and looking into the great hall which poured a flood of fireglow and lamplight out into our darkness.

"Mrs. Devereaux!" he exclaimed. "They have not done her justice!"

There she was. Just where the glow and warmth and comfort of the interior seemed brightest, she was coming slowly down the long stairway, dressed in a trailing robe of deep, lustrous golden hue. Her hand on the balustrade, her bright, dark eyes on the night without, her proud head lifted as though listening and waiting, yet scorning both, she stood for an instant in full view, and then passed on.

Schuyler drew a long breath.

"What do you think of her?" I whispered.

"They have not done her justice!" he repeated. "Not in the least!"

"That is all you will know of her—just how she looks," I said, "and she *always* looks superb!"

"Mrs. Van Rennsel is in the library," solemnly announced the servant.

"Schuyler Van Rennsel, you dearest boy! Come right up here and get kissed and scolded," called Mrs. Van Rennsel, over the balustrade. "Laura, you may come, too, but you are not a stranger."

That is Mrs. Dirk exactly. If she had not married Dirk Van Rennsel and lived among us so long, I should really think her very odd. She was not dressed yet, although the house was full of guests, and it lacked but a short time of the dinner hour. Schuyler mentioned this fact as she chattered on, but she only said it didn't matter. Mrs. Devereaux was there. People never wanted any one else.

"By-the-by," interrupted Schuyler; "who is Mrs. Devereaux, Julia?"

"I don't know. Ask her," she answered, instantly. "But you won't, you know. You will be quite content with looking at her and hearing her, won't he, Laura? I mean you to marry her, Schuyler—brought her here on purpose. That's the reason I am so provoked at you for not coming sooner," and she pouted in the pretty way we have too long excused, I think. Then she kissed him patronizingly, and sent us away to dress.

It took me some time, of course, and they were all in the drawing-room when I entered. The first thing I saw was Schuyler standing, alone and stately, near Mrs. Devereaux, who, for a wonder, was also alone and silent. She was leaning back in her chair holding a great white feather fan between her and the fire, and looking down into its glow. There was a shadow on her beauty, pathetic and regretful, for the first time, and it softened it wonderfully, as well as my heart. I never felt so much like liking her. But it was a bad thing for Schuyler. It softened him, too.

He took her in to dinner. I had a very pleasant partner, but I watched them closely. There was about their intercourse something odd and unreal, or I fancied it. I don't think I did, however.

It was late when we separated, and I had not time for a word with Schuyler. But the next morning we came up together, and we had our breakfast together long before the others were stirring. I asked him how he liked her, but he did not answer directly. He seemed more worried than ever, but it did not seem the same worry.

I did not see him after that for two weeks, but I heard he had been twice to The Place. I went down again at the end of that time and found the girls up in arms. Mrs. Devereaux had even captured Schuyler. "Our own Schuyler!" as Bertha Van Rennsel expressed it, mournfully. They had so much to tell me, and told it so differently, that I could not make up my mind whether he really had lost his head or his heart, or was only doing his best to find out who and what she was, for the rumors and suspicions gained ground each day.

"And Julia is *such* a fool!" flatly decided the outspoken Van Rennsel, who takes great liberties with her position.

Mrs. Devereaux looked worn and pale, I thought, and that shadow I had seen for a moment only, two weeks before, was permanent now. She came up to me with a cordial manner new to her, and something in it touched me. I am an impressible creature, and people who want sympathy always turn to me. I am beginning to suspect them of wanting it when they make any special approach. We sat together several times in the course of the day, and I liked her better each time.

Schuyler came down that night unexpected and without warning. We found him in the drawing-room when we came out from dinner. There was a great outcry and questioning, but I noticed Mrs. Devereaux did not join in it at all. She passed close to him once on her way to her favorite chair, and they bowed to each other without a word. I looked at him and saw him pale to the lips.

"Are you ill, Schuyler?" I asked him, as soon as I could. "Oh, what is it? I know there is *something*."

"What can there be?" he asked, coldly.

I said no more, and Bertha Van Rennsel came up just

then, insisting on some explanation of his coming thus unannounced.

"You never did such a thing before, Schuyler, and I am sure there is a reason for it. Who is dead, or married, or eloped, or burned out? What catastrophe has overtaken the family? For, you know, you are in some sort its keeper."

She said it jestingly, and he answered, lightly:

"Nonsense, Bertha! Don't heap such honors upon me. I have been too busy lately to 'keep' anything but other people's secrets."

"Other people's secrets? Oh, *don't* keep them! Tell them to us, at least, and let us help you.'"

"Oh, do, Schuyler!" they cried. "Tell us some of your client stories. Since you *are* here, enliven us."

To my surprise he looked suddenly grave and determined. He glanced round the room as though unheeding them, and then turned to them.

"I *will* tell you a story—a 'client story,' as you call it; but it has no secret of his in it. It is just one of those singular workings of fate that would *read* like a romance, while it *is* sternest truth."

"How delicious!" they all exclaimed. "Do come here, Cousin Julia! Schuyler is going to tell us something—a true story like a romance. How perfectly lovely!"

I went over to Mrs. Devereaux and sat down by her. I *had* to, although I shrank from it. I would have liked to go away, but I had seen the light in his eyes as he looked at her, and I knew he meant to strike *her*. Why need he? Why did he? I could not understand. Did she?

Schuyler sat down presently, then rose and stood with his back against the pillar of the great fireplace. The fire blazed up suddenly, and he bent to put the logs closer, moved them, turned them, rose impatiently, and drove them back with one stamp of his foot. Mrs. Devereaux started and shuddered as though he had trampled upon her.

"We are all ready, Schuyler," said some one.

"Turn on the gas, old fellow!" said Tom Schuyler.

Then, of course, the younger ones laughed. (Why *will* young girls *always* laugh at such silly, vulgar sort of things? Tom Schuyler is encouraged in his low tastes by the simpletons.)

"When I was at college," began Schuyler. "But no! That is not the right end of the skein."

He threw himself into a chair, settled himself, rested his elbows on the cushioned arms, and laid the tips of his strong, delicate white hands together. They had a cruel look to me against the ruddy background of the fire, so cruel, so firm, so easily relentless their grasp could be.

"You all know that I have had a very tedious case about nothing in particular for some time past? Well, it is not over yet, but this story is a side issue. The case is about some property recently inherited—I mean within three years—by a crank, already rich enough to buy and sell half the Van Rennsels. There is a flaw of some kind in the will, and the old fellow is making a fight for what is of less value to him than my fee, principle. I suppose he will gain it—would not insult my own powers by a doubt!"

"*Why* does he not hurry?" I thought, in a fever of anticipation.

"But, in the meantime, I see a great deal of him, and I hear sometimes a great deal more than I care to of the old place. The other day I learned—what surprised me very much—that I had been to the very house, and, more, that I had an adventure of my very own under its roof. And now I take up the end of the skein I started with."

He moved a little, turned his face from us, but toward a small plate mirror on the opposite wall, in which I could see Mrs. Devereaux's face clearly reflected. She was unconscious of it.

"When I was in college, eight years ago, I joined a party of fellows for a month's sport in the mountains, and enjoyed it immensely. So much so that, the following Winter, about this time of the year, I concluded to take a run into the hill country and see it in its Winter dress. I was a sentimental young person, and the scenery and the mountains themselves had charms for me the rest of the party could not find—or did not. I returned to them. And they were not—not the same, that is."

"Oh, Schuyler, go on with your story. I am so impatient to get the interesting part!" pouted Bertha.

"Very well," he resumed, in an altered voice, and I knew the trifling was over. "I went up to the mountains about the middle of January, eight years ago. It was cold, and there had been snow on the level, but not much. To my surprise, the roads were almost impassable, and the wild, white desolation of the whole earth grew and grew as we went on. I had a driver and a good team, but we made little headway. The man finally suggested we had better turn back, and, after a little demur on my part, we *did* turn back—to our sorrow.

"We lost our way. Worse still, we did not know it, but wandered on, floundering through the storm, until it grew dark. Then, just as the gray of night was closing in fast and hard—no other word for it—we came out into a clearing, as we *thought*, on to the verge of a precipice, as we *found*. And, amid the utter whiteness of the valley at our feet, there gleamed one solitary light. It was close under us, but far, far below. We could not tell the size of the house which sheltered it, nor judge of those who fed its source from these surroundings. It was a beacon of hope, but we took its foundation on faith.

"It was necessary to lead the horses by a roundabout path, leaving the wagon where it stood, and, still keeping our eye upon the light, we started. It was a rough experience for me, but, after an hour of it, we came out of a clump of pines quite near the house and almost upon the level. Then my guide, for the first time in many minutes, uttered a word and an oath. The word was 'Rickefuses'! And I knew what he meant."

Mrs. Devereaux's fan snapped sharply and fell from its jeweled hand. There was a slight diversion of sympathy, examination, advice, which she cleverly and gracefully accepted and put aside.

"It is of very little consequence," she said. "Thank you very much, Mr. Schuyler. Not at all, my dear Bertha. Pray do not let us lose time over it. Mr. Van Rennsel has been interrupted too long already. And we have reached the interesting part, I think."

He was standing before her. She raised her proud eyes to his, and smiled at him. He hurriedly resumed his chair, and at once took up the story.

"'Rickefuse's' was a well known haunt of the country side. All sorts of evil deeds except murder had been traced to the wretched old man and his brood, both sons and daughters. And very few people would have cared to tempt them with a chance at murder had a booty worth the taking stood beyond it. My companion stood still and I beside him. But our case was desperate.

"'Will you risk it?' he asked me, presently.

"'With you?'

A VENETIAN BOY.—DRAWN BY V. BLAAS.

MODERN MUSIC-SCHOOLS.—THE NEW CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT LEIPSIC.—SEE PAGE 23.

"All right, then. Put your watch in your boot, and part of your money with it. Let 'em have the rest.'

"And we pushed on to the house.

"It was a large, square building, massive and imposing, and as we neared it I saw it was of stone, and had been handsomely finished. There were three doors on the side we approached—it had stopped snowing, and the whitened ground made a ghastly twilight of the night — but from two of them the steps had fallen away. The third and middle one I attacked with a strong hand, while my companion waited at the foot of the steps holding the horses.

MR. FRANZ RUMMELL, CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BERLIN.

"In a few minutes the door-latch rattled, bolts were drawn, the door creaked, and a glimmer of light shone through the widening crack. A woman's voice, very soft and somewhat peculiar — having a sort of accent, in fact—said, in low tones :

"'Henri'—the French name, mind—'is it you?'

"'No, madam,' I answered. 'We are strangers lost on the mountain, and are almost frozen.'

"The door shut quickly.

"'Madam,' I cried, 'I beg you to open the door to us. You have nothing to fear, and we *cannot* go further without assistance.

"The door creaked again and

hesitated; creaked again and longer. This time it had opened far enough for me to see that the hand which swayed it belonged to a young woman—a tall young woman, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a pale face—pale from want and watching and care and pain. A face sad to see, and sadder yet to turn away from without word or sign of pity or sympathy.

"'My husband is not within,' she said, appealingly. 'What can I do? There is nothing.'

"'Where's Mr. Rickefuse and the boys?' called out my companion.

The woman started at his voice, and would have closed the door with a hurried movement that fanned the lamp-flame to a sudden blaze. The glass chimney exploded with a loud report, and a woman screamed within the house.

"'Hold your tongue, ye fool!' I heard some one growl not far off.

"'Here, sir!' I called, stepping inside, past the door-keeper's slender figure. 'We are friends, you may rest assured, and sadly in need of friendly help. I am a New Yorker out for a little sport, and I have Jarvis from The Ridge with me. We lost our way in the storm.'

"The hall in which I stood was immense, and had been splendid. From some dark recess at its extremity there came forward a burly looking ruffian, in hat and great-coat, as though prepared for flight. I thought so, at least, at the moment. The woman stepped back from the door and stood waiting and listening near the lamp. The man eyed me thoroughly.

"'This here's a rough sort o' place,' he growled, 'and I didn't know who might be a-knockin'. Honest folks, 'tain't likely, wouldn't turn out sich a night.'

"'Not unless they were forced to it like yourself,' I said, coolly. 'You know Jarvis is an honest man, and he will go bail for me.'

"He laid his hand on the door and pulled it open with an oath.

"'You kin go to bed,' he said to the woman, and strode out.

From her place near the feeble light she looked at me with those despairing, maddening eyes. I thought I saw her lips move, but I heard no sound. I drew nearer to her, and cautiously, but she waved me back almost imperceptibly. I stood and looked at her, and waited.

"If I live a thousand years I can never forget her as I saw her there. She was so worn, so thin, so white, so haggard, she might have been a corpse. She was so poorly dressed, in such thin, tawdry clothing, I shivered for her. But she was clean, scrupulously clean, and her poor rags were patched and darned. Her hair, too, was swept away from her face and wound up carefully and daintily, coil after coil. She was very young with it all—a mere girl. And yet so old!"

He had told this last part word by word, as though driving each home to his hearers. I knew for *him* there was but one—the woman at my side with the broken pieces of her costly toy lying at her feet.

"In the meantime," he went on, rousing himself, "Jarvis and the man of the house had come to an understanding, and Jarvis looked in to say they were going to put up the horses. I saw him glance curiously at the woman, and find her a stranger. Then a voice was heard somewhere in the distance calling her by some odd, short name I could not catch. She turned her head toward the sound, bent it to me, and glided away. Jarvis and the man came in just then, and after barring the door, the man took up the lamp and we followed him into a back room. It was dirty and frowsy and greasy, but warm. I sat down near the fire, and thinking of the woman I fell asleep in my chair, and did not wake until broad day. Then Jarvis roused me, and the burly ruffian stood by him, grinning good-naturedly as any honest man."

He was silent. So were the others, until Bertha Van Rennsell cried, suddenly:

"Is *that* all? It *cannot* be! Who was the woman? Where was she? What became of her?"

"I never knew until yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

It was a regular chorus. But Mrs. Dirk and Mrs. Devereaux did not join it. They looked at each other.

"Yesterday!" he repeated. "You know, I spoke of 'the singular workings of fate'? 'All things come round,' as the poet sings. And only *yesterday* this knowledge came to me."

"Came?" broke in Mrs. Dirk. "You have not sought it, then?"

"Not exactly *this*," he answered, facing her. "I have sought *something*, but I did not connect the past and the present."

"Go on!" she said, curtly.

"Yesterday, the old gentleman who has the will in contest, came to see me, and produced a recent photograph of the property in question. I knew it at once as the Rickefuse's Den, decayed and ragged in tenfold degree as the years have made it, and evidently untenanted as it is. The old gentleman heard my reminiscence with interest, and gave me its history—the first thing of interest I have found in the case; as to the cleaning-out of the Rickefuses by the law-abiding population of the country-side, about four years ago. Information, it seems, of their guilty life and its growing evil was lodged with the authorities by the wife of a man who had been at one time a member of their gang—a horse-thief, housebreaker, highwayman and general rogue. The people could recall, when it was brought home to them, a young woman who spent several months at the Den eight or ten years ago. A tall, pale young woman, with a sad face, who never talked or 'made friends' in any chance encounter with the few neighbors who crossed her path. Since then, her husband had died. She had separated herself entirely from the old life, and—singular contradiction!—had gone abroad to live luxuriously on her ill-gotten gains, which, it seems, were considerable. I recognized, of course, the woman whose sad face has haunted me more than ever recently."

His gaze was on the face in the mirror. It was deadly pale, and the eyes turned with fierce entreaty on Mrs. Dirk. Every one in the room was conscious of something beneath the surface, and uneasy glances were exchanged, a score of questions trembling on the lips of every separate Van Rennsel. Mrs. Dirk was curled up, comfortable as a kitten, among the cushions of the sofa. She laid her cheek against the velvet of one and nestled closer to the down.

"You make one mistake, my dear boy," she said, easily and smoothly. "About the ill-gotten gains, you know. Henri Devereaux did not leave a cent, did he, Elise?"

An electric shock could not have startled the others more. I confess I was surprised, but not in the same way.

Mrs. Devereaux uttered no sound. She only turned and looked at Schuyler. No words *could* be more eloquent. The next moment he was at her side. He was bending over her, he was entreating her forgiveness—

goodness knows what he was *not* saying—and then, with a tenderness I never saw him show to any other in his utmost devotion, he led her from the room. I can see them now, passing away together down the long room, her slender figure drooping—but toward him—and his grand, protecting air seeming to shelter her from every wind of adversity. I may well recall it, for I never saw "our own Schuyler" again. There was "confusion worse confounded" behind them. Mrs. Dirk was perfectly beset. She did not mind it in the slightest. With half-closed eyes and laziest air, she listened and endured it. No one could accuse her of taking the slightest interest in their curiosity, their indignation, their exultation. Suddenly she awoke, sat up, straightened the cushions deliberately, spread out her dainty skirts, folded her hands and lifted her graceful little head.

"Good people!" she said, in her sweet, shrill, incisive voice; "listen to me! I have just a little speech to make, and it is meant for each and every one of you. It is the last you will hear from me on the subject. Three years and six months ago I was very ill in a dirty, forlorn, abominable Spanish town. So ill I would have died but for an angel of a woman, who was a stranger to me. She was passing through the town, stopped at the inn, heard of me, saw me, and remained to nurse me. She did nurse me—nursed me back to perfect health. We became, naturally, good friends, *very* good friends, and she told me her story. I—a Van Rennsel!—I had nothing to tell her in exchange, but I could understand her. To-night Schuyler Van Rennsel has told you all *he* knows of that story, and added to it his own interpretation. As I mentioned to him, he was slightly mistaken. I had not time to enter into all particulars with him (and it will not be necessary); but, once for all, I will correct them for you. Mrs. Devereaux is the widow of Henri Devereaux, horse-thief, house-breaker, highwayman and general rogue. She is, likewise, the widow of Henri Devereaux, a French gentleman by birth—a sort of Van Rennsel over there, you know—who saw life out of the evil eyes of his father, the Devil (big D!—Van Rennsel *down there*, you know!) and she is, first and before all, the daughter and *heiress* of an old French family. She was married young. She fell upon evil days. She suffered there, she suffered here, she suffered there again. She was a faithful wife to a man she never loved. She was a faithful friend to me, a stranger, I have seen her in the honored heart of her French home. And," springing to her little feet and bringing one of them down with an angry click of its dainty little heel, "I have seen her *here*, in the heart of *my* home, tortured and stung, tortured and heart-wrung, tortured and *assailed!* I will never see it again! Let me see one look, let me hear one word unkind, slighting, suspicious, and I will sweep these '*ancestral halls*'"—oh, the emphasis!—"of every Van Rennsel, close those doors on them, and burn the old fossil to the ground, if I choose!" ●

Then she left us. You may think as you please of the whole proceeding, but I really never liked Julia Van Rennsel half so well as at that moment. And of one thing you may be sure, nothing was ever said or looked where Mrs. Devereaux or Mrs. Dirk could possibly hear or see, to which Mrs. Devereaux could object.

She did not come among us again for some time. The next day she was quite ill, and Schuyler was almost mad. The house was in gloom altogether, and Mrs. Dirk let it drift. But at the end of a week she "gathered the clan," as she said, gave a grand dinner, had a glorious evening, bade us all good-by, and went off with Mrs. Devereaux to Europe. Of course Schuyler followed them. And, of course, he married Mrs. Devereaux. Not a Van Rennsel raised an objection, either, for Mrs. Dirk was quite correct in all the statements of her "little speech."

MODERN MUSIC-SCHOOLS.

By S. Austen Pearce, Mus. Doc., Oxon.

The selection of a music-school sometimes leads to considerable perplexity.

Music is frequently termed "the universal art," and is supposed to affect equally persons of widely differing nationalities — rich and poor, learned and illiterate; it therefore seems necessary to point out that music is not found uniform in character in various times and climes.

Every great nation of antiquity had its own peculiar form of the art, and in modern times it has passed through many phases in different countries.

The platitude, "Human nature is the same in all ages," is often heard; yet music reveals strongly marked differences, even among individuals.

It appeals so directly and intimately to the whole nature of man—his mind, soul and sensuous perception—that it must necessarily present great varieties of manifestation. Note the comparatively calm and profound music of the Germanic races, the more passionate and less reflective utterances of the Latins, the voluptuous languor of the Creole songs, and the style of delivery peculiar to the Hungarian Gypsies, which is characterized by the wildest vehemence, the most maddening excitement; and it will be seen how readily one might lay the bearings of a scale of comparative National psychology by the aid of music. This art is so closely connected with other liberal arts, with science, with the religion, life and language of a people, that these must exercise a formative influence upon it and cause distinguishing peculiarities.

One music-school considers certain principles as of the very highest value; another ignores these, or regards them of minor importance, and exalts others. Hence, composers have shown the greatest deference to the claims of language, and created a sort of declamatory melody, disregarding the linguistic tone and expression almost entirely in favor of a purely musical or vocal display.

Thus the tonal art has been developed in many different directions, and its powers greatly varied and enhanced.

Students intending to follow music as a profession must decide on some particular branch of it, and accept the teaching of that school which has long excelled therein. In a general statement one would say, study vocalization in Italy, Symphonic music in Germany, opera styles and violin playing in France, and church music in the English cathedrals. Yet, some attention should be given to the music of all countries, to prevent onesidedness or contracted views; especially if the profession is to be exercised in America. For this is neutral ground. The people are by no means unanimous respecting the merits of the various European schools; and there is a certain sectarianism noticeable in several coteries, which the teacher, performer, composer or critic, must take into consideration.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

The want of unanimity need not be deplored, for the artist demands freedom. The domination of a central authority in music, as in language, hinders progress. The principle of dialectic regeneration in speech, as stated by Professor Max Müller, not being allowed free play in France (where the decisions of the Academy in Paris have been accepted by the entire country), less growth is noticeable in this art of expression; and similarly, in music, Paris rules France. In Italy, on the contrary, greater variety, vitality and growth were early secured. For each large city had its own artistic aims, and carried them out freely. Hence, there arose the great schools of Naples, Rome, Milan, Florence, etc., which, engaged in a friendly rivalry, learned much by each others' successes and failures.

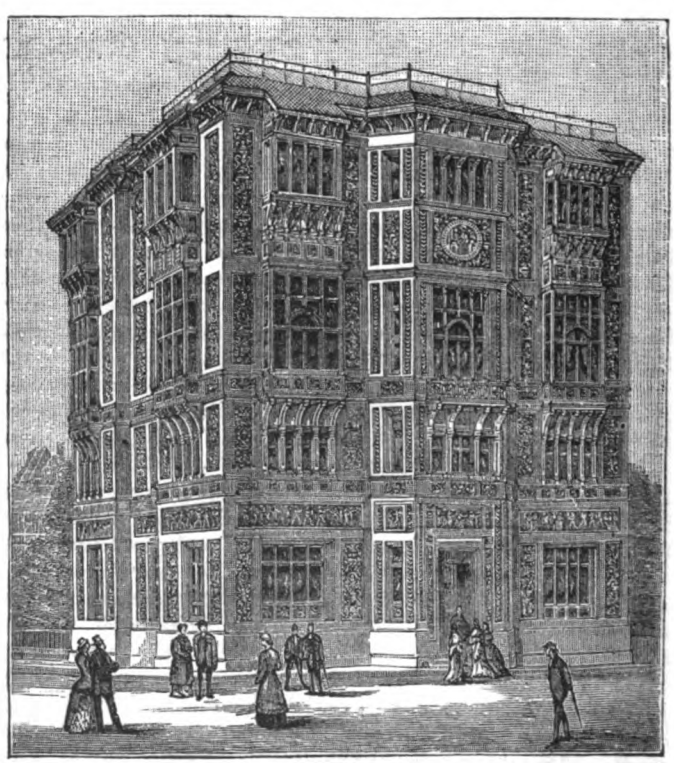
The contrapuntal teachings of the Netherlanders influenced in a marked degree the schools of Venice; as witness the works of the composers, Festa, Arkadelt, Giovanni Dalla Croce, Marcello, etc. The celebrated singers, Faustina Bordoni (born 1700) and Catarina Gabrielli (born 1730), bear witness to the peculiar excellences of the old methods of teaching vocalization. The Venetian masters were active in the four great schools of Bologna, but the Conservatories of these cities are now no more.

The Florentine school brought forth opera. Vicenzo Galileo (father of *the* Galileo) attacked those composers whose researches were directed toward the finding of elaborate contrapuntal progressions; and after the production of the first opera, which took place in that city, three or four works followed which gave in no uncertain manner the distinguishing peculiarities of the new style. The music was monodic, and therefore specially characterized by the absence of counterpoint (which distinguished the polyphonic school) and the employment of declamation in song, or recitative. It appeared as a protest, in the name of poetry, against the singing of different words simultaneously, and the prolongation of single, short syllables, to extend over long and labyrinthine progressions of tones.

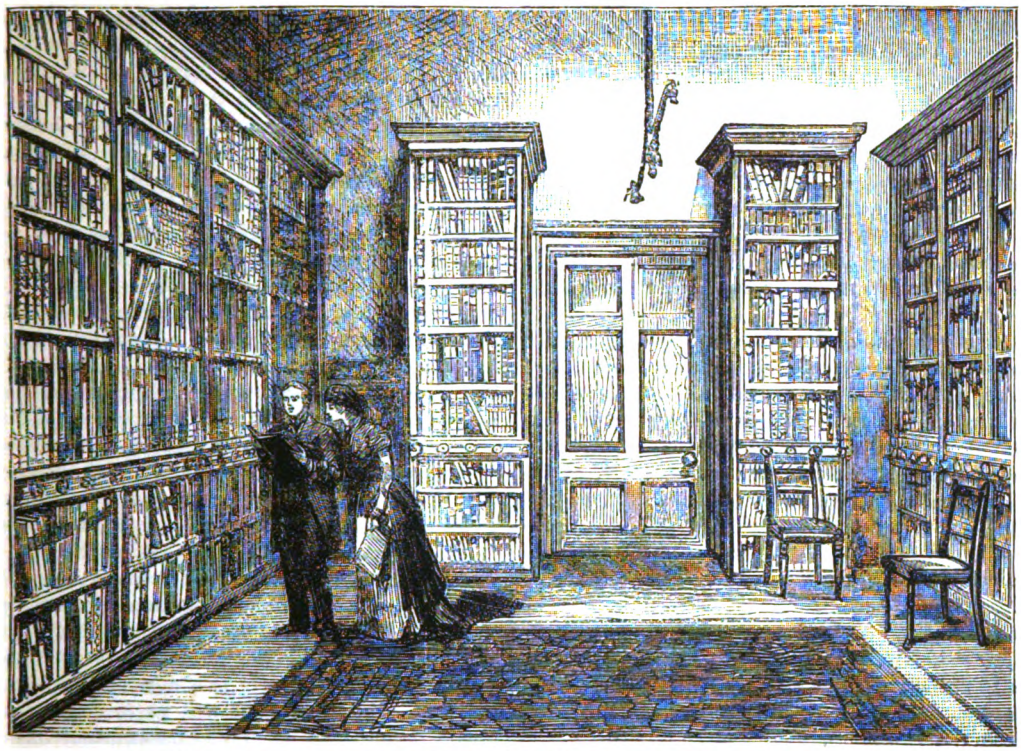
Monteverde, of Mantua (1568–1643), employed more musically scientific methods, and thus gained increased attention for this operatic style among learned writers.

The great schools of Naples seem to have been the models for all Europe, if we except the cathedral schools of England, which at an early age, educate children in the highest forms of the art. For the four principal ones were connected with four churches, the choristers singing in the services in return for instruction. Private benefactors enriched the schools, from time to time; but they were all subsequently suppressed, or merged into other institutions, for the study and practice of music in general. One of these church schools has among its honored names those of Alessandro Scarlatti, Porpora, Sacchini and Guglielmo. Another, those of Durante, Leo, Feo and Cotumacci, Piccini, Paisiello and Gizzi. The one connected with "Della Pieta de Turchini" was continued, until it was united with the Royal College, under the direction of Zingarelli, early in the present century. Donizetti and Mercadante succeeded Zingarelli as directors.

The schools of Lombardy are noted for the composers: Costanzo Porter, L. Balboo, and G. Gastoldi, who is famed for the elaboration of the ballet.



ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, SOUTH KENSINGTON—THE EXTERIOR.



THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, SOUTH KENSINGTON—THE LIBRARY OF MUSICAL WORKS.

The Milanese school dates from 1483, when the Duke of Milan founded an institution. Its composers wrote for the Church, with the exception of a few that were engaged in opera. The present "Reale Conservatorio di Musico" is prosperous. There are over thirty professors, and the arrangements for admission of pupils are such as to keep up the standard of excellence. A preliminary examination is held for the admission of probationers, and at the end of the first year, a matriculation examination for probationers, seeking admission as pupils. The number of years allowed are nine, ten and eleven, respectively, for composition or stringed instruments, wind instruments and singing.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BOSTON.

Throughout Italy, music, and especially singing, is taught by masters privately, rather than in great institutions. Large oratorio choruses and choral classes for the study of part-singing are rare. The great ecclesiastical music of the past is for the most part buried in silence, and counterpoint (an exotic, derived from the Northwest) music, after attaining a most luxuriant growth, is fast dying out. Wagner terms

this neglect of counterpoint in church music "a lapse into paganism."

On the other hand, it should be noted that there has been considerable productive activity on the operatic stage. Witness, for instance, the works of Verdi, and other Italian writers, whose operas have been reproduced throughout Europe and the United States.

For the organ a number of original Italian compositions that have distinguishing national characteristics have appeared of late in the catalogues of English publishers. But they do not possess that nobility of style which in the West is considered essential in music for the "king of instruments."

The ambitious attempt of Verdi to write choral fugues in eight parts in his "Requiem," supplies evidence of the fact, that to invent sublime musical ideas one must be long accustomed to ponder the works of the great contrapuntists, and to write in accordance with their methods.

The Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art, at Vienna, is a large and flourishing institution. There are more than 50 professors, and nearly 1,000 pupils. In the music department, for 1884–85, there were 699 students from the Austrian Provinces, and 51 from other countries, including America, Brazil, Germany, England, France, Greece, Italy, Roumania, Russia and Turkey. One hundred and four scholars paid no fees. In the dramatic school were 43 students. The programmes of the pupils' concerts show a preference for the well-known names of Mozart, Chopin, Schumann, Beethoven, Haydn, Weber and Mendelssohn. The dramatic school gives excerpts from the operas of Verdi, Gounod, Wagner, Meyerbeer and Weber. The financial scheme for the present year assumes an expenditure of 114,883 florins ($57,441.50), which is covered by pupils' fees, Royal Opera House extra fund, matriculation and examination fees, city support, state support, and subscriptions of members of the society.

In Hungary there is a national conservatorium of Magyar music at Budapest, where also two weekly musical journals are published. Liszt and Joachim were born in Hungary, and principally by their efforts the singular characteristics of the national music have become familiar in the West. The chief compositions are dances, songs and operas. In order to comprehend this music, so as to play it from memory and extemporize, or compose in the same style, it is necessary to have at least a theoretical knowledge of the Hungarian melodic scale and the harmonies it entertains, and also of the musical feet and rhythms that are commonly employed. But as the Hungarian language presents considerable difficulty to foreigners, it may be well to acquire this requisite knowledge elsewhere, say at Berlin. For at the High School of Music there, Professor Joachim (the celebrated violinist) is director, and provides instruction in Hungarian styles of writing. He, in company with Kiel, Rudorff, Schulze and Spitta form the directorate. For the half-yearly term of 1884–85 there were 217 pupils (principally for violin, voice and pianoforte), a fair proportion of whom were from the United States. The programmes of the pupils' concerts are similar to those in Vienna. In 1885 there were memorial performances of Schütz's "Seven Words of Jesus on the Cross," celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth, and Bach's cantata, "Christ Lag in Todesbanden"; and Handel's "Acis and Galatea," celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birthdays of these composers.

Terms are Easter and Michaelmas. Pupils are obliged to attend classes in elementary singing, composition and history. The fees are about 300 marks ($75) per term. It is said that the works of Brahms and Raff are more readily accepted here than at Leipsic, in consequence of the influence of a *clique*. In Leipsic there is said to be a Rubinstein *clique*. Hence, it is well to advise students to watch the proceedings in these rivals.

At Berlin, Mr. Franz Rummell has lately been appointed First Professor of the Pianoforte at the two Conservatories of Music of Kullak and Stern.

The Royal Conservatory of Music in Leipsic holds its matriculation examinations at the end of April. The course occupies three years. Twice every year a new course is begun in the lower classes; but foreigners will be admitted at other times than Easter and Michaelmas, although they receive notice of examination dates, etc., in foreign newspapers and musical journals. The fees are 300 marks ($75) per annum. Six free scholarships have been founded by the King, which are to be held by Saxons. The cost of a furnished lodging is estimated at 180 to 240 marks ($45 to $60) yearly. Plain dinners cost less than 25 cents. The total expenses of a student are from 1,350 to 1,800 marks a year. Special facilities and protection are afforded ladies speaking English only, and who will reside together with families accredited by the Council. A knowledge of German is necessary to understand the lectures, and of Italian for the higher branches of solo-singing. Students have free admission to the rehearsals of the twenty-two annual concerts in the Gewand Haus, and also to the performances of chamber music given therein. This Conservatory was established in 1843 by Mendelssohn. Hauptmann, Schumann, Ferd. David, Becker, Moscheles, Gade and Richter, have been professors. The list of pupils includes Kirchner, Otto Goldschmidt, Bargiel, Grimm, Barnet, Sullivan, Bache, Dannreuther, Mills, Pecher and Paine.

The fame of the Leipsic cantors is world-wide. At the head of the list stands the name of the greatest musician the modern world has produced (John Sebastian Bach), whose successors have striven to maintain the high artistic rank of the members of the Thomas school.

The great publishing firm of Breitkoft & Hartel, in Leipsic, offers many advantages to students.

The Conservatory for music in Stutgart was opened in 1857, to give the highest education in classic and modern art. Although it consists of an artist and an amateur school, the instruction is similar, the regulations only being diverse. The terms in the artist school are 300 marks per annum for a single instrument. Other instruction is included in this fee. The institution is under the patronage of the King of Würtemberg, and receives contributions from the state funds. Preliminary examinations are made in the early part of April and October. There is a large staff of professors. The instructors, Lebert and Stark, are well known by their excellent editions of classical music for the pianoforte. Among the pupils are many Americans who have have won recognition at home.

The Royal School at Munich prepares pupils for the stage and concert-room.

Dr. Hoch's Conservatorium, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, has the assistance of Dr. B. Scholz and Madame Clara Schumann. The examination is in German.

The Conservatorium at Cologne gained much from the fame of its director, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, and that at Brussels from the celebrated violinist, Wieniawski.

The Conservatoire de Musique, in Paris, which was established in 1795 by the Convention Nationale, owes its existence to the exertions of Rodolphe, which began in 1775. Various departments were added from time to time until the close of the eighteenth century, when there

were over 100 professors and 600 students. It was reorganized by Napoleon Bonaparte, and subsequently, in 1822, Cherubini had the co-operation of Fetis, Halevy, Panseron, Baillot, Kreutzer and Habeneck. In 1842, Auber, as director, was associated with Adolph Adam, Herz, Garcia and Arban. In 1871 Ambroise Thomas became director. Berlioz acted as librarian for many years, and was succeeded by Felicien David. The receipts are now estimated at from 200,000 to 250,000 francs. The curriculum is complete. There are very many instrumental classes, of which those for the violin have been extremely successful. In this institution, pupils who cannot be admitted to the classes are permitted to attend and listen. This arrangement appears worthy of universal adoption. Applications for admission are received early in October. In July, the competitions for prizes are made under the presidency of the Minister of Public Education and Fine Arts. The theatres attached to the offices in the Faubourg Poissonnière are used for the various academic exercises. Students have access to a pipe organ, with a thirty-two feet foundation; a museum of 700 instruments, and a library of 30,000 works. Here are many rare manuscripts, a complete collection of Palestrina's Masses, in single parts or proportional notation, and about 60,000 dramas. The music schools in Lille, Toulouse, Dijon, Nantes and Lyons, do not possess complete independence of action, but appear as tributaries or branches of the school in Paris. Such concentration tends to hinder growth from within, as already suggested. Hence, in France new ideas have been periodically grafted in from without; and French art has been rendered productive of new fruit through the advent of foreign composers. Recent history proves this. The heroic struggles of Berlioz to free himself from trammels form a most remarkable exception. The Italian, Lulli, was the father of the French opera. Other Italians and Jewish Germans succeeded him, and eventually French grand opera reigned supreme upon the lyric stage. The names of Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini and Meyerbeer, may be mentioned in this connection. Among the producers of lighter works for the theatres of Paris, which have become familiar throughout the world, may be recorded those of Rameau, Couperin, Boieldieu, Herold, Auber, Halevy, Adam, Paer, Mehul, Saint Saens.

The music schools of the English cathedrals have kept alive for centuries a love of choral music of the highest kind throughout the country, and to this day continue to produce composers, singers and organists, well acquainted with contrapuntal art. The names of Tallis, Morley, Gibbons, Lawes, Purcell, Arne, Arnold, Attwood, Crotch, Wesley, Aldrich and Boyce are familiar. The Protestant Church in America is indebted to them for chants, anthems and settings of the canticles for regular services. The labors of a younger school of musicians have also proved most useful, being directed to supply music suitable to the small Ritualistic churches (rather than large Gothic cathedrals having large open spaces, echoes, etc.); hence, they are better adapted to the requirements of our quartette choirs and general architecture. The works of Barnby, Tours, Sullivan, Bridge, Dykes, Stainer and Gadsby may be mentioned in this connection. Their works appeal to a more modern taste than those of their predecessors, while at the same time they are grave, restrained and dignified in character.

In the English Cathedrals the organ is treated with the utmost consideration, and the works performed upon it are nearly always in the highest style of contrapuntal imitation.

At an early age boys having good voices are taught to read music readily at sight, and to produce their tones with skill. In order to fill satisfactorily with tone the large Gothic structures, the singers learn to economize their breath, so as to sustain tones easily, leaving the solid stone walls to reinforce them; and hence a breadth of delivery is acquired that leads readily to the formation of the "grand style" which is imperatively demanded for the proper rendering of the oratorios of Handel. This style is traditional in England. The performances of the soprano parts of Bach's Passion Music entire, by chorister boys, recall the executive ability of the Leipsic cantor's own choir of children, which has always been considered noteworthy.

In the English Cathedrals, the boys usually study either the violin, pianoforte or organ, and receive lessons in harmony, fugue, and composition generally; and therefore find little difficulty, when their voices "break," in obtaining engagements, or scholarships and preferment. Should they remain in the Church, cathedral organistships are open to them; as in the case of Stainer, who is now at St. Paul's, and Bridge, at Westminster Abbey. If they become conductors or composers, advancement is easy, as in the case of Sullivan and Barnby.

The chief teaching institutions of London are the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College. The former, in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, was opened in 1822, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1830. The Queen and nine members of the Royal Family are patrons. The Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Prof., Oxon., is one of the vice-presidents. There are twenty-two directors connected with the profession of music, and a committee of management, the chairman of which is Professor Sir George A. Macfarren, M.A., Mus. Doc., Cantab., et Mus. Doc., Oxon., who is also the Principal. The Faculty consists of 7 teachers of harmony and composition, 19 teachers of singing (including Garcia, Randegger, Shakespeare, Cumming and Pinsuti), 20 teachers of pianoforte, 4 for organ, 5 for violin, etc., etc.

Matriculation examinations are not only held in London, but in about one hundred towns in the United Kingdom, by local representatives. Students may choose their own instruments, etc., for principal study; but they may be required to perform on any orchestral instrument that is selected for them, in order that the students may give symphonic concerts unassisted. Singers must attend classes for elocution. The entrance-fee is five guineas. The fees for the entire course of study are eleven guineas per term. There are three terms per annum. No student is admitted for less than one year. All payments are made in advance, and notice of withdrawal must be given. No pupil is allowed to perform in public, or publish any composition, without permission. As marks of distinction successful students are appointed sub-professors, or are made associates or members of the Academy. Brinley Richards, W. G. Cusins, J. F. Barnet, Kate Loder, Agnes Zimmermann, etc., were "king's" scholars. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan was a "Mendelssohn" scholar. There are three "Sir Michael Costa" scholarships. One is worth £120 ($600) per annum, and two £40 ($200) each. They are for composers. Other scholarships are, the "Westmoreland" and "Parepa-Rosa," for vocalists; "Sterndale Bennett," for any branch; "Sir John Goss," for organists; "Lady Goldsmid," for lady pianists; "Balfe," for composers; "Thalberg," for pianists; "J. T. Welsh," for vocalists or instrumentalists; "Henry Smart," for organists and composers. There are several others for music in general; also, a "Potter" exhibition for pianists; a "Hine" gift for ballad writing, and many "prizes" for violin-playing, etc.

The Royal College of Music at Kensington Gore, S.W., resulted from a series of attempts to establish in the neighborhood of the First Exhibition of all Nations schools of different arts. The Prince Consort began by designing a "National Training School for Music" at South Kensington, in 1854. The institution was founded in 1873, and built in 1875. The following year fifty scholarships of £40 per annum, for five years, were established, and twenty more promised. A. S. Sullivan, the first principal, was succeeded by Dr. Stainer.

The Royal College was incorporated by Royal Charter under the presidency of the Prince of Wales. This college is the most formidable rival of the Royal Academy of Music, which has uniformly rejected all propositions to unite with the younger institution, notwithstanding many tempting ones, and the influence of royal personages exerted to form an alliance. The director is Sir George Grove. There are scholars, exhibitioners, and paying students, who all follow the same course of study. Attendance upon lectures on History, Construction of Instruments, etc., are compulsory. Concerts of orchestral, chamber and choral music are given regularly by the pupils. The examination fee is $5. The course of instruction extends over three years.

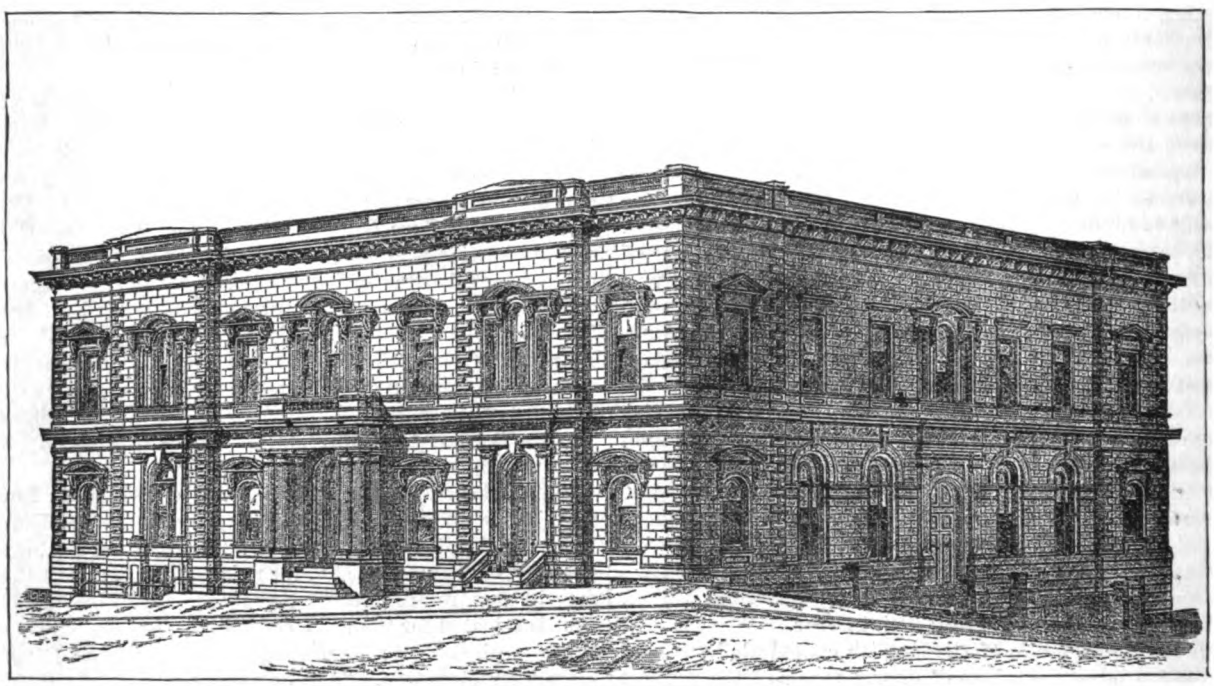
The London Academy of Music, St. George's Hall, Langham Place, with branches in West London and Brighton, has, under the very able direction of Professor Wylde, Mus. Doc., Cantab., accomplished much. The performances of new works by unknown composers, by the new Philharmonic Society, rendered signal service to English art.

The Military School, Kneller Hall, Hounslow, was established in 1837 by the Duke of Cambridge. There are fifty students, selected by the sergeants of military bands, who receive instructions for two years, fitting them to become bandmasters in the British Army. No others are eligible. There are 150 pupils who practice military band instruments for two years, and then rejoin their regiments.

To protect the public from professional quackery, examinations are held by the Faculties of teaching institutions. The Royal Academy holds every January a "metropolitan examination" of musical composers, or performers and teachers, who desire to be created Licentiates of the Academy, and obtain diplomas to that effect. The examination papers of former years may be had of the secretary for a few cents. The professional value of a good degree or diploma being highly estimated in England, some colleges act as examining bodies rather than educators.

The London University grants degrees in various faculties, but does not impart instruction.

Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, London, holds local examinations in musical knowledge in instrumental and vocal music for the diplomas of either licentiate of music, associate of music, associate pianist, associate organist or associate vocalist of T.C.L. (Trinity College, London). In 1881 the powers of the college were greatly extended.



PEABODY INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.

The certificates granted by the College of Organists, 95 Russell Street, W. C., are valuable to musicians intending to take charge of choirs in churches, cathedrals and college chapels. The college was incorporated in 1877 to protect professional organists.

The degrees of Trinity College, Dublin, are also specially intended for church musicians.

Candidates for musical degrees at Oxford University were originally required to show a knowledge of mathematical proportion in music, but no practical knowledge of the art. In 1500 each candidate was obliged to write a musical composition. For the degrees of Mus. Bac., Oxon, and Mus. Doc., Oxon., candidates are to this day not expected to sing, or play an instrument. All the examinations are in writing, or *viva voce*, and the compositions that are publicly performed need not be conducted by the candidate. In no case is the use of an instrument allowed in the written exercises in harmony, etc. The ability to invent in silence is essential to success. There is a preliminary examination in English, Mathematics, Latin, and either Greek, French, German or Italian, or

the candidate must pass "responsions" or a "local examination." After matriculation (in Hilary Term) follows a preliminary examination in music, at which counterpoint in four parts must be well written. Then a composition, consisting of vocal fugues in five real parts, with accompaniments for strings (and occupying about thirty or forty minutes in performance), must be submitted for approval, together with statements that it is the exclusive work of the candidate. In about six months (Michaelmas Term) examinations must be passed in harmony, counterpoint, imitation, fugue, form, history and practical acquaintance proved with the orchestral scores of great masters. The fees are about £20 for the degree. The expense, however, of performing the exercise in the Music-School or Sheldonian Theatre, of copying parts, etc., for this, as for the Doctor's degree, is considerable. Certificates of seven years' study of music under credible masters must be produced, and a full score of the exercise must be deposited in the library of the Music-School prior to taking the degree. To proceed to the Doctorate, five years of continuous study must be shown, and examinations passed in acoustics, and higher branches of the subjects already noticed; and especially in the writing in silence a composition for an eight-part chorus on a given theme. The candidate must send in an oratorio, or other important work, containing a fair proportion of choral fugues for eight real parts, with accompaniments for a full orchestra, with declarations as before. These degrees are especially valuable to cathedral organists, church composers, and musicians connected with educational establishments.

CLARENCE EDDY, PRINCIPAL OF HERSHEY MUSICAL SCHOOL, CHICAGO.

The arrangements at the sister University, Cambridge, are similar, except that "caution money," £15 or £25, is paid, which is returned on receiving the degree. Honorary degrees in music are very rarely conferred by either University.

The advantages of residence in London are not easily overestimated. In consequence of the great wealth, and the liberality with which musical performances are encouraged, artists from all parts of the world congregate there in the season, and appear at the opera houses, the great Handel festivals, the daily concerts of the Crystal Palace, and those of various societies. Choral music is frequently rendered by thousands of well-trained singers. Competitions of the large Tonic-sol-fa singing classes, with those taught on the Hullah system, are publicly held. Many thousands of children, massed under the dome of St. Paul's, sing their songs and join in Handel's choruses with effects that are recorded by Berlioz.

Oratorios are heard in Gothic cathedrals, real trumpets in the symphonies of Beethoven, and the noble organs of Willis are presided over by men of high general attainments. Military bands unite with grand orchestras in a general consensus of instruments on festive occasions. Wagner's operas are presented under the direction of Richter as at Bayreuth. Two full choral services are heard daily in college chapels. Students absorb music.

The New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., consists of fifteen separate schools, including those of music, fine arts, general literature, elocution and dramatic art, languages and physical culture. There is also a beneficent society. It has rooms for 550 lady students, and outside accommodations for gentlemen; a large library, fine church-organs for practice, chapel and lecture-rooms, refectory, concert-hall, etc. Diplomas and certificates are awarded to successful students, and concerts are given from time to time by the pupils and professors. The fees vary from $5 to $40 per term of ten weeks. The highest classes for pianoforte, violin or voice are about $15 per term. The calendar for year ending June 27th, 1885, gives a total of 2,005 pupils from the various States, British provinces, and foreign countries. The staff of professors, etc., is large and complete.

The New York College of Music, 163 East Seventieth Street, incorporated by the State of New York in 1878, is under the direction of Louis Alexander (late of the Philharmonic Society). The musical director is Theodore

Thomas. The college building is freehold, and accommodates 700 students. The new concert-hall annexed is in constant use for lectures, choral classes, concerts, etc. Rafael Joseffy was originally principal professor of the pianoforte department. His successor is Edmund Neupert (formerly first professor at the Imperial Conservatory, St. Petersburg). Members of the Philharmonic Orchestra give lessons on various instruments. No lessons are given in classes except sight reading, theory and composition. The uniform fee is $30 per term.

The National Conservatory of Music of America is the legal and corporate name of what is popularly known as the American School of Opera, which is due to the persistence, liberality and progressive spirit of one woman —Mrs. F. B. Thurber—who originated the scheme, influenced her friends in its favor, and has been the leading spirit of the enterprise from the start. She gathered to her aid many well-known citizens of New York, and the matter was thoroughly discussed and judged to be feasible, and at a meeting held in Delmonico's, October 27th, 1885, a formal organization was made. Among the trustees and incorporators are the following: Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., Mrs. Thomas W. Ward, Mrs. Francis B. Thurber; Mr. August Belmont, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. Henry G. Marquand, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, Mr. Jesse Seligman, Mr. Theodore Thomas, Mr. Francis B. Thurber, Mr. Richard Irvin, Jr., Judge William G. Choate, Hon. William R. Grace, Mayor of the City of New York; Hon. Seth Low, ex-Mayor of the City of Brooklyn; Mr. Henry P. Higginson, of Boston; Mr. Harrison Garrett, of Baltimore; Mr. N. K. Fairbanks, of Chicago; Mr. Timothy Hopkins, of San Francisco; Mr. A. Howard Hinkle, of Cincinnati; Mr. Leopold Methudy, of St. Louis; Mr. A. F. Tripp, of Buffalo, etc.

At a meeting of the trustees the following permanent officers were elected: *President*, Parke Godwin; *Vice-president*, August Belmont; *Treasurer*, Richard Irvin, Jr.; *Executive Committee*—Mrs. Thurber, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Carnegie and Mr. Marquand.

Madame Fursch-Madi was chosen Directoress of the School, and J. Bouhy, of Brussels, Professor of Opera. Monsieur Mamert Bibeyran was appointed Instructor of the Ballet.

On December 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th the first examinations for admission to the school were held, and many candidates applied on those days. Those who were accepted were at once put to work learning the choruses of the operas in the repertory of the American Opera Company, which began its season on January 4th, 1886.

Active work in the school began on December 14th, and then began what may and probably will result in the formation of a distinctively national school of music.

While the American Opera Company and the National Conservatory of Music are absolutely distinct, they have a bond of union in the fact that the same spirits are guiding both, and the best scholars of the conservatory will be given opportunity to achieve public triumphs in the opera company as soloists or chorus singers, as their merits will allow.

This scheme of Mrs. Thurber's is the third of the kind which she has originated; it is now upon the most prosperous basis, and every patriotic music lover must wish it success.

The Peabody Institute at Baltimore has a large conservatory of music under the direction of Asger Hamerik.

There is a matriculation examination. The fees for theory are $30 per annum; for singing, $50; and for pianoforte, $50. The course of study occupies three years, when diplomas are awarded to successful students. The large library of the Peabody Institute offers facilities to musical students. The entire endowment fund was $1,240,000. Professor Faelten gives pianoforte recitals, and the director lectures on history.

Dr. S. Austen Pearce, of New York, has delivered lectures on "The Music of all Nations" in the Peabody Hall, and other artists of New York and the principal centres of civilization in America have been engaged to assist at the six annual rehearsals and concerts of classical music given by the full orchestra of the conservatory. The many concerts of the pupils are mostly for the performance of the highest kind of music.

The College of Music of Cincinnati is an eleemosynary institution, handsomely endowed by Reuben R. Springer and the citizens. The receipts for 1885 were $65,000, and expenditures, $60,000; the assets, $235,410; and liabilities, $17,939. The college gives, each season, without charge, 16,400 lessons, irrespective of free scholarships. There are weekly concerts, at which all the pupils perform, and also public concerts for the graduating classes. The college adjoins the large music-hall, which contains an organ having four rows of keys and complete pedal organ. In consequence of the increase in the number of pupils, Mr. Springer's last gift was the sum of $20,000 for the construction of a smaller concert-hall and about twenty rooms for classes.

Charles Baetens and Otto Singer are prominent professors. There is an academic department, intended for professional students, in which there is a reduction of terms, and a general music school for beginners and amateurs. Dramatic and opera festivals are held from time to time. The receipts from one held in 1883 are quoted in the accounts as amounting to $4,000.

The Hershey School of Music at Chicago, Illinois, of which Clarence Eddy is principal, and Richard Grant Gleason pianoforte professor, has a large concert-hall in which concerts and organ recitals are frequently given, demands special notice. American students may readily obtain, through the book post, particulars of this and other musical colleges in the country, which want of space forbids us to mention.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty experienced by students is in the choice of a school for singing. In England, the "Tonic-sol-fa" method has proved very successful. It is based upon the ability of every one to recognize any note of a scale by identifying its character. Hence a peculiar and definite signification is ascribed to each, and this is made clear by the use of language. Thus, the tonic is a strong note; the seventh of the scale, is an aspiring note, etc. That hundreds of pupils in classes consent, that the descriptions given by the teachers are satisfactory, and that great practical results ensue, demonstrates the fact that the experiences of pupils are so far uniform. This is teaching music on a psychic basis; and has many advantages besides being fascinating. But the system is opposed on practical grounds by Mr. Theodore Thomas, who has had great experience as a conductor, The perplexity attending choice is increased when a school of voice-production is required. In one, the old Italian method (as far as known) is promised; in another, a quasi-scientific method, based on the researches of the physiologist; or no attempt is made at explanation, but the pupils are taught to imitate or follow blindly some few instructions and to practice exercises.

In some methods there are elaborate breathing exercises—several modes of inflation being carefully dis-

tinguished—and women are taught to breathe as men. In others, little if any attention is paid to such matters. Some schools teach that there are various registers; and others that there are no "breaks" in human voices. Some regard the *falsetto* voice in men as valuable; others ridicule it. Some advocate the raising and others the depression of the larnyx. Some advocate the singing of notes on particular vowels; and others, the beginning of all tones with particular initial consonants. Some strive to impart power, and the production of high notes, as demanded by our large concert halls and orchestras, and greatly raised pitch; while others teach pupils to study to obtain a beautiful and "sympathetic" quality of tone, etc.

At the Royal Conservatory of Music in Dresden, which is under the protection of His Majesty King Albert (Von Sachsen), there are departments for intending professionals, amateurs, and children of seven years. For entrance to the various schools, matriculation examinations must be passed, and the physical qualifications must be found satisfactory, especially for the dramatic schools and singing schools. The annual fees for the theoretical or instrumental school are 300 marks; for the dramatic school, 350; for solo singing, 400 marks; and for the operatic school, 500 marks; which sums are paid in advance in three installments.

A furnished apartment in Dresden costs from 180 to 240 marks annually; a dinner costs one mark or less. Full board, lodging and washing, cost ladies from 800 to 1,000 marks per year in respectable families.

On reading the lives of the great singers it is found that many of them, especially "the *Queens* of Song" had, originally, voices very limited in power and range, and rough or otherwise unpleasant in character, and only by the skill of their masters were these defects overcome. Elsewhere we hear of voices, full of early promise, being ruined and their possessors embittered for art and life from misguided efforts. The Old Italian masters succeeded well, but Italian opera companies at the present day are made up of vocalists of many different nationalities. The German method of singing has been continuously stigmatized. Wagner tried to establish a distinct school for Saxon melody at Munich, with the assistance of Bulow, but without success. Yet the artists of the German Opera Company in New York have sung continuously for weeks, operas by Wagner and other writers who make great demands upon the physical strength of singers, without once disappointing the public, or giving any indications of waning powers. They have attended many rehearsals, as well as performances, and sung against a greatly enlarged orchestra in a vast and crowded opera house.

For the singer, there is no royal road to success.

One of the first recollections of Mary Somerville, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, was of an evening when, as her little brother lay on the floor, he suddenly jumped up, crying, "Oh, mamma, there's the moon running away!" while every one hastened to the door to behold the fiery course of the celebrated meteor of 1783. The event may possibly have had something to do with the shaping of her career.

It was a pertinent and forcible observation of Napoleon the Great "that a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel, and the other a treasure." And Lord Bacon adds that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot paint.

A TURKISH DINNER ON THE NILE.

Not long ago I was talking with a friend who has been a wanderer like myself in many lands. We had been chatting of the Corniche Road and drifted along to beautiful Florence, and settled down in a beautiful Roman villa with giant stone pines standing at the gates —"mute, motionless, like souls in Hades waiting their sentence of condemnation." (Ruskin's simile is very apt and beautiful.) Presently we spoke of Egypt, and my friend told me she was the only lady to whom was given a Turkish dinner on the Nile, and it came about in a very funny way.

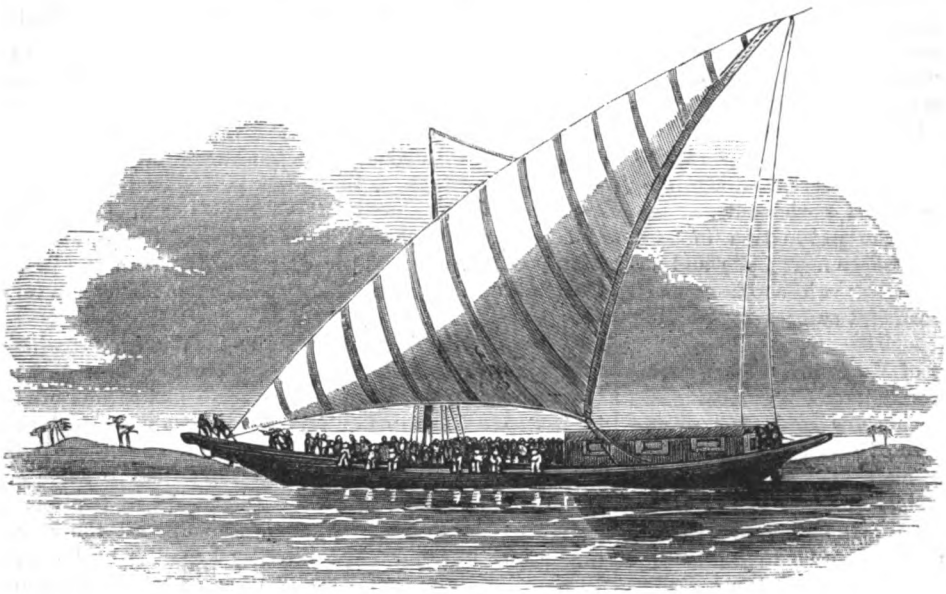
The Nile trip is usually made in Winter, for which purpose a "dahabieh" or Nile boat, with dragoman and crew are engaged. The dragoman is a sort of jack-of-all-trades. He has to cater for the table *en route*, to lay in provisions, besides superintending the boatmen—no light task in itself—and last, but not least, acting as interpreter and guide. In this case, the dragoman was a Syrian and a trustworthy man, who did all the above duties and one more—he actually kept the boat clean. In Egypt, or Florida for that matter, insect life becomes a nuisance, and unless checked, becomes unbearable. The secret in this case was simply a strong solution of carbolic acid daily. A sort of canopy was arranged so that the two ladies—my friend had a companion—could take their meals in comfort under it, while the walls of the sitting-room were comfortably lined with chintz and decorated with sketches.

The usual mode of travel is to sail up the stream and row back. A party of English and American artists had engaged another dahabieh and proposed to keep one another company, but unfortunately they got aground the first day, and did not meet for months afterward. Of course, the principal interest of Egyptian travel is historic. Here you are face to face with the labor of men in the early twilight of the world: The Pyramids; the Sphinx—Memnon; the wonderful temples, whose sculptured walls have echoed to the shouts of the populace when Apis, the sacred bull, was marched in procession of priests and maidens, the latter strewing flowers and palm-boughs for his sacred feet to tread on. All these voices are silent, and the far-off lion's roar or hyena's scream has taken their place. The chameleon basks on the altar, but yon mummy, swathed in bands 3,000 years old, cannot bridge the space or tell us anything except that *once it was*.

On one occasion my friend, who was in the habit of going ashore with the dragoman, came suddenly, among the rocks, upon a camp of genuine wild Bedouin Arabs. The dragoman didn't quite like the look of things, but retreat was too late, and so they boldly went up, and the Bedouins regretted their women were absent, who would have cooked them something had they been home, but offered bread and salt, which was partaken of—a declination would have been considered a grave breach of etiquette. Hospitality is a necessary virtue to children of the Desert, either in Arabia or Arizona. Returning to the boat, the women and children were met, and not one asked for "backsheesh"; "which was the reason I gave it," said my friend.

Arriving at Thebes, the same courtesy received at all other points was extended the two ladies—a courtesy that culminated in an invitation to a Turkish dinner, if such would be acceptable. It was decided to accept it on the return trip, as more time could be relied on.

Passing Thebes to the Cataracts, my friend said to the dragoman: "Abdallah, why is it we are received so



A DAHABIEH OF THE NILE.

kindly, and treated so considerately? Is this always the case, or is it because we are two ladies?" Abdallah, replied, bowing low, "That instructions were sent ahead to the effect that Lady ———, the wife of a great American personage, and friend, were to be treated as befitted their rank and station, and any accident occurring, the same was to be immediately reported by special messenger, and every attention possible shown them." And what was the cause of this special "firman" on behalf of a simple American lady and her friend? Simply this. My friend was the wife of a United States Senator, and the passport was a little more red-tapeish than usual. The regular agent was away at Cairo, and was temporarily personated by a Frenchman who could not read English, but who immediately jumped to the conclusion that here was somebody, and gave orders accordingly. So, when the dahabieh, on the return trip, tied up at Thebes, the Turkish agent made everything agreeable, and asked my friend if she had any others who would join her in a Turkish dinner at his house. At her suggestion the artists were invited, and the following evening found my friend, with her dragoman for waiter, her companion with an attendant, the four artists respectively attended, and a New York gentleman who had resided in Thebes for nearly a score of years, as interpreter.

Of course no native ladies were visible, although probably from some "coign of vantage" they had a glimpse of the foreigners. The dinner was served in a capacious room, no chairs being a decided novelty, but instead comfortable cushions. My friend was placed next the Turkish agent, having the American-Egyptian on her left; next, her companion, Miss C——, and then the artistic set completed the circle. And now, what do you imagine was the bill of fare?

Lentil Soup.
Whole Sheep Roasted, stuffed with Rice and Pistache nuts.
Beans, cooked with cream.
Forcemeat Balls, wrapped in grape-leaves and fried.
Turkey *à la Américain*, cranberry-jelly and pickles.
Lamb Chops, Peas cooked in cream.
Rice Pudding. Apple Pie.
Dates, Figs, Oranges, etc.
Coffee.

The cream referred to was from buffalo milk. My friend spoke particularly of the force meat fried in grape leaves, the latter giving a piquant and relishing flavor. Knives and forks, of course, were dispensed with; but at the end of each course a servant passed round a salver of rose-water and a silver globe containing scented soap. My friend asked the interpreter if the Turkish agent really understood no English, and being answered in the negative, asked what was really considered etiquette. The reply was that the host would take a piece *next* to the best, and then the guest next him would take the best one, and so on; the meat being cut up into dice made this easy.

The host, rising, led the way into an adjoining divan, where coffee was passed round, and presently a troupe of dancing girls wound up the novel dinner. At parting the host gave each one a souvenir. My friend's was a very handsome scarabeus, which a burglar subsequently very considerately left behind while he carried off several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry.

A trip up the Nile has only one drawback for the average tourist—it is decidedly expensive—costing from $1,000 to $2,000 gold.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.— BY MOZIER.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—"AT THE SAME INSTANT THE EARTH WENT FROM BENEATH MY FEET, AND I FELL—FELL I KNOW NOT WHITHER, DOWN, DOWN INTO DEEP DARKNESS UNFATHOMABLE."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! Oh! what shall I do?
Sure my love is all crost, like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all
In my going to bed,
For 'tis dhrames and not sleep
That comes into my head.
And 'tis all about you, my sweet Molly Carew,
And indeed 'tis a sin, and a shame
You're complater than nature, in every feature;
The snow can't compare with your forehead so fair;
And I rather would spy just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky;
Tho' by this and by that! for the matter of that,
You're more distant by far than that same.
Och hone, wierasthrew! I'm alone in this world without you!
Och hone! but why should I speak
Of your forehead and eyes, when your nose, it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme!
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, who would call it *snub*lime;
And then for your cheek, throth 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell as he'd rather.
Then your lips, O machree! in their beautiful glow
They a pattern might be for the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know;
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
But at this time o' day, 'pon my conscience, I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father.
Och hone! wierasthrew! I'm alone in this world without you!
Och hone! By the man of the moon!
You tease me all ways that a woman can plaze;
For you dance twice as high with that thief Pat Maghee
As when you take share in a jig, dear, with me;
Though the piper I bate, for fear the ould chate
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune.
And when you're at Mass my devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you I am, Molly Carew.
Thin you wear on purpose a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet pretty face get a peep.
Oh! lave off that bonnet, or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering sowl!
Och hone! like a howl
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!
Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score, that loves me and more,
And you'd look very queer, if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street.
Throth you'd open your eyes, and you'd die of surprise
To think 'twasn't you was come to it.
And faith! Kitty Nail, and her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say, "Kitty Nail, name the day."
And though you're fair and fresh as the blossoms in May,
And she's short and dark, like a cold Winter's day,
Yet if *you* don't repent before Easter, when Lent
Is over, I'll marry for spite.
Och hone! and when I die for you,
'Tis my ghost that you'll see every night.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

By F. E. M. Notley.

Sitting by my fireside, with my young wife by me, she prays me to detail in writing the history of that perilous adventure which befell me just a year since.

I was not married then. I was Florian's lover, though not more her lover than I am now. I was living, as I am at present, at my paternal mansion of Penkivel, only I was a forlorn man, living alone, my heart brooding over a jealous affection, and my mind filled with a blank melancholy.

My mother had died but lately, and there was a great gap in our household—a gap hard to fill, for she was a notable woman, and a loving mother to me. A trifle fond of power, perhaps—a trifle jealous and exacting; but I have a little too much of her blood in me for that matter, so I will not complain that her affection required of me, in return, an exclusive attention and a single heart. I gave both.

Knowing all that she had done for me, I thought it but a small thing that I should remain single for her sake.

Nevertheless, this bachelorhood had somewhat soured me, and at thirty-five I was conscious that I could no longer play my part among younger men, or catch the eye of a maiden, as I had done some eight or ten years ago. And this grieved me, for down in the West there lived a lady whom for three years I had loved secretly and too well. It was for my mother's sake that I spoke not of my love. Looking sorrowfully on her aged face, I could not find it in my heart to embitter her last days by placing another mistress in the old house, where she had reigned queen for more than forty years.

So I held my peace, and bore to see my love surrounded by handsomer and younger suitors than myself—men before whom my claims would seem weak as cobwebs in the eyes of a young maiden. And yet, sometimes, the remembrance of a glance, a blush, a tone, made my heart beat wildly with hope, as in my loneliness I counted these shadows over in my memory.

And now my mother was dead. She died blessing me, seeming at last to understand that, if she had done much for me, I, too, had borne somewhat for her.

"Give yourself a comforter, dear Ralph," she said, eagerly. "Waste no time in grief. Your household needs a mistress. Marry, my son, and may God bless your choice."

Thus I had her blessing on it; and if I could only persuade myself that my suit would prosper, I might speak now.

But my hopes were so low that I dared not. I was no longer young, my face was worn, my hair was sprinkled with silver threads. And this change had come to me through her—for her sake. Oh, that I could make her understand this!

Three years is a long time for a man to stifle love and endure jealousy, doubt, despair. And yet when I looked down on the face of my mother, so beautiful in death, I felt glad that I had borne these things silently and in patience. If Florian might only comprehend that I had suffered, and love me for it! but no, I was too old now to win a woman so young and fair.

Thus ran my thoughts; therefore it was no marvel I was exceeding sad after my mother's funeral, when I sat in my house alone.

It was Christmas Eve, and, because of my grief, there was silence among my servants, and there were no guests in the house, no voice of merriment or of song. It was very chill, very lonely, and I sat alone.

Suddenly the door was opened by a rough hand, and there broke offensively upon my solitude a gay roysterer—a merry blade, men called him—*her* cousin. The man was handsome and young, and had a careless, easy grace, a winning way with him that maddened me. For I knew his soul was not so fair as his face, and it was hard to see him gaining sweet smiles and gracious glances from those who had no means of judging him, save by his outward looks.

"Why, man," he cried, wringing my hand with false friendship, "thou'rt grim and glum, and silent as a drowned cat this Christmas-tide! Come, cheer up! order in the punch-bowl and the claret; grief is dry; and at thy years there is no time for sorrow. Let us

laugh and be merry. I vow there are wrinkles on thy brow since last I saw thee, and thy pate grows gray as a bald magpie's."

I answered his rude greeting with few words, but they were cautious, for her sake, and I rang, and ordered Christmas cheer for him. We talked and drank till late into the night. In his cups his talk flowed freely, and his words were bitter to me. He loved his cousin, he said, and he believed her heart was his; he was going to ride next day—Christmas day—to her father's house; he should be in time for dinner; he should stay with them a week—the feasting, merry Christmas week. Had I any message? He would take it with pleasure; or a letter, if I chose.

"I had no letter, no message," I answered, coldly.

Ah, well, I was a dismal man, and he was sorry for me. I had grown lately to look quite an old bachelor, too. Why did I not brush up that grizzled hair of mine, and make love to some staid lady of my own age? There was Miss Penelope Penguin, she was but thirty-four, and not ill-looking; what did I think of her?

I hated her. And I considered his remark offensive.

Oh, well, he begged pardon; he meant no offense. At all events, let us drink to our future brides. He filled his cup to the brim, and, reeling as he stood, drank to the health of the woman I loved.

"Here's to the health of Florian the fair!" he cried, "and may she be my bride before Lammas-tide! Well, sir," he added, with tipsy fierceness, "will you not give a health likewise?"

"I cannot give a better toast, or a fairer lady," I answered. "I drink to Florian also. And may I see her in her shroud rather than wife to such a man as you!" I thundered forth with fury.

Staring at me with stupid amazement in his bleared eyes, he flung the silver flagon across the table wildly, and then fell helpless and drunken on the floor. I rang the bell.

"Put this gentleman to bed," I said, quietly. With that I left the room; I could not endure the sight of his handsome, foolish face, now that he had talked of Florian as his wife.

In the morning I saw by my servant's looks that he was gone. I sat at my breakfast lonely, counting in my heart the miles still stretching between him and her. At dinner-hour he would be there—he would see her face—touch her hand—whisper the words in her ears that I had not dared to say. I thought of the dance, the song, the jest, the fair rooms bright with evergreens and music; and with heavy, jealous eyes, I looked round upon my sombre dwelling, where the pale shadow of my dead still rested.

And this was Christmas Day! Truly a melancholy time for a solitary man, who knows himself uncared for, and whose "way of life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf."

The next day and the next went by; and on the third there came a letter from him.

"Had he drunk too much on Christmas Eve?" he asked. "He had a confused memory of a fight, in which he certainly came off victorious, being unbruised. However he hoped I would forget and forgive. For his part, he bore no malice, and was sorry for my loneliness and my loss. He had talked of me to his cousin, and she was sorry also, very sorry. And her father had said, 'Would I finish my Christmas with them?' It was doubly hard to be lonely at such a time, and she thought that grief was not so ill to bear when shared; so would I come? I should have a Cornish welcome, and good cheer."

He ended in his rough, wild way, thus:

"Hang it, man, brighten thy long visage, and bestride thine horse, and let the good beast bring thee hither with all speed. Here shalt thou find Winter and fair weather, and a fairer lady, who deems not her cousin, forsooth, good company enough for Christmas."

It was hard to take an invitation from his hand. My pride rebelled against his interference; I would not go. I held to this resolve all that day, and the next till noon; then I read his letter again, and fancied I saw a vexed tone in it—fancied I saw that he had written it perforce against his will. At this my stubborn mood melted.

I hesitated, pondered, then yielded. My weak heart yearned to see her face, and to have that joy, I would bear to behold it beaming smiles on him.

Half-ashamed of my weakness, I lingered till next day—the 30th; and even then it was past noon when I started.

But my horse was good, and if I rode hard, I might be at Trevesy by nightfall. There was a sprinkle of snow on the ground, and a feathery shower fell lightly around me, of which I thought nothing till sunset.

The short, dark day was over at five, and at that hour a sharp wind sprang up, and the snow began falling thickly. I felt somewhat blinded and bewildered by the big flakes, ever flying downward and onward and around me, like a cold, patient army, whose onslaught could never be staid or driven back.

Still I pushed on, though the poor beast I rode shook and trembled, and strove, in his dumb way, to reason against my headstrong will.

And now, with some dismay, I suddenly perceived, by the sinking of my horse, even to his flanks, in heaped snow, that, bewildered by the whiteness, he and I had lost the road.

It was but a rough one at the best, for I was in a wild country, where mines were many and men and dwellings few.

Extricating my poor steed from the drifted snow wherein he floundered, I rested him a moment, and shouted aloud for help. Again and again my cry came back to me, following on the wings of the cold wind, but no other sound broke the deathly stillness of the night.

Oh, for a saving light in some charitable window! But there was none—only snow and darkness, darkness and snow, all around. I thought it terrible; and yet in a little span of time from this I would have deemed it paradise to be lying lonely on the heaped snow upon this drear moor.

Give me thine hand, wife. Methinks I have need of the touch of thy dear lips to give me courage, ere, even in memory, I can dare recall the horror—the hideous horror—of that night. So let me hold thee thus, while my shrinking pen draws the details of my peril.

I put my horse to a sharp canter, and he went about a furlong blindly, then stood still, snorting with terror. I strove to urge him on, but he refused to obey either whip or spur. Seeing no reason for my horse's fright and stubbornness, I spurred him sharply, and urged him with angry words to obedience.

His wonderful obstinacy compelled me at length to dismount, and, with my drawn sword in my hand, prepared for highwayman or footpad, I dragged him onward by the bridle.

Upon this he made a long, hasty plunge forward, then stopped, and at the same instant the earth went from beneath my feet, and I fell—fell I knew not whither, down, down into deep darkness unfathomable, terrible as the great pit.

I can scarcely say whether I thought as I fell, yet I knew I was going to death—knew I was descending one of those unused shafts that lie out on many a Cornish moor—knew that my bones would lie unthought of in its depths for ever.

Surely there are moments in time that count as years, for, as I fell. I saw my whole life pass before me, and old buried actions long forgotten surged up fiery. I saw my mother's face and Florian's. As hers came I closed my eyes.

"Let me die now," I said; and, with a great cry to God for mercy, I gave myself up to death.

But even at that instant my flight was arrested, and I hung in mid-air, clinging by my hands, to what I knew not. It was my sword, which I had forgotten that I held. By a miracle it had thrust itself, as I fell, between the earth and the rocks in the side of the shaft, and there, jammed fast, it held me up.

I cannot explain how this occurred—I only knew that it was so. As that cry for mercy escaped my lips, the mercy came. My sword caught in the interstices of the rock, and I was held up, my feet dangling over the abyss, my hands clinging to the hilt of my blade.

MOLLY CAREW.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 34.

It was firm as a wedge—I could feel that, in spite of my trembling; yet still my position was horrible. To remain thus, to hold on, was torture unutterable; but to yield even for a moment was death.

There was no hope of release for hours—there was no possibility of relief of posture; there was nothing but strong endurance and courage to carry me through. I waited, I suffered, I prayed.

Ah, darling wife, you lean your face on mine, and your tears fall. Looking into your loving eyes, and paying back kiss for kiss, I thank God that I endured, hoped. It was a night to me of fire. The winds blew and the snow fell, but the cold touched me not; I had fallen too deeply into the shaft for that, even if my tortured blood could have felt it.

Morning broke at last, and hope grew with it. At intervals I had called aloud through all the night; but now, with scarcely an intermission, I raised my voice in cry for help.

I did this till weariness stopped me; then I rested in agonized hope of a voice in reply. There was none. No sound reached me. I was in my grave, alone. I called again, again, again! I husbanded my voice. I drew in my breath, and shouted with the strength of despair. There was no answer.

The sun traveled upward, and I knew it was high noon, though to me the stars were visible likewise; yet the midday rays shone somewhat into the shaft, and showed me how I hung.

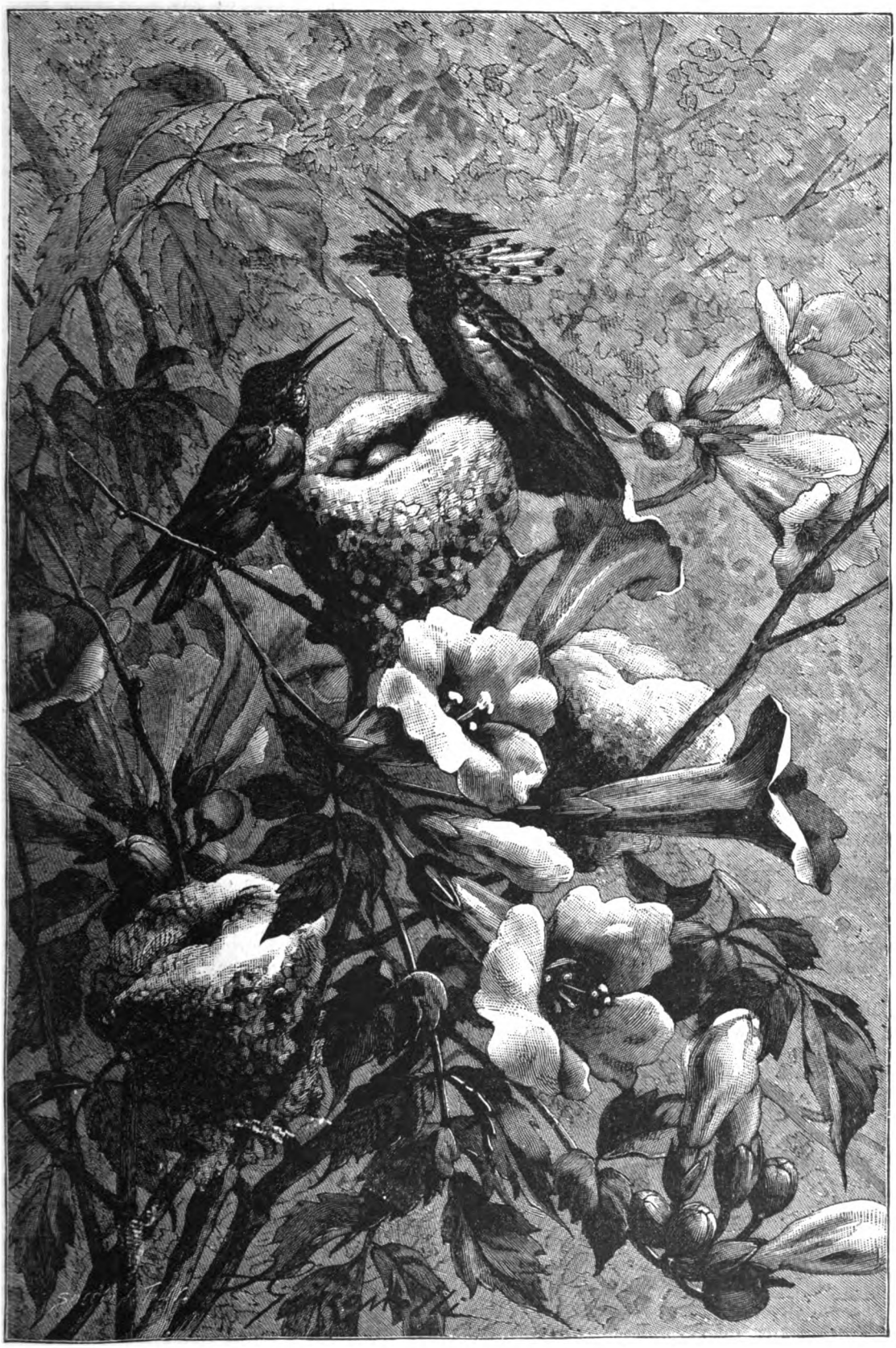
The pit here was not quite perpendicular; it sloped slightly from my feet outward, and I had found rest for one foot on a ledge of rock. Oh, the ease to my anguish from this merciful rest! Tears sprang to my eyes as I thanked God for it.

The sun had shown me that to climb out of the pit unaided was impossible, so I called for help again, and called till voice failed me. I ceased to cry, and night fell down again. As the hours crept on, a kind of madness seized me. Phantoms sprang up from the pit, and tempted me to plunge below—horrible eyes glared down on me, and voices mocked me.

But worst of all was the sound of water—a purling rill flowing gently in my very ears, trickling drop by drop in sweetest music, horribly distinct.

Water! To reach water I would willingly die; but I knew it was a madness, so I resisted the fiery thirst that would have made me release my hold and perish. Water! Yes, there was water at the bottom of the shaft, fathoms deep below my feet, but I could only reach that to die; and there was water on the fair earth, fathoms above me—water I should never see again.

I grew dizzy—sick—blind. I should have fainted—have fallen—died; but as I leant my head against the



THE SPLENDID COQUETTE HUMMING-BIRD OF BRAZIL.— SEE PAGE 39.

rock, I felt as though a refreshing hand were laid upon it suddenly.

It was water! It was no madness—it *was* water! A tiny stream trickling through the bare wall of rock, like dew from heaven. I held forth my parched tongue and caught the drops as they fell; and as I drank my strength was renewed, and hope and the desire for life grew warm within me again.

And yet on this the second night of my horrible imprisonment I cared not so passionately, I looked not so eagerly, for succor. My limbs were numbed, my brain deadened; life was ebbing toward death. A shadow at times fell over my eyes, and if I held still to the hilt of my sword; if my feet sought still the ledge that rested them, they did it mechanically, from habit and not from hope.

I think sometimes I was not in my right mind. I was among green fields and woods. I was gathering flowers, I was climbing mountains; and from these visions I awoke always to darkness—darkness above, around; darkness below, hiding the abyss that hungered greedily for my life. And no friendly face, no voice, no footfall near. Not a step through all these slow, slow hours. If passing peasant, through the day, had heard the lonely cry rising from the depths, he had set it down to ghost or pixy, and had passed on his frightened way regardless.

And now the night was wearing on, and no rescue. I could not live till morning—I knew that.

Well, I would die with a prayer for mercy on my lips, and the thought of Florian hidden in my heart. She would marry soon, and if she had ever guessed my long, long love, she would smile on it then as an old tale, and forget it. He was a hair-brained fellow—witless, wild, not wicked. No, not if I were dying, would I let jealousy blind me. I would do him justice.

My mind wandered again. My mother waited for me; I must hurry home; but I was bound by a chain, in outer darkness, and I was going to die.

There was no Christian in all the land to succor me—I was forgotten and forsaken, left in the pit—and I would unclasp my hands, and fall and die.

No, I would call again once more.

"Help! help! Mercy! help!"

As my fainting voice died in the dark depth, and quivered up to the glimmering sky, I felt hope die with it, and I gave up all thought of life. I turned my eyes toward my grave below, and murmured, with parched lips:

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord!"

The little rill that hitherto saved my life trickled on, and its silvery murmur, as it dropped on the rock beneath, was the sole sound that broke the deathly silence around me.

My prayer was over, and I had not relinquished my hold. I was stronger than I had deemed myself; I would cry out again:

"Help! help! help!"

I stopped. I listened. A sound was floating on the wind. Coming, going, joining the drip, drip, drip of the rill—then dying, then returning. Listening with my whole being, I recognized the sound.

Bells—church-bells—chimes ringing in the New Year!

"Oh, God, have mercy on me! have mercy on me!"

Bells ringing in the New Year—bells chiming in the ears of friends, telling of gladness and of hope—bells clashing in at merry intervals, between music and laughter, loving greetings, kisses and joy.

Will no one in my Father's house take pity on me? Am I missed nowhere? The bells chime for feasting and gladness; and I am here, hanging between life and death. The jaws of the grave are beneath me, my joints are broken—and the bells chime on. Would it not be a good deed on this New Year's Day to save me! Oh, feasters and revelers, hear me!

"Help! help! It is Christmas-time! Help, for Christ's sake, good people!"

The bells float nearer, and drown the drip of the trickling water, and I cry, "Help, help!" saying, "Now will I call till I die." A film grows over my eyes, but my voice is strong and desperate, as I shout, "Christmas-tide! For Christ's sake, help, good Christians!"

A great light—a flash as of fire! For a moment I deem it death; then, gazing upward, I see, amid a glare of torches, faces—oh, they were angels to me!—eager faces, peering downward. And close by me swings a torch, let down into the depths; its light falls on my haggard face—a great shout rends the night-sky.

"He is here!—he is safe!—he lives!"

I cannot speak, though my lips move, and my heart stands still as I see one, two, three daring men swing themselves over the abyss—miners, used to danger—and in a moment stout arms are around me, and I am borne upward, carried gently as a child, placed an instant on my feet, and then laid down tenderly on the heath.

I am so weary and faint and worn, that I lie with closed eyes, never striving to say a word of thanks.

"Go not so near the brink, madam, I entreat!" I hear a voice cry, sharply.

Then I open my aching lids, and between me and the shaft there kneels a white figure—between me and the sky there bends a white face, and tears, fast and warm, fall down upon my brow.

It was Florian. But even when she stole her little hand into mine—mine so cramped and numbed that it gave no response to her tenderness—and even when she stooped and pressed her lips upon my cheek, I could not breathe a word to thank her.

Yet Florian, dear wife, let me tell thee now that from the depths of my happy heart there rose a hymn of joy, and I understood from that moment that thou wert mine and I owed my life to thy love.

Then thy sweet lips breathed words that fell upon my soul like manna—words of tenderness and pity that made the torture of those slow hours in the pit fade away, so mighty did this reward seem for my sufferings.

I was carried to Trevesy; and as the men bore me along, you walking by my side, I heard them tell the tale of my servants' fright when my horse returned home alone, and how they came to your father for tidings of me. Then they whispered of the painful search through the day and night, the tracking of my horse's hoofs upon the snow, and the story of the scared peasant, who all night long had heard the cry of tortured ghosts issuing from the earth.

And this story seized upon my Florian's heart with deadly fear, and, turning back upon the black moor, she tracked the hoof-marks till they stopped upon the brink of the old, forgotten shaft—the shaft of the worked-out mine—well-named the Great Wheal Mercy.

There was I found and saved by her I had loved so long. And, dearest, as I slowly came back to life on that New Year's morning, and faintly whispered to you of my long love, my patient silence, my pent-up sorrow, you, in your great pity, thinking of my sufferings in the shaft, poured out all your maiden heart; and your loving words, my Florian, were sweeter to me than even the trickling spring had been in Great Wheal Mercy.

Because of my silence, my patient waiting, my tender

thought for my mother, you loved me better, you said. So, in a month you were my wife, and this Christmas-tide I sit by a happy hearth; and, looking down on the bright faces of wife and child, I thank God for that crowning mercy—thy love, dear one—which saved me on New Year's Day from a dreadful death.

Hark! dearest, the bells ring out for another year as I write; they chime their welcome from every steeple in the land, awakening us to fresh hopes and labors.

Sweetest wife, the year is done and another round of time is born to "crown the earth with mercies."

HUMMING-BIRDS, OR TROCHILIDÆ.

"Bright humming-birds of gem-like plumeletage,
By Western Indians 'Living-Sunbeam' named."
—BAILEY, *Mystic.*

THE wonderful little humming-birds are only found in America and the adjacent islands, where they take the place of the sun-birds of the Old World.

These little winged gems are most capricious in their choice of locality, some being spread over a vast range of country, while others are confined within the limit of a narrow belt of earth scarcely more than a few hundred yards in width, and some refuse to roam beyond the narrow precincts of a single mountain. Some of these birds are furnished with comparatively short and feeble wings, and, in consequence, are obliged to remain in the same land throughout the year, while others are strong of flight, and migrate over numerous tracts of country. They gather most thickly in Mexico and about the equator, the number of species diminishing rapidly as they recede from the equatorial line.

The name of "Humming-birds" is given to them on account of the humming or buzzing sound which they produce with their wings, especially while they are hovering in their curious fashion over a tempting blossom, and feeding on its contents while suspended in air. This name is so appropriate that it holds good in other languages, and expressive titles have been given to these birds which are either descriptive of the sound or an endeavor to imitate it.

The number of species of these birds is truly wonderful, as more than three hundred are known and have been described, while new species are being continually discovered. It is evident to any one who has examined these exquisite little birds, and studied the inexhaustible variety of form and color which they exhibit, that many forms are yet wanting as links needed to complete the chain of species, and that in all probability there are in existence humming-birds which possess forms quite as strange and colors quite as glowing as any of those which have found a place in our collections.

The legs of these birds are remarkably weak and delicate, and the wings are proportionately strong, a combination which shows that the creatures are intended to pass more of their time in the air than on foot. Even when feeding they very seldom trouble themselves to perch, but suspend themselves in the air before the flower on which they desire to operate, and with their long, slender tongues are able to feed at ease without alighting. In the skeleton, especially in the shape of the breast-bones and wings, as well as in the comparatively small size of the feet, the humming-birds bear some analogy to the swifts, and, like those birds, never lay more than two eggs.

The flight of these birds is inconceivably rapid, so rapid, indeed, that the eye cannot follow it when the bird puts forth its full speed; and with such wonderful rapidity do the little, sharp-cut wings beat the air, that their form is quite lost, and while the bird is hovering near a single spot, the wings look like two filmy, gray fans attached to the sides. While darting from one flower to another the bird can scarcely be seen at all, and it seems to come suddenly into existence at some spot, and as suddenly to vanish from sight. Some humming-birds are fond of towering to a great height in the air, and descending from thence to their nests or to feed, while others keep near the ground, and are seldom seen at an elevation of many yards.

The food of the humming-birds is much the same as that of the honeysuckers, except, perhaps, that they consume more honey and fewer flies. Still, they are extremely fond of small insects, and if kept away from this kind of diet soon pine away, in spite of unlimited supplies of syrup and other sweet food.

The splendid coquette is one of the rare species of this beautiful genus.

It seems to be entirely a continental bird, not being found in any of the West Indian Islands, and its principal residence seems to be in Northern Brazil and along the course of the Amazon as far as Peru. It may be readily known from the other species of coquettes by the colors of its head, crest and neck-plume. The crest and top of the head are a rich, ruddy chestnut, and the upper surface of the body is bronze-green, excepting the wings, which are purple-black, and a broad band of white which crosses the lower part of the back. From the white band to the insertion of the tail is bright chestnut. The tail is also chestnut, except the two central feathers, which are green at the latter half of their length. The forehead and throat are emerald-green, and the neck-plumes are snowy white, tipped with resplendent metallic-green.

The female has no crest nor neck-plumes, and the band of white across the back is very narrow. The total length of the bird is about two inches and a half.

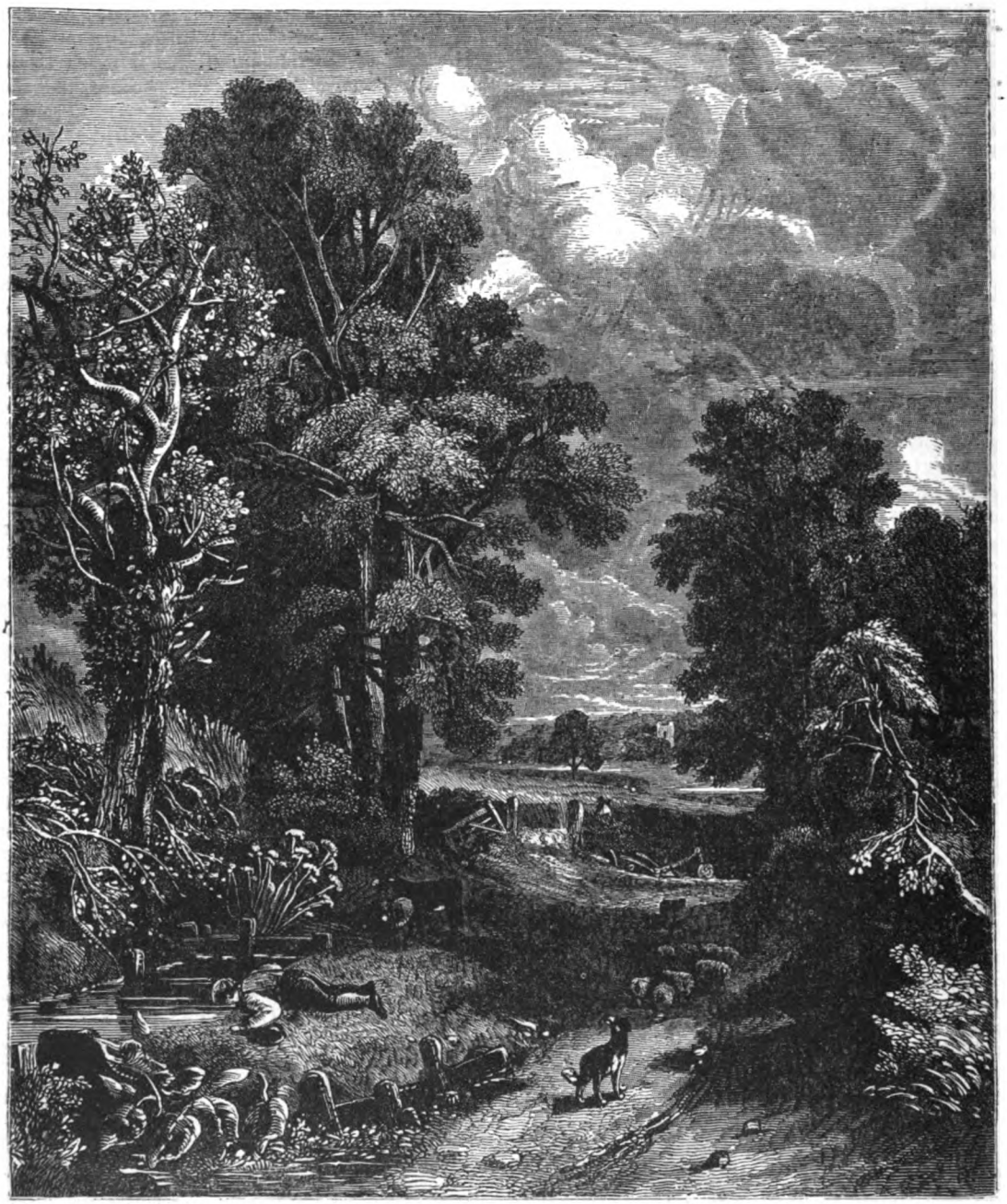
SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.—The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross (X), and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. Anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for, amongst the Saxons, the mark of the cross, as the attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal alike by those who could, and those who could not, write. It was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from its holy associations, and generally *the mark.*

THE current spelling of the word *avoirdupois* is etymologically wrong. Professor Skeat translates it "to have some weight"; but *avoir* is here a substantive and not a verb. It is found in Old English as *aver*, signifying "goods," *e.g.*—"Unryghtfull occupyenge of ony aver in this worlde is called theeft." (1496.) "*Averdepois,*" as it used to be spelled, therefore meant, "goods of weight," *i.e.*, merchandise sold by weight. "*Avoirdepois*" is not so correct, but "*avoirdupois*" is absolutely wrong, the "*du*" having been introduced about 1650, as Dr. Murray says, "by some ignorant improver."

OLD WELLS.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

So much alarming literature has appeared of late, particularly in the medical magazines, on the subject of the drinking-water of cities, that nervous people are beginning to wonder whether it would not be just as well to die of thirst as of some of the malignant and dreadful diseases that are said to issue from the hydrants and kitchen pipes. That the fear of the water is not ill-grounded is well established. It used to be said, in the scientific discussions, that from the encroachment northward of the so-called malarial line, it was plain that radical changes were going on in the American climate. Every year it was seen that the fevers peculiar to the South were extending to places that never knew them. Thousands were succumbing to mysterious diseases, which were described comprehensively as typho-malaria. Indeed, the word malaria became, and remains, a sort of grim jest, and many practitioners have grown so sensitive on the subject that they avoid using it.



"THE BOY . . . EXTENDS HIMSELF ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES AND LAPS IT."

The pollution of the drinking-water of towns and cities would probably explain—as, indeed, the physicians now admit — the extension of the malarial line better than any other theory. The long and baffling epidemic at Plymouth, Pa., in the Winter of 1884-85, and which extended to other villages drawing their supplies from the same source, shows the extent to which this evil may reach. In truth, it may be questioned whether any city

in the country has a pure water supply. Shocking revelations have been made concerning that of Philadelphia, but no worse than those published in August, 1885, about Boston. From almost every direction stories have come of rivers and streams befouled by tanneries, manufacturing establishments, and the like, and, as in the case of the Cochituate in Massachusetts, of pollution of even a much worse kind.

One scarcely knows what to drink. There are the table-waters which are brought from the various health springs abroad, such as Apollinaris; and others which have an origin at home, such as the Deep Rock; but both are expensive, and a taste for them has, with the majority of people, to be cultivated. It is doubtful, too, whether their habitual use is not injurious. They are sometimes irritating and sometimes the reverse of beneficial to the digestion, and many physicians have set their countenances against them.

There are sanitary authorities who recommend as nearly as possible no drinking at all. If good water could be had no harm would be likely to follow, but, as this is not the case, it is best, according to these instructors, to dispense with this manner of quenching the thirst altogether. In place of water they recommend the free use of fruits and vegetables which contain moisture sufficient for the ordinary needs of the body. There is a luscious refreshment undoubtedly in peaches, pears and berries, but still, on a hot Summer day, after a walk, these would scarcely be found an efficient substitute for the "draught from the crystal brook" or ice-pitcher. Old Montague seems to think thirst mostly a cultivated appetite, and he reminds us of the story of Aristotle relating to Andron, the Argian, who traveled over the arid sands of Libya without drinking. He continues further: "A gentleman who has very well behaved himself in several employments, said, in a place where I was, that he had rid from Madrid to Lisbon, in the heat of Summer, without any drink at all. He is very healthful and vigorous for his age, and hath nothing extraordinary in the usance of his life but this: to live sometimes two or three months—nay, a whole year—without drinking. He is sometimes athirst, but he lets it pass over, and holds that it is an appetite which easily goes off of itself, and drinks more out of humor than either for need or pleasure."

The author also recommends the eating of fruit, particularly after meals, and a strong dependence upon it in lieu of wine; but how about seasons of cholera, when fruit of all sorts is so dangerous? Tea and coffee are out of the question as means to quench thirst, for does not Dr. Alcott show that perseverance in the use of either is deliberate—quite deliberate, not to say leisurely—suicide; but in effect true self-slaughter? Of spirits and beer, of course, not a word is to be said.

"THE ONLY PLACE TO FIND PURE AND REFRESHING WATER IS IN THE COUNTRY."

After all, the only place to find pure and refreshing water is in the country. Notwithstanding the revelations of the medical pamphlets regarding sewage, cesspools and the general defilement of everything, there is still in many a pleasant nook as sweet water as people ever drank. A firm belief exists, however, in almost every bosom, that the water of boyhood was the best, the coolest, the clearest and the most refreshing. Who does not remember the hidden springs of his youth? Generally it was a sort of personal property, like a favorite footpath or spot for fishing down by the side of the river. The right kind of a spring is always in a snug nook in the shadow of trees or undergrowth, and the wilder the better. There must be some rocks and boulders about, brightly dappled with the patches of sunshine stealing through the leaves and branches overhead. On the hottest day here it will be cool, and even in the most languid noon something of a breeze blowing. The most charming hour to come upon such a spot is the afternoon, after a dusty and fatiguing walk, to stoop from the rock and take up in one of those pocket-collapsing cups, or anything else handy, a sparkling draught. There is nothing more curious than the indifference of even very fastidious people about water from a spring, particularly

when they happen to be thirsty. A suspicious black speck in a glass of hydrant-water would create such a prejudice that an exchange for a fresh potion would be necessary; but no one minds a bug or two, or even the lively presence of a small "varmint" in a cup of liquid light from a country spring. The intruders are fished out and thrown away, and the drink thought none the worse. Almost anything will do to drink from in an emergency—the crown of the hat, if nothing else serves—and the boy, who is rarely particular if in haste or very dry, extends himself on his hands and knees and laps it, like his friend, the dog.

The birds alight, too, and quaff it in their tiny bills, and it is curious to note their light footprints in the sand. Indeed, a lazy philosopher may spend half a day or more in warm weather sitting in the neighborhood of a shady spring and studying the signs and tokens about. We need not be much of a naturalist to discover abundant material for reflection, to say nothing of the instruction available. The water itself is worth careful attention, and the way it comes up out of the ground, and particularly the life that resorts there. There are people who pretend to be connoisseurs about spring water, and to be able to distinguish each particular kind after the manner of experts in wines. The true spring water, non-medicinal, should, of course, have neither taste, color nor smell.

It is surprising how little the poets have had to say about either springs or wells, or, indeed, water at all, as a beverage. They do not seem to have valued it for drinking purposes, the references being chiefly to bathing. The delights of wine and ale they never fail to praise, even those who are known to have been temperate men. Where is there a more pathetic and charming rural picture than the "Deserted Village"? Goldsmith was a walker and fond of the country, and should have remembered the delights of a cool and healthful drink from nature's supply. Everything is told about Auburn, however, except where the inhabitants resorted for this great comfort. There is, indeed, a single glimpse, but only in order that a human interest may be introduced. He describes the solitary widow who feebly bends beside the splashing spring:

> "Forced in age for bread,
> To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread."

Nevertheless, we find that he does not forget an elaborate picture of the tavern:

> "Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
> Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
> Low lies the house where nut-brown draughts inspired;
> Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
> Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
> And news much older than the ale went round."

The wayfarer then, however, who stopped anywhere on his march and asked refreshment of his thirst, expected the "nut-brown draught," and would have resented the proffer of such a barbarous article as cold water.

West, who was certainly not much of a poet, although Dr. Johnson has in a way immortalized him by including him in his edition of English songsters, does, indeed, in his monotonous verses, say that "water claims the highest praise" as "chief of nature's works divine."

Dr. Akenside, as a physician, naturally took a professional view of spring water, and in his eyes it is only worth seeking for its medicinal qualities. He hails the Naiads who "guard the mysterious shrine" for a prescription. Often when everything else has been tried in vain, the invalid "with nerveless arm" and "sick appetite"—

> "To your deep mansions he descends,
> Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades
> He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
> Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
> Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
> From your indulgent herds the streaming bowl
> Wafts to his pale-eyed suppliants, wafts the seeds
> Metallic, and the elemental salts
> Wash'd from the pregnant globe. They drink, and soon
> Flies pain, flies inauspicious care."

This, it must be said, is not only very like prose, but exceedingly prosy.

Evidently these poets had no real feeling for the little babbling rills. Sir Richard Blackmore takes a scientific view. He exclaims:

> "Tell by what paths, what subterranean ways,
> Back to the fountain's head the sea conveys
> The refluent rivers, and the land repays.
> Tell what superior, what controlling cause
> Makes water, in contempt of nature's laws,
> Climb up and gain th' aspiring mountain's height,
> Swift and forgetful of their native weight."

He says it must be by "happy works and engines underground," and "instruments of curious art."

Even the typical poets of nature and rural life, such as Thompson, Cowper and Bloomfield, ignore water in its homely and placid aspect. Thomson, in the hot noon of Summer, seeks "yonder grove of wildest, largest growth," but it is to extend himself and meditate beside the "raging torrent." And Bloomfield:

> "Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,
> The weary limbs relax their boasted powers;
> Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,
> And ask the sovereign cordial, home-brewed ale."

No one asks or thinks of water; nor does the investigator who seeks for some tribute to it among the more modern poets, except Woodworth, of "Old Oaken Bucket" memory, fare better in his quest.

The spring has a wild beauty, but little of the domestic interest that attaches to a well. Nowadays many farm-houses have a pump at the kitchen-door; but, although more convenient to operate, it is really an ugly contrivance. For a suburban residence it might do, but for what Mr. Burroughs calls "the real country" it is altogether out of place. No possible sentimental association can be entwined about it; we think rather of the libelous stories of the farmer and his adulterations of the milk. The primitive but picturesque well is the appropriate thing for the old homestead, and there are few without one. Nowadays it is often operated by an ingenious windmill arrangement, so that if there is the least wind stirring the bucket is kept full, and there is no time lost; but the quaintest device is the simple and old one of the bucket at one end of the rope and a weight at the other. Now and then, in the hands of the awkward stranger, the rope gets off the pulley, and trouble follows. The windlass, with its iron handle, is more labor-saving, but not so picturesque, and in no degree so old, as the other was used in the earliest times in Egypt.

At most old farm-houses a gourd is the favorite drinking vessel; and in the South, if not elsewhere, there is a fixed belief that water drank from this is sweeter, cooler, and even more wholesome. But well-water is undeniably delicious in any sort of utensil, and even in the modern goblet, sparkling at the brim and the cloudy dew on the outside, on a broiling Summer day, the sight alone is a refreshment. The thirst is quenched far more effectually

than by the coldest of ice-water, for in the case of the latter the discomfort soon returns, while with a draught or two from the well the satisfaction is lasting. About the question of wholesomeness there can be not the least controversy.

There are various pleasant proverbs about wells, showing something of the character they have always held in the popular mind. Chaucer's phrase: "The well of English undefiled," has now passed into a sort of proverb, indicating a test of the purity of the language. *Mercutio's* wound, in Shakespeare, was "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door," but it was sufficient. It is at the bottom of the well that truth is found, and the pitcher that goes too often to the well is sure to be broken in the end. A little reflection will recall a great deal of homely wisdom embalmed in similar phrases.

Occasionally the homestead well gets out of order, and then there is vexation and discomfort in the household. Indeed, it may be questioned whether there is any domestic accident capable of creating more inconvenience, trouble and irritation of temper, because, as a general thing, water in the country is scarce, and when the home supply fails it is often required to go a long distance for this absolutely necessary article, and sometimes to trespass on the kindness of a neighbor. In a time of drought, when the wells and springs dry up, everybody one meets is in a bad humor. The well may fail for other causes, and sometimes inexplicably. The "happy works and engines underground," of which Sir Richard Bleekman speaks, get out of order in some mysterious way, and the supply runs short, or the bucket comes up half-filled with sand. Then some one—usually a child—has to descend and investigate. Once, in a great emergency, at a certain farmhouse, a young lady clad in a sort of ballet-dress was lowered to see into a difficulty of this kind, there being no male members of the family about. The experiment required courage, and would not have been undertaken but for the stress of circumstances. But it was a kind of frolic also, and there was much laughter, as well as trepidition, as she went down. Just as she had safely reached the unknown depths, the village clergyman—a Catholic priest—made his appearance to pay a family call. The dramatic character of the scene—his astonishment and perplexity at the excitement around the mouth of the well, and the horror of the folks he had surprised, their uncertainty whether to run and leave their companion to her fate, and her terrified exclamations from within, discerning that something had happened—may, perhaps, be imagined.

The last war in Egypt brought out much about the wells there, and of their importance to that country. The topographical connection is particularly notable, all distances being measured and resting-places established according to the location of the water supply. In a land of such intense heat water is even of more importance than food, since the possibility of dying from thirst is much greater than that of perishing for want of food. It will be remembered how all the maps showing the scene of conflict, and the probable line of the British advance, were dotted with the positions of the wells, with their curious and sometimes pretty names. Latterly, the British in their retreat filled up some of these wells, which, notwithstanding everything is considered fair in war, seems yet a cruel measure. Poisoning them appears scarcely worse—a species of warfare and revenge not seldom resorted to in the past in some countries, although now humanity would not tolerate it. Napoleon Bonaparte, however, who was accused of everything in his time, is said to have adopted this horrible device in certain of his campaigns.

The importance of water in the East, and consequently of the wells, from the earliest times, is shown in the Bible, where we read, in Judges i. 15, that when Caleb gave his daughter, Achsah, to Othniel as his wife and asked her what she desired, she said: "Give me a blessing; for thou has given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs." The family supply of water was property of the greatest value and highest importance, and disputes arose concerning it. In Genesis it is related that Abraham reproved Abimelech because of a well of water which the latter's servants had violently taken away, and, by way of compensation, Abraham took sheep and oxen and gave them to Abimelech. Seven ewe lambs were set apart as the token of a covenant, and Abraham said: "For these seven ewe lambs shalt thou take of my hand, that they may be a witness unto me that I have digged this well." It is added that the place was thence called Beer-shee-ba, "because there they sware both of them." This gives a quaint and vivid picture of the significance of water-rights in those days.

To own a well was—like the possession of a house and lot now—a mark of independence, as we see, in Proverbs: "Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well." The rights of others in this particular were regarded, and trespass and invasion discountenanced.

In Numbers we find:

"Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy country; we will not pass through the fields or through the vineyards, neither will we drink of the water of the wells."

"And the children of Israel said unto him, We will go by the highway; and if I and my cattle drink of the water, then I will pay for it."

"Let me pass through thy land; we will not drink of the waters of the well, but we will go along by the King's highway until we be past thy borders."

One of the prettiest pictures in the Old Testament, often portrayed since upon canvas, is the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca at the well, related in the Twenty-fourth Chapter of Genesis:

"And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, that, behold, Rebecca came out, with her pitcher upon her shoulder. And the damsel was very fair to look upon, a virgin; and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher and came up.

"And the servant ran to meet her, and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drink, my lord: and she hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink.

"And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the water and drew for all his camels."

What is described as Rebecca's well is still shown to travelers. To this day, the women in the East are the water-carriers, and the wells in Palestine are usually excavated from the solid limestone rock, with a stairway cut for descent. Rebecca, it will be observed, "went down to the well." The water was drawn up with a rope and bucket, or water-skin. There was also the Persian wheel, with various modifications, comprising a vertical wheel furnished with an equipment of buckets or earthen jars, attached to a cord passing over the wheel, which descend empty and return full with each revolution.

The mouth of the well was furnished with a curb or low wall of stone. It was on this at Jacob's Well that Jesus sat when he conversed with the woman of Samaria, as related by St. John. There was also a stone cover, as

is described in the passage in Samuel, where Ahimaaz and Jonathan conceal themselves in the well, and the woman, putting on the lid, scatters corn over it and deceives the pursuers.

Joseph's Well is still to be seen on Citadel Hill, near Cairo. It is in reality two wells, one below the other, and the lower is 260 feet deep. A winding staircase leads to the bottom. Horses and oxen are used to turn the machinery which raises the water, and, on account of the narrowness of the staircase, they are taken down when small and have to remain there.

Perhaps to the Scriptural associations is due the sort of sacredness which attaches to wells in general. In many countries, but particularly in England, this may be in a great measure owing to the singular and, in some cases, very pretty traditions relating to the holy wells. These are very numerous, although many are closed over and not even the sites to be found. Some are shrines, and, in addition to the local feeling of respect, occasionally inspire the wandering tourist in search of the picturesque or unique to a pilgrimage of reverence. Not a few books of stage-coach and pedestrian travel describe these consecrated and truly interesting places.

One of the most noted is the Well of St. Winifred, at Holywell, in Flintshire, which discharges 2,400 gallons a minute, and is the most copious spring in England. The water, in its short course of about a mile to the sea, is used to propel all the mills along which it passes.

Who has not heard the legend and read the pitiful ballad, to be found in the Percy and other collections, of "Fair Rosamond"? In all history there are few more touching stories, although it must be granted that imagination, as regards the popular version, has dealt rather freely with some of the facts. No traveler of true feeling comes to Oxford without making a visitation to the site of Godstowe Nunnery. Certain of the ruins are still standing, which with the boundary wall, which is of considerable extent, are hung with ivy and inclose an orchard and ground attached to farming-sheds at the lower end. Travelers describe the wall as high, and at one corner, where there is a rivulet, and upon the side nearest the river, there is a considerable gable of old structure, probably of the fifteenth century. There is remaining a perpendicular window of three lights, having an obtusely pointed arch, and there are two square-headed and two round-headed windows in the side wall. We give this description because the spot is considered one of the most interesting in England. Fair Rosamond's history, in brief, is this: Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William, Duke of Guienne and Count of Poictou, was repudiated for her lightness of conduct by her husband, Louis VII., King of France, after his return from the Holy Land, whither she had accompanied him. With her divorce her dowry was restored to her—a very wealthy one of gold and rich provinces. Henry II., then Count of Anjou, and in his nineteenth year, lured by her fortune, made successful suit to her and married her six weeks after her separation from her first husband. Henry, the victim of an unequal mate, felt the jealous nature of her vigilant thrall, and as the mother of his children took part in their contentions with the sire, he hated her; so much so, that, in attempting to escape over to them entirely, in male attire for a disguise, she was captured and confined in

ROSAMOND'S WELL AT GODSTOWE.

hard quarters until the death of Henry, in 1189. He, in his lifetime, had attached himself fervently to a paragon of beauty, Rosamond, the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford.

She was a lovely girl, in the flower of her youth, when Henry took her under his protection and secreted her in the famous labyrinth of Woodstock in a series of wonderfully contrived chambers. The entrance was known only to a few. It was a succession of arches and walls of brick and stone. Here, according to the legend, deprived almost of heaven's light, absent from her lover and tormented in various ways by Queen Eleanor, she died. One version relates that she was poisoned, but the truth seems to be that she fell a victim to consumption; not in the labyrinth, but in the nunnery of Godstowe. An old author declares that the nuns loved her fondly, and that she was "a masterpiece of nature; the complete beauty of the age." She was buried under the great altar in the chapel, but afterward was removed. Leland says in his "Itinerary," *temp.*, Henry VIII.: "Rosamunde's tombe at Godstowe was taken up o' late; it is a stone with this inscription: 'Tumba Rosamundæ.' Her bones were inclosed in lede; withyn that the bones were closed in leather; when it was opened there was a very sweet smell came out of it." The grave was then despoiled and the bones scattered.

All that remains of Fair Rosamond is her well, which is still to be seen—"a quadrangular receptacle of most pure water, immediately from a little spring under the hill and overshadowed with trees." If water and looking-glasses could only revive the images that have once been reflected in them!

"Tideswell," near the village of that name in England, is very old and curious. According to ancient writers, it formerly ebbed and flowed four times in the space of an hour or thereabouts, but now it flows much seldomer; sometimes not more than once in two days.

Near the town of Southwell there are four wells which once possessed a miraculous healing power: Lord's Well, half a mile from the town; Holy Well, near the cloister of the abbey; Catherine's Well, at Westhorp, for rheumatic people; and Lady's Well, within the consecrated ground of the church. In the year 1764 the Rev. Mr. Fowler, a clergyman of the neighborhood, fell into this well and was drowned, and the sanctity of the water is supposed to have thereupon evaporated.

ST. CHAD'S WELL.

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.

Another interesting well is that of King Richard III., on the battlefield of Bosworth, where the crook-back drank repeatedly on the day of the famous conflict. Tradition shows the very spot where he sat and refreshed himself.

But of all the English wells, scarcely excepting Rosamond's, the most notable is that of St. Chad, near Dr. Johnson's town of Lichfield, and at Stowe Church. It remains in some gardens adjoining the west end of that building. The water is sulphureted, and close to it is a pretty iron pump, giving water from a second well, which is superfine chalybeate. At the bottom of the steps leading to St. Chad's Well, and in the middle of the water, is a stone on which, some say, St. Chad was accustomed to stand and pray. At this well the saint had his oratory in the time of Ulphere, King of Mercia. He was a person devoted to solitude, and celebrated for his piety. He built himself a bower near the water on his first arrival, and, as the traditions say, he was nourished by the milk of a white hind, which remained dearly attached to his holy person. One day, by chance, Wulfhed and Rufinus, the sons of the king, chased this animal, which sought refuge in the oratory at Stowe. The young men were naturally amazed at finding a human being secreted in such a marshy wilderness, but at his request tarried, and were so charmed by his amiability and wisdom that they renewed their visit, and were instructed in the principles of the Christian religion. In due course they were converted and baptized at the well. Werebode, their father's evil counselor, discovered their apostasy from the heathen state, and informed the king. They fled, were pursued by the king's orders, and slain at Stowe. Later His Majesty became a sufferer from remorse, and sought out St. Chad and became also a convert. On the western site of the present Stowe Church the saint erected a rude chapel of earth, wood and stone. Half a century afterward his body, and that of Colred the King, were interred in the new church which the Bishop Hedda made. Up to the period of the English Reformation his body was

enshrined in the cathedral church, and the shrine was the daily resort of many pilgrims. Another object of this kind of great interest is Shakespeare's Well, at Anne Hathaway's cottage, which has been frequently described. No visitor fails to drink from it, and all describe the water as pure and delicious. There can be no doubt that the poet often did slake his thirst here, and those who have done the same declare that nothing else brings so vividly the sense of a sort of personal association and contact with the divine English writer. He liked wine, as the tradition goes, and there is a story, doubtless unjust to his memory, which ascribes his death to too much conviviality; but he appreciated the charms of sweet, fresh water, as is evidenced by the many references to it in the plays—too familiar for quotation.

There are not a few famous old wells yet to be found in the City of London. Bridewell is an ancient historic site. Here stood the famous palace of Bridewell, which was so named from the well in the vicinity of St. Bride's Church. This was the first workhouse, and the name has been generally used for such establishments ever since. A writer describes prisoners of the vagabond class at work there in 1750.

Holywell Street, so often mentioned in novels, and by antiquarian writers, received its designation from a holy spring in the neighborhood, which is described by Fitz-Stephen as "sweete, wholesome and cleere, and much frequented by schollers and youth of the citie in Summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the air." The "Holy Well" is under the present Dog Tavern, No. 24. The street is chiefly tenanted now by old-clothes-men and second-hand booksellers, and the like. Some of the old gabled houses are worth seeing.

The most venerable of the London theatres is Sadler's Wells, on the southwest side of Islington, and so named from a mineral spring dispensed by the monks of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in the time of Henry I. This custom died out, but was revived by one Sadler, who lived in the time of Charles II., and who rediscovered this well of "excellent steele waters." Here came hundreds to drink of them every morning, and among the rest Evelyn, the diarist, who says, under date of June 11th, 1686: "Went to the New Spa Well, near Myddleton's receptacle of water, at the New River." The well is now covered over, but is under the stage-door of the theatre.

A history of the water supply of London, with its millions of inhabitants, would be very curious and interesting. Springs and wells were formerly, as has been indicated, the chief reliance, but now the water is furnished by some ten or twelve companies, each serving a separate district, the chief of which is the New River Company, which provides the whole of the central part of the city with water, brought from springs and streams near Hertford by a remarkable artificial conduit. The mechanical arrangements are somewhat peculiar. The water supplied by this Company is first allowed to stand for a day or two in large subsiding-tanks, and is then filtered through fine sand; the filtered water is stored in covered reservoirs, and is forced by pumping power into the street mains, from which it passes by service-pipes, entering the houses. Millions of gallons are required every day. The character of the water, according to the best authorities, is entirely wholesome, although the fact has sometimes been questioned. The mineral contents are not only harmless, but, perhaps, even advantageous; and the organic matter is not objectionable. In quality it is of moderate hardness.

Generally speaking, the water supplies of the large cities, the towns, and even the villages, of this country are not of a wholesome character; and the spread of zymotic diseases seems to be sufficient evidence of the fact. The fluid is generally polluted by manufacturing establishments, and from various other sources. Renal maladies are also more numerous and complicated than ever before. In this light the disappearance of the sweet and homely old wells is to be regretted, to say nothing of the sentimental considerations.

HONEY IN THE DESERT.

THE following illustrates a curious fact in the natural history of bees.

An English traveler, accompanied by one guide, wended his way across the long, weary miles of a northern arm of the Sahara Desert, on the confines of South Morocco. From one horizon to the other was a dead level of parched, stony ground, on which, as far as the eye could reach, the only trace of vegetation was an occasional small clump of a dried-up, thorny bush, called the "sidra." For forty miles they held on their way, watching for some sign of the few trees which marked the spring where their halting-place for the night would be.

It was the end of May, and the scorching rays of the sun were attaining their full severity. Now and again during the afternoon little whiffs of intensely heated wind would rush past the two riders, almost making them gasp for breath. At one moment when this occurred, the traveler noticed a slight movement on the part of his mule, and she seemed to push on with additional vigor, as if by some fresh impulse. Almost at the same instant the hot breath of the Desert seemed to carry across his own face a distinct perfume of honey. The traveler smiled to himself at the fancy—he would almost as soon have thought of searching that arid waste for snowdrops as for honey. So he said nothing to his interpreter.

Late in the evening they had camped amidst the little clusters of fig-trees, where a native farm had planted itself in the wilderness.

As their meal was preparing, there was brought into their tent the only offering within the means of these poverty-stricken, but hospitable natives—a capacious bowl of magnificent golden honeycomb.

"Well!" exclaimed the interpreter, in his imperfect English; "it's very odd, but while we were riding this afternoon, about ten or twelve miles from here, I thought once that I smelt honey. I didn't like to say anything, for I thought you would laugh at me."

Thus was ascertained the astonishing fact (confirmed by many other instances) of the vast distances traversed by the bee, regardless of the question of food, in order to select some abode suitable to its fancy. In this case, the nest must have been at least seven miles from any sort of vegetable production which can have afforded material for honey-making.

Allowing to a bee five trips to and fro during the working day, the industrious creature must have covered no less than seventy miles of flight in a direct line, without allowing anything for an irregular course, or for dodging about in search of its nutriment.

THEY were odd fellows, some of those old divines. This is how Bishop Butler, in all good faith, reproves a gentleman of his time: "He was a man of pleasures, who cared little for the solemnities of an execution." This execution was the gentleman's own.

SET THE CHAIR BACK.

By Benj. G. Smith.

"I am burning! I am burning!
Into charcoal I am turning!"
Cried a mighty King of Spain.
"Oh, you pampered menials lazy,
Don't you see I'm going crazy?
Quick! relieve me of my pain!

"Don't stand there so stupid staring,
All my patience quite outwearing,
Or you'll rouse my dreadful ire.
Bear away and swiftly carry—
Neither hesitate nor tarry—
Take away this roaring fire.

"Will you let your royal master,
Suffer such a dire disaster;
Such a sad impending fate;
Such a fiery fate infernal,
While his mind, in thought supernal,
Meditates affairs of state!

"Why, oh, why—oh, why delay you?
Take away at once, I pray you,
All this raging fire and flame!
Why, oh, will you disobey me,
You, who sometimes humbly pray me!
Am I only king in name!"

Then a cunning old attendant,
Giving courage the ascendant,
Bowing courtly very low,
And His majesty approaching,
Hoping he was not encroaching,
In his speaking freely so.

And would put in form of question,
If he might not make suggestion—
Ask respectful leave to say,
Comfort would be had completely,
Quickly too and very neatly,
If the king would move away.

Then at once a thought went flashing,
Like a brilliant meteor crashing
Through the mighty royal brain.
Moved he then his chair back lightly,
With a manner stately, knightly,
As became a King of Spain.

And with kindly condescension,
Hinted at a royal mention
Of the courtier bold and true,
So that he, throughout the ages,
Might be counted with the sages,
As to him was justly due.

Vanity us all beguiling,
Leads us into softly smiling
At the folly of the king;
While a very common failing,
And an error much prevailing,
Is to do this very thing.

Labor agitators vainly,
And the world's reformers mainly,
Since Wat Tyler left the forge—
Bearer of a bold petition,
Soon to perish in sedition—
Down to kindly Henry George—

At a superficial mending,
And an outward careful tending
Of extremities begin—
Aim at changing the external,
Leaving all the old infernal
Of the sepulchre within.

If we do sincerely care to
Banish ills that flesh is heir to,
Let us, quickly as we can—
Treating his externals lightly,
And disorders all unsightly—
Reach and elevate the man.

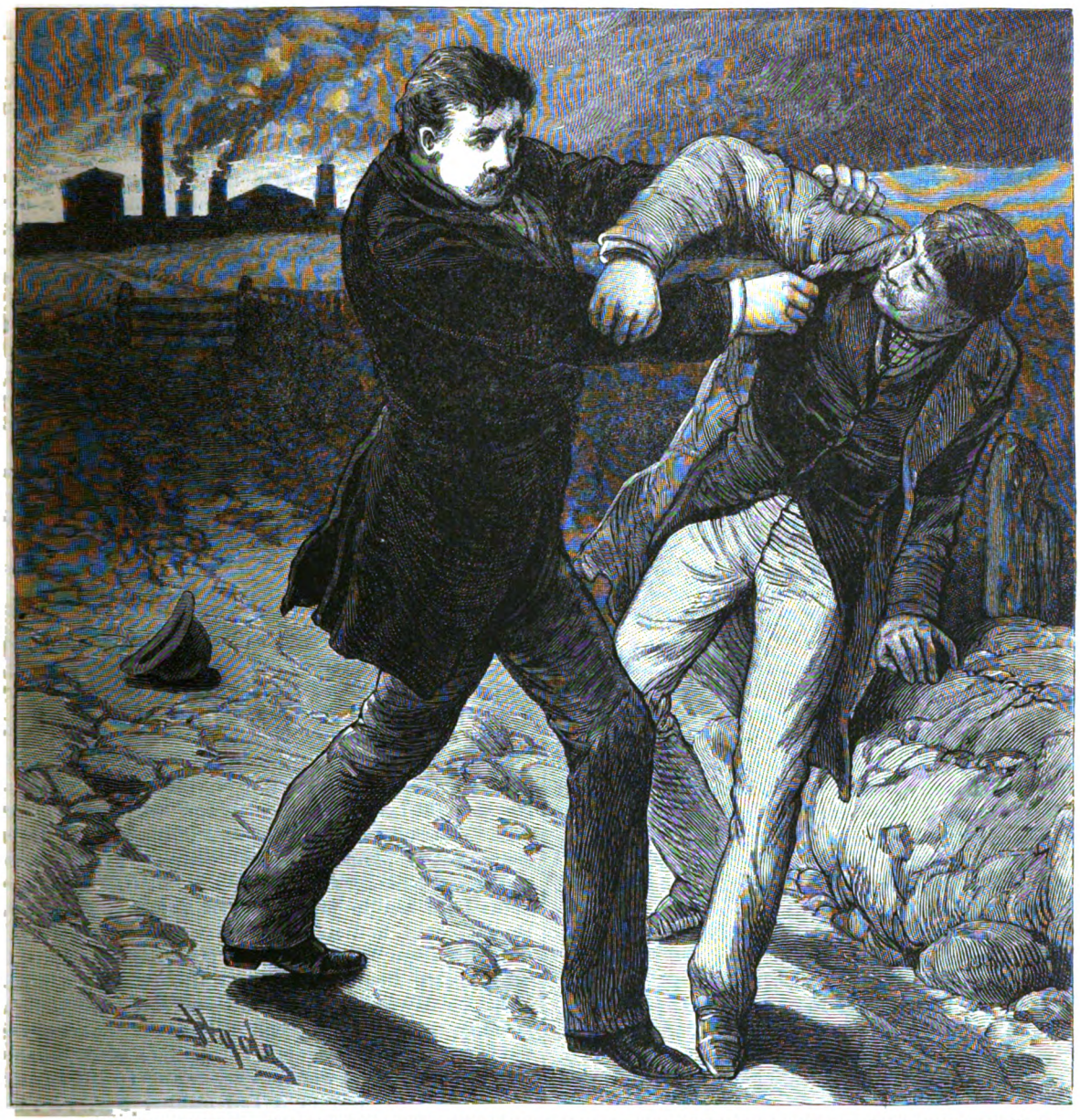
Any one at this conclusion
May arrive without confusion;
Any one may clearly see
(If he have a mind reflective),
Such as is mankind's subjective,
Will the world's objective be.

AN ENORMOUS SLAB.

To separate from the main ledge a slab of granite 354 feet long, 3 to 4 feet thick, and 11 feet wide, is no ordinary feat to accomplish. But this has been done at a quarry in Massachusetts, and by the means usual in all quarries for separating slabs or blocks from the main ledge. A row of wedges was set, several hundred in number, and the workmen, beginning at one end, gently and carefully tapped the wedges, moving by degrees down the line, until the other end of them was reached, when the same operation was repeated. In this manner, by careful and patient application, aided by favorable conditions of the weather, the slab of the above phenomenal size was successfully separated from the main rock. The value of this immense slab, if it could have been transferred safely to a town, at not too great cost, would have been several thousand dollars. And it seemed almost sacrilegious that it was necessary to cut it up into smaller blocks for transportation, to be finally used for ordinary building purposes. The possibility of getting out a slab of such size without breaking it indicates that the grain of the granite not only runs evenly, but that it possesses great tenacity.

The Modern Foot.—In Greek statues, as is well known, the second toe of the foot is represented as longer than the great toe, while in the modern European foot the great toe is usually the longer. Albrecht states that in this respect the Greek foot is more quadrumanous than the modern. The second toe is also represented in antique statues as being further separated from the great toe than is seen at the present time. This might be regarded as another evidence of quadrumanous character; but it has also been suggested, and not without reason, that it is simply the result of wearing the sandal strap. In the modern foot, on the other hand, the reduction in the size of the smaller toe is ascribed to the influence of shoes.

OLD WELLS.—THE THIRSTY SUMMER DAYS.—SEE PAGE 40.



A BANKRUPT COURTSHIP.—"THE TWO MEN RECOGNIZED EACH OTHER. BRYANT'S HOLD RELAXED. 'GREAT HEAVENS!' HE SAID, 'YOU ARE PERRY STEVENS.'"

A BANKRUPT COURTSHIP.

By Frances B. Currie.

Mr. Richard Bryant sat behind a window of the Craddock Club-house awaiting the arrival of the Pandemonium Coaching Club. Every week during the Autumn the tally-ho coaches, with their gaudy trappings and gay outriders, had rattled down to Pandemonia and back again to Craddock Town. But to-day was to be their last appearance until warmer weather, and the entire coaching club was to turn out in jolly procession.

Ordinarily Mr. Richard Bryant felt little interest in tally-ho coaches and their passengers. His life was so filled with business interests and business cares that he had little time for frivolities. But for once he was idle, and he sat and smoked and waited for the procession of coaches.

He was regarded as the most important personage in his town, for he was the president of the famous Craddock Oil Company. Everybody knew what a gigantic monopoly that company had become, and how it had systematically bought out and swallowed up every rival corporation that had strength enough to affect its interests. Everybody who was fortunate enough to own stock in the company looked as sleek and satisfied as oil and success could make him. Thus far it had been a rich and prosperous corporation, and, as I said before, Richard Bryant was its fortunate chief.

He had not always been a capitalist. Craddock had not always yielded him fat positions. Twenty years before this story opens the best place the town would afford him was a small clerkship at the oil wells. If he had then been a candidate for membership of this same club

in whose parlor he was now so snugly ensconced, he would have been promptly blackballed. He was an obscure stripling twenty years ago, whom nobody knew or cared to know; to-day he was a man of wealth and influence. His star had risen.

He had no one but himself to thank for his good fortune. No one had helped him to become rich. By his unflinching energy and clearheadedness he had enriched himself. Society had never received him until she discovered that he was bound to succeed without asking or caring for her assistance. Richard Bryant was as independent of society as a lion is independent of the petty attentions of a jackal.

He had never married. In his youth he had been too poor and too busy to think of marriage. He had courted nobody, and certainly nobody had courted him. He had not been attractive to the girls, for he had been rather unprepossessing. His eyes were undeniably handsome, but his long, angular body, his swarthy skin, and strong, irregular features had won for him the *sobriquet* of "Ugly Dick," a nickname that had clung to him until the days of his prosperity.

His appearance had improved somewhat with his circumstances. His figure had gained some rotundity. Good living and good sleep had taken the haggard look out of his face. He had now the perfect dress and the comfortable air of the capitalist, in lieu of the threadbare garb and troubled expression of the indigent clerk. Men and women discovered new attractions in him daily. Mothers angled for him for their daughters, and paterfamilias constantly invited him to dine. Although he was forty years old young ladies wore their prettiest dresses to attract this prosaic, determined man, who did not know a Parisian costume from a linsey-woolsey. But all this was in vain. The only woman for whom he felt more than casual interest was Adrienne Stanton, and he was waiting to see the coaching club solely because she was to be one of its party. Although he loved her it cannot be said that on this occasion he anticipated much pleasure in seeing her. She would ride past the Craddock Club-house in company with his rival!

Very few men are generous enough to admire their rivals, and in this particular Bryant was not exceptional. Instead of admiring Perry Stevens he despised him. Stevens was not overstocked with brains, and Bryant, who was a man of really exceptional intelligence, considered him a fool. Stevens was twenty-eight years old and a Bostonian. He had come to Craddock from New England with a great many Old England notions. He aped the cockneys in their dress, their pronunciation and their sports. He had lived in London during a season or two, where he had employed his time in acquiring the style and habits of the fops of Great Britain, and had returned to America a very bad caricature of juvenile John Bull. Bryant, who was a typical American, and therefore proud of his country, had an almost savage intolerance of all this folly. No self-made man in a free and essentially democratic country could regard it much more leniently.

But Stevens had money, which in the eyes of society covered a multitude of sins. He had as much by inheritance as Bryant had gained by twenty years of persistent labor. When Stevens had fancied that he would like to be a director of the Craddock Oil Company, his money bought him stock enough to give him the appointment. It gave this ignorant youth a seat beside hoary-headed directors who had manufactured oil before the lamp of his little life was lighted.

The procession of coaches came down the street at a break-neck pace. The owners drove their six-in-hand most cleverly; the ladies upon the coaches wore costumes that astonished even the well-dressed town of Craddock; the lackeys blew their trumpets lustily, and the horses reared and plunged after the most approved and spirited style. Perry Stevens drove six thoroughbreds. He wore a brand-new coaching costume, imported for the occasion. He wore his hair combed forward after the fashion of a lady's bang. He snapped his whip and smiled at Miss Stanton, showing a row of pretty, white teeth under his little waxed mustache.

With darkened countenance Richard Bryant watched the couple. He had waited to see them because he thought the sight would be wholesome discipline for him. If they were engaged, as the gossips declared they were, he must become accustomed to seeing them together. But the sight of Adrienne's flushed and happy face stirred him powerfully. He noticed how young and beautiful she appeared. She was twenty-seven years of age, but her figure and complexion were as youthful and fresh as a girl's in her teens. He watched the pair until they flashed out of sight, and then he put on his overcoat and walked home. He was a man of powerful physique, who could have crushed his rival with one hand; but he went home feeling as if they had met in combat and Stevens had worsted him. He felt old and ponderous.

"So that is my rival!" he said to himself, while he recalled Stevens's slim, little figure, his eyeglass and his *bang*. In spite of his depression, he grimly smiled at the picture. "Ugly Dick, this ought to kill the last vestige of your vanity," he said.

Bryant repeatedly told himself that he could have forgiven Adrienne for preferring another man to himself. He was thirteen years her senior, was not "a society man," and was certainly not an "Adonis." There were many men of brains who were younger, more agreeable, and better-looking than he, and it would have seemed natural for her to prefer one of them. But Stevens! Bryant could find no language to express his scorn of "the little ape," as he mentally styled him. Bryant had been a very frequent visitor at the Stantons' residence until the day of the Tally-ho Carnival. Adrienne's appearance on Stevens's coach had given confirmation to the rumor that they were betrothed, and Bryant decided that his visits were not necessary to Miss Stanton's happiness. He was in a bad humor and he staid at home.

He soon had little time for reflection, for his company became involved in difficulties which absorbed his attention. Once in a while—sometimes at his committee meetings, sometimes when he was addressing the board of directors—his mind reverted to the woman he loved. But he did not encourage these thoughts of her, and the sight of Stevens's dandy figure always enabled him to rid himself of any tender retrospection. Bryant was convinced that she could not care for Stevens. No woman of her refinement and attainments could really esteem the little millionaire. It must be that this woman, with all her intelligence, her courage and her kindness of heart, had a serious—a revolting fault. She must be grossly and inordinately fond of money or she would not think of marrying Perry Stevens. There must be an ugly blot on what Bryant had deemed a spotless character.

A daring speculator, named Ezra Keene, had formed a new oil company that was seriously damaging the old. Keene was an unscrupulous manipulator of stocks, who for years had watched the Craddock Oil Company, but

had never been admitted to its directorship. Now he had formed an opposition company to help him gain the long-coveted prize. He claimed that he had discovered certain means of refining oil, of which the Craddock company was still in ignorance. He was underselling them and gaining so many of their customers that their receipts were decreasing alarmingly. The newspapers were filled with accounts of the cheapness and purity of the new oil, and the Craddock oil stock fell very low indeed. Some of the directors of the old company discussed the advisability of trying to buy Keene out, to get him and this cheap oil out of their way, but Bryant was bitterly opposed to having any dealings with him. To buy Keene out meant to consolidate the two companies, and to admit Keene into the charmed circle of the Craddock Oil Company.

"We all know Keene's reputation," he said. "His dishonesty is proverbial, and any reputable company must lose caste by association with him. He has broken every contract he has ever made, hoping afterward to compromise matters and then gain some advantages that the original agreement did not give him. He has enriched himself by robbing everybody who has trusted him. He has wrecked every enterprise in which he has had power. If we admit such a wolf into our fold, the natural deduction follows: we will be fleeced. We all know what it costs to manufacture good oil. We know that Keene cannot make good oil and sell it at his present figures without loss to his company. Our best plan seems to be to leave him alone and let him ruin himself. He will be forced to raise the price of oil or go to the wall. If we should buy him out, a dozen other mushroom companies will spring up for the purpose of being bought out also. We cannot purchase rival companies indefinitely."

The directors agreed to make no concessions to Keene. As they feared he would skirmish around and try to get a "majority" of their stock, they agreed that they would not sell a single share while the Keene Oil Company was fighting them.

There was a rumor afloat in the town of Craddock that Miss Stanton's father was on the brink of bankruptcy. Perry Stevens heard it, and, singularly enough, was glad to know that it was true. Contrary to the gossip concerning them, Mr. Stevens and Miss Stanton were not engaged, and, in spite of his wealth and vanity, there were times when he seriously doubted that he was progressing well in his courtship. He had determined to marry Adrienne, and had been annoyed to find that she did not appear to appreciate the advantageousness of such a match. She allowed Stevens to escort her to various places and received his visits, but she had never given him an opportunity to present his suit. He had an uncomfortable fear that she preferred some one else, and a suspicion had arisen in his mind that the "some one" was Richard Bryant.

He hated Bryant. Stevens was not over sensitive, nor was he very keen in his perceptions, but he had made the discovery that Bryant disapproved of his being a director of the oil company. He knew that Bryant considered him inefficient and silly, and he inwardly chafed under this very correct analysis of his character. If Stevens was sincere in anything, it was in his vindictive hatred for Bryant.

Mr. Stanton could not continue in his business unless he was provided with ready money, and Stevens contemplated lending him what he required. He realized that this would be an excellent opportunity for winning Adrienne's regard and gratitude, and was feverishly anxious lest Bryant should forestall him. It would be like Bryant to offer aid in this emergency.

Stevens did more serious thinking in a few hours than he had done in his previous life, and the result was that he formed a plan to ruin Bryant and to secure Adrienne Stanton's hand in marriage. He decided to be a traitor to his company, to break his agreement with the other directors, and to sell out all of his oil stock! He knew what would be the result. Keene would obtain a "majority" of the stock, and consequently control the Craddock Oil Company. The present officers would be turned out of their positions. The new company's stock would greatly increase in value, and the old would fall very far below its actual worth. Bryant would lose the presidency and the yearly fortune it had yielded him, and, as the bulk of his wealth was invested in his company, he would be too much impoverished to lend assistance to his friend.

Stevens knew that Adrienne was devotedly fond of her father, and he intended to profit by this affection. His plan was to propose to her at once. If she demurred he would offer immediate assistance to her father on condition that she would consent to his proposal. He was certain that her love and pity for her father would induce her to agree to almost any terms that would relieve his present anxieties. As soon as Stevens had completed his plan he started out to put it into execution.

* * * * * *

Mr. Bryant also heard of Mr. Stanton's troubles, and as soon as possible he went to see his friend.

Bryant was in no enviable frame of mind himself, and seemed in no mental condition to offer consolation. All the newspapers had been recently filled with accounts of Keene's victory over the Craddock Oil Company. Stevens had sold out his company—Bryant had lost his position. He was bitterly incensed at the turn affairs had taken; angered beyond expression because a man whom he considered a mere pygmy had proved powerful enough to make all this mischief.

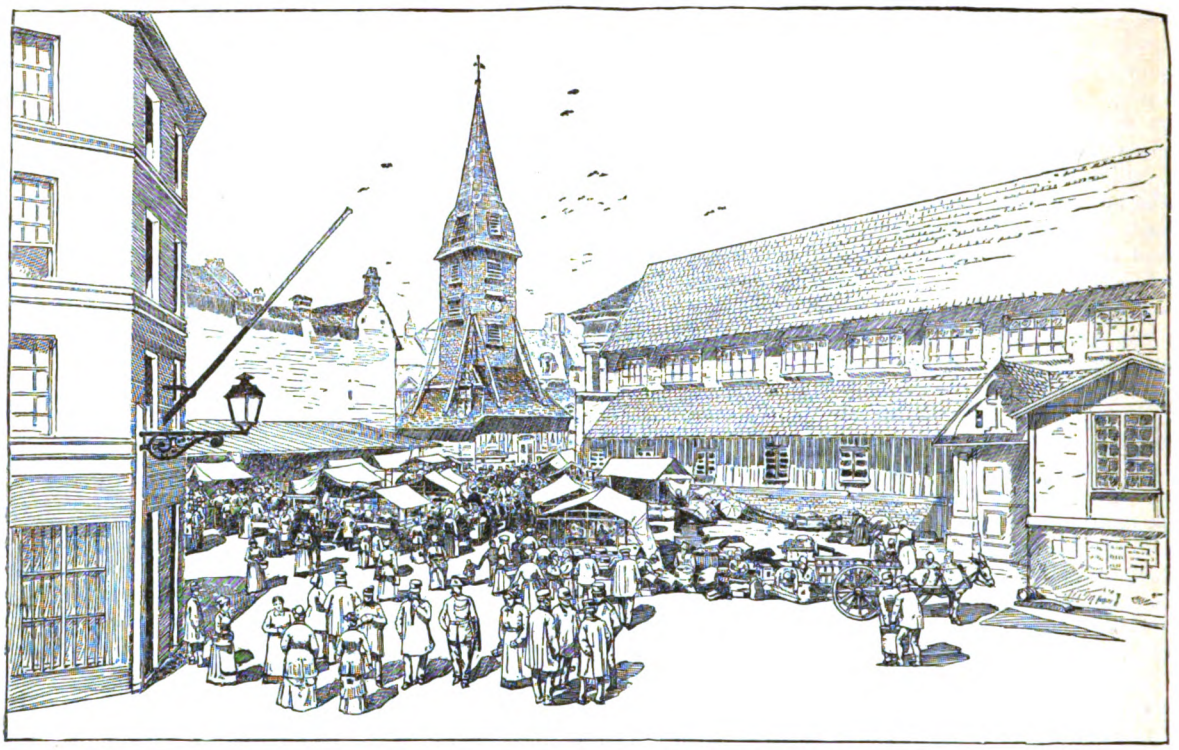
Bryant had not called at the Stantons' for weeks, and if Adrienne had ever cared for his visits she had reason to resent his protected absence. He was not vain enough to think that she had missed him, and he remembered, with something like a grimace, that Stevens had always been close at hand to prevent her from being lonesome. The thought aroused his temper, and he rang the doorbell so vigorously that it startled him. He heard the butler rushing up the stairs, and realized that the man would open the door in a moment, expecting to hear that the house was in flames, or that his master had shot himself. It required some nerve to enable him to look the servant calmly in the face and ask if Mr. Stanton was at home!

Mr. Stanton was in Boston, but Miss Adrienne was at home, and received the visitor.

As soon as they met, Bryant was conscious of a change in her. She was no less cordial than of old, but there was a certain air of seriousness and dignity in her manner that differed from her former frank ingenuousness. He wondered whether her betrothal to Stevens had wrought the change in her. Could it be that she had idealized her betrothed and was sacrificing to him her woman's devotion? Was she growing better and sweeter for the fatal mistake she was making?

When they were seated she was the first to speak. She was sitting before the open fire, her hands lying idly in her lap and the firelight shining softly on her face and hair.

"I am very glad that you came to-night," she said,



A TOUR THROUGH NORMANDY.— MARKET-PLACE, HONFLEUR, AND STE. CATHERINE'S BELFRY.— SEE PAGE 55.

"although your visit was intended for my father, and he is not at home. In a very few days I am going to sail for England, and as soon as possible my father will follow me. I never expect to see this place again, and before I go I want to say good-by to all my Craddock friends. My father's financial affairs will force him to give up his business, this house and this furniture. He will have to begin life all over again. My home will be in London, and I have persuaded him to come and live near me?"

"Are you sure that your father must fail? Cannot something be done to help him over his difficulties? I must see him as soon as he returns."

He had risen to his feet, and was restlessly pacing the floor. He was powerfully affected by what she had told him. She was going away, and her home would be in London! He remembered Stevens's *penchant* for London, and concluded that they intended to be married privately, and then make their home in the giant city. Stevens was rich enough to live where he pleased.

It hurt Bryant cruelly to know that this would probably be his last interview with the woman he loved, but in his infinite generosity he thought less of his own suffering than of the unhappiness in store for her. What an awakening she would experience when she learned Stevens's actual worthlessness!

It pained Bryant to think of honest John Stanton being exiled because of his misfortunes, and he wondered why Stevens had not helped him.

Bryant's visit was short, but before he went away he told Adrienne how deeply he regretted her father's misfortune, and how much he desired to be of service to them both. He told her that he hoped her life in England would be very happy, and then he said good-by. He went away abruptly, leaving her puzzled by his manner. He had somewhere in a suburb of the town a private office, where he sometimes went and locked himself in, away from all intruders. He visited this "den," as he called it, after his interview with Adrienne, and reviewed his situation. He realized that Stevens had robbed him of everything in life that he held dear.

He was in his room on the following evening, when he heard a little altercation at the door. A lady was seeking admittance, and was being refused by the boy in attendance. Bryant's heart gave a great bound at the sound of Adrienne Stanton's voice, and he was at her side in a moment.

She was very pale, and her eyes were brilliant with intense excitement. She spoke at once:

"I have accidentally heard there is a scheme to burn the Craddock Oil factories to-night. The time set for igniting them is ten o'clock. I was sketching in the tower on Craddock Hill to-day, and two men entered it. They staid in the room below mine, and discussed their plan to burn the factories. As the day was so cold they believed the tower was deserted. I dared not move lest they would discover me, and I have been kept a prisoner there until now. They said that there was no watchman in the Bryant refinery, and their plan is to start the fire in that building."

She was exhausted, and nearly frozen, but she bore her discomforts without complaint. It was nine o'clock now, and there was no time to lose. He begged her to be seated beside his fire, while he telegraphed to the police station for assistance, and to his stable for a horse. She watched him quickly making his preparations, and she did not interrupt him. He asked her to wait there until his return from the factories.

"I will not be gone long," he said, "and will take you home. I beg you to wait here and to allow my servant to make you as comfortable as possible."

He was away in an incredibly short time, riding hard toward the factories from which he had derived a living for many years. When he reached the grounds he realized that he was too late. For some reason the incendiaries had changed their plan and started the fire before

the appointed time. The police and Bryant reached the place simultaneously. One of the incendiaries was making a narrow escape from a burning building. The oil blazed as only oil can burn, the fire making such violent headway that the wretched creature was nearly overtaken by the flames. He rushed out blindly, the glare and roar of burning oil and timber terrifying him almost to madness. Bryant saw him and pursued him. The man ran like a deer, but Bryant gained on him, and finally caught him. As he held him the fire suddenly burst through the refinery windows. Its lurid light shone red and glaring upon Bryant's prisoner, and the two men recognized each other.

Bryant's hold relaxed.

"Great heavens!" he said. "You are Perry Stevens."

"And he is my prisoner," a police officer said, and took Stevens into custody.

Bryant rode back to his office very slowly. He had promised Adrienne that he would soon return, but he found it hard to keep his promise. The factories were doomed. He never once looked back at the awful glare that told all Craddock of the fire. The sky and earth might be dyed in red for all he knew or cared. He could think of nothing but the task before him—the task of telling Adrienne Stanton of her lover's arrest. To-morrow all the newspapers would contain accounts of Stevens's incarceration. It was best that she should hear the story first from the lips of a friend.

What a singular fatality there seemed to be in her having been his betrayer! She had gone to the Craddock Tower to sketch. She expected to sail for England on the morrow, and she had wished to take with her some pictures of the place that had been her home for a score of years. The tower had an upper and lower room, with an open spiral staircase in the centre. She had seated herself in the upper room, and had not been observed by Stevens and his accomplice. The plotters had felt secure in that silent, lonely place, and had talked aloud.

Why had she not recognized Stevens's voice? Bryant decided that distance had made it seem unfamiliar to her. Perhaps he had taken little part in the conversation, or perhaps Adrienne had heard his voice and failed to believe the evidence of her senses.

And this man, who had nearly lost his life in trying to injure his fellows; who had burned or helped burn the Craddock factories, and who was now behind prison-bars, was the man who was to have married Adrienne Stanton on the morrow! How could Bryant break her heart by telling her that her betrothed was a prisoner, and that her evidence had been conducive to his capture?

He went up to the room where she was waiting, dreading his task, and suffering keenly because of the wound he must inflict. She stood before a window watching the distant fire. As she turned and saw his face she thought she read his trouble.

"I came too late," she said. "I am very sorry that I could not have helped you to save the buildings."

"You made a brave effort," he said; "but nothing could save them. By the time the fire-engines arrived the oil was blazing, and water had no effect upon it."

She drew her cloak about her preparatory to leaving, but he detained her.

"I have something to tell you before you go," he said, his eyes filled with divine pity; "something that will grieve you cruelly. You are brave, Adrienne, but you will need all your courage now, and all of your self-control. Some one whom you know and respect has been arrested. He has been charged with willfully burning the Craddock factories. Shall I tell you who it is?"

He was astonished at her calmness.

"You need not tell me," she said. "I know who was in the tower to-day. It was no one whom I respect. It was Perry Stevens with his *valet*."

"Adrienne!" He stopped her so sternly that her lips quivered. "Remember that you were to have been his wife. Don't condemn him before he has been convicted."

The blood surged into her face, dyeing it and her neck a warm, sweet crimson.

"I am not his promised wife, and never was, and never thought of being. I owe him no allegiance."

"But," he said, eagerly, his heart beating with a new, glad hope, "I thought you were to be married and sail for Europe to-morrow. Did you not tell me that your home was to be in London?"

"My father's sister offered me a home with her," she said, "and I accepted it. It is in London. If you have finished your catechism now I would like you to take me home."

"I have *not* finished," he told her. "I have another question yet to ask. Will you marry me, Adrienne?"

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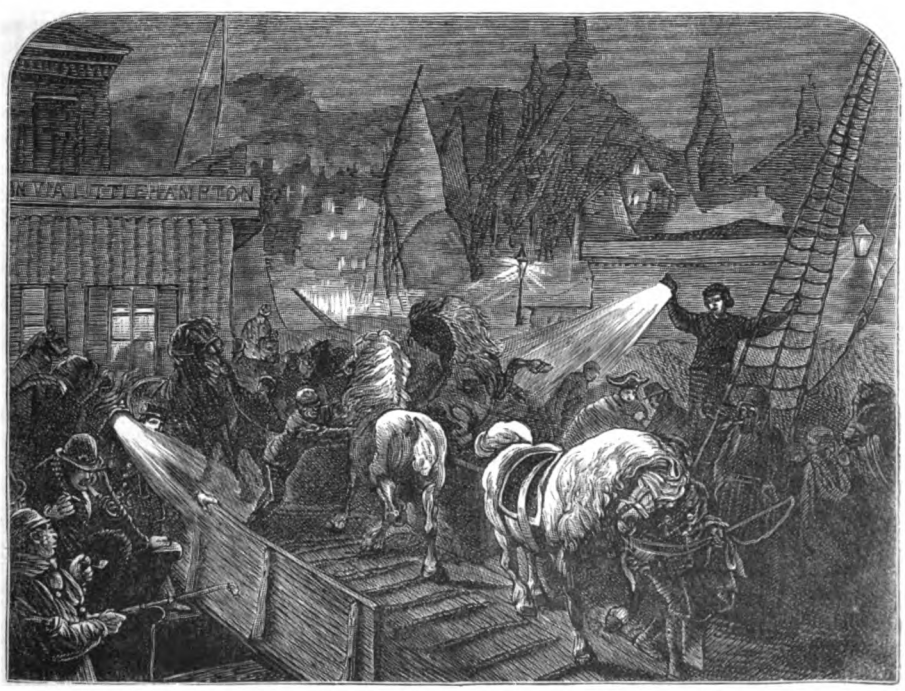
Mr. Stanton did not fail and Bryant was not ruined, after all. As the latter expressed it, he had "unloaded"



A TOUR THROUGH NORMANDY.—SHIPPING NORMAN HORSES AT HONFLEUR.—SEE PAGE 55.

his stock immediately after Keene's admission into the company and before the fire. He had lost heavily by Stevens's treachery, but was still a man of generous means. He helped John Stanton over his difficulties, and was himself made president of a new corporation formed by the former directors of the Craddock Oil Company. In time he understood Stevens's object for burning the factories. Stevens had been bitterly disappointed by Miss Stanton's refusal of his offer. He had offered to aid her father if she would yield, but Adrienne was as firm as adamant. She would rather see her father ruined than save him by such methods. Stevens left her, feeling more fully convinced than ever before that Bryant was in his way. In his jealous rage, he determined to complete his rival's ruin by burning the factories. He believed that Bryant's money was all invested in Craddock oil, and he determined to destroy the property.

His *valet* was never caught, and Stevens was never brought to trial. He forfeited very heavy bail and ran away.

Adrienne did not go away to London. She had her choice between going there or marrying Bryant. She preferred the alternative, and is very happy with "Ugly Dick."

A CERTAIN smatterer in letters, being at a well-known literary club, took it into his head to abuse with great freedom all the modern literati, observing that there was but very little wit, humor or learning in the present age. Some time after one of our most popular writers came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his friend had been abusing "the moderns." "I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," said the author; "he would abuse the ancients, too, if he knew their names."

EDIBLE BIRD-NESTS.

THERE are certain caves in islands off the coast of the Malay Peninsula where edible bird-nests are produced. The islands are very small, and almost inaccessible; they lie between 8° and 10° N. latitude, and between twenty and forty miles off the coast. They belong to the Siamese Government, and are farmed out to contractors, who collect the nests, and dispatch them to China. The harvest is during the months of March and April. As soon as the nests are built, and before the swallows begin to lay their eggs, they are collected. The birds then build second nests, and these are likewise taken away. The third nests are left undisturbed for the birds to lay and hatch. The island visited by the Danish writer was about 500 feet high and 3,000 feet in diameter.

The caves are accessible by means of rattan ladders, and the nests are collected from the roofs by means of rattan galleries and stagings. To show the impossibility of ingress and egress without artificial assistance, it is stated that about forty years ago, before the collection and sale of the nests was made a Government monopoly, about fifty Malays arrived at the caves before the Siamese, and commenced taking the nests; while they were engaged in this the Siamese arrived, and in revenge ran away with the rattan ladders, leaving the whole of the Malays to die of hunger and thirst in the caves, from which their only means of escape had been taken. Their skeletons are still in the caves. These Siamese caves appear smaller, not so well ordered, and infinitely wilder and more dangerous than those at Gomanton, but otherwise there appears little difference in the nests themselves, or in the mode of collecting them.

"UNDER THE HARVEST MOON."

BY JOHN F. ROLPH.

IT is a home of peace: in all the glory
Of Autumn's bravery of red and gold,
Stand beech and elm about the minster hoary,
Within whose walls our fathers knelt of old.

The place is holy ground: yet sounds of singing
Ascend not hence, nor wingèd words of prayer,
Save when, from yonder hamlet slowly bringing
A lifeless form to lay with loving care

Among "familiar dust," come sons of labor,
And careless children throng the hallowed sward,
While, by the graveside of their ancient neighbor,
The priest recites the goodness of the Lord.

Above the trees the harvest moon is shining:
Upon the church—about whose crumbling walls
The constant ivy's myriad leaves are twining—
The pale, soft beam in gentle radiance falls.

Within the fane the silvery light is streaming
Through ruined windows, once with stories dight,
Athwart the tombs where lie, as though a-dreaming,
The carven forms of old-time dame and knight.

It floods the nave: and in its rays the chancel
Resplendent glows as in the days of yore,
When here was preached the faith no change can cancel,
Since, like its Lord, it liveth evermore.

I read the mottoes from the old evangels,
And in a faded fresco dimly trace
The simple legend of the children's angels,
Who alway do behold the Father's face:

Then from these courts, where nevermore may mortal
Be trained for this world's cross and that world's palm,
I pass to where, without the brier-choked portal,
Faint lingers yet the breath of Summer's balm.

Beneath my feet the listless dead are sleeping:
The winds are whist: naught breaks the stillness save
A broken sob from yon lone orphan, keeping
Her wonted tryst beside a grass-grown grave;

Or some faint echo of the ceaseless riot,
That throbbeth through the arteries within
The heart of the great City of Disquiet,
Where stalk the shapes of Selfishness and Sin.

It is a home of peace: yet, unattending,
My truant fancy these calm precincts leaves,
For distant fields where long since two were wending
Their way at eventide among the sheaves.

This place is holy ground: but each heart taketh
Unto itself a place to build a shrine:
And oft, in love, unto its Mecca maketh
A pilgrimage; and so this heart of mine

Goes forth from hence to-night across the meadows
And all the glistening miles that lie between,
To where the cypress casts its slender shadows
In the soft moonlight o'er a mound of green.

A TOUR THROUGH NORMANDY.

By L. E. C.

The quaint old French towns are beautiful, and I found none more so than the village of Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, which claims to date from the time of the Roman emperors. Here Cæsar embarked for the conquest of Britain, and it was again to this little port that he returned.

The ancient seaport town of Portus-Itius lay, indeed, nearer the sea than the present Honfleur. Built on a promontory which extends out into the waves, it was, in time, inundated and completely destroyed. A new city, named Honne-fleur, grew up near the ruins of Portus-Itius, and at the end of the reign of Charlemagne fortifications were erected around this town. It was at this period that commenced the ravaging of Neustria by the Norsemen, only ending after the establishment of the dominion of Rollo over the country, which became the Duchy of Normandy.

Honfleur remained under the rule of the Normans until 1106, when William II., Count of Mortaine and Lord of Honfleur, tried by force of arms to take the County of Kent, which he had in vain claimed from Henry I. of England, as heir of his uncle Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. In the struggle he lost his possessions and his liberty. Honfleur was then held by the English until Geoffroy, Duke of Anjou, wrested it from Stephen of England.

Amid all this, Honfleur became a commercial port of considerable importance. When Henry V. reconquered Normandy, that young English King made Honfleur his residence. It was at this epoch, 1443, that the churches of St. Leonard and St. Catherine were built.

At last, under Charles VII., France succeeded in expelling the English from Normandy, and no stranger has since held sway there. But in 1871 the Prussians encamped in the environs of Honfleur. The 23d of February they entered the town, violating the conditions of the armistice.

In 1833 Louis Philippe visited Honfleur, and was received with all the honors that the town could display; but fifteen years later he was again at Honfleur, a fugitive, endeavoring in disguise to reach secretly the shores of England.

But enough of dry history, of battles and bloodshed and dark days. We are in the old Church of St. Leonard. It is May, the month dedicated to the Virgin, and so, especially dear to the Honfleurais. The shrine of the Madonna is one mass of white flowers, which fill the air with a rare perfume. In the centre of the church are the children, the boys on one side, the girls on the other, undergoing a cross-examination in their catechism by the priests, to decide on their admission amongst the "first communicants" at the end of the month.

Unlike the other churches, St. Leonard's is painted inside; the pillars are of a deep red, the ceiling in many brilliant colors.

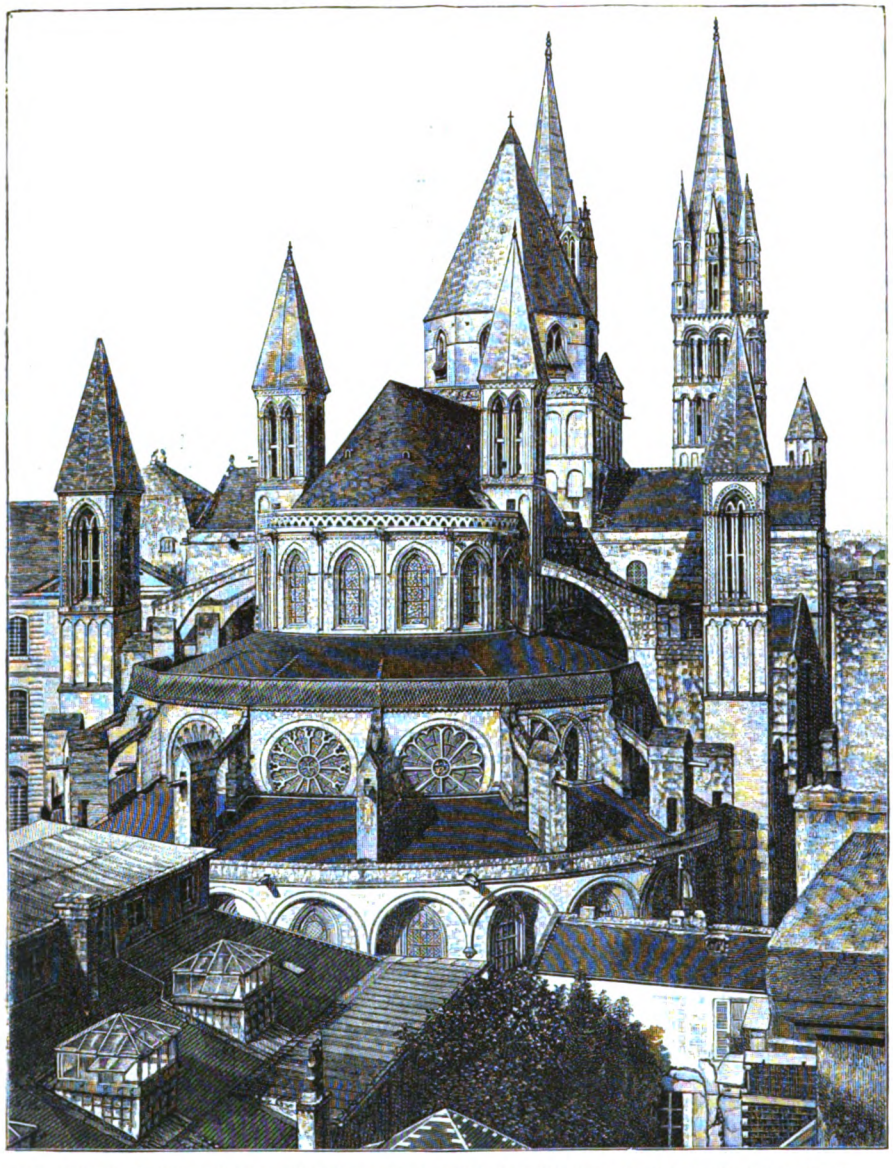
As we leave the church we look round at the picturesque old houses, rising high and narrow, nearly every window having its *jardinier* filled with flowers, while mosses and lichens creep over the roofs, and tufts of snapdragon force their way between the stones of the walls. What thrilling histories lie under their weight of years: of the days of 1557, when those who refused to abjure the creed of their fathers were mowed down, and the streets reeked with blood. A few years roll by, and royal visitors, with brilliant pageants, fill the streets, and feasting takes the place of savage butchery; while music, jest and laughter float in the idle air, and the old town is gay. And later on, again, when Honfleur has recovered from the effects of its warfares, and new buildings rise on the old ruins, its ships go out with merchandise, and its traders return from the Congo freighted with slaves—black creatures that crouch with fear, and look in wonder at their strange surroundings, and shiver at the cool wind of the north when it touches their naked bodies. Those are the sights and pictures that those old houses hold, the memory of which clings to the very mortar now covered with mosses and lichens.

We go down (for a French country town is all ups and downs) to the Place Ste. Catherine. It is market-day, and the stalls are piled high with luscious fruit, choice vegetables, fresh eggs, and butter that has no equal; bunches of old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers lie in profusion, for which one pays but a few *sous*. One side of the market-place is formed by the Church of Ste. Catherine, now classed amongst the historical monuments of Honfleur. The belfry, a quaint-looking structure, with the upper part supported by wooden beams, stands in front of the church, but separated from it by a narrow street; many call it "the church with the street running through it." The lower part is used as a storehouse.

We follow the Rue Dupuits, which is gradually lost in a country road leading to the Chapel of Notre Dame de Grâce. This is the church of the pilgrim, and to this shrine the sailor and poor fisherman turn in spirit when the tempest rages and the angry sea threatens to engulf his frail bark; by the number of *ex votos*, I would judge that their faith is rewarded, and that the "Te Deum" has often been sung both by young and old.

It is a pretty little chapel, of the beginning of the seventeenth century, built in the form of a cross, with a rounded, domed porch. Inside, the walls are covered with paintings, representing fearful disasters at sea; at each altar are hung wreaths, and the white ribbon badges worn by the boys at their first communion, and even the crutches of cripples, as offerings to the Virgin for answered prayers. From the ceiling are suspended miniature ships, the mariners' offerings in memory of dangers passed. In olden days, princes and princesses, the great, the rich, the powerful, paid their homage here, till, by their donations, it became one of the richest in the country.

At a little distance from the church is the restaurant of The Renaissance, a good old-fashioned farmhouse where the pilgrims enjoy a good meal. At the edge of the *falaise* is a large cross; down below, the fishing-boats are returning, and the women with their baskets are waiting to carry the fish ashore. While we stood watching them, an old man drew near and told us that, about seventy years ago, when he was but a lad, he, with a number of fishermen, had gone out; their boats were seized by an English cruiser. The capture being disapproved by the English authorities, orders were given to send the men back to their town; but all communication being forbidden between the shore and the bark that conveyed them, it was found very difficult to disembark them. Two of the fishermen, however, were sent off in a boat to announce at Honfleur



ST. STEPHEN'S, OR THE ABBAYE AUX HOMMES, CAEN, FOUNDED BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

that to get back the captives it was only necessary to send to the vessel, which was then lying in the roadstead. The intrepid women of Honfleur, disregarding regulations, military and civil, against any communication with the English, took the first boats they found and went to the rescue of their husbands and brothers. But the flotilla of the liberators was seized by vessels which had been sent out from Havre to get the men, and it was only after three days' captivity that those brave women were allowed to return to their homes.

We started on the Etretat diligence, which leaves Place du Marché de Notre Dame, Havre, at seven in the morning. Our five horses soon drew us up the hill and out on the level country, where a long, white line of dusty road wanders amid green meadows and waving seas of young grain ; or by orchards, where the trees and ground are white with apple-bloom, and old stone farmhouses peep out from the thick foliage. Patches of yellow colza relieve the intense green which stretches away to the blue horizon, unbroken by hedge or fence. Once in a while we pass windmills—records of the past—swinging their arms in the morning wind.

I could scarcely believe we had done seven leagues, but there, in front, were the tall poplars which stand like so many sentries on guard at every French village.

We were just in time to witness the blessing of the ocean. The procession of priests—the boys in scarlet robes and white surplices, carrying candles and banners, and the girls in white—was on its way from the church to the shore. The sea was in one of its wild humors ; white-crested waves washing up in foamy breakers, rocking the little boats that lay on its surface. The deep tones of the clergyman rose in a benediction above the roar of the water, as he blessed it, for the sake of the toilers who gain from it their daily bread. A lull came across the waters, and, between us and dark, threatening clouds, a rainbow flung its arch of brilliant hues like the covenant of old.

Etretat is a very fashionable bathing-resort in Summer, numbering upward of 4,000 Parisian and American visitors. It has none of the quaint irregularity and picturesqueness of old French villages. Nearly all the houses are new brick structures, with nothing to smooth down the rough corners, and until the Summer visitors arrive it is melancholy enough. But along the shore every rock and crevice has its history and legend. September 2d, 1884, witnessed a weird scene on the beach at the foot of the Falaise d'Amont. An Indian prince, Rajah-Bapa-Sahib-Khauderto-Ghatgay, traveling with his suite through the south of Europe, fled from the cholera to Etretat, where in a very short time another malady attacked him, which proved fatal. According to the Hindoo creed all of high degree must be cremated. Permission having been obtained from the mayor of the town and the prefect of the department, preparations were made for the ceremony. At two in the morning the procession issued from the house. The body, covered with a white pall, was borne on the shoulders of six Hindoos to the shore, where layers of wood and shavings were ready to receive it. The body was then covered with hay and shavings, which were ignited. It burned until 6 A.M., when the ashes were gathered. One third was thrown to the sea, another to the air, and the rest placed in an urn, to be taken back to India.

The Casino and many of the hotels face the raised

graveled promenade, while lower down on the beach the boats, with broom-thatched roofs, in which the fishermen keep their nets and other tackle, give a rather primitive appearance to the shore. Up on the heights is the Calvary, without which no French village would be complete.

At four in the afternoon the beach, the streets and the "place" are alive with pleasure-seekers and merry-makers, for then commence the amusements of the day. All around the "place," which is in the centre of the town, were booths filled with every imaginable nick-nack; also the gypsy houses on wheels, where fortune-tellers were ready to disclose to you the future. Down in a corner was the never-failing punchinello, which drew screams of delight from young and old.

The sun had sunk below the sea, and the warm tints of the afterglow still rested on the land, as we turned homeward. Lights were in the farmhouse-windows as we passed, and the milkmaids were busy with the cows. Onward we rolled to the music of gay French *chansons*, and the jingling of the horses' bells, arriving at the Place du Marché at 10 P.M., having done the twenty-one miles in two hours and a quarter.

Early of a warm June morning we are off from the Grand Quay of Havre to take the boat for Caen. Out past the lighthouses, out into a smooth sea, dotted here and there with fishing-boats and large steamers lying at anchor waiting for high tide to cross the bar.

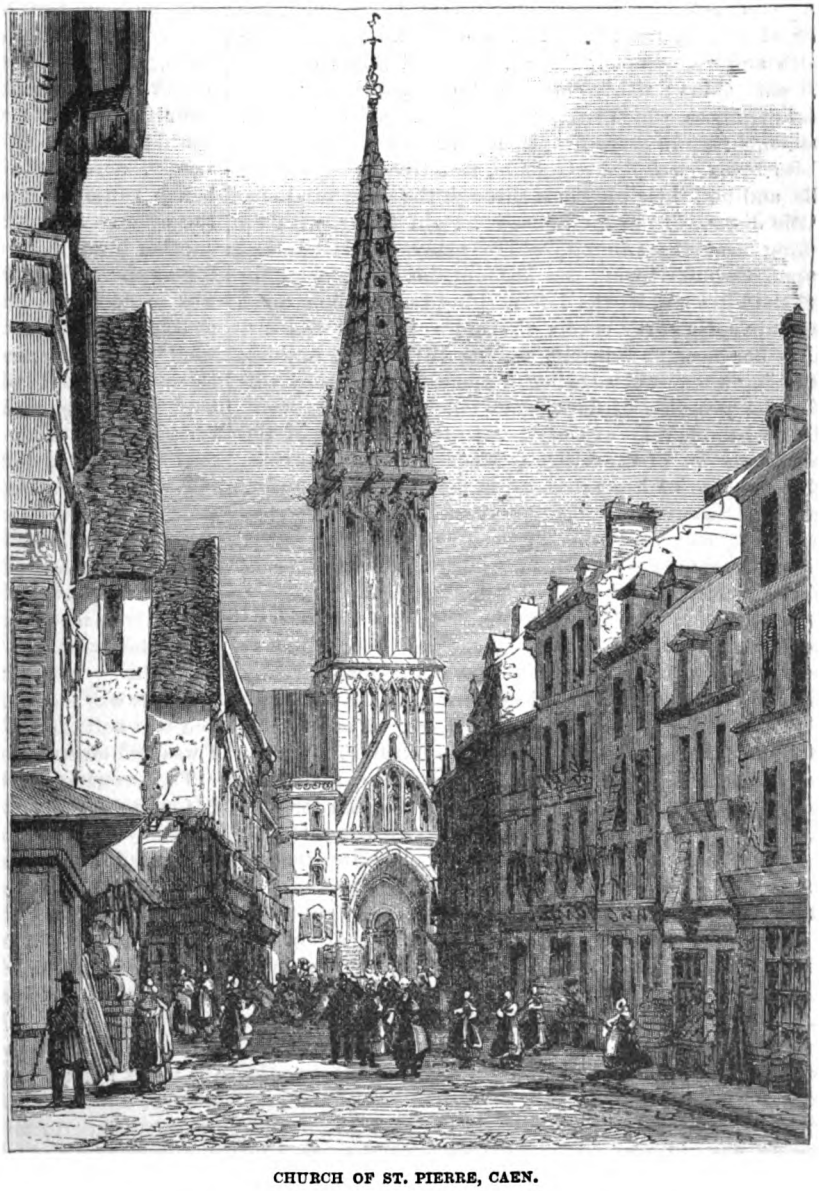
An hour and a half, and we enter the shallow-mouthed Orne. For some distance the soundings have to be taken. The sailor brings his long pole, marked with different colors, according to the number of feet. Every two minutes he plunges it over the side of the boat, calls out the depth of the water, "Eleven feet," "Twelve feet," "Ten feet," "Eight feet," "Nine feet," "Seven feet," "Twelve feet." We were again in deep water *en route*, and the vessel steams up again.

The river is very narrow. On one side is a towpath, which is shaded all the way with poplars, broken only here and there by orchards. On the other side the meadows stretch away as far as the eye can reach, or until they meet a patch of wood, from which a church-spire looms up, giving token of a hamlet hidden behind. Our paddles stir the water into miniature waves, which wash up over the banks and sprinkle the dusty pathway, bending the tall reeds on its way; while on the other side the ground is level with the river, the water, meeting no obstacle, washes far in, sometimes disturbing the cows that are napping in the noonday sun. Half-way up the river is the bridge of Ranville, a large iron structure, supported by a stone pillar in the centre. It turns on a pivot worked by two men, and allows the boats to pass on either side. Further on we meet the little boats, sometimes a whole flotilla, laden with sand from the seashore. We have to slacken up to a snail's pace for fear of swamping the heavy-laden barges.

As we approach the town the river narrows, and the trees close in on each side, making a grateful shade. Soon the spires of the Church of St. Etienne become visible, towering above all others, and in ten minutes we are standing on the wharf waiting for our luggage.

Caen is a bright, clean town, with good, well-paved streets. The Place de la République, formerly Place Louis XIV., is exquisitely laid out in flower-beds, and the Places des Marchés are most picturesque and lively with the stalls and tables, and the continual stream of conversation carried on by the venders, either enumerating the quality or the variety of articles for sale, or else announcing the news of the day to each other, their dress adding not a little to the varying picture.

Caen is filled with magnificent old churches, the Trinity and St. Sauveur being the richest in carving. St. Etienne, the Abbaye aux Hommes, is the oldest, founded



CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, CAEN.

by William the Conqueror. Hither, in 1087, the body of that king was brought by the brave and faithful Herlewin, the only one who did not abandon the despoiled remains of the Conqueror at Rouen.

Peeping through the archways and into the courtyards, as you wander through the town, you get glimpses of the ancient splendor and beauty of the houses before they were disfigured for business purposes.

The weeks passed quickly in the sleepy little village of La Déliverante, nine miles from Caen; going along the stretch of dusty, shadeless road every day to the sea for our bath; spending the rest of the time either in the little booths which surround the church, bargaining for souvenirs, for which we were asked about five times their value, ending generally in our carrying them off victoriously at our own price, or we would go to the cottages to watch the lace-making. In many we saw the little children, who ought still to be at play, with the cushion on their knees, helping the mother earn the daily bread of the household.

We visited an old chateau which in feudal times had been a stronghold. Dungeons, dark and noisome, formed the foundations. I can imagine the unfortunate prisoners peering from between the bars out on the sunny land. The years that have passed have changed nothing in its external appearance; but inside everything speaks of wealth and refinement; broad, polished floors covered with soft skins; richly carved old oak furniture; high chimney-pieces, which support Henri II. and Louis XIV. ornaments; while every fireplace had handsome andirons and its brass *garde-feu*. Outside, rose-trees creep up the walls, and nod their blossoms through the open windows. A little distance from the house is an old tower, with an opening near the summit, where many a prisoner has stepped through to his last account, his body swinging until the kites and hawks left nothing but the bones and ligaments. Now, ivy covers the old ruin, and the owl builds her nest and brings up her little ones, nothing disturbing them unless when a stone falls, as they will while the progress of decay goes on.

Toward the middle of July I was invited by one of the peasant women of the village, Madame B——, to visit, with her, some of her relations, farmers in the interior. A glorious Summer evening found us seated on the top of the diligence which leaves Caen every day for Viller, a village eighteen miles distant; there the brother of madame would meet us with his horse and wagon.

Five o'clock chimed from the gray pile of St. Etienne as we turned out of the Rue St. Pierre. We halted at several villages *en route*, to let down passengers; and by eight o'clock we had accomplished our six *lieux*.

Viller is only a small village, consisting of one street, at the end of which is a quaint stone church. It also boasts of quite a good inn, where we stopped for coffee and a half-hour's rest. We were hungry enough for dinner, having eaten nothing since noon; but we contented ourselves with coffee, and reserved our appetites for the home meal.

It was that witching hour between *chien et loup* when we started for our destination, Mesnil-Auzouf, sixteen miles distant. What a vagabond gypsy party we were. We had now fairly left paved streets behind, and everything connected with city life; there were no more shrines to venerate, nothing but the blue vault above. The very air, laden with the rich perfumes of earth, wooed us to a life of freedom, and we were all too ready to respond. The crescent moon hung low in the heavens, the stars came slowly out, one by one, as if reluctant to break through the gloaming. The glow-worms danced and sparkled in the grasses, and the black bat flitted overhead. On, on we went, mile after mile, past villages and hamlets, where not a light betrays the presence of an inhabitant; on, while the moon goes down behind the hills, and the trees assume weird shapes in the darkness, and the Milky Way stretches across the heavens. At last we turned off the main road; we had still three kilometres to go, at the end of which we entered a rugged, unkept road, the trees meeting over our heads. The barking of a dog proclaimed us "at home." We turned through the gate, a door was opened and the light of a lantern guided us to the house.

We entered. The room was spacious, fully forty feet square, with a high ceiling, a large fireplace filled with burning logs and sticks; a gypsy-pot hung by a chain from the centre of the chimney, giving out a strong, savory odor of soup.

But to give a description of the room, which was kitchen, dining-room and bedroom all combined. The floor was the bare earth, which the heat from the fire and the walking had hardened to a certain degree. At the far side of the room, facing the window, was a handsomely carved old oak wardrobe, the linen-closet of the family; at either side were beds—one used by the father and mother, the other by the two elder sons. (The family consisted of eight olive branches, all sons.) There, facing the fireplace, was the high, old-fashioned clock, which chimed midnight as we entered, and repeats the hour two minutes after for fear it might not have been heard; at each side were the dresser and cupboard. Lastly, across the window, was the table, a wooden bench running along the wall on one side, and chairs on the other. A small oil-lamp burned on the table, and another hung from the chimneypiece. No cloth was set for supper. We each took our plate of soup, which was made of vegetables only. A large loaf, about two feet long, was placed on the table, from which chunks were cut when needed. It was dry and close, with a thick crust and without salt — altogether unpalatable. Our repast concluded with boiled eggs and milk. At this moment, like the Egyptians, I longed after the flesh-pots I had left behind.

I was glad when the "Good-nights" were said and we were shown to our room, which was on the opposite side of the little hall, and resembling the other in almost every particular. Two of the small children occupied one bed; the other boys, dislodged by our arrival, betook themselves up-stairs to the hayloft; for the family was contented with but two rooms, and this is a well-to-do farmer's.

But it was too late to make further observations. The bed was soft, and although the linen was of the coarsest, I was too sleepy to quarrel with it.

The crowing of the cock at daybreak awoke me, and I found that the day had commenced for the inmates. The boys were hurrying off; one with the cows to the meadows, another to his plow, and so on, leaving only the younger ones at home. I watched through the uncurtained window the sun as it crept higher and higher, throwing its rosy tints across the sky and arousing all animal life, the birds chirped and twittered, and from the fields came the morning salutations of the calves.

On rising, I noticed what I had been too tired to do the night before, that there were no toilet arrangements whatsoever, not a basin—the house did not possess one—the family performing their morning ablutions at the pump in front of the house. A six-inch mirror, suspended at the window, was all that represented a dress-

ing-table. So life for the next two or three weeks would be "*à la guerre comme à la guerre.*"

I was glad to escape outdoors while breakfast was in progress of cooking, and breathe the dew-freshened morning air, odorous with hawthorn and chestnut.

The house, a solid stone building, the walls two feet thick, standing on raised ground, commanded a magnificent view for miles of hill and dale and wood, all clothed in the richest green. It was a rough spot just here, not even a pathway to the gate—only that made by the wagon-wheels when the ground had been wet and soft; large, loose stones lay about, and bits of rock projected in different places. A few yards from the door was the duck-pond, and now a number of geese and some tiny goslings were enjoying their morning bath. Down at the meadow-bars stood the calves awaiting their morning meal and sucking each other's ears *en attendant*, and two handsome little foals were making all possible use of their long legs. Yonder, in the orchard, is a stately white turkey with her brood of eighteen little ones, while countless chickens were gathering the "early worm." Two little puppies came out of the kennel, barking in their contentment, thus joining in the morning hymn of praise.

By degrees the family assembled in the house, all hungry, for it was eight o'clock. Breakfast was served in somewhat the same style as supper the previous night. Glasses and cider were placed on the table; then the boys took it in turn to fry some galette de sarasin, which constituted the breakfast. But what was my surprise, on tasting it, to find it was but the buckwheat cake so dear to all Americans.

The morning meal, as one can imagine, was quickly over, and we prepared to make the tour of the farm.

The outhouses are built of stone, and in different parts of the grounds, at quite a distance from each other, so that if a fire occurs in one there would be no danger to the others.

Our first visit was to the bakehouse, which stood in a corner of the orchard near the house. The eldest son was the baker. As we entered he was kneading a large piece of dough; but the work was done with the feet, he wearing stockings of a very thick material, which reached far above the knees.

The farm is a rich one, comprising fields, acres large, of buckwheat, corn and oats, and meadows, where long grass stood ready for the second time for the mowers. The meadows in some places are separated by narrow lanes; through some a stream of water flows. The banks are high on each side. We followed one of the lanes. It led up the hill to another farmhouse. We were met with a welcome, and immediately invited to partake of the usual refreshments offered here, black coffee, calvados—which is a very pure liquor distilled from apples—and tartine de pain. The house in its interior was just a repetition of the one at which I was staying, except that it was neater in its arrangements. It had the same high linen press, the clock reaching to the ceiling, and the bed in exactly the same place. Indeed, I found every farmhouse that I visited, and that was not a few, to be a fac-simile of the other, and all the women dressed in the same gray stuff, which seemed cut from the same piece, and wearing, for everday use, the white knitted cap, which narrows off to a point with a tassel, reserving the muslin or lace one for going to town or church. Although all Catholic, yet not in one house did I see the picture or image of the Virgin or of Saints, a thing which surprised me very much. But the French peasant will spend no money that is not absolutely necessary to his daily wants.

One of the rooms of this house was arranged as a store, where we found all kinds of earthenware, from pots to cups. For a few *sous* I purchased a large pitcher, black and glazed, which is used everywhere for holding the cider, also other souvenirs, which, though of the coarsest clay, were to us precious. Laden with our treasures we turned homeward, and found dinner was awaiting us. It consisted of soup, like the previous evening, stewed rabbit, boiled chicken, pigeon and salad. Although no pretension was made at arranging the table, yet everything was served in courses, ending with black coffee and calvados.

And now comes a lull in the day's work. The boys are either taking a nap in the hay-barn or else performing some light duties. What a unity and concord prevail in the daily life here. Not once did I hear an angry or impatient word or answer; but at the same time those boys were boys, full of life and fun. Irish hospitality is proverbial, but I think the warm-hearted hospitality of the French peasant might also pass into a proverb. I was not told to "make myself at home" and to "excuse," etc., nor was there any allusion to my being a stranger; on the contrary, I was received with a hearty kiss of welcome (or rather two, for the French always kiss on each cheek) by all the family, and then and there their home was mine, and everything connected with it at my disposition. We came and went at our will. Nor were there any Bluebeard's closets we might not penetrate. Every evening was devoted to driving—coming home, sometimes, when the stars were beginning to appear. The supper was a movable feast, so we never felt the least compunction as to the hour of our return.

Letters would come occasionally from the second son, who was away doing his military service (very much against his will), telling of camp life under the burning suns of Africa, and of the longing for home. The letters always ended, "*Votre fils, qui est malgré lui un soldat.*" The poor mother's eyes would fill with tears, and she would hurl maledictory epithets against the law that took her boys one after another. But a pleasant letter came one day—it was an invitation to a wedding. Madame M——'s niece was to be married, and we were all invited. What a state of excitement the house was thrown into; all the boys vowed they had "nothing to wear." Next day a piece of blue-gray cloth was brought from town (Caen), and a seamstress sent for (for in the country the men do not wear tailor-made clothes). The seamstress appeared. She was one of those monstrosities one meets with often in France and through the Continent. The cloth was measured and cut, and we all plied our needles with a determination that none should be missing from the marriage-feast. Our efforts were crowned with success, for six o'clock of a bright sunny morning, a week later, saw us all ready for the eighteen-mile drive to St. Charle de Percy, or, Mons Champ le Petit.

Arriving at the residence of the bride (a farmhouse), we found the wedding-party assembled and only awaiting our arrival to start for the church. The bride wore a dark-blue cashmere dress, a black jacket trimmed with lace, and around her prim little white cap was a wreath of orange-blossoms. The bridesmaids were dressed like the bride, while the men all wore the same blue-gray cloth pantaloons and dark bronzy-blue blouses, reaching almost to the knees. The groom and his four best men had each a large, white silk handkerchief pinned cornerwise to the right shoulder, hanging in front. Two-and-two they started off, taking a short cut through the orchards and lanes to the church, where, as soon as the

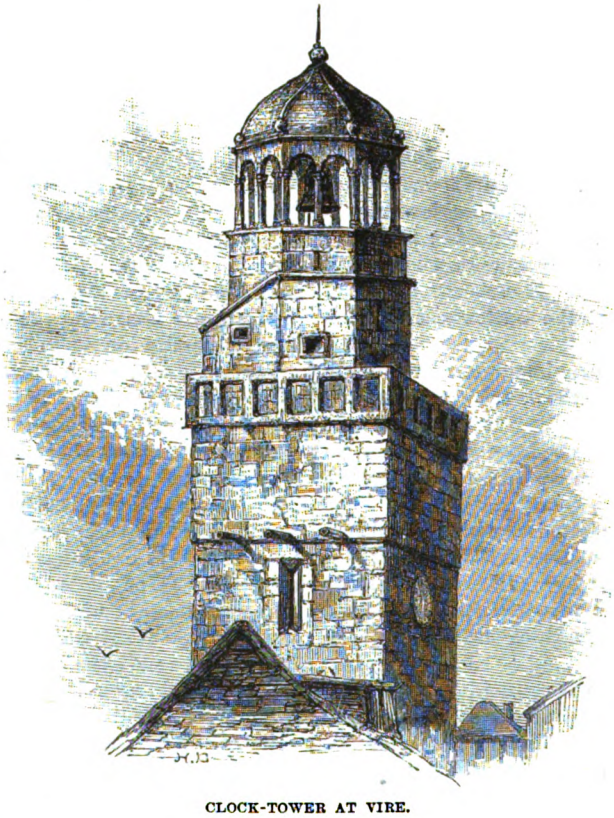
party appeared, the bells rang a merry peal. All took seats in the pews, and the priest, accompanied by the assistant, advanced to the centre of the nave, calling upon Henri ——— and Alphonsine ——— to come forward. Standing in the centre of the church, the marriage service was read, and the answers given which made them man and wife. They then advanced up to the altar-rails, taking their places at the *priedieu* arranged for them. Mass was said, after which we all filed into the vestry to sign the registry. I sometimes wonder if I shall ever be called to hold faith to the signature I left in that little church amongst the hills so many thousand miles away! We returned as we had come, two-and-two, the bridegroom walking with his mother-in-law, the bride escorted by an old friend of the family. At the gate of the church was spread a table with wine and cake, and as each couple passed they drank to the health of the newly married.

Arriving at the house, we found breakfast laid under a long tent, the guests numbering nearly seventy persons. The bride, or as she was now called, the *bru*, sat at the head of the table; the groom and best men taking the white handkerchiefs from their shoulders, fastened them to the canvas behind the bride; the flowers she received were arranged likewise, forming quite a pretty picture. The breakfast passed merrily; and certainly a better prepared one I have never eaten. The toasts and songs kept us at table until a late hour. Then dancing commenced on the greensward to the music of the violin. It was the old-fashioned quadrille, danced to the slow, stately steps of the minuet. At midnight we again repaired to the tent for supper. It was now the time when, according to old custom, the *bru's* garter must be obtained by one of the groomsmen. It is cut into as many pieces as there are unmarried girls, who treasure it and dream on it the first night after the wedding. Dancing was recommenced with fresh vigor, and kept up until coffee was served, at a little before seven o'clock, after which all repaired to the church to attend Mass. The day passed as the other, with dancing and feasting, and it was not until sunrise that the guests, with many wishes to the young couple, commenced to disperse.

Once more we were seated behind our fast Normandy horses, *en route* for Vire, which, strictly speaking, is the last town in Lower Normandy. We drew up at the Hotel de la Ste. Vierge, which is on the principal street. It is a quaint old place, standing a little back from the street. A flight of steps leads up to the porched entrance, which is surmounted by a statue of their *patronne* in brilliantly painted robes. Inside, everything was of the old style; handsomely carved Louis XIV. furniture, a *garniture de cheminée* of Henri II., floors polished to such an extent that they renewed in us a desire for "just one more dance" of the early morning. Madame, our landlady, in an old-fashioned, towering Norman lace cap, and short but ample skirts, came with us to our room to see in person to our comforts. Everything was in order; the linen and draperies of the beds and windows were of the whitest. She threw open the *persiennes*, then bustled off, returning in a few minutes with a large bowl filled with dark velvety wallflowers.

"Mesdames, nous prendrons une tasse de café, avec la goutte, n'est-ce pas, mesdames?"

We were glad of some coffee after our long drive, and it was still two hours before breakfast. She reappeared very soon with a salver bearing two small, delicately painted cups, a silver coffee-pot, a diminutive carafon of clear, golden calvados, and two hot brioches. We were surely honored guests.



CLOCK-TOWER AT VIRE.

With much just pride she told us that the plateau and *pot à café* had descended to her from one of her ancestors who had served, centuries ago, the lords of the chateau now in ruins, which is so admirably described in Longfellow's "Vire." Later in the day she showed us a falcon's chain, which was also an heirloom. What wonderful stories those souvenirs could tell of the days of powder, puffs and patches; of royal hunts and court intrigues; reminiscences more interesting and strange than those of Ouida's "Puck."

Vire is perhaps the most primitive town in Normandy, retaining old manners, old customs, and old dress. The portes de la ville are in excellent preservation, the lower parts being mostly turned into shops, but without changing anything of their mediæval appearance. The "Tour de l'Horloge" was formerly the boundary of the city, but now the streets extend beyond it. In the lower part is a niche containing a statue, and underneath the prayer, "Marie Protége la Ville." We pass under the arch and follow the street, which brings us to the open place where stands the cathedral, a very old, richly carved structure. At a distance, on a height surrounded by grand old trees, is the "Donjon," all that remains of the chateau of the "Valley of the Vire." We wound our way up the rising to the walls of the *crénelé* tower. Down below the band was playing, the *allée* was thronged with promenaders, and courtships go on under the trees as in the days of yore. On the other side we look on the valley and the Vire, and the ruins of the mill. A little further away are the remains of a monastery, where good men fasted and prayed, and held the flesh in subjection, while those of the chateau were enjoying the good but "fleeting things" of this world. The principal streets

A WEDDING CAVALCADE IN NORMANDY.

are full of shops, with gayly decorated windows containing mostly nicknacks, and photographs of the town and its surroundings. We had a wide choice of souvenirs, from old vases of India to penholders made of porcupine quills, which are found in the neighboring woods. Some of the streets climb such steep hills that one would wonder how a horse and wagon could ever mount them. Those are narrow, with small shops, whose wares are abundantly placed *en évidence* on the sidewalk. The centre of the town is given up to the Marché, to which the peasants bring their produce; or else peddle them in little donkey carts. We met one woman of an early morning, who, to save the four sous a day tax on a cart, had placed her baskets containing butter and eggs on either side of the donkey, she taking the seat in the centre. Such is the length to which French peasants will go to save a few centimes. Near the market-place is the "Tour St. Sauveur," the most picturesque of the fortifications; the niche in front contains a statue of the child Jesus holding the world in His hand. On the other side of the street from the Marché are old baronial residences, large iron gates open to paved courtyards which lead up to broad terraces, which are well shaded by fine old trees. The outskirts of the town are dotted with handsome villas and chateaus, where the Parisians come in the Summer and remain late into the Autumn.

FISH-HAWK AND FRIGATE-BIRD.

The distribution of land and water on the Gulf coast of Florida is very favorable to the existence of fish, and the flats and creeks swarm with life. Birds subsisting on fish diet also abound. Long lines of pelicans can be seen on every hand; armies of cranes stalk about; fish-hawks abound.

These latter are arboreal in their habits, nesting in the tops of the pine-trees, and rarely resting on the ground. For the most part they fish in the secluded creeks and inlets, hovering over the water and capturing their prey by suddenly diving upon it; but sometimes they fish in the open waters. While large, active-winged birds, they never soar. On first acquaintance their actions seemed inexplicable; while in the hidden creeks they uttered no cry and seemed to be masters of the gentle art; but in the open, allured thereto by a school of mullet, at the moment when they would seem eager for action and all alive with expectation, just as they might be swooping on a fish, they would emit a discordant, frightened scream, and make for the shore with a haste so ill-advised as to seriously impede their progress. The shelter of the trees gained, the terror would subside. Desire for food would tempt the bird once more out, and again and again the same frantic performance was to be witnessed.

The reason was soon made evident. A fine specimen of the fish-hawk swooped on a fish, which soon left its element and swung aloft in the bird's talons. The hawk began its homeward journey. But now a newcomer appeared on the scene. A black creature, which seemed all wings, dropped from above and confronted the hawk, which at once let go its prey and uttered a scream so brimful of mortal terror as to excite one's pity. The hawk was not struck, and it made off with wild haste for shore. The intruder was a frigate-bird, which seized the dropped fish in its beak long ere the prey reached the water, and then, with a sweep of exquisite grace, on tense wings, fronting a mild breeze, the corsair was lifted half a mile into the air. A bite was taken from the fish by a wringing motion of the bird's head, which sent the carcass whirling. The morsel being swallowed, the bird, folding its wings tightly on its body, dropped swiftly after the fish, seized it, again swept upward, and then the performance was repeated till the meal was over.

In a personal contest for superiority on the ground of physical strength the frigate-bird, with its small legs and feet and its head and beak not stronger than the fish-hawk's, was no match for the latter; but sometimes the fish-hawk does not play its part as capturer of the prey desired by the frigate-bird, and several of these latter combine to cut off its retreat landward, swoop about it until the unfortunate victim loses its power of screaming, then of flight; down it falls at last exhausted into the waters of the Gulf; the demon birds still pursue it; with their miserable, puny feet they alight on it, and push it beneath the surface, continuing in one case to do this for over an hour, until the bird was dead. When the hawks captured fish they were not so treated—they were robbed, not killed. It would seem as if the existence of the fish-hawk as a species depended on their understanding this, and that now and then those that did not understand lost their lives in the struggle.

WAITING—A SONG.

By Fanny Forrester.

I am waiting, oh, my darling! in the gloaming,
As I waited in the gloaming long ago;
When the soft Spring breeze, through hawthorn branches roaming,
Waved their lovely fairy banners to and fro.
I am waiting, but my face is worn with sorrow,
And the gold has all departed from my hair;
Yet these faded cheeks will glow with joy to-morrow,
When my darling showers his tender kisses there.

I am waiting, but my eyes are dim with weeping,
Oh, my dearest, through long years of bitter pain;
They have lost their youthful light, while fondly keeping
All their loving, faithful watches still in vain.
Thou wilt think of all my weariness and sadness,
Looking down into their tearful depths, and then
They will shine with all the old-time love and gladness,
See thy well-loved face, and never weep again.

I am waiting, in my robe of snowy whiteness—
In that dear white robe my darling loved the best—
And a wild red rose, in all its glowing brightness,
I have twined within the kerchief o'er my breast.
I have placed a tiny cluster of white daisies
(Thou wilt love to see them nestling there, I know)
In the sun-kissed locks that won thy fondest praises
In that happy, happy springtime long ago.

Ah, my dearest, I am listening in the gloaming
To the welcome, welcome music of thy voice;
And the fragrant breeze, through hawthorn branches roaming,
Waves their fairy banners high, and shouts "Rejoice!"
Now my trembling hands are folded close in thine, love,
And my longing eyes behold thy face at last;
While I hear thee fondly whispering, "Ever mine, love,"
For the weary, weary waiting now is past!

HOW ANTONIO RICAURTE SAVED THE GUNS.

What the Fourth of July is for the United States of America, the Eleventh of November is for the United States of Colombia—a day of intense patriotism, fizzing rockets and awful waste of gunpowder. For it was on November 11th, 1811, that some gallant spirits—too true to their country to turn back at the frown of Spain, even though one of her kings had said, in his pride, "At

Spain's least movement the earth trembles"—met in the City of Carthagena, signed and issued to their countrymen an *Acta de Independencia*, which was their Declaration of Independence.

This *Acta* spread like prairie-fire through the country. It enlisted, in addition to Simon Bolivar, men like Sucre, Paéz, Santander, Córdoba, Ricaurte, Jirardot, Deluyar, and others who filled up, with brave deeds, the annals of national valor.

One among these, Antonio Ricaurte, has come down to us to-day—a special type of those who sacrifice themselves for their country. This hero was young, not over twenty-eight years, was not high-ranked, signing a simple *capitan* after his name, and was not known out of Sante Fé de Bogotá, whence he had come to battle bravely and to die grandly.

The events with which Ricaurte is associated took place during the War of Independence of the Spanish American Colonies against the power of Spain.

The year was 1813, the month March, the battlefield San Mateo, near Carácas. The situation of the patriots of Venezuela was critical. The main point threatened by the Spaniards was the capital, but a lion stood in the path between them and Carácas. That lion was General Simon Bolivar, already being then talked of as the coming *Libertador*.

The royalists, two thousand infantry with five thousand cavalry, were commanded by General Bóves. A brave but unscrupulous soldier, Bóves was a fit leader of men who, though formidable in numbers, were undisciplined, and were kept together only by the hope of plunder. His forces were the terror of the peaceful inhabitants, and the atrocious butchery of Ocumare by his lieutenant, Rosete, in February, had added to the horror with which the campaign of 1813 had opened. To meet this large force—which, if unruly, had shown itself capable of good fighting—General Bolivar had only one thousand five hundred infantry and six hundred cavalry.

He had fortified himself as well as he was able at San Mateo, a village some forty miles from Carácas. The position was well-chosen, the village being situated in a plain, crowned on the north and south, by eminences.

On one of the heights was a house belonging to Bolivar, and near it, though further toward the east, extended the *ingenio*, or mill, which was one of his valuable patrimonial possessions.

Bolivar caused trenches to be dug, cutting the principal road to Victoria, which crossed the village of San Mateo and ran by the foot of the mill. His headquarters were in a street near the trenches, while a strong force guarded the ford of the River Aragua.

Bóves—a furious war-wolf—had the men, but he lacked artillery and ordnance. General Bolivar, who had more than he needed of both, had not the men, and it was in this that his main danger lay.

He had only on the 10th of the month sent General Montilla, with three hundred chosen troops, to the relief of Carácas, then threatened by Rosete, the butcher of Ocumare. This had left him with eighteen hundred men of all arms, against nearly four times that number.

He had already deposited the surplus of his artillery and ordnance supplies in the mill, with a guard of fifty men, commanded by Captain Antonio Ricaurte, a young officer in whose discretion and courage he had great confidence.

This is how matters stood. If General Bolivar could save his magazine and artillery from Bóves, who had none, he ought to succeed in driving the latter from the country, thus leaving his own army free to reinforce General Montilla at Carácas. If Bóves, at this time without a single field-gun, could once seize the guns stored at the mill, he would, with his great superiority in numbers, become master of the situation, annihilate the patriot army at San Mateo, and take Carácas at his ease.

Valencia, the heroic city, would not be able to resist him, and the fertile valleys of Aragua would lie helpless before him, a rich harvest for his thievish *Llaneros*.

These were the immediate certainties; but beyond these known results loomed up the unknown possibilities—the destruction of the patriot bands elsewhere, the States left defenseless, the death or capture of Bolivar, and the despair which would have paralyzed the republican councils from the Bay of Panama to the sources of the Amazon.

It was under these circumstances that Bóves, after repeated attacks upon various points of Bolivar's lines, becoming convinced that his forces would be gradually weakened, without any hope of ultimate success, finally decided to risk a general engagement.

To this he was moved equally by his own aversion to inactivity and the clamors of the wild *Llaneros*, brave in their numbers and chafing at delay.

In this new attack his objective point was to be the mill, and a stratagem was decided on to effect its capture. His spies had already reported that all the spare artillery and the ordnance were there, guarded by a small force. That point, therefore, represented his supreme necessity. His plan of battle was skillful as well as daring. It was, to detach a powerful column against the rear of the height on which was stationed the left flank of the enemy's force, to turn it, and then to advance swiftly upon the mill, left by this sudden movement at his mercy, while Bóves himself, at the head of his other troops, was to divert the attention of the patriots by a violent assault upon the fortifications on the plain of San Mateo.

This plan was followed to the letter. The day was the 25th of March. Bóves attacked the trenches furiously. His known courage animated the valor of his followers to recklessness. They poured themselves, a stream of men, against the defenses.

Behind the parapet Bolivar stood calm and confident in the precautions he had taken. The royalists had already charged repeatedly, but to be as often driven back with heavy loss by the well-directed fire from the patriot artillery.

The *Llaneros* swept again and again to the very foot of the fortifications, but only to fall by the side of those comrades over whose dead bodies they had advanced to the charge.

But in the very heat of the battle, while the ranks of the assaulting force were thus being decimated, and while the whole attention of the patriots was directed to the defense at this point, the surprise column had already, in silence, ascended the height in the rear of the left flank of the small army, had routed the thin line, and was now for the first time seen descending with an evident design of seizing the mill.

Bolivar's keen eye at once saw the new danger. He recognized how fatal would be the success of the enemy now—not only to himself, but to that proud capital left with all its wealth helpless but for him and for what measures he could now adopt to save her. There seemed nothing else for him to do than await the blow which had not been expected and against which no provision could have been made.

Fifty men, were they as bold as those of Thermopylæ, could have offered no effective resistance from an open

house and exposed position to the thousands who now, fully displayed to view, were seen pressing from the rear at double-quick.

Bóves, triumphant in the success of his stratagem, became more and more eager in his assaults. It mattered little to him how many men he would lose at the trenches, if he only succeeded in gaining the mill.

General Bolivar, looking upon this movement, not venturing to doubt its success, and foreseeing all the consequences, was thrown (says the Granadan historian, José Manuel Restrepo) "into a horrible uncertainty for several moments."

But what had Ricaurte been doing all this time?

He had watched almost from its incipiency the movement by which the Spaniards had turned the patriot left flank. He had probably even seen their destination before General Bolivar himself, and his measures were at once taken.

It is related that, calling his comrades around him, he told them that it would be of no use to defend the mill — that they were a mere handful, while the enemy were to be counted by tens of hundreds, and that it was better that they should leave at once.

RICAURTE, IN THE MILL OF SAN MATEO, AWAITING THE APPROACH OF THE ROYALISTS.

"I have no right to expose you," he said. "You have time enough to escape."

"And what are *you* going to do, *mi capitan?*" asked one of the men.

"I will stay behind only for a few minutes," replied Ricaurte.

"But if we go without you, what shall we say to the general?"

"Tell him," replied Ricaurte, with kindling eyes, "that I shall save the guns from the enemy. Go, my friends," he added, in a gentler tone; "I shall not be long here."

His comrades did not know it, but Ricaurte had spoken the truth. He was not long there. Here the fight has been brought to the very moment of sacrifice.

At this point let us borrow the frigid voice with which history recounts the deeds of her martyrs. It is the same historian, Restrepo, who gives us the story:

"The young Granadan, Captain Antonio Ricaurte, seeing that the enemy were certain to capture the depot, and that the seizure of the park of artillery would give them the victory, proceeded to place the troops which he commanded in safety, they defiling by his orders toward the plain, while he, with a lighted match in his hand, waited the approach of the royalists. When they had come near enough he set fire to the powder, and the magazine exploded with a terrible noise. The enemy suffered fearful havoc, the frightened remnants of the column fled, and Ricaurte, sacrificing himself for his country, saved the republican army from total destruction. If Bóves had possessed himself of those stores he would have exterminated the patriots in San Mateo. Thus Ricaurte deserves an eternal name for so sublime a sacrifice." The explosion of the magazine, heard and understood over the whole field, tended to dishearten the royalists, while in equal degree it encouraged the patriots.

At this critical moment Bolivar, sending away his horse, headed a charge on foot. This onslaught was irresistible; the Spaniards, after a feeble resistance, fled in all directions, the battle was over, and Carácas was saved.

A NOBLE part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly or thoughtlessly done.

A COZY RETREAT.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED).

ABEL LISPENARD plunged into a path dark with trees, passed Lilian's garden, crossed a lawn, and avoiding the main entrance of the house, came to a side door, which was locked. He drew a key from his pocket, and leaving the dog Cossack outside as a sentinel, he darted into the house, and Gilbert Vye with him.

"What I do is not for your sake, but for your daughter's," he said. "My servants must not see us. For your life make no sound!"

He snatched a silver lamp from the hand of a figure in bronze that stood just inside the door, and with more rapidity than might have been expected from his short legs, mounted a tufted stair, entered a handsome corridor, and at last paused, with the fugitive, before that

holiest of holies, the long-closed rooms of Lilian Lispenard. Was there no struggle in his heart as he unlocked that sacred door? Ay, verily! But he went in, and Gilbert Vye after him.

"Shelter me, Mr. Lispenard," said the outlaw, "till the hue and cry at Rookwood is over, and I will give you no further trouble."

"If I do that," answered Lispenard, sternly, as he put the silver lamp down on the table, and turned to the haunted, haggard man, the degenerate son of an ancient race, pursued now by his own kin, "you must swear by everything you hold dear to quit your old life; to abandon, from this hour, both the name and the character of Black Dave; to repent of your past misdeeds, and become again an honest man."

Over the back of a chair in the centre of the floor trailed a priceless Indian shawl. Gilbert Vye stumbled blindly in its rich folds, then recovered himself, and smiled down at the dwarf in a ghastly way.

"My dear sir, you think, doubtless, that you are asking an easy thing. However, I have no choice. Yes, I will swear to do all that, and as much more as you please!"

"Understand me!" said Lispenard; "I know your crimes, Gilbert Vye, and I abhor them! You justly deserve the fate that threatens you. Nevertheless, I give you my word that you are safe here, that I will do my utmost to save you from your nephew, not that I feel the slightest sympathy for you, not that I wish to shield you from punishment; but solely for the sake of another person, who will suffer if you receive your just deserts."

Up went Gilbert Vye's shoulders.

"Greatly obliged, Mr. Lispenard, I'm sure! You have me at an immense disadvantage just now, so I shall take care not to be angry with you. It is plain that I made a bad move when I came East. How unfortunate, too, that my daughter's lover should possess so good a memory! I hope to Heaven he will not know that I am hiding here!"

"Captain Shirlaw has left the Dale," answered Lispenard, shortly.

"Ha!"

"And this room is never visited by any member of my household—I alone have the key to it."

"Good."

In a sort of stern wonder, not unmixed with positive aversion, Lispenard recoiled from his guest.

"You are by birth a Vye," he said, "and by breeding a gentleman. How could you fall so low?—how could you become the creature you now are?"

"It is a long story," answered Gilbert Vye, with perfect indifference. "I had lost everything, and necessity knows no law. It was imperative that I should have money, so I took it, *sans cérémonie*. Remember, I had two young daughters to provide for, and, 'pon my soul! I meant to give up the business when they should be settled in life, and return East and become the most respectable of all the respectable Vyes. But my plans have miscarried." His eyes fell suddenly on the wonderful portrait of Lilian Lispenard hanging above him on the wall. He snatched up the silver lamp that he might examine it closer. "Heaven above! what a strange resemblance!" he muttered. "Do you not see it?" turning sharply, suspiciously on Lispenard.

"Resemblance—to whom?" demanded Lispenard.

"Look for yourself. You are blind!—you cannot recall the person who has a face like this? Then, perhaps, I had better not mention her!" putting the light coolly back upon the table.

Abel Lispenard could bear no more. The boudoir of his idolized, ill-fated sister changed to the hiding-place of a robber and murderer—it was too much! He went out quickly, locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket and descended to the lower portion of the house.

He sat down to the piano in his luxurious music-room, and struck a few chords. In the midst of Donizetti's sweetest music, played as only this frog-man could play, steps crossed the terrace without. Cossack gave a warning bark, and a sharp ring at the bell followed.

He knew who his visitors were—knew their errand, but he went on playing brilliantly, breathlessly, absorbed, apparently, in his music. Presently a footman opened the door.

"A gentleman to see you sir," he announced, and then Abel Lispenard turned and saw Cyril Vye, with his eyeglass screwed in his eye, standing, like a smiling Mephistopheles, on the threshold of the music-room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HONOR OR MIGNON?

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast!" said the lawyer, airily. "Sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Lispenard."

Lispenard struck one long, wailing note, and pushed back from the instrument.

"To what am I indebted for this late visit?" he asked, glancing at the clock, which pointed to the wee sma' hours.

Cyril Vye stepped briskly into the apartment.

"There is trouble at Rookwood," he answered. "My Uncle Gilbert has suddenly disappeared—some temporary aberration of mind, doubtless. We are all greatly alarmed. I have friends outside who are aiding me to search for him. We feel almost certain that he has crossed the river to your grounds."

Abel Lispenard did not move an eyelash. Square and short of figure, pale and powerful of face, he stood under the clustered gas-jets and looked sternly at Cyril Vye.

"*Who* is alarmed—his daughter?"

"Luckily, no," replied Vye, lightly. Mignon is asleep. We do not care to annoy her with this matter to-night."

"Very considerate of you," sneered Lispenard. "Possibly your fears are groundless. Gilbert Vye may be indulging in one of the night gallops of which he is so fond. Why this solicitude over a few hours' absence?"

Cyril Vye smiled.

"My dear Lispenard, the horses are all in the stable, so he is *not* riding. I must find him at once. My friends have come to the Dale to-night expressly to make his acquaintance. *Can* you give us any information concerning him?"

"None," said Lispenard, sternly, decidedly.

Cyril Vye gnawed his lip.

"A boat was seen to put in to your landing-place a short time ago. Have your people been on the river to-night?"

"Yes, one of my servants, on an errand that does not concern you in the least."

"My uncle has a dual nature, and he lives, I may say, a dual life. He is also sharp—deuced sharp. It is quite likely that, unbeknown to you, he may be lurking, even now, about your premises." Then, as if disdaining further disguise, he broke out with a coarse oath. "He has fled from Rookwood fast enough. By Jóve! he had good reasons to fly! Now, Lispenard, I must beg you, as the friend of honest men, and the foe of scoundrels, to

permit my companions to search your house and grounds thoroughly."

Lispenard stepped calmly out into his hall. Two persons were waiting there, both well known to him.

"How are you, sheriff?" he said to the foremost. "You find me keeping late hours. You wish to search my house? I shall be glad to conduct you wherever you desire to go."

He began to throw back the doors near at hand, and with perfect alacrity to open all the nooks and corners of the sumptuous rooms on the ground floor. Then they ascended the stair. Cyril Vye never took his eyes off Lispenard. He knew that, however calm the dwarf might be in outward appearance, inwardly he was in a towering rage at this midnight invasion of his lordly home.

They went through all the upper apartments of the mansion—the guest-chambers, and even the quarters of the sleeping servants—but found no trace, no sign of Gilbert Vye. At last the party arrived at the closed rooms once occupied by poor Lilian Lispenard. The dwarf put one hand on the door of communication.

"The two apartments within," he said, "are sacred to the memory of my dead sister; neither you nor any other person can enter here!"

His face had suddenly grown white and rigid.

"It is not necessary for us to go in," said the sheriff, courteously. "We know Mr. Lispenard and his family history. He has only to assure us that the person we are looking for is not inside, and we shall be satisfied."

Which should conquer now—honor or Mignon? For her sake could he stoop, even to falsehood? For her sake would he forfeit his self-esteem, and sin against his own soul? Cyril Vye watched him sharply. There was a moment of blank silence, then in a firm voice Lispenard said to the sheriff:

"*There is no one inside that door!*"

They descended to the lawn. Lispenard called his men-servants to bring lanterns and aid in the search. From end to end of the shrubberies and gardens they went, along the river-bank, up and down, here, there and everywhere, but discovered no fugitive. Gilbert Vye was not to be found.

Gray and unreadable as stone, Abel Lispenard stood under the Autumn stars, and watched Cyril Vye and the officers depart.

"A thousand thanks for your assistance, Mr. Lispenard," said the sheriff.

Cyril Vye cast a queer look up to Lilian Lispenard's dark window, high in the tower. He made a mocking bow to the dwarf.

"Abel Lispenard, you have been one too many for me to-night," he said, and then they went away—went off across the garden, to the little jetty by the river, and Lispenard stood and listened, till their receding footsteps died away in the distance.

CHAPTER XXX.

BY THE RIVER.

All that night Mignon slept the sleep of youth and health and innocence, happily unconscious of everything that was passing around her. The sun was shining brightly when she awoke, and by her pillow she found Philip Vye's pale wife sitting, like a marble statue.

"Aunt Elinor!" cried Mignon, springing up on her pillow, in wonder; "how worn and anxious, and altogether ghostly you look!"

"Do I, my dear?" answered Elinor Vye, with a wan smile. "I came here to guard you. I feared you might be disturbed, and you were quite tired out with your journey, you know. Have you slept well?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Mignon, rising at once and proceeding to dress. "Why, it is positively nine o'clock! I dare say somebody is waiting for me below stairs—papa—or—or——"

"Captain Shirlaw?" prompted Elinor Vye, hurriedly; "no—neither, my dear. I have something to say to you, Mignon—you will not see your father this morning. He has been called suddenly away—I would rather be the first person to tell you this." Her voice unconsciously took a tone of distress. "Don't speak of him, either to your cousin Cyril or your uncle. We are two helpless women, made to be crushed by hands stronger than our own. Gilbert is gone. Let us say that he has been driven away by financial embarrassments—men do strange things under that name, you know. You must be very patient and wise, Mignon—you must not ask questions, and you must not fret."

Mignon looked at Aunt Elinor, aghast.

"Papa gone, and without a word to me!" she cried.

Even Elinor Vye could play the hypocrite when occasion required.

"My dear," she said, sweetly, "he has left you to me. *I* am now to take charge of you. Some time you will know all about the matter, but for the present, you must be silent, and trust those who love you. I have ordered breakfast in my little sitting-room, and in an hour the carriage will be at the door to take us to town. We will spend the day with the Berkelys. They have lately purchased a whole gallery of paintings which I know you will like to see."

Mignon felt as though she had received a cold *douche*. They sat down to a *tête-à-tête* breakfast, the girl in a brown study, Elinor Vye watching her anxiously. Mignon little dreamed of the fever of alarm and dread that was raging all the while in the heart of the meek woman. If only she could keep from her innocent young niece the knowledge of the truth!

"I will be very patient for papa's sake," said Mignon, after quite a long pause. "I will ask no questions, Aunt Elinor—it is enough that he has left me to you. I fear he spent a great deal of money in New York. He *would* gratify all my whims. Oh, I blame myself for it!"

"Poor child!" groaned Aunt Elinor; "blame yourself for nothing!—you are entirely innocent of this trouble."

They arose from the breakfast which neither had tasted, and made ready for a day in town.

"Before we start, Aunt Elinor," faltered Mignon, "let me go down to the garden. Captain Shirlaw will see me there, and he left so suddenly last night—do you not remember?—I am sure he will wish to offer explanations."

"Very well," replied Aunt Elinor, in blissful ignorance that Captain Shirlaw had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, "I will wait for you a half hour, my dear."

Mignon descended to the sunny garden. Rookwood was very quiet. She saw no one about, save the Scotch gardener, who was raking dead leaves from the walks. In a pensive mood she sauntered down to the river-bank. As she paused there, looking wistfully across the current, and wondering where her lover might be, a boat put out from the stone jetty, and not Shirlaw, but Abel Lispenard, scrambled over its side at the Rookwood landing-place.

"Captain Shirlaw left the Dale last night," he began, holding out a letter to Mignon. "He asked me to give you this."

With a blank face she took it, broke the seal and read these words:

"Since you and I must suffer for the sins of others; since marriage between us is no longer possible, I must beg you to release me from my engagement. Circumstances beyond my control compel me to leave the Dale in haste, and also forbid me to return to it; but, rest assured, my respect and esteem will be yours always."

That was all. She was jilted. The paper fell from her powerless hand. She turned a white, changed face upon Lispenard.

"He is gone!" she gasped; "he will never come back!"

How strangely impotent a thing is human love! Abel Lispenard would have given his life for this girl, and yet he could not save her a single pang. His eyes glowed like an angry hawk's.

"Then forget him," he answered, harshly; "do not give him another thought. He is not worthy of you!"

At the frog-man she looked down with large, tearless eyes.

"They have all fled from me," she said, in a dull, dreary voice, that had neither life nor hope left in it—"sister, father, lover! I do not know what it means—I have tried to think, but I cannot. I am forsaken by one and all. There is no one now who cares for me in the least."

"Is there not?" he answered. "You are ungrateful. I know of a person who would die to serve you? Die, do I say? There are tests more severe than death—to stoop to falsehood, dishonor; to sin against all one's own ideas of right for your sake; to stand condemned before one's self, yet exulting in the abasement, since peace by such means has been purchased for you. Tell me, is not that a test of love?"

She looked blank, uncomprehending, like one who listens to idle tales.

"I do not understand you," she said, wearily, almost impatiently. "No one living would do such things for me, not even Aunt Elinor. To go without a word—that is very odd. Everybody behaves so strangely of late. I am frightened and perplexed by such hasty flittings, such unsatisfactory, unexplained conduct."

"Let nothing frighten or perplex you," replied Abel Lispenard, "even though you fail to adjust your understanding to certain recent events, Miss Vye. Have you seen your cousin Cyril this morning?"

"No."

"Nor your uncle?"

She shook her head. Her flower-like face had grown as white and cold as marble, her seal-brown eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"I have seen no one but Aunt Elinor, and she insists upon taking me to town for the day. Oh, Mr. Lispenard," in a low, broken voice, "surely you can explain this mystery if you will. Did—did he cease to love me all in a moment?" Lispenard set his teeth.

"He saw your sister," he answered, bluntly, "and his unwelcome love drove her from Rookwood."

It was only half of the truth, but she found it enough. She gave a quick, sobbing cry.

"All is plain to me now," she faltered, bitterly. "What can he mean by saying that we must suffer for the sins of others?"

"Heaven only knows!" answered Lispenard, wildly. "He was probably beside himself. Do not give such absurd words a thought."

She leaned against the nearest tree, like a heart-broken dryad. Her arms fell to her side. Nothing could have been more pitiful than the bowed young figure standing thus, in its visiting-dress of silk and velvet, so sumptuous and so hopeless. Lispenard's heart swelled fiercely. There was silence for a space, then she lifted her head, as though pierced by some new pang.

"And my father," she said, appealing again to the frog-man; "pray, Mr. Lispenard, do you know anything about his sudden disappearance? Aunt Elinor forbade me to speak of him to my uncle or Cyril; but surely I may ask information of *you*—you, whom she esteems so highly. She is hiding something from me, and I am not a child, but a woman."

From the lover who had deserted her the girl's heart turned back to its earliest idol—her father.

"My dear Miss Vye," said Lispenard, steadily, "you can always rely upon your Aunt Elinor's good judgment. Would it comfort you in the least to know that your father is safe, quite safe?—that no harm has befallen him?"

"Comfort me? Yes, oh, yes!" she half sobbed.

"Then I give you my word that such is the case. I cannot explain his disappearance to your satisfaction; but believe me when I assure you that all is well with him."

She tried to smile, but the tears began to glisten on her long lashes.

"I believe you, Mr. Lispenard. I will try to be satisfied."

She held out her lovely satin-smooth hands. He gathered them closely into his own. His face glowed with a sort of luminous pallor. Thank God! She no longer found him repulsive!

"Go with Aunt Elinor," he said, his deep voice growing unspeakably kind and sweet, "and be happy, Miss Vye—forget everything but this one fact—in spite of all that has happened, you are neither friendless nor forsaken."

She made him a grave little bow, turned quickly, and went away up the garden-path to the house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DEATH.

Elinor Vye carried her niece to town, and, by various excuses, such as fatigue and illness, and a burning desire to pay visits and make purchases, she succeeded in keeping Mignon from Rookwood three entire days. Then the twain returned, to find the old house remarkably quiet—no strange men about it, no mystery, no suspense. The search for Gilbert Vye was over, and his nephew Cyril, baffled, chagrined, defeated, had abandoned the hunt, and was now meditating what his next move against Mignon's peace should be.

Both the river and the station—the main avenues of escape from the Dale—had been watched night and day, and yet Gilbert Vye had managed to elude his nephew—yea, he was gone! The outlaw's wonderful luck had not yet deserted him, it seemed.

"He never got off without help," said Cyril Vye privately to his father, and he ground his teeth in a fury of impotent disappointment. "Somebody gave him a hand. Now, who was it?"

"I neither know nor care," answered the elder Vye, in deep disgust. "Never mention the affair to me again, Cyril! Thank God he has escaped! You would have made a shocking scandal, and overwhelmed us all with utter disgrace, simply to gratify your spite against Mignon. Gilbert is gone, and you may be sure that none of us will ever see him again."

THE THREE SISTERS.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY KIESLING.

"We shall *hear* of him, sooner or later," said Cyril, dryly.

As for Mignon she bore herself with quiet dignity, keeping close to Aunt Elinor, and making no mention either of her father or her recreant lover, whose abrupt departure had provoked much comment in the Dale. It was now known everywhere that Shirlaw's engagement with the beautiful Miss Vye was over, though nobody pretended to understand why the match had been so suddenly broken off.

Cyril Vye watched her closely, but gave her no other annoyance. Mignon had a vein of heroism in her nature—she did not wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at. She could suffer and keep silent. Her big, eager eyes looked wistfully at the mails as they arrived at Rookwood, but no word came from her father. Sometimes her anxiety seemed more than she could bear. In such moments she had but one comfort—the memory of her last conversation with Lispenard by the river.

As she was passing Elinor Vye's dressing-room one morning, the door chanced to be standing half-open, and Mignon, glancing through, saw, to her astonishment, the lady of Rookwood on her knees, in the centre of the apartment, with hands raised in supplication to her son, who stood with his back to the threshold, looking down with cold indifference on his kneeling mother.

"Cyril, Cyril!" Mignon heard her plead, wildly, incoherently, "don't tell her—don't break her heart! He is gone—we shall never see him again—*she* will never see him again—she need never know the truth. Oh, it would be wicked, it would be cruel to tell her *now*. Have mercy upon her, Cyril—have mercy upon me, your mother!"

"My dear mamma, you plead well," sneered Cyril Vye, "but what mercy has she ever shown to me?"

"See me here at your feet, for her sake," groaned the unreasoning woman. "Spare her, Cyril!—do not make me curse the hour you were born!"

Mignon stood rooted in her tracks, unseen, wondering. For whom could Elinor Vye be pleading so abjectly, and what was the fearful thing that was not to be revealed? Cyril Vye seemed to deliberate for a moment, then he drawled, carelessly:

"I will make a bargain with you, if you like, mamma. Pay my debts, and I will hold my peace—at least, for the present. My father declares he can no longer raise the money to meet my obligations—do you assume the task, in his place, and I promise to be—for a season, at least—as silent as the grave."

"I will! I will!" gasped Elinor Vye. "I will sell my jewels, Cyril. They are valuable enough, as you well know, to cover your debts."

He gave a heartless little laugh.

"Indeed they are! Greatly obliged, I'm sure. By my soul, what fools these women be! They are never so happy as when deep in heroic sacrifice. It seems a great pity, though, for I have her now in my power——"

"No, no, Cyril; *I* am here!"

"You!"—contemptuously—"pooh! It is fortunate for her that I am open to bribes—that I *must* have money——"

Mignon heard no more. A sudden panic seized her. She turned noiselessly and darted down the stair, trembling with a nameless terror.

"Eavesdropping is an unprofitable business," she said to herself, and she tried to laugh, but could not.

For days after the memory of that scene in Elinor Vye's dressing-room haunted her like a nightmare.

Wintry desolation settled in the Dale. All the Summer dwellers had departed. The pretty villas along the river were now closed and deserted. Silence and gray skies prevailed.

At Rookwood life had grown as colorless and monotonous as the world of nature outside.

"Your Uncle Philip has decided that we must pass this season at the Dale," said Elinor Vye to her niece. "He has offered our Boston house for sale. I am very sorry for your sake, dear. Winter in the country is always lonely for young people, and I had hoped that you would make your *début* in society before the holidays were over. But," sighing deeply, "it has been ordered otherwise, and we must submit."

"Never mind, Aunt Elinor. I dare say I am far happier here with you than I could be in town," replied Mignon, cheerfully.

Philip Vye was now rarely seen at Rookwood. It was understood that a great pressure of important law business kept him in the city. Cyril came and went, but he had changed his tactics. Of a sudden Mignon found him deferential, unobtrusive. He no longer exasperated the lonely girl with his love-making. Only in unguarded moments his ferret eyes would fill up with the old greedy, devouring passion, and warn her that she was not yet safe.

No word came from her father, none from Esther—none, even, from Maud Loftus. She had told Lispenard that she was forsaken by everybody, and so, indeed, she seemed to be.

"You are the last friend left to me, Aunt Elinor," she said, mournfully, to Philip Vye's pale wife.

"God grant that we may not be divided, dear, for a long time to come," answered Elinor Vye, with a queer, frightened look. "You need me, Mignon; you do, indeed!"

"Oh, I know it, I know it, Aunt Elinor!" answered Mignon, as she threw her arms around the frail, gentle woman. "You are the one barrier betwixt me and evil; you are my guardian angel."

Elinor Vye fondly smoothed the ruffled gold of the girl's hair.

"They have been very cruel to you," she said, softly. "Every one, and Captain Shirlaw the most cruel of all! Ah, you still shrink at his name; but you are young—you will forget him. Time is a wonderful healer. I wish—I wish that we could find your sister Esther, poor child, for if I should die suddenly you would greatly need her, Mignon—indeed, she would be your only hope."

"Do not talk about dying suddenly, Aunt Elinor, you frighten me—you break my heart! Surely you are not ill?"

"No, oh, no!" replied Elinor Vye, with a sad smile. "Only at times there is a strange feeling here," pressing her thin hand to her heart; "but we will not borrow trouble, my dear."

After a while she went to the window and looked wistfully out across the snow-covered lawn and garden to the river.

"I wonder why Abel Lispenard comes no more to see us?" she said, in a musing tone. "He is still at his tower, and the servants tell me he has made preparations to pass the Winter there. I hope nothing has been said or done here at Rookwood to displease him,"

"Why, now that I think of it," said Mignon, in a surprised tone, "we have not seen him for weeks, Aunt Elinor!"

"True. I miss him greatly. We at Rookwood are indebted to Abel Lispenard for many favors. It is only

by his generosity and forbearance that we live to-day in this home of your ancestors. Well, my dear, since Cyril and your uncle dine in town, you and I will have a quiet evening with some of our favorite authors. We are not likely to be interrupted, for, with the exception of Mr. Lispenard, who no longer visits us, all our friends are now gone from the Dale."

Mignon went to the library, and brought forth some of Mrs. Vye's favorite books, and the two sat down together in the quiet drawing-room. Outside, the night fell gray and cold, with snow-flakes floating, like scales of silver, through the frosty air. Mrs. Vye worked, as usual, at her embroidery, and Mignon, opening a volume of Owen Meredith's later works, read from that strange and solemn poem, "Thanatos Athanaton." Once she glanced up, and saw that Aunt Elinor looked singularly worn and tired, and that her fingers moved but slowly through the colored silks.

"Do I weary you, Aunt Elinor?" said Mignon, anxiously. "Shall I stop?"

"No, no, my dear," answered Aunt Elinor, with a cheerful smile; "go on—pray go on!"

She went on, for a half-hour or more. The room remained silent, save for her voice. It was a slight movement in the neighboring chair that attracted her attention at last. She looked up in time to see the colored silks drop softly to the floor. Mignon sprang to her feet, with a wild cry:

"Aunt Elinor! Aunt Elinor!"

But no voice answered. The thin, patient hands had fallen on her lap. Her head drooped forward, the chin was resting on the motionless breast. A blue, strange pallor had settled around eyes and lips.

"Speak to me, Aunt Elinor! Speak to me!" prayed Mignon, clasping the silent, chilly shape in her frantic arms; but Elinor Vye would speak no more. Mignon's last friend had flitted away, like sister, lover, father, though on a longer and more solemn journey than either; for there, in the drawing-room of Rookwood, in her easy-chair, under the bright gas-jet, Elinor Vye sat stiff and cold and dead.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AUNT DEB'S TROUBLE.

It stood with one end turned upon a narrow, dark street, not far from Charlestown Bridge—a shabby little cottage, painted a faded yellow, and surrounded by a high wooden wall, fast going to decay. Wedged in between taller buildings, on the sunless side of a city street, the place was not attractive to look at, but it wore an air of retirement and seclusion. Not many days after the flight of Esther Vye from Rookwood, two women, one young and handsome, the other old and ugly, took possession of this dismal little abode, and under its roof set up their household gods.

"We could not live longer in Cinderville, Aunt Deb," said Esther Vye, with a heavy sigh. "After all that has happened there, neither of us could endure the place. A city is like the sea—it swallows and conceals everything. Here we shall be lost, here no one will care who or what we are, and above all, here no person can come seeking us."

Aunt Deb, who looked older and thinner than when we saw her last, rocked back and forth in melancholy fashion.

"I don't care where I am, Essie, so long as I'm not separated from you. Thank the Lord, you had the heart to leave your pa and all your grand kin, and come a traveling back to Cinderville, to find your poor old aunt! I thought to goodness I should die of sheer lonesomeness after Jim Hart took you away—I shall always call him Jim, because that's the only name that seems nat'ral to me. Well, you've tried a husband, and you've tried a father, and rich relations beside, and you've just turned back to me, like the dove to the ark; though the Lord knows you're no dove, Essie, and as an ark, I ain't altogether seaworthy."

They were resting together in the strange cottage, after the labor of unpacking Aunt Deb's possessions. The younger woman had assumed dominion over the elder. So overjoyed was Aunt Deb to find her niece again, that she seemed no longer to have any will but Esther's. Without a murmur, she had suffered the girl to hurry her away from Cinderville—without a murmur she now sat down in this dark city street—in this stifling little cottage, knowing that it was to be her permanent abode.

Esther had told her nothing concerning her flight from Rookwood. She simply declared that it was all the result of unbearable homesickness, and with this explanation, Aunt Deb was satisfied.

"As for anybody seeking you here, Essie," went on the old woman, "you needn't fear that. I'm certain you never killed your Canadian husband, though 'twould have served him right if you had—the traitor! I'm glad to see that you're so well weaned from his memory."

Esther, with her chin in her hand, and her turbulent eyes on vacancy, shuddered, but answered not a word.

"Father Joe," quavered Aunt Deb, "left something; we'll live on that for a spell. I wonder Jim h'ain't helped us more," peevishly. "Looks as though he wasn't as rich as he pretends. Be you a-going to let him know your present whereabouts, Essie?"

"No; why should I? Henceforth I will take care of myself. I am an unnatural daughter—I never loved my father, as a girl should—I love him less than ever now."

Aunt Deb looked strangely uneasy.

"And your stepsister?" she faltered; "do you love her, Essie?"

"Yes; but we will not talk of *her*," answered Esther, in a low, distressed tone.

The two soon settled down to a life of nun-like quiet and simplicity. Strangers in a strange city, they rarely went beyond the tall, rickety gate, which shut them in from the narrow street. Something strange was working in Aunt Deb. She grew more and more depressed. On her mind lay a burden which, strive as she would, she could not throw off. At first she said nothing about it, but simply sat in the dark, silent cottage, and watched Esther, warily, hungrily. Should she open her heart to the girl? No, she could not—she dared not! But one night, quite unexpectedly, a crisis came.

Aunt Deb had been out to prayer-meeting in a little Methodist chapel at the corner of the street. Nine o'clock was striking when she returned to the cottage. By an air-tight stove in the small living room sat Esther, busy with a piece of sewing. She was startled by the odd, haggard look on Aunt Deb's face, as the elder woman put off her black shawl and bonnet. Aunt Deb had failed greatly since leaving Porgy Rock. Perhaps she missed the wholesome freedom of the sea.

"The minister at the chapel to-night," she quavered, "preached a powerful sermon on the necessity of repentance. I could feel the hair a-rising on my head as I listened to him, Esther. A bad conscience is a fearful thing. It bites like a serpent and stings like an adder."

"True—too true," said Esther, with a heavy sigh;

"but *your* conscience is clean, Aunt Deb—you have only the common sins of daily life to repent of."

"Little you know about it, child!" cried Aunt Deb, shrilly. "I'm a wicked old woman—I've been desperately wicked for long years, and all for Jim Hart's filthy lucre! Lord help me! It's no use, Essie—I've *got* to tell you—I don't want to, but something's a-driving me——"

Then, from her stricken hand, the black shawl and bonnet dropped helplessly, suddenly, and Aunt Deb followed them, and lay in a voiceless, motionless heap upon the cottage-floor.

Esther, in great alarm, in her strong, young arms, lifted the old woman, put her upon the bed, and ran for the nearest doctor.

The man of medicine came, examined the sufferer, and said, briefly, "Paralysis!"

Aunt Deb heard the fatal word, and recovered speech.

"There! I've got my death-warrant, Esther!" she groaned. "It's only a mild shock, but I'm an old woman—it's easy to see that another will soon follow. Now, first of all, I must send for your father, Jim Hart."

A message was dispatched to Gilbert Vye, that very hour, but no response came to it. Then Aunt Deb said:

"You must go to Rookwood, Esther, and bring him to me!"

"Oh, Aunt Deb," cried Esther, wildly, "don't ask me to do that—anything but that."

Go to Rookwood—encounter Victor Shirlaw again? No, no, she could not.

"What I do must be done quickly," urged Aunt Deb. "My time is short. I *must* see Jim—I must—I must! There's something on my mind, and it is to be told to him, and him only."

Esther pondered.

"I do not understand why he has left our message unanswered; but I will soon know. Dare you stay alone for an hour or so, Aunt Deb."

"Yes," groaned the old woman.

Straightway Esther donned her outer garments, tied a thick vail over the face, which was far too handsome to pass unobserved in any place, and, closing the wooden gate behind her, walked rapidly off across the bridge to the city proper.

She knew where to find Philip Vye's law office. She had learned its location during her stay at Rookwood. By dint of brief inquiries, made exclusively to those of her own sex, she reached the vicinity of Pemberton Square and Court Street. Here was a perfect nest of law offices. She searched until she discovered the names of Philip Vye & Son; then she ascended a flight of stairs, opened a door, and found herself in the presence of a young man with a red mustache and an eyeglass, seated alone at a desk reading law papers. The girl flung back her vail, and asked for Philip Vye.

"He is in the inner office, busy with a client," answered Cyril Vye, staring hard at the wonderfully handsome visitor. Pardon me—you are ——?"

"I am his niece."

Cyril bounced up from the desk.

"Then you must be the Esther that I have heard of, but never seen. Ha! ha! 'Pon my soul, they did not stretch the truth when they called you handsome! Allow me to introduce myself. I am your cousin Cyril!"

He extended his hand. She touched it reluctantly. At the same moment the door of the inner room opened, and Philip Vye stepped forth.

"Humph!" he said, in a dry, hard voice, quite devoid of welcome. "Niece Esther! You left us very abruptly at Rookwood, did you not? Your secret leaked out after a time. Victor Shirlaw made love to you, and frightened you away, eh? You ought to be labeled 'Dangerous!'"

She colored, then grew pale.

"I wish to see my father," she said, trying hard to command her voice. "Shall I find him at Rookwood?"

The two men exchanged glances.

"No," replied Philip Vye, coldly; "your father left Rookwood in great haste some days ago. He has probably gone back to the West."

"The West!" echoed Esther, aghast. "Will he not return?"

"I think not—I am sure not!" dryly.

"Never?"

"Never!"

Her face fell. So this was the real reason why her message had remained unanswered.

"My sister; is she well?" faltered Esther.

"Mignon is well and happy," replied Philip Vye, sharply. "She wears the willow with becoming resignation. You know, of course, that, because of you, Captain Shirlaw jilted your sister. I would invite you again to Rookwood, but your presence there would scarcely be welcome to Mignon now. A woman can forgive everything but the robbery of her lover. I hope your father has provided for your future. You look—pardon me—somewhat shabby. Where are you living? What are you doing? But never mind, you need not tell me. I have assumed the responsibility of one of Gilbert's daughters, some second party must look out for the other. Farewell."

And he went back to the inner room.

Full of indignation, yet determined to carry to Aunt Deb some definite clew to her father's whereabouts, Esther turned to Cyril Vye, who had not taken his eyes from her face.

"I did not come here seeking either charity or insults," she said, with a flash in her big eyes; "but only to ask where my father can be found."

"Many others would like to know that very thing," replied Cyril, airily. "Indeed, I may say that scores of people are burning to find him. Apparently you know about as much concerning your father as does Mignon. Oh, this is unique! Two daughters kept in the same blissful ignorance; two girls, reared apart, but in like fashion. Ta, ta! His favorite address, and the only one to which I can direct you, is Happy Valley Ranch, Colorado," and he laughed offensively.

Esther had never met a more disagreeable person.

"Happy Valley Ranch," she echoed, regarding him with ill-concealed aversion; "is that the real name of his Western home?"

"The *real* name? Oh, of course!—most certainly!" with another strange outbreak of mirth.

"I know very little about the West," said Esther, striving hard to keep down her indignation. "Will you be more definite? Will you tell me the exact location of the place you mention?"

"Of course—of course!" He seized a small railway map that chanced to be lying on his desk. "Look here, my handsome cousin, if I desired to find Happy Valley I would start at the hub of the universe and follow this line which I make with my pencil," vivaciously tracing a route over the paper. "I would go in this direction as far as the railway terminus, and then, by Jove! I would take the stage for the township of Happy Valley, keeping

A SUIT THAT DOES NOT PROSPER.

on the way a sharp lookout for road-agents, particularly for one fellow, called in that region, Black Dave, the king of them all, and a person much sought after by the vigilants—ha! ha!"

Was Cyril Vye a well-balanced being? She gave him a cold, forbidding look, but put out her hand for the little map marked with his pencil.

"Permit me to keep this," she said.

"Certainly, with all the pleasure in life, cousin. Can I oblige you in any other way? Have you no message to send to our poor jilted Mignon? No? Then adieu. It's a pity I have not time to cultivate your acquaintance further."

With his mocking voice ringing most unpleasantly in her ears, Esther went away down the stair. She hastened back to the Charlestown cottage, and repeated to Aunt Deb every word of her conversation with the two Vyes.

"My father will never visit the East again," she said; "we shall never see him again, Aunt Deb."

An extraordinary agitation seized the paralytic. She rocked herself piteously back and forth in the chair to which she was now confined.

"Oh, why didn't I know it before?" she groaned. "Why did he go without a word to me? Lord help us! But this is trouble, indeed!"

Then, meeting Esther's large, questioning eyes, she broke into weak sobs.

"It's for your sake, Essie—for your sake! I can't explain now, but you'll know some time. Sit down this very minute and write to Jim at his Happy Valley Ranch, and tell him I've got to see him at once on a matter of life and death. Tell him he had no business to go off in that way. Why didn't he come to bid me good-by? Then he would have heard the whole story, for I'd made up my mind to keep it no longer. The very day before Father Joe was drowned off Porgy Light, he and I had some talk about this very matter, and we agreed 'twould be best to let Jim know the whole truth. And now he's got to come back from Colorado and hear it—it can't be writ. I won't put it on paper. He's got to *come*, and soon, too, or he'll find me under the sod."

Esther, uncomprehending but obedient, wrote according to Aunt Deb's dictation. The letter was directed to Gilbert Vye at Happy Valley. Day after day the two women waited vainly for a reply. Aunt Deb was in a fever of impatience.

"He thinks it's an old woman's whim," she cried. "He's too busy to heed it. Somebody must *go* to him."

Her withered, half-helpless body slipped from the chair and sank at Esther's feet. She clasped the girl abjectly about the knees.

"It is you who must go, Esther! For your own sake, for mine, for the love of God—say you will!"

Esther drew back, overwhelmed, horrified.

"I! Oh, Aunt Deb, I know nothing of Colorado or Happy Valley. It is so far away, too. I cannot—I cannot!"

But Aunt Deb only clung the closer, and grew the wilder in her pleading.

"We have father Joe's money. You shall take plenty to spend for the journey, Essie. You must—you must! You will kill me if you say no! Jim must be brought to me before I die. Who but you can do it? I'll not rise from this floor till you say you will!"

Unspeakably dismayed at the thing required of her, Esther argued, refused, but without success. Aunt Deb would neither disclose the secret of her pressing haste to see Gilbert Vye, nor abate her passionate prayers and entreaties. In despair the girl said, at last:

"When do you wish me to go?"

"To-morrow."

"Alone?"

"Yes. No one will harm you. In these days women go everywhere unattended. Moreover you have the whole route marked out by your cousin on that railway map. Come back as soon as you can, and fetch Jim—only fetch Jim!"

Esther's heart sank like lead. How *could* she attempt the long, strange journey? Was it the whim of a sick old woman, or did some need, vital and urgent, really exist for this—to her—stupendous undertaking? She raised Aunt Deb from the floor, at last.

"Very well," she said, drearily, "I will go, since you urge me so much; but what will you do while I am away?"

"I will stay here and wait for you to come with Jim. You will be at Happy Valley and home again in three weeks."

"And suppose my father should refuse to return with me?"

"He will not. I shall send him a message that will *compel* him to come."

Esther stood up, tall, splendid, but unutterably dejected, in the small, dingy room.

"Something has been worrying you, Aunt Deb," she sighed, "ever since we left Cinderville; something is breaking your strength, sapping your life, making you miserable, and, if a journey to Colorado will relieve you, I am willing to undertake it, though I have a presentiment"—pressing her hands wildly to her temples—"that it will not end well."

"We can't help that!" shivered Aunt Deb; "the Lord will take care of that. At any rate, Jim must come, and stand face to face with me again and hear what I have to say."

"Reluctantly, and with a heavy heart, Esther made her preparations for this strange journey, which was forced upon her so much against her will. A hired nurse was found to take care of Aunt Deb during the girl's absence.

"Make haste, Esther!—make haste to bring Jim!" urged the old woman, with querulous persistency. Any fear for Esther's personal safety she seemed not to entertain.

And so, one Autumn day, Esther left Aunt Deb in the Charlestown cottage, and alone, unprotected, set forth to seek Gilbert Vye in the far, wild land, where, alas! he was known only as Black Dave, the king of the road-agents.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE MOON."

ELINOR VYE was buried in the family vault at Mount Auburn. It was a private funeral, and Lispenard did not see Mignon till all was over. Then he hastened to the old mansion across the river, and was admitted to a darkened drawing-room, still smelling of funeral flowers, and there she met him, with her pallid, Psyche-like beauty shrouded in blackest crape, and the horror of death yet haunting her great, velvety eyes. Hot lightnings seemed blinding Lispenard's sight. He could scarcely command his voice to speak.

"What can I do for you, Miss Vye?" he said.

She appeared to gaze over and beyond him into empty, cheerless space.

"Nothing," she answered.

"My God! How ill you look!" he burst out, wildly; and then checked himself, and added, in another tone: "Has no one attempted to find your sister?"

"Yes, but without success. Oh, Mr. Lispenard," wringing her small hands, suddenly, "how *could* Aunt Elinor die and leave me here alone?"

He made no attempt to comfort her—uttered none of the phrases that are considered proper for such occasions. That girl, standing before him in her sombre dress, with the yellow hair rippling about her white, grieved brows, and eyes full of loss and desolation, struck him dumb. He bowed himself out, but turned back and uttered these words, in an unsteady voice:

"I wish to be near you. It is possible that you may need me. Remember, I shall not leave the Dale for the present." Then he was gone.

An hour or two after, as Mignon sat in her own room, desolate and comfortless, a rap fell on the door, and the housekeeper, for long years a favorite at Rookwood, entered, in shawl and bonnet.

"Your uncle has discharged me without warning, Miss Mignon," she said; "there's a strange woman coming within an hour to take my place. You will see a great overturning here, now that your aunt is gone—poor blessed martyr! Good-by, Miss Mignon! I hope no harm will befall *you!*"

And she departed.

Scarcely had her footsteps died away, when another rap startled Mignon, and this time Elinor Vye's waiting-woman, followed by the cook and two maids, entered.

"We've all got to go, miss," said the cook, "with a week's extra wages, for being sent off in this fashion. Your uncle has no further use for us, he says. Good-by, miss—we wish *you* well!"

And these four vanished in the track of the housekeeper.

A foreboding of evil fell suddenly on Mignon. What did this hasty discharge of all the female servants of the house mean? She flew to the library, where she knew she would find Philip Vye. He was writing letters at a table, but he arose with an impatient air to meet her.

"I can guess what you wish to say, my dear," he began, before she could frame a sentence, "but it was quite impossible for me to get on amicably with Elinor's servants, and so, very properly, I have sent them all packing and engaged a new lot. You are not to trouble yourself about such matters, my love—at Rookwood the reins of government are always in *my* hands."

She had meant to protest in some dignified way, but his cool, authoritative tone, silenced her.

"I must remind you, my dear child," continued Philip Vye, airily, "that your position in the house is now somewhat changed. Your father seems to have abandoned all thought of you, and virtually turned you over to me to control and support. Since no more supplies are likely to come from him, you must consider yourself dependent upon me, and be prepared to submit to my authority in all things. Your Aunt Elinor was somewhat given to spoiling you, but I"—with an unpleasant smile—"have no weakness of that sort."

Before him she stood up, slender and white in her mourning dress, the sumptuous crown of yellow hair the only bright thing about her.

"I shall *not* be dependent upon you, Uncle Philip," she answered, with spirit. "I am young and strong—I have a good education—I can earn my own living. And I feel sure that papa has *not* forsaken me. In due time he will explain all that seems mysterious in his conduct now."

"My dear Mignon, do not harbor such false hopes. You are a pampered, helpless creature—you know no more about earning your own living than a child unborn. As for your father, rest assured that he will never *dare* to communicate with you again."

"Dare—dare!" angrily; "what does that mean, Uncle Philip!"

He smiled, in an exasperating way.

"I decline to enter into explanations. Let me give you a word of advice, Mignon—submit to the irremediable!" Then he opened the door and calmly motioned her out.

The new housekeeper arrived within the hour—a gaunt, gray creature, as deaf as a post. Two stolid housemaids attended her. Somehow their strange, indifferent faces, so suddenly substituted for the kind, familiar ones of the old servants, struck a chill to Mignon's heart. This radical change in the house meant evil to herself.

She shut herself into the now dreary and desolate drawing-room and tried to think. She must leave Rookwood, and go forth alone into the world to earn her own bread. But how? She could dance, paint, sing, play—she knew, in a superficial way, a variety of things, but could she turn such knowledge to practical account? Barely seventeen, forsaken by father and lover, without money, or experience, or friends—for Mignon was wise enough to understand that the fair-weather acquaintances of a single season could not be reckoned as friends—what was she to do? What *could* she do? It was small wonder that her heart sank within her.

A shadow suddenly darkened the window. She glanced up and saw her uncle Philip standing outside, drawing on his gloves.

"Good-by, my dear," he said, nodding carelessly to his niece. "I am called away on important business. It is possible that I may be obliged to go abroad for a few weeks. Take care of yourself till I return."

Then, in airy unconcern he kissed his finger-tips to her, and walked jauntily off across the terrace.

Her first feeling was one of relief. At least, he was leaving her free to make and execute any plan for independent action. Plainly he felt no responsibility toward her—why should she not assume the same indifference toward him?

She sat pondering the situation till the dinner-bell rang. In this nineteenth century one is expected to dine even though troubles multiply, like Pelion piled upon Ossa. Mignon arose with a weary sigh. As she entered the warm, lighted dining-room, she immediately saw that the sumptuous table was spread for two persons, and that a man was lounging in a crimson-draped window at the far end of the room in an attitude of waiting. He turned as the door opened. She had not seen him since Elinor Vye's funeral—had not even thought of him, and she now experienced an unpleasant shock.

"It seems that you and I are to dine *tête-à-tête* to-day, cousin," said Cyril Vye. "My father was obliged to leave us in haste, you know."

She seemed turning to marble.

"And do *you* remain here in his absence?"

"Yes," answered Cyril Vye, with a sinister smile, "I remain!"

Philip Vye gone, strange servants in the house, and this man in full control of everything!

The angry blood flew into Mignon's pale cheek.

"Enough!" she said. "You will dine alone to-day. Even Rookwood is not large enough to hold you and me, Cyril Vye."

He tried to step betwixt her and the door.

"Wait a moment, Mignon," he hissed. "My time has come at last! I have you now at my mercy!"

She looked at him with withering disdain.

"Do you really think that, sir? And, like the coward which you are, you wish to take advantage of misfortune? Surely I needed but this to make my position at Rookwood intolerable! Stand aside and let me pass!"

He had found his match in this blazing, yet colorless, young creature. His weak, guilty eyes fell before hers. He moved slowly, sulkily, as she bade him.

"You are my father's ward," he fumed; "you shall not leave Rookwood without his permission. In his absence I must take charge of you."

"Cyril Vye," she answered, "you have reckoned without your host."

Then, with head held high she passed out, and flew straight to her own chamber.

The short, chilly day was dying in cloud and sleet. Fortunately she had a little money in her purse.

"I will at once throw myself on the friendship of the Berkelys," was her sudden determination.

Trains for town stopped constantly at the Dale station, which was but a short walk from the Rookwood gates. She had no farewells to make. She packed together the most valuable of her possessions, put on a long cloak, a close bonnet and a thick vail, and then started to go down-stairs. Alas! the door of her chamber would not open. She shook it—in vain! It was fast. Some one without had turned the key upon her while she was busy within. Mignon was a prisoner.

Any outcry, she knew, would be useless, and to whom could she appeal for help? Even the poor protection of Philip Vye was now withdrawn from her. Cyril and the strange servants alone held possession of the house. He had made no idle boast in declaring that he had her at his mercy.

She sat down in her dark, lonely chamber as if stupefied. The night was now falling. The wind soughed across the curtained windows, the sleet rapped sharply on the pane. She sat there staring with wild, dilated eyes into the blank gloom. Once, twice she heard Cyril Vye's stealthy step creeping along the corridor outside. He paused at her door—he seemed to listen, then he moved on a few paces, only to return to the same spot. She could hear his smothered breathing through the keyhole. An agony of fear and indignation seized Mignon. This man was her jailor—at any moment he might open the door. In the darkness her hand moved spasmodically toward her dressing-table and grasped a long, sharp pair of scissors—long enough, sharp enough, to reach to her own heart.

"If he dares to cross the threshold," she said to herself, resolutely, "he will find me dead in this chair."

Surely the old colonial house of Rookwood, full of the ghosts of departed generations, had never held a sadder or more desperate being than was Mignon this night.

One hour and then another went by. She heard no longer the stealthy step at the door. Her jailor had slipped away for a space. She listened. Somewhere near at hand a clock struck eleven. At the same moment, a pale, watery gleam of light crept through the curtain and fell at Mignon's feet. She arose from her chair, stole softly to the window and looked out.

Her chamber was high up in the wall. Below it sloped the roof of a piazza, now slippery as glass with new-fallen sleet. The storm was passing away and the moon, breaking through torn clouds, touched this perilous surface and made it glisten like a sheet of silver.

Noiselessly Mignon pushed back the fastening of the window, and raised the sash. Then she mounted the sill, and, with a prayer trembling on her white lips, stepped down upon that slanting, icy roof beneath. In this disgraceful way must the fairest daughter of all the Vyes depart from the home of her ancestors!

One moment she clung, shuddering, to the casement; the next, she shot forward, and fell full fifteen feet to the ground below.

She lay for a space, stunned and motionless. Had the noise of her fall reached any ear inside the house? If so, pursuit would be instantaneous. Goaded by a sense of her great danger, she lifted herself at last. Bruised and shaken she certainly was, but not otherwise injured, and the free winds of heaven were blowing upon her, the free sky bent over her homeless young head. She staggered to her feet, and fled, blindly, breathlessly, down the garden-walk, straight to the river. The leafless trees, creaking under their weight of sleet, sounded all about her like pursuing footsteps. She reached the bank of the stream. Thank God! there was Philip Vye's skiff, moored to a willow-tree? She sprang into it, loosed the rope, took up a pair of oars that lay in the bottom of the little craft and pushed out into the river.

The current was strong. In her inexperienced hands the skiff swung round giddily. As she strove to right it, the half-shrouded moon burst suddenly out of the clouds overhead, and poured its full splendor down upon the river, the boat and the fugitive. Mignon's heart gave a great bound. Back on her memory rushed the gypsy's prophecy, made long months before, in the green shadows of a June wood.

"*When you cross water by night remember what the Romany said to you—you are lost if you take to the water under the light of the moon!*"

A thrill of terror shot along the girl's tense nerves. Here was the water, there the moon. Should she turn back? Could any danger before her equal that which she had left behind? As her slack hands rested hesitantly on the oars, the boat began to drift down the current. This recalled her to herself. With an effort she rowed up stream a little, the gypsy's words ringing in her ears:

"You are lost if you take to the water under the light of the moon!"

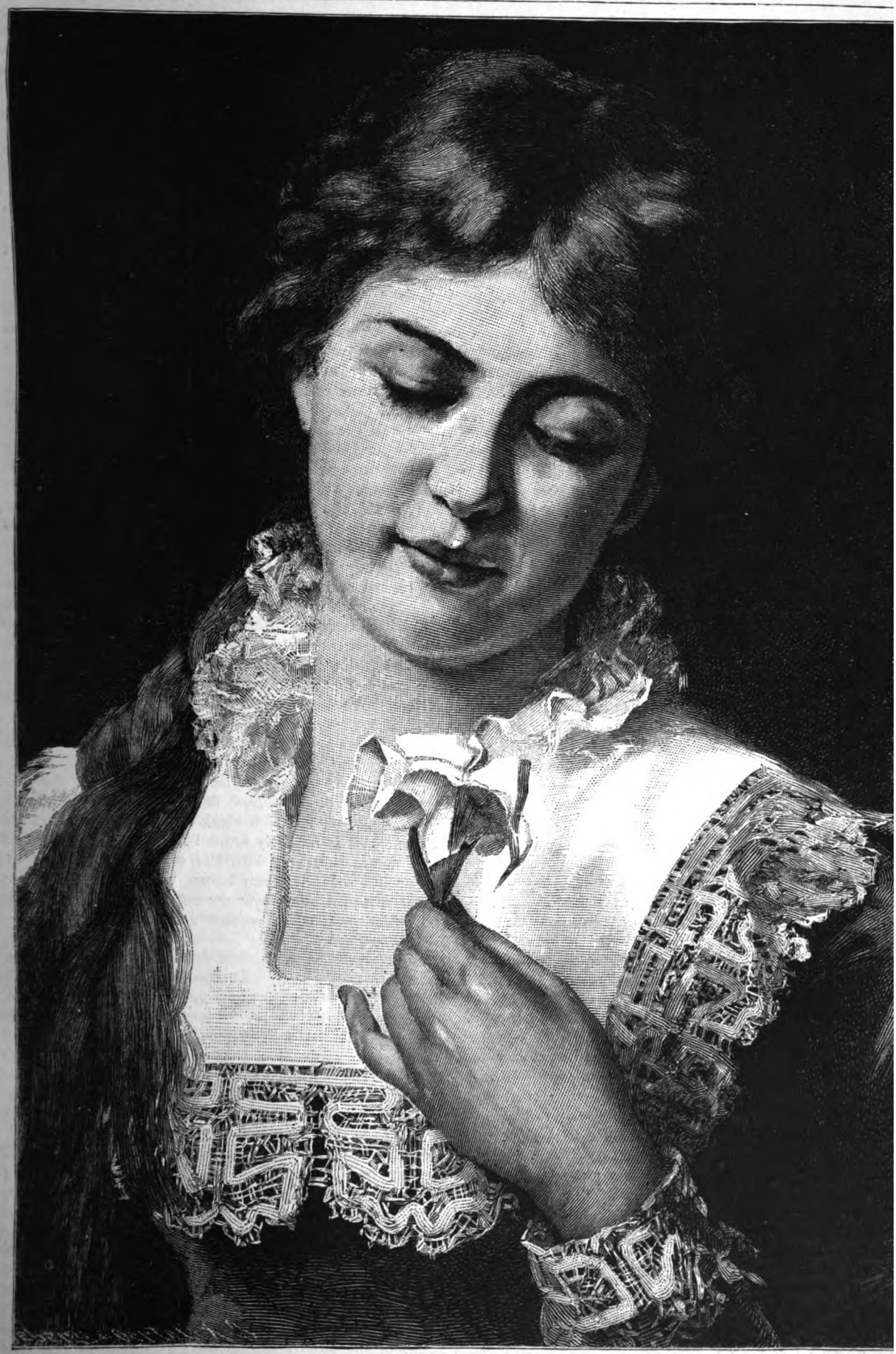
She cast one glance over her shoulder to Rookwood, another before her to the opposite bank of the fateful river, then Mignon went on, leaped from the skiff to Abel Lispenard's stone jetty, and as she made no effort to secure the boat, it recoiled from the bank and drifted idly away down the stream.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MIGNON'S REFUGE.

TWILIGHT was falling in the cheerless Boston streets. Sleet covered the pavements; gray wintry clouds hung low over the tossing harbor and the city steeples. A biting east wind blew in from sea.

Through one of the meanest of North End streets, in a region of dance-cellars and low groggeries and all uncleanness, a handsome private carriage, drawn by blooded horses, and driven by a coachman in livery, moved slowly in the rapidly gathering darkness. The driver was gazing attentively about, as if in search of something. At last he drew up his horses before the dingy sunken entrance of a miserable tenement-house, leaped down from the box and opened the carriage-door.



WHEN LILIES BLOOM.—FROM THE OLD PAINTING BY HELEN BÜCHMANN.

"This is the number, sir," he said, and Abel Lispenard, muffled in a cloak of magnificent sealskin, stepped out of the vehicle.

Some ragged street Arabs squatting on the pavements raised a derisive whoop at sight of the ugly dwarfed shape, with the short legs and immense square shoulders; but Lispenard paid no heed. He never noticed such insults.

"Remain here," he said to his servant.

Then he stepped into the dark, dirty hallway of the house, and came face to face with an unkempt, blear-eyed woman holding a squalling baby.

"Is there a man named Laurent living in this house?" asked Lispenard.

The woman stared with lively curiosity. Even the baby shut its toothless jaws and stared, too. In spite of his strange proportions, Lispenard was always impressive.

"Oh, you mean the sick fiddler, sir," answered the woman, respectfully. "Ye'll find him in the garret. Go up till ye can tech the roof."

Lispenard ascended the stairs, sickening at the foul odors, the dirt, the ribald laughter, the drunken choruses that met him on the different landings. Up and up he went, until he reached a tottering garret door. Here a hollow cough saluted his ears. He listened, then rapped loudly.

"Come in," a weak voice responded.

Lispenard pushed back the door and entered.

It was the poorest of attic rooms—bare, fireless. A bit of guttering candle burned on the broken-backed chair, and lighted the abject poverty and want of the place. In a sheltered corner an old mattress was spread, and on it lay the wasted figure of the sick fiddler, with a ragged coverlet gathered about him for warmth. Against the wall by his side leaned a violin. Abel Lispenard cast one comprehensive glance around the room, then went up to the miserable pallet.

"I am the brother of Lilian Lispenard," he announced, sternly. "Why did you send for me?"

The sick man lifted a spectre-like face, with dark hair matted about the sunken temples, and hollow eyes burning with fever. He tried to rise, but could not, for bodily weakness.

"Lilian's brother!" he groaned. "Oh, my God! Yes, I see! I sent for you because I am dying, and there are things that I want to tell you—things that you ought to know."

He spoke feebly, and with a slight foreign accent.

"It was a bold thing for you to do, Gustave Laurent," answered Lispenard. "I swore years ago to kill you at sight—swore that the hour of our meeting should be the hour of your death!"

"That trifle would not have restrained me from writing to you," sighed the sick man, "for I have long weary of life."

Lispenard set his teeth.

"Do not count too much upon my forbearance," he said, in a smothered voice. "You and I cannot safely breathe the same air—we are mortal foes. What you have to say, say quickly!"

Gustave Laurent raised himself on his elbow. A cough that seemed to rend his vitals shook him for a moment, then he gasped:

"There is murder in your eyes, as you look at me, Lispenard. But softly! You are laboring under a mistake. Your sister was my lawful wife—married to me, it is true, in great haste. Yes, while the wife that I detested, and from whom I had long been separated, lay in her coffin, unburied, but married legally. Here—here——" groping in his breast for an old wallet, which he opened with trembling fingers, "here are her marriage lines; she gave them to me long ago to keep. I knew—we both knew—the evil things that her people believed of her, so I sent for you to-night to show you this."

Lispenard seized the bit of worn paper which the other held out to him, read the faded words written upon it, and, overcome by a great and sudden joy, staggered back against the wall. Lilian Lispenard had been Laurent's lawful wife! It was the first ray of light that had ever shone on the tragedy of his sister's life.

"If you married her, Laurent," he groaned, "why did you desert her?"

"My God! I did not," cried the sick man, wildly; "who said that? We went to Paris. We loved each other, but we were very poor. Lilian's kindred had cast her off, and my people were hostile and repellent, for my first wife, the woman that I had hated, was, by birth, my cousin. So her near relatives and mine frowned upon my second marriage, openly insulted Lilian, and would give us no help.

"We struggled together for a while, then my darling began to droop. She was a hothouse flower—she could not thrive in want and anxiety. I was forced, at last, to go to my uncle, the father of my first wife, and beg for aid. What did he do? Overwhelmed me with insults and reproaches, and heaped the vilest epithets upon that suffering angel, my wife. I struck him in the face, and turned and walked out of his *salon*.

"It was night. I started back to my poor Lilian. Somewhere near the Porte St. Martin a carriage passed me—stopped suddenly. Two men sprang from it. Before I could utter a word, I was seized, gagged, lifted bodily into the vehicle, and hurried away to a madman's cell in the Bicêtre—you know the Bicêtre, in the Department of the Seine, in the southern environs of Paris? That was the revenge my former father-in-law took for the blow I had given him."

Another fit of coughing choked his utterance. With a transfigured face, Lispenard flew to the husband of his dead sister, tore the rich cloak from his own shoulders and wrapped it tenderly around Laurent.

"You are perishing with the cold, brother," he said, in a broken voice. "I can foresee the end of your story. You were imprisoned by your relatives in the Bicêtre, and Lilian was left, destitute and alone, in a strange land."

"Yes, yes! For seventeen years I was confined there. Then my uncle died, and the doctors suddenly discovered that I was a sane man. They released me. Seventeen years! Can you imagine my sufferings in that time, parted from Lilian, ignorant of her fate? Heaven only knows how I preserved my reason through it all! More dead than alive, I staggered out into the free day again. Where was Lilian? I hurried to the miserable *quartier* where I had left my darling, and I found—only the old *concièrge*.

"The woman recognized me, and from her I learned that a child had been born, and that my beautiful young wife had suffered unspeakable things, both from want, and from the belief that I had deserted her, for alas! she never knew the secret of my sudden disappearance—never dreamed of the Bicêtre and the madman's cell. My uncle, it appears, paid her a visit, at last, assured her that I had abandoned her, and offered to put her aboard an American ship, and send her back to her own land. She was sick and starving, the *concièrge* said. She accepted his offer. He carried her to Havre, and paid

her passage on some trading vessel, bound to the port of Boston."

Unable to contain himself a moment longer, Lispenard burst out:

"Then there *was* a child! She used to rave of it, especially toward the last of her life. Once, I remember, she entreated me to go and take it from the ship. I then thought it but the fancy of a diseased brain, for when Lilian came back to me, delirious, it was with empty arms, and not till long after did she mention a child."

"Oh, great Heaven!" groaned Gustave Laurent. "What sufferings, what misfortunes! I need not tell you more about myself. I played the violin in the public streets until I had gathered money enough to pay my way to Lilian's country. One year ago I landed, sick and penniless, in this city. Friends I once had here, but none remembered me. I made inquiries cautiously, and learned of Lilian's return and death, long years before. Then—then I knew it was time that I died, too. But the child—the child," wildly; "what became of the child."

"If it is still above ground," answered Lispenard, "we will find it. My sister returned to America in a trading-vessel, you say. Do you know anything beyond that fact?"

"I traveled to Havre," replied Laurent, feebly, "and after a weary while I discovered the name of the ship in which my darling sailed, and that of the captain who commanded her. They are odd names. I wrote them somewhere here," fumbling again at the old wallet; "I have no other clew—God help me! Lilian sailed in this vessel with the child, but she reached your door alone. Perhaps the little one died on the passage; perhaps it was delivered to charity; perhaps——"

But his voice failed him, and at the same moment the guttering candle went out, leaving the garret in darkness. Lispenard put the old wallet in his own pocket, rose up from the side of the sick man, and groped his way out of the attic.

In a few moments he was back again, and his servant with him. While Abel Lispenard held a lamp, which he had borrowed from a room below, the coachman flung a warm carriage robe about Gustave Laurent, raised him in his arms and bore him carefully down the foul stairs to Lispenard's waiting carriage. He placed him on the soft cushions. The dwarf followed, bearing the violin.

"Drive to St. Margaret's," ordered Lispenard, and away went the blooded horses, out of the North End Street, toward the better portion of the city.

"St. Margaret's was a home for incurables, founded by Lispenard himself, and supported entirely by his bounty. A noble charity, philanthropists called it. Inside its walls Lispenard was reverenced, almost adored. There, at least, his personal deformity awakened no fear, no aversion. To the grateful inmates of St. Margaret's, he was an angel of life.

The carriage drove into a retired street, and stopped before a big, substantial building, up the steps of which Gustave Laurent was carried, and given to the care of the matron.

Lispenard went into a handsome reception-room to wait. After a while an attendant came to the door and made a signal. Lispenard hurried to the warm, bright, luxurious chamber which had been assigned to Lilian's husband.

He found the man against whom he had, in past times, breathed so many vows of vengeance, resting in a great, sleepy hollow of a chair, his violin across his knees. He had been fed with soup and wine, and warmed and comforted. The tense lines of his face seemed to have relaxed somewhat, but he still looked as though death had smitten him. As Lispenard appeared, he slipped out of the deep chair, and, in a transport of gratitude, fell on his knees before the dwarf.

"For God's sake, do not kneel to me!" cried Lispenard, lifting him quickly, and putting him back in the sleepy hollow. "Now listen. You shall never want for anything again. In this place you will have trained nurses, the best medical attendance, and it shall be my care to see that your every wish is gratified. My old anger against you is dead. I am now your friend, your brother. Would to Heaven that you had sent for me before!"

"The child! the child!" gasped Gustave Laurent; "how shall we discover the fate of Lilian's child?"

"Leave that to me," said Lispenard. "I must have time to think, and you are too weak to agitate yourself further."

"Look inside the wallet," pleaded Laurent; "read the names of the ship and her captain—they may be known to you."

Lispenard obeyed, then shook his head.

"No; I never heard of either. Be calm. Your child, if it still lives, is Lilian's heir. Trust the whole matter to me. To-morrow I will come to you again."

He left Laurent sobbing like a woman, and drove away from St. Margaret's.

As the carriage turned into Washington Street and approached the vicinity of the theatres, a jam of cars and vehicles brought the horses to a walk. An elegant coupé passed, then halted abruptly; light fingers tapped the glass door and beckoned, imperiously. Lispenard knew that he was recognized. With becoming resignation he alighted from his own vehicle and paused on the curbstone, against which the coupé had stopped.

"Oh, I am so glad—so glad to see you again!" cried Nina Berkely, extending a little, trembling hand.

She sat inside the carriage, with a cloak of silver fox-fur covering her magnificent evening dress, a great light flaming in her brunette face, her eyes dewy, her lips quivering eloquently.

"Surely, Mr. Lispenard, you are coming to town this Winter?" she faltered; "we miss you very, very much."

"No," he answered; "I shall remain at the Dale."

"Shut up, like an owl, in your tower? Fie! Society seems very dull just now—hollow, insufficient. Come back to us! Can nothing lure you from your retreat?"

Here was a woman who had loved him long and hopelessly, one to whom his deformity was beauty—a woman who was constantly beseeching his attention, his pity. She was young, handsome, well-bred. Could he ask or hope for more than this? She loved him for himself alone, not for his money or position. He had only to hold out his hand, and she was ready to enter into his lonely, loveless life, and enrich it with her womanly grace and tenderness. And knowing all this, Abel Lispenard stood there in the lighted street, and looking straight into her dewy, imploring eyes, answered, with pitiless coldness:

"No, nothing!"

"Oh, I know what it is that keeps you at the Dale, Abel Lispenard," she half sobbed, in a voice full of jealous passion; "it is that girl Mignon!"

"Good-night, Miss Berkely," said Lispenard, lifting his hat. Then he climbed to his own carriage, gave the order to drive on, and, sinking back among the cushions, covered his face with his hands.

The coachman drove back to the Dale. His dogs, at least, were there to bark a loving welcome. Before entering the tower, Lispenard stood under the gloomy evening sky, and looked across to Rookwood, as a devotee turns to give a last look of deep homage to the shrine of his worship.

Then he went into the house.

(To be continued.)

ÆSOP AND HIS FRIENDS.— FROM A GROUP BY HENRY MÖLLER

PERFUMES AS PREVENTIVES OF MOLDINESS.—Moldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. A clove will preserve ink. Any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mold by the same substance. Thus, Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes moldy; indeed, it prevents it from occurring in other bodies. A few drops of any essential oil will keep books entirely from it.

BARBARA.—"'BARBARA, I LOVE YOU, DEAR! WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?' A MAN—A SAILOR—HAD ENTERED THE STUDIO, AND STOOD IN A DUSKY CORNER UNOBSERVED. HE HELD HIS BREATH TO HEAR HER REPLY."

BARBARA.

By Mary Wakeman Botsford.

"Sept. 22d, 18— : Off Cape Blank Light, latitude —; longitude —. Dreadful homesick."

The lines were written in a rude, unformed hand, on the fly-leaf of an old Bible. Its pages were brown with age and discolored with sea-water. They were dog-eared, too, and here and there one was turned down and marked faintly with pencil along the well-thumbed margin.

Two women were sitting by the window of the living-room, which looked seaward, with the book open on the sill before them. They seemed to have forgotten it for the moment, for the elder woman's needle clicked vigorously and the younger one's eyes had wandered off to the dim sea-line, which looked gray like the clouds above it. The man outside stopped painting and regarded the girl intently from beneath the brim of his soft hat. It was not the first time that he had let his brush lie idle that he might look at her, for she seemed to be never twice alike. Her luminous gray eyes, clear, pale face and low forehead, shaded by loose rings of red-gold hair, seemed in keeping with the soft, low-lying sky, the neutral tints of the weather-beaten houses and misty stretch of sea. Her hands, loosely folded in her lap, suggested quiet after a storm, and something in her passive figure as she leaned a little forward, gazing at the quiet sea, helped the fancy.

He would have liked to sketch her as she sat thus, but he had discovered in the time they had spent under the same roof that she had no desire to be put into his pictures, as if she were a rock or a bit of sky.

"Eliza Trevor will sit for you," she had said, curtly,

when he had asked her, soon after he came to N——, to give him a half-hour. "She likes it; I don't."

So to Eliza Trevor he had gone, and she figured in several of his finished pictures as a fisher-girl upon the sand, looking off over the sea, her eyes shaded by her hand; again, with a child in her strong, sun-browned arms, and an overturned dory for a background. But while these were good work, they did not satisfy him as did the pictures he had never painted, in which you might always find the one model, who by no entreaty could be induced to sit for him.

He should leave on the following week, and he was more unhappy than he could have thought it possible to be three months before.

But there was nothing to keep him longer on the lonely little sea-washed island. The equinoctial storm was over; he had caught some fine effects of that, and October was nearly gone. He had seen the golden-rod change from slender, green stalks into plumes of pale yellow, deeper gold, orange and russet. Purple-asters and the white-everlasting starred the long meadow at the lower end of the village, and already the fisher-folk were gathering driftwood for their Winter fires.

Yesterday he had been out on the marshes and seen flocks of birds flying south. A sea-gull rose with flapping wings from the surf and flew so close to him that he could see the fish gleaming in its talons and hear the shrill cry cleaving a tenuous track through the keen air. It seemed to say that the idle Summer days were over, and Winter, with hard work and scant sunlight, near at hand. He should miss the windy sunsets and the wonderful variety of the marshes dotted now here and there with ricks of hay, the breezy outdoor life, the island merry-makings at which he had been always welcome, the rough kindliness of the fisher-folk—all these, and more! He should miss Barbara Baldwin's pale face, with its unfathomable eyes and crown of Titianesque hair. If she had been like the rest, he might have gone back to his work with only a pleasant memory and the natural regret one would have at leaving a place where one has been happy.

She had first attracted him by her wonderful beauty, then by her seeming indifference, which piqued and puzzled him. She had seemed to have no lovers. The men were for the most part rough fishermen, with eyes blue like the sea and faces tanned and hard. On shore they smoked and told sea-yarns, sitting on their overturned dories, or planted their little patches of garden.

Barbara's aunt was like the women of the place: hard-working and homely of speech, with the grim humor and kindliness which one finds in the New England character, as unexpected as the lichens which clothe their rocks, or the sunlight of the golden-rod upon their sterile coast meadows.

Mr. Vance had been at a loss to account for the girl's gentle ways. She seemed like some rare flower blossoming in the salt marsh, a wonderful seed blown from some far country and nourished into buoyant life by the island air and sunlight. For though pale, she was hardy as a young oak; and when she walked across the sands or pulled her dory around the rocky point on which her house stood, one stopped involuntarily to watch her.

After the first few weeks of his stay, Vance seemed to have broken down the outposts of her reserve. Though he might not sketch her, she often accompanied him on his expeditions by sea and shore; and sometimes she would take the oars from him and pull the heavy dory with her strong young arms, while he watched the faint color ebb and flow under her clear skin, and the soft rings of hair curl more closely about her temples like the tendrils of some delicate vine.

One day they had been out together until after sunset. As they walked up the narrow, shell-bordered walk leading to the cottage, Barbara's aunt came hastily forward to meet them.

"He's here," she said, abruptly addressing Barbara. "An', Bar'bry, he's goin' away again to-morrow." The elder woman hesitated and crimped her apron hem with nervous fingers. "I wish, Bar'bry, you could cheer him up a little—he's dre'dful upset."

Barbara brushed by her aunt, and went into the house. She had grown paler, and her eyes shone.

A tall, well-made fellow, evidently a sailor, stood by the mantel in the little room, and made a step forward with an eager exclamation as she entered. Vance went on around the house to clean his brushes and palette. He could hear a subdued murmur of voices, and occasionally distinguish Barbara's clear, low tones. The voices ceased and steps sounded on the porch and down the path. In the thick, sweet-scented dusk two figures passed out of the gate. One was Barbara, the other the sailor. They walked slowly, and before they had gone far a soft fog creeping up from the sea closed in around them. Mr. Vance shut the lid of his paint-box with an impatient snap, lit a cigar, and paced up and down in front of the cottage. The fog gave him a sense of isolation, and with it he was conscious of a feeling of personal loss. He had thought of Barbara growing up alone on this remote island, which seemed to have thrown a spell around her. She was like a jewel—embedded in the stern New England rock—the more precious in that he had discovered her. Was it not for him, after all, to give the jewel a fitter testing?

He threw away his cigar as he heard her step near the house. She had been gone over an hour, and was coming back alone. He went out to the gate to meet her, but the words he had meant to say died on his lips as he saw her face.

It looked gray in the uncertain light. The fog wavered around her, quenching the brightness of her hair and deepening the shadows under her eyes, which he had always counted one of her chief charms. When she saw him she drew back a little, then recovered herself and walked toward the house. Her aunt stood in the doorway, her angular figure outlined like a silhouette against the lighter background. Barbara took one of her hands in both her own, and Mr. Vance saw that a ring shone upon her finger. She stooped and very gently kissed the elder woman.

"Why, Bar'bry," said her aunt, surprise, joy and incredulity in her tone, "you ain't give in at last, have you?" Her eagerness was almost pathetic, and she stroked the hand softly which wore the ring.

"Yes," said the girl, slowly, as if with an effort. "He goes to-morrow, and he told me to say good-by to you for him, and—that he was happy."

"They wa'n't no need of tellin' me that," cheerfully. "You'll make a man of him, Bar'bry, an' I can quit worryin' at last. But, land, child, you're pale as a ghost. Let me make you a cup of tea. You must be chilled thro' out in that fog."

Barbara moved a little out of the lamplight when she spoke.

"No, I am not cold; only tired. I guess I'll go to bed. You can shut up the house. The east window rattled so last night; maybe you could tighten it with a piece of wood? I feel as if I couldn't stand the noise to-night!"

She took the candle languidly from the high mantel, and moved toward the door. Her aunt followed her, and at the stairway, as if by a sudden impulse, kissed her pale face.

"There, child," she said, irrelevantly, "I—I hope you won't never regret it."

When Mr. Vance came in later he found her whittling a piece of wood for the window with a kitchen-knife. She looked up quickly as he entered and made a rapid survey of him. A troubled look came into her eyes.

"Bar'bry's gone to bed, an' I'm goin', too," she said, grimly. "There's your candle. You can put out the lamp when you're ready, an' don't forget the front door."

* * * * * *

Barbara's romance, if it could be called a romance, was short-lived. She had yielded to her cousin's entreaties for an engagement because he had said that only her love could save him from ruin. Yielded not for love of him, but of his mother, her aunt; the only mother she had known.

His vessel sailed the following day. A week later it was wrecked with its crew, and the only trace of the wreck found was the old Bible which Barbara had given him before their engagement. It lay now upon the window-sill before the two women, open at the last entry which the sailor had made.

Barbara had been silent for some time, and Mr. Vance wondered what were her thoughts as she sat with the twilight coming down around her like a vail.

"I have made up my mind," she said, finally; "I must go. Jane will stay with you as long as you want her, and you will not be so lonely except at first. I can get along someway in Boston. I feel as if I couldn't stand another Winter here."

She spoke with repressed energy. Her aunt pulled one of her needles out of the ball of yarn on her lap and ran it meditatively through her hair.

"Well, Bar'bry," she said, "I won't put no obstacle in your way. You've got enough for your fare, an' to keep you till you get a place, you know"—simply. "You've got a home here to come back to when you get tired. I don't like your bein' alone in a big city. If Enoch had a-lived"—here her voice broke, but she steadied it and went on, firmly—"I'd calculated to go to Boston with you, if you'd wanted me, and we three could have lived together."

Barbara's face softened. There had always been a kind of reticence between her and her aunt, and anything in the nature of a confidence from either was rare. Mr. Vance had gone away from the window, feeling that he had no right to listen to the conversation within, but his pulses throbbed at the thought of Barbara's being in Boston alone, knowing no one there but himself. She was free now and he—loved her.

When he came back to the house she was sitting by the table, already assorting some clothes which her aunt, with subdued eagerness, was packing in a dusty hair trunk.

"When do you go?" he said, looking down on Barbara, and marking the soft splendor of her hair in the lamp-light.

"To-morrow," she replied, without looking up.

"You know that Boston is my home, and that I should like, if I might, to see you there. When you are settled, if you will send a card to this address"—laying his own card on the table beside her—"I will come. Promise me that you will not forget?"

"You are very good, but I—I cannot see how we could continue our acquaintance in the city. Our paths lie in a different direction." She added: "I may be a nurse-maid, perhaps a shopgirl, and you——"

"And I am to lose a friend because of such a whim?" he interposed, warmly. "That is unkind and unlike you! Promise me"—and his voice was dangerously eager—"that you will send for me?"

"If it seems for the best, I will let you know where I am."

This was all she would say, and he was obliged to be content. Two days after she was gone, and a week later Philip Vance bade Good-by to the island with less regret than if he had left Barbara there.

Part II.

The painter sat before a glowing wood fire in his studio, the smoke from his cigar curling up softly into the intermittent gloom. Now and then the burning logs, flashing more brightly, revealed shadowy corners hung with tapestry, the glimmer of old armor, glimpses of satin shoes and heaps of silken stuffs piled up on the shining floor.

An occasional gust of snow beat against the low wide windows.

A cup of coffee, untasted, was at Mr. Vance's elbow, prepared by his servant, and set there a half-hour before. The quaint little clock on the mantel struck six—low mellow strokes, which entered into rather than interrupted his musing.

"November, December, January, February, and yet no word of her," he thought. "Only that chance meeting on the street two months ago, and my promise not to seek her. If I had not promised! Who knows what need she may be in? She looked ill then, and I could swear I saw tears in her eyes. My proud Barbara. If you knew how I love every line of your tender face, how glad I should be—— Hello, come in!"

"Which means, if the tone goes for anything, 'stay out,'" replied the newcomer, feeling his way cautiously around the pile of stuffs, Renaissance chairs and *bric-à-brac* which impeded his progress. "Why don't you get some furniture in your rooms?" Jack Jones added, half stumbling over an ottoman.

"Confound you, Jack," said Vance, genially; "why didn't you tell me who it was? I thought it might be Lanier, and you know what a bore he is, especially at this time of day. Sit up to the fire and we'll have some lights."

"Cold coffee, logs burned down to ashes, cigar out. Fortunate I came in as I did; the room's like a barn. What's the matter? Been seeing ghosts or angels? How I wish I could sketch you! Pose, properties and all couldn't be improved. Call it 'The Vision of Sir Philip.'"

"Shut up," his friend interposed, tersely, ringing for lights and coffee.

"Put on another log and unburden yourself. Of course you've got some news."

"Well, yes," unabashed, "I have."

"What is it? Sidney engaged to that English girl. What's her name—the Hon. Elfrida Jane Pandjandrum?"

"No, it's about myself," seating himself astride a thin-legged, plush-covered chair. "Vance, I'm in love."

He paused an instant, but his friend only puffed a cloud of smoke lingeringly into the air and offered no comment.

"The most beautiful girl you've ever seen. Under the same roof with me. Meet her three times a day, and get more desperate every time."

"How long since?" Vance queries, lazily.

"She's been at the house exactly a week—and such a week," drawing a long sigh.

Recalling himself by an effort from thoughts of Barbara to the object of Jones's adoration, Vance asked again, patiently:

"What's her style?"

"One of Fra Angelico's saints. Clear, pale face; eyes the color of the sky at night before the moon rises—purplish gray—with black lashes; hair, oh, indescribable, man—dull-gold with imprisoned sunlight in it, a glittering net to catch men's hearts in. Circe's web, everything that's glowing and glamourous and—— Look out, you're spilling your coffee. Oh, I don't mind the coat, but it's a pity to spoil that Watteau face. Her name? Lovely and uncommon, like herself; Barbara—Barbara Baldwin. She's governess for my sister's children—nursery governess, you know. Congratulate me? Well, that's a trifle premature, but thanks all the same. Did you say you'd met her?"

"I thought I had seen some one like her," Vance replied, quickly holding a feather screen before his face, but, singularly enough, between himself and his friend, instead of the fire. "Just a coincidence, I dare say."

"You'd never forget her if you'd seen her once!" Jones said, confidently. "She's by all odds the most beautiful girl in Boston to-day, and so different in every way from the regulation girl. Thank Heaven, my sister got her before you artists found her out. I've no notion for having her head *posed* and raved over by you fellows!"

"Of course she agrees with you?" Mr. Vance remarked, dryly, with a shade of irritation in his tones. "You speak of her in such a proprietary way, I fancy my congratulations come none too soon!"

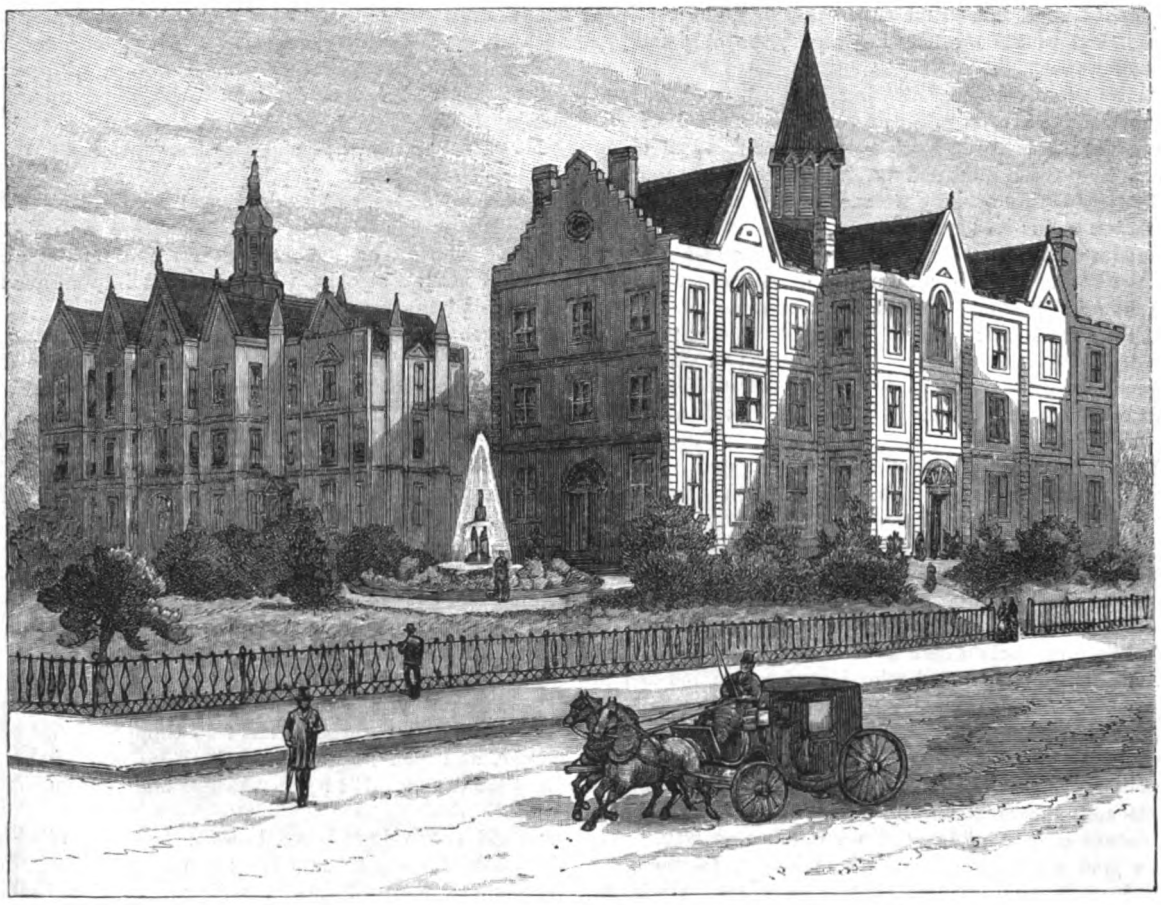
He rose as he spoke and buttoned his coat, looking down from his full height upon Jones's chubby figure and round, good-humored face.

"Oh, well, you know I didn't mean—— Why, confound it, you and I are not fools!"

"I'll speak for myself," murmured Vance, inaudibly.

"She's poor and unknown; I love her, and mean to ask her to be my wife."

"An honor she'd scarcely refuse, considering your eligibility. Well, it's time to dine. Will you go with me?" abruptly.



HIGHER EDUCATION IN INDIANA.— INDIANA UNIVERSITY.— SEE PAGE 87.

"Thanks, no; I'm due at home. Miss Baldwin comes in the drawing-room for a half-hour after dinner. I shouldn't want to miss her. By-the-way, come round and see us. My sister was wondering what had become of you."

"Oh, yes; I'll come," replied Vance, in a significant tone, that was lost on his companion. "I've forgotten Mrs. Keith's day, though."

"Thursdays. Sorry Miss Baldwin doesn't appear on those nights. But you can drop in any time, you know."

"Oh, thanks!"—in an exasperated tone. "Good-night! And go to thunder!" he added under his breath, as the two men parted at the corner of the street.

* * * * * * *

"You have met Miss Baldwin, then," Mrs. Keith asked,

and there was scarcely so much of interrogation as assertion in her question. She was sitting *tête-à-tête* with Philip Vance in her drawing-room at the close of the bleak February day. In an adjoining room, dimly seen through the fading light, Barbara and Jack Jones were talking. Vance could see Barbara's head and profile outlined against the pale-green satin hangings of the room. He had been glad of the chance to see her in such a fitting environment, and, now that the first rapture of meeting her was over, he was content to watch her from a distance, letting not a turn of her head escape him.

"I beg your pardon! Yes; I have met her before."

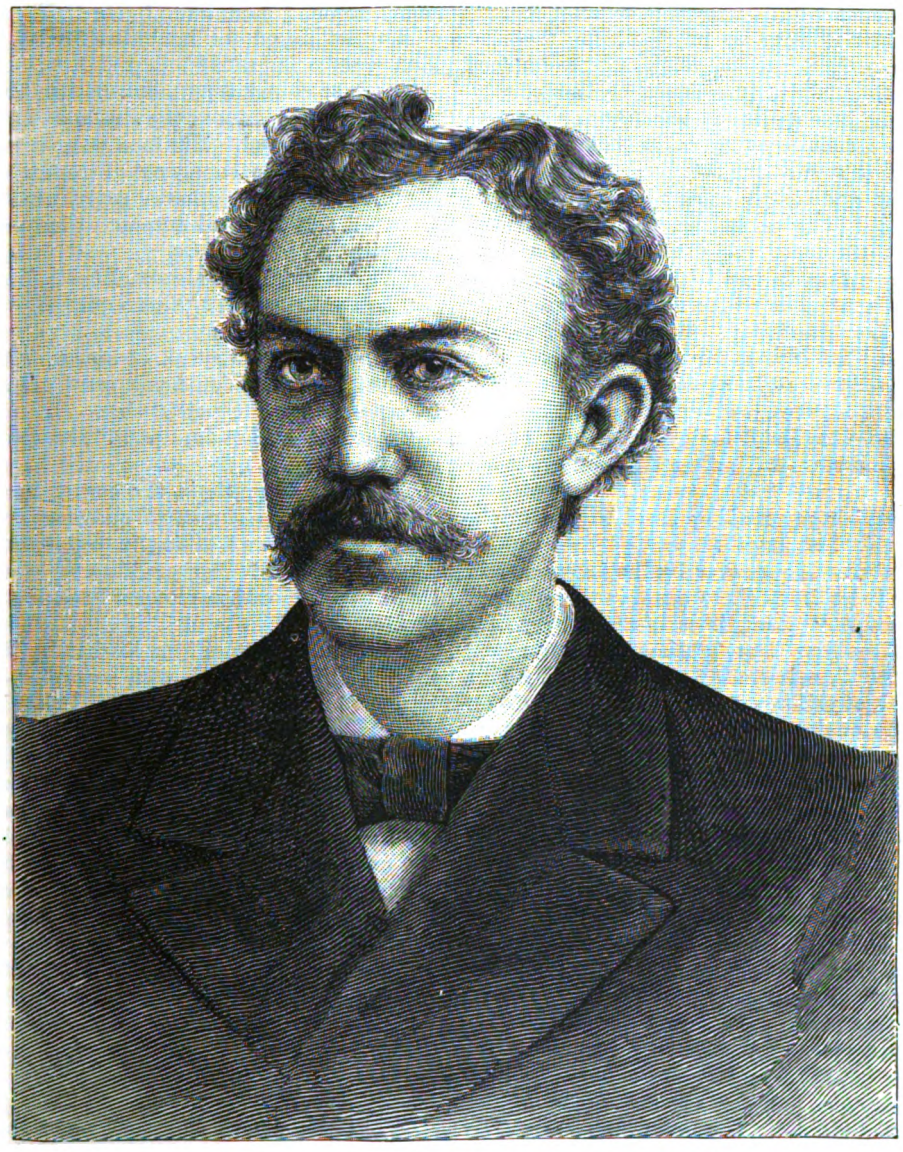
"She is very reserved?" Mrs. Keith said—this time with the interrogative inflection.

"Yes; that is a woman's privilege."

"But scarcely of a woman's in her station. Frankness disarms suspicion, you know. She is so beautiful that she has added need for candor."

"Then I understand you to say that she is untruthful?"

"Oh, no; not that exactly," in a genial tone that some women reserve for saying disagreeable things. "She always answers direct questions, but one does not like to be thought curious."



DAVID S. JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA.

"Not even when one *is* curious?" Vance queried, gently.

Mrs. Keith shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"My interest in her is purely philanthropic, of course. I am sorry, though," she added, naïvely, with the air of taking Mr. Vance into her confidence, "that my brother is curious."

If she had thought to penetrate Mr. Vance's armor of indifference, she had succeeded.

"I shall be glad when poor Jack gets over the susceptible stage. It is so distressingly commonplace to fall in love with a governess; and when the governess is beautiful, why, it's still more commonplace."

Philip felt himself growing quite warm under his hostess's easy scrutiny. He rallied, however, and replied, smiling:

"Love is a commonplace sentiment, you know. I should scarcely think that you and I would be reduced to talking of it."

Barbara had left the room unobserved, and Jack entered here. The conversation drifted into indifferent topics, and shortly after Vance left.

He was scarcely out of the room when Jack addressed his sister, vehemently:

"Have you dismissed Miss Baldwin?"

"No."

"She is going away."

"Then"—jocularly—"it would seem that she had dismissed me. When is she going?"

"Next week."

Mrs. Keith marked her brother's discomposure and laughed—a low, amused laugh.

"It cannot be that she has dismissed you too?" she asked, doubtfully. "No, you need not tell me," she added, looking over her shoulder at him as he stood in the middle of the floor, excited and angry.

"Mr. Vance should have waited a few moments," she reflected. Then, in her low, well-bred tones, which robbed the words of their harshness, she murmured as she closed the door: "What fools men are!"

* * * * * *

Philip was standing before a nearly completed picture, the result of a dozen sittings that Barbara had given him, when Barbara herself entered. His heart beat quickly, and despite his outward calmness, there was a thrill in his voice when he greeted her. This was to be

her last sitting, and it was the day he had chosen to tell her that he loved her.

She had come to him voluntarily, after leaving Mrs. Keith, and had offered to sit for him, explaining in her grave, shy way that she needed all the money she could earn, not only to support herself, but her aunt, who by some unexpected reverse had been obliged to come and live with her in Boston.

It was the first time she had come to him unaccompanied by her aunt, and the rare fact of their being alone together seemed auspicious.

She stood a moment beside him looking critically at the picture, saying, at length, with soft seriousness:

"It is very beautiful, but I do not look like that."

"No," Philip replied, his pulses tingling as he touched her hair. "So—the chin a little lower," he added.

He was thinking how useless it was for any artist to try to express her loveliness as she sat in the quaint, low-backed chair before a spinning-wheel, the sun slanting from a big window, and adding a new glory to her hair.

Their intercourse had grown to be so frank and friendly, that his reply did not seem to her abrupt nor cavalier.

But there was a change in him to-day. She felt rather than said it, and it filled her with a vague alarm.

This was to be her last sitting. The picture finished, he could have no further need for her, and she must go away, perhaps never to see him again. With the thought came a dull pain at her heart, which she stifled bravely. At all events, she was Enid to-day—the Enid of his creation; and to-morrow—well, after all, to-morrow *was* to-morrow!

"Do you remember my reading Enid to you at the Island?" Philip asked at length.

"Yes, I remember. It was over by the lighthouse."

"I should like to go down there again in the Winter," he went on, musingly. "Sometimes of an evening I see a picture in my log fire. The lighthouse, and the gray sea beating around it, a low, gray sky overhead, with a a long, pale streak of yellow off to the West. There are two people in the quaint octagon room of the keeper's, looking over the sea. They stand by the window until the yellow fades out of the sky, and the light from the tower burns a ruddy track across the water. Then, in the dusk they draw up to the fire and talk softly together."

He painted on for a moment in silence. Barbara's hand trembled on the wheel. The sunlight had left her hair and crept down to her feet. Her head was in shadow now, but her eyes shone dark and clear like water in the depth of some cool fern-fringed well.

"There is another picture, a different one, which I see when the logs burn more brightly," he resumed. "The same people are slipping swiftly through a Venetian canal. It is moonlight, and the sky is soft and blue as only a Venetian sky can be. The water lapses musically against moss-grown marble steps and along the sides of the gondola. The people do not talk now, but a bell from a distant tower strikes softly, like an echo to their happy thoughts."

Forgetful of her *pose*, Barbara's head drooped low and lower. He was in love with some one, then; he was going abroad, and chose this way of telling her. It seemed to her that it would have been better not to have known to-morrow was so near! But why should she not be glad that he will be happy. He could never be anything to her; and yet——

She buried her face in her hands. The clock on the mantel told six strokes in its mellowed, far-away tones. She seemed to hear the rushing of water.

Philip watched her gravely; then, throwing aside his palette and brush, came toward her, taking her bowed head gently in his hands.

"Do you like the pictures?" he said.

"Yes," she faltered, but looking up bravely. "I hope you will be very happy!"

"Not unless you love me," he said. "Look up, darling! Do you not know who that other one is, whom I have seen in my ember pictures?"

"You cannot mean——"

"That it is you? And who could it be, then? When I first saw you, serving me with such shy grace at your aunt's table, I said, like Geraint, 'Here by God's rood is the one raised for me.' Barbara, I love you, dear! Will you be my wife?"

The door closed softly, but neither heeded it. A man—a sailor—had entered the studio and stood in a dusky corner unobserved. His face was very pale, and in his eyes there shone an agony of renunciation. He held his breath to hear Barbara's reply, which came low, but clear. A soft knell of despair to him—of hope and joy to Philip.

"I have loved you always, I think," she is saying.

"And your cousin?" Vance queries, evincing a jealous eagerness.

"Why should we speak of him now?"

"But tell me. Would you leave me for him were he to come back?" he persisted.

"Oh, I could not lose you!" she cried, clinging eloquently to him.

There is a faint stir in the corner by the door. They do not hear it. The man bends forward, his arms outstretched, his face working in a tempest of grief.

"Oh, Barbara!—Barbara!" he whispers, huskily; "to think that I should have come back from the dead only to die again!"

A faded leaf flutters from his hand. It is the leaf from the old Bible, blurred with sea-water, faded and torn. Barbara's name is written on it. It has been with him in the sea—that dreadful night of the wreck—and he has clung to it since with a sailor's superstition. He lets it fall now, and turns with unsteady steps, like one in a dream, toward the door. There he pauses. Barbara's head is on Philip's shoulder. She looks into his eyes, her own aglow with the love-light he has never seen.

"God bless her!" he murmurs, brokenly, looking his last upon the beloved face, as a man looks upon his dead. "And God help me!"

The door closes softly behind him, shutting the lovers into their new Paradise.

DYEING IN DEATH.

Few persons who buy a phial of that deep crimson liquid known as cochineal have much acquaintance with the singular animal to which jellies or fruit-juices owe this brilliant coloring. Beyond the fact that an insect of some sort is concerned in it, not one in a hundred of the consumers has any but a vague idea of how and when that insect is made to furnish such an essence.

The Cochinilla, or cochineal, is an insect which most people would call simply a blight. It is of the same kith and kin as the mealy-bug, black-fly, "scale," and several other such parasitic creatures, whose particular character often seems to vary with the vegetable growth upon which they find themselves developed. The plant upon which the cochineal thrives is one of the many varieties

of "prickly-pear" cactus; and the history of its life, then, as managed by its human cultivator, is of remarkable interest.

The appearance of a cochineal plantation, with a full crop on, is perhaps the last thing that an ordinary observer would imagine to belong to anything of commercial value. Merely rows upon rows of stunted prickly-pear bushes, with all the leaves more or less blotched and crusted with a repulsive-looking bluish-gray mold or blight. Yet a single acre of good cochineal ground has been known to let at a rental of $250 or $300 a year, and to change hands at as high a price as $5,000.

The cactus plant is raised from a single leaf, which, in countries where it thrives, is often as large as a medium-sized meat-dish, and about an inch thick. The cochineal cactus, or tuno, as the Spaniards call it, is a species with comparatively few and small thorns, yet it is not pleasant handling; and the skill with which women and children pass up and down between the rows during the operations of cultivating and gathering, is one of the most remarkable features of the work. The single leaf is merely broken off from its parent plant and stuck in the ground, when it soon begins to push new leaves round the edges. It is not allowed to flower and fruit, as this withdraws part of the nourishment required by the insect. When the plant has reached two or three feet in height, and sufficient strength, a "mother" is carefully installed on each leaf. This is the female insect, whose brood, in five or six months' time, will form the crop which the plant supplies. She is a round and seemingly legless bug, in appearance not unlike a small leaden bullet or large shot. The legs, however, are there, though very minute, and she soon gets a hold on the surface of the leaf. She is then carefully sheltered for a time from excessive sun or wet by a rag of white calico tied round the leaf; and while these are on, the plantation looks from a distance as if it had been daubed with whitewash. After a few days she will be found surrounded with the active little brood who are to form the future crop. For a week or two these new-born mites indulge their fancy to roam all over the surface of the leaf; but it is the first and last ramble of their lives. As appetite grows, each insect pierces with a strong sucker the skin of the leaf, through which it begins to absorb the succulent juices it contains. Once fixed by the sucker, it remains on the same spot, moving no more during the term of its natural life.

But there is a curious exception to this. One day, about five or six weeks after the young brood has appeared, the crop seems to be suddenly much reduced, and a number of insects are found to have disappeared. These are believed to be the males, who at a certain period of their life are provided by Nature with wings, with which they take to flight and are seen no more. The females remain until they reach full growth, when they are removed into bags or trays by scraping them off the leaf with a wooden blade. After this the plant appears yellow, flabby and exhausted, and during the remainder of the year recruits itself for the next crop. The insects are spread out in large trays consisting of a shallow, square frame of wood, backed with canvas, and in these are exposed to the sun, which soon kills and dries them. They are then put through a process of polishing, much in the same fashion as a groom polishes curb-chains, by rolling in a sack. This gives them a color which is fancied in the market, but appears to have no relation whatever either to their quality or uses. The strength of the coloring matter is amazing. A single cochineal insect, alive or dead, pinched into a large tumbler of water, immediately gives a clear, pink tinge to the whole of it.

While the fruit-gardener at home wrings his hands over the depredations of scale and mealy-bug, let us remember there is at least one sort of blight which deserves well after death, by dyeing in our service again and again.

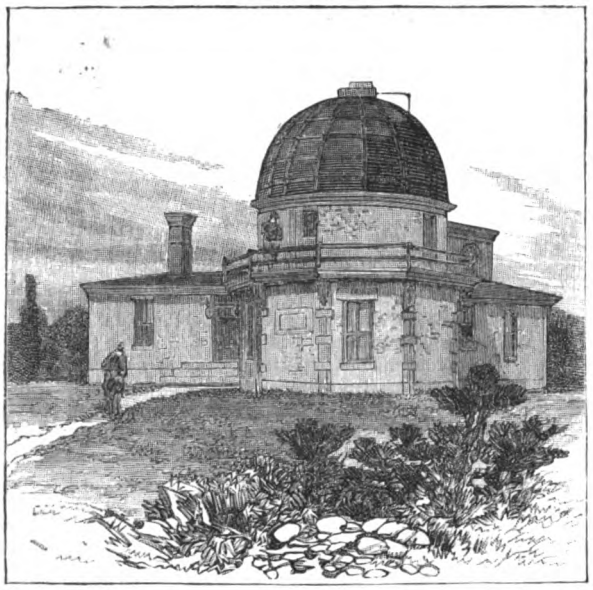
SUSPENSE.

HEART-SICKNESS, that of old the wise man knew
Despite his wisdom, creepeth like a pall
Over the opulent springtime, quenching all
The sunshine, and the verdure, and the blue
Into one gray monotony of hue.
I hear from budding boughs the thrush's call,
From bearded spray the tinted blossoms fall
Upon the long, lush grasses wet with dew;
And all this harmony of light and song—
These swift cloud-shadows, purpling hill and wold,
These emerald spaces betwixt leaves of gold—
Strikes on my dull brain with a sense of wrong.
Spring, to a sad heart, suddenly grown cold,
Seems a vain story, tedious told and long!

HIGHER EDUCATION IN INDIANA.

THE UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA—DE PAUW UNIVERSITY—PURDUE UNIVERSITY—WABASH COLLEGE.

THERE is a movement at present that aims at confiding to the General Government, besides the vast and numerous powers expressed in the Constitution of the United States, that of controlling the educational establishments of the several States. The creation of a special Bureau with a Commissioner of Education was the first step, and now it is proposed to distribute among the States a portion of the national revenues, to be devoted to purposes of education. The General Government cannot well expend its revenue without obtaining control over those by whom its largess is to be applied, and without assuming responsibility for maintaining for ever institutions it may thus create. This may entail hereafter national tax for local education, and a host of questions will arise, easily settled by local legislation, but extremely difficult of treatment when laws are to be passed applicable to the whole country. The inferior or common school, a growth of comparatively few years, is not conducted on a uniform system, and perhaps cannot be. Questions arise as to the object of these schools, whether they are to be regarded as merely intended to train the children of the less affluent to obtain sufficient education to enable them to earn a livelihood, and by improving their leisure hours, rise intellectually or enjoy more intellectual recreation; or, on the other hand, is the object of these schools to prepare the young to enter higher institutions of learning and pursue a more thorough course, fitting them for learned or scientific professions? The question of moral and religious training is involved in great difficulty. Have those who desire their children brought up under a religious influence in school any rights which the Government or a majority of their fellow-citizens are bound to respect? or have those favoring a non-religious education the exclusive power to dictate to others? How far can the General Government go in creating and maintaining colleges and universities for thorough literary, scientific, legal and medical courses? Those who hold that God should not be excluded from the Constitution must hold that Government must include a divinity course as well. The whole question is one that will lead to long and serious debates before any



OBSERVATORY AT DE PAUW UNIVERSITY.

final step is taken, and Federal school commissioners, superintendents, trustees, professors, tutors and teachers are added to the existing army of national officeholders.

It is not pretended that the States, as a whole, or to a great extent severally, have been delinquent in taking proper steps to secure the children of each a degree of education suited to their position in life. On the contrary, most of the States can show how much they have accomplished in the past, and how steadily they are improving their means for affording education to all classes.

We may take up a single State to examine what it has done for higher education. There is an impression, due, perhaps, more to fiction than to any reliable data, that Indiana has been behindhand in this point.

Indiana is not a State of large cities, but mainly agricultural. Its original settlers were comparatively poor, its growth was not rapid, and it seemed to be cast in the shade by the more showy, though not always substantial, progress of some of its neighbors.

Yet the State is by no means ill-provided with educational institutions of a high rank, and an examination of the history and condition of a few of these will give the best idea of Indiana's claim to a fair fame as fostering the cultivation of the intellect and talents of its youth.

The history of the University of Indiana has been parallel with that of the State.

The University of Indiana was chartered first as a State Seminary in the year 1820, and was established at Bloomington, Indiana. This location probably grew out of the fact that one of the townships of land donated by Congress for educational purposes adjoined the site of the future town of Bloomington, laid off two years before, and to the desirability of the location itself on account of its healthfulness, and its position near the centre of the actual population of the State.

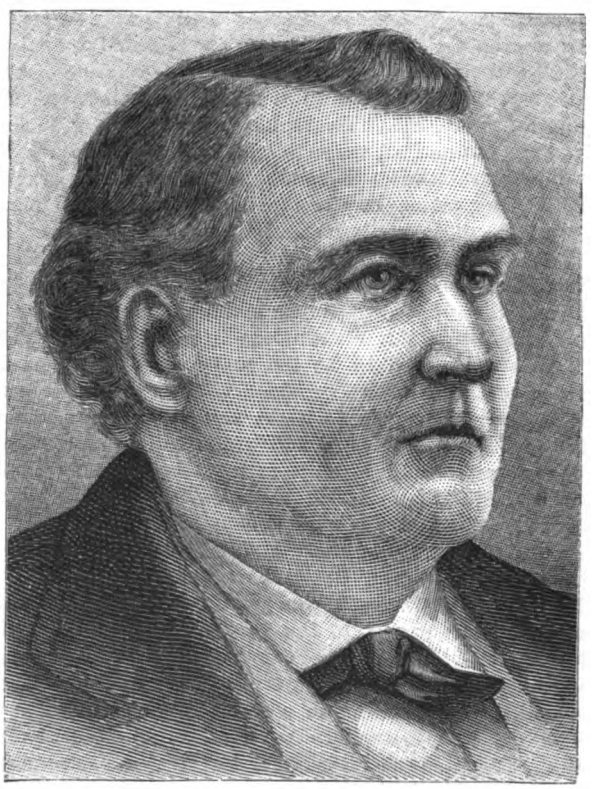
Its early history is closely connected with the efforts of two men more than all others: one the lifelong President of its Board of Trustees, Dr. David H. Maxwell; and the other, the first President of its Faculty, Dr. Andrew Wylie.

Dr. David H. Maxwell was a leading pioneer in the cause of education in Indiana. He was a wise and powerful patron when the patrons of education were few. In the second Legislature (1819) as a member of the Lower House from Jefferson County, he was foremost in the establishment of the State Academy. During twelve years of subsequent service in both Houses of the Legislature, and as a member of the University Board, his chief desire and efforts were for the prosperity of the Institution, and to his efforts were largely due its permanent establishment.

Dr. Andrew Wylie was elected President of the University in 1828, a few months after its establishment as a State institution. A log, with himself on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other, was President Garfield's idea of the true essentials of a college. Andrew Wylie was the Mark Hopkins of Indiana University, and in his life-work he well illustrated the truth that the best use of a great man is to inspire others. He was one of the sturdy characters of the old time, a thorough classical scholar, an executive officer of great ability, and a born teacher. He was regarded among the older alumni as the highest type of a college president.

The first seminary buildings consisted of two brick houses—one, for chapel and recitation rooms; the other, as a residence for the professor. The former was a two-story building 60 by 35 feet. In May, 1825, this was opened for instruction. Baynard R. Hall was the first and for a time the only instructor. In 1830–31 a more pretentious building was erected to accommodate the increasing number of students. This was burned in 1854, and upon its site was erected the present chapel building, now occupied by the preparatory department. In 1873–4 another building was added for the accommodation of the scientific departments. This new building and its contents, including the library, laboratories, museums and apparatus, were destroyed by the disastrous fire of July 12th, 1883.

By the gifts of Monroe County and the State, together with the insurance money, three new buildings have been



WASHINGTON C. DE PAUW.

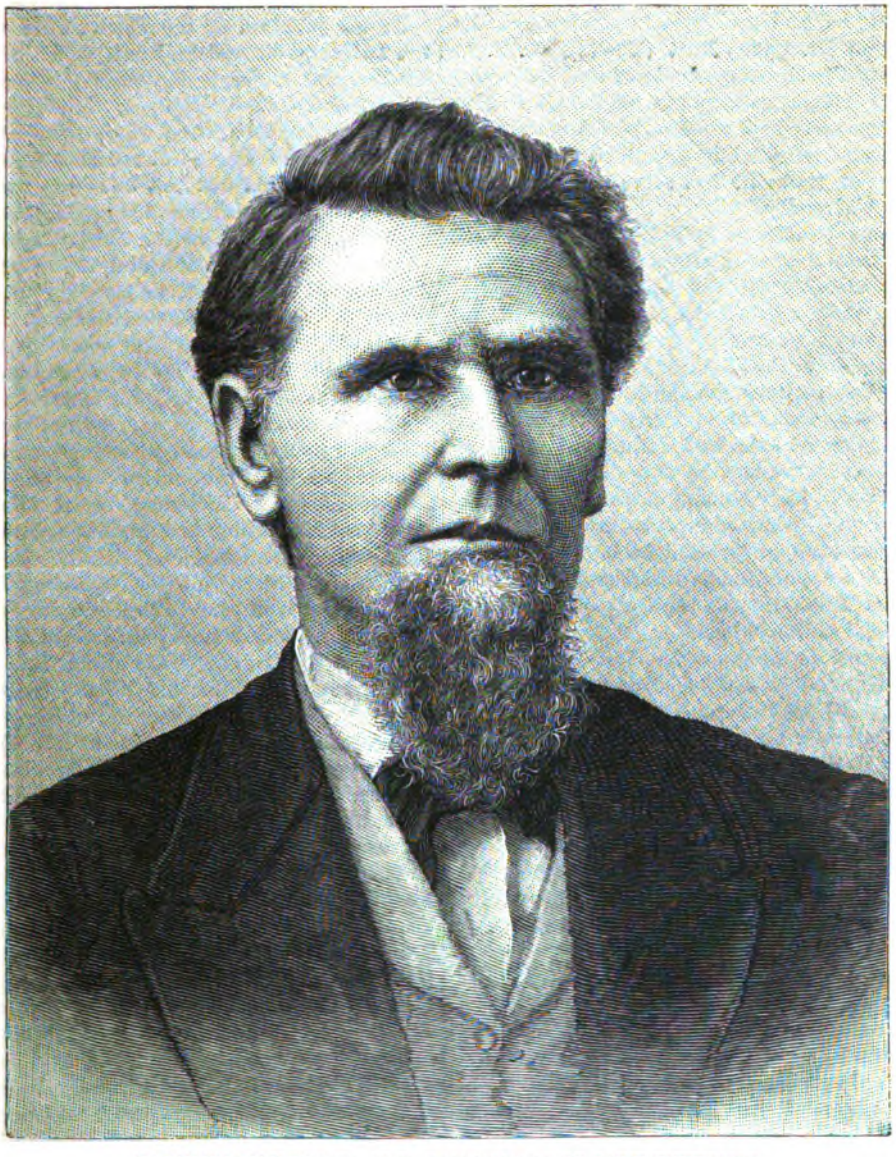
erected in a park of twenty acres on the eastern edge of Bloomington. One of them, Maxwell Hall, is a two-story frame, intended for the temporary accommodation of the literary departments. Owen Hall and Wylie Hall are two-story brick and stone buildings, occupied by the departments of mathematics, chemistry, physics, biology and geology.

The Geological Laboratory is fitted with a complete set of maps and models, and all the instruments and apparatus required for their construction.

The Photographic Laboratory, connected with the department of geology, is furnished with everything required for the scientific uses of photography.

The Entomological Laboratory is supplied with about 8,000 specimens, the Indiana Collection being especially rich.

The Biological Laboratory is supplied with about 23,000 specimens—collected since the fire—with the necessary instruments for biological research, and with a reference library, which, in the department of ichthyology, is absolutely exhaustive.



ALEXANDER MARTIN, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF DE PAUW UNIVERSITY.

The Physical Laboratory accommodates about twenty-five students.

The Chemical Laboratories, with the balance-room, drying-room, assaying-room, furnace-room, offices and store-rooms connected with them, occupy the basement and first floor of Wylie Hall. There are four of these laboratories: a qualitative laboratory, allowing 872 cubic feet each for 44 students; a quantitative laboratory, allowing 952 cubic feet each for 28 students; and two small laboratories for special work. These laboratories have been arranged according to the best approved plans, and the facilities afforded are nowhere excelled.

The Museum contains about 33,000 specimens of birds, fishes, invertebrates, fossils, minerals and casts. This includes 5,500 specimens of the David Dale Owen collection of fossils and minerals; 2,500 fossils, minerals and lithological specimens, collected by Dr. Branner in South America; 12,000 fishes (the third largest collection in America); and 2,000 birds collected by Dr. Jordan and his associates. The rapidity with which the collections of the University have grown is due largely to the relations which the heads of the scientific departments hold with institutions and collectors throughout the world.

During the past year about 3,000 volumes have been added to the University Library, and $2,000 will be expended for it during this collegiate year. The destruction of the late library of 15,000 volumes was, indeed, regrettable, but the possibility of choosing a library anew enables the University to select one entirely suited to its demands. Not the least desirable feature of the library is the system by which it is as open to students six days in the week as their private libraries are. By this liberal plan, the value of the books is many times multiplied. The ordinary annual revenues of the University are derived as follows:

Permanent appropriation provided by statute..	$23,000.00
Interest on endowment fund accumulated from sale of lands received from the Government.....	6,000.00
Interest on State bond issued on account of special endowment fund tax.....	3,000.00
Interest on unpaid purchase money due on lands.....	400.00
Students' fees (contingent and library), about...	2,500.00
Graduates' fees for diplomas about.....	100.00
Total about.....	$35,000.00

The Legislature passed an Act, in 1883, providing for the permanent endowment of the University by levying a tax of one-half cent on each hundred dollars of taxable property in the State, to be collected annually for thirteen years. This fund, it is estimated, will amount to about $750,000.

Endowments, buildings, apparatus and books are undoubtedly incidental necessities to an institution of learning; but, after all, it is the men in a college Faculty that are its essential features and give it rank. Since its first charter the institution has possessed among its Faculty men who have given it power and distinction. Besides the first President, Dr. Andrew Wylie, his successors, Dr. Darley ('52–'59) and Dr. Cyrus Nutt ('60–'75), Dr. T. A. Wylie, Professor of Physics, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, has been connected with the institution since 1837. In his nearly half a century of labor he has taught most subjects embraced in a college curriculum. At several different times he has served as temporary President of the University.

Contemporaneous with Dr. T. A. Wylie, was Dr. Richard Owen, for many years Professor of Natural Science. Dr. Elisha Ballantine also served the University with distinction for more than a generation as Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

David S. Jordan, now President, to whom the reorganization of the University is mainly due, is a graduate of Cornell, and early made a reputation as a botanist. After studying under Agassiz and filling the Chair of Science in Lombard University, he showed his scientific treatment of zoölogy in his "Manual of Vertebrates," and his "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America." That within twelve years after graduation he could establish so wide and solid a reputation is remarkable, and it is conceded that as President he entirely justifies the choice of those who selected him.

Another distinguished light of the University is Professor Daniel Kirkwood, a native of Harford County, Maryland. After filling the position of Professor of Mathematics in Delaware College and being President of Washington and Jefferson College, he has, since 1856, filled the Chair of Mathematics in the University. His contributions and discoveries in astronomical science have given him a world-wide reputation, and Procter has devoted a special article to his immense service to astronomy. More than thirty years ago he was styled "the Kepler of Modern Astronomy," and the epithet has been repeated by men like Procter.

The late Hermann B. B. Boisen was another illustrious member of the Faculty.

If the Faculty has been eminent, the success in life of the Alumni proves their ability as trainers of youthful thought to enable it to acquire and apply information. The University boasts of distinguished graduates in almost every State and every profession.

Down to as recent a date as the establishment of Cornell University (1869), the plan of allowing students freedom of choice in studies was unknown. At present, the elective system is adopted in some form by a large number of colleges, and at Harvard extends to the whole curriculum.

Those best versed in educational science are still undecided how far election should go. The University of Indiana adopts a medium. In the junior and senior years every student has one specialty and two electives. The two electives he makes term by term, so that in the course of the two years he can pursue every study. As a specialty the student chooses a department which he must follow for two years.

There are two things which specially mark the present administration of the University of Indiana. One of these is the spirit of investigation. Not simply in the strictly scientific departments, but in every department independent investigation is required.

The other spirit is the spirit of liberty. The Faculty refuses to regard itself as a police force. The catalogue is not a book of penal statutes. During the present year only a single case of discipline has arisen; that rather, a relic of past conditions.

De Pauw University.

At the junction of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis, the Indianapolis and St. Louis, and the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railways is Greencastle, elevated some 900 feet above the sea. It is the seat of De Pauw University, an institution which has within the past few years reached a degree of national prominence.

This institution was first known as the Indiana Asbury University. It sent out 900 graduates, many to occupy prominent positions in the Church and State.

It was the purpose of the founders of the institution, ministers of the Gospel, to lay the foundations of a university in reality as well as in name.

In 1846, a law department was organized, which continued until 1862. In 1848, the Indiana Central Medical College was attached to the University.

With these exceptions, the work of the Indiana Asbury University was confined to an undergraduate collegiate course. In 1881, the endowments and resources of the Indiana Asbury University failed almost completely, after the institution had maintained an active life for forty-four years.

At this juncture the Hon. Washington C. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., for several years a trustee of the University, and at that time president of the board, who had made a will providing for the establishment of a university within ten years after his death, resolved to effect the result in his lifetime by developing the institution with which he was already identified. On May 5th, 1884, the name was formally and legally changed. De Pauw University began its career on a broad foundation. Mr. De Pauw based his donations on the condition that the citizens of Greencastle and vicinity should raise $60,000, and that the citizens of the State at large should raise at least $120,000. He agreed, upon the fulfillment of these conditions, to pay $240,000 into the University treasury. The citizens of Greencastle and Putnam County promptly paid their portion. A large part of the general subscription throughout the State has also been paid, and Mr. De Pauw has much more than fulfilled the conditions which he assumed.

The Indiana Asbury University became the Asbury College of Liberal Arts, special and professional schools established on separate foundations as integral parts of the University. The institution expanded from a college with a dozen professors and instructors to a university with nine co-ordinate schools and more than forty teachers.

As at present organized the University includes: 1. The Asbury College of Liberal Arts, including four parallel courses—the classical; the philosophical, and the scientific courses; and the course in literature and art. 2. The School of Theology. 3. The School of Law. 4. The School of Military Science. 5. The School of Music. 6. The School of Fine Arts. 7. The School of Horticulture. 8. The Normal School. 9. The Preparatory School. 10. The School of Medicine (not yet organized).

The Faculty of the University is composed of a chan-

cellor, a president, a vice-president, deans of schools, professors, assistant professors and instructors.

The Chancellor of the University is Bishop Thomas Bowman, D. D., LL. D. The President is Alexander Martin, D.D., LL.D.

The Asbury College of Liberal Arts is part of the University and is its chief school. There are four different lines of work leading to the degrees, respectively, of Bachelor of Arts, Philosophy, Science and Literature. These courses are all invariable, though different from each other, to the end of the sophomore year, after which time an election is permitted. It is assumed that students, by the time they have reached their junior year, have acquired sufficient experience and definiteness of purpose to make a selection with wisdom. Experience for several years has justified the University in its action.

The School of Theology, of which Alexander Martin, D.D., LL.D., is President, though a distinct branch of the University, yet in part works in connection with the College of Liberal Arts. During the junior and senior years in the College students can elect two entire studies in theology and graduate Bachelors of Arts. Thus the first year of a three-years course in theology may be accomplished before formally entering the school. On completing the course a student can graduate with a diploma of honor, or if he be a Bachelor from any good college, he will receive the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology. There are now about forty students in attendance. The curriculum of studies, which has been prepared with great care, is rich and varied, having in its latest issues special reference to the truths of the Christian religion, with the negations of atheism, agnosticism and annihilationism, as well as with the pantheistic, materialistic, rationalistic and positive philosophy of the day.

The School of Law, of which Alexander Martin, D.D., LL.D., is President, and Hon. Alexander C. Downey, LL.D., Dean, has been in existence two years. Its course of study is as extensive as that of the older law-schools of the country. There is a library of law-books for the use of the School. Students in the College of Liberal Arts, by taking the study of law during their junior and senior years, can graduate from this School to the Degree of Bachelor of Laws at the time of their graduation. A class in commercial law is formed each term.

The School of Military Science and Tactics is under the management of a commandant of cadets detailed by the War Department. The aim of this School is to give instruction in military science and tactics, and, by the observance of military discipline, to inculcate habits of attention, promptness and obedience.

The School of Music, of which James H. Howe is Dean, was organized in 1844 on the conservatory basis. Every succeeding term brings students who are determined to obtain a broad musical education, rather than proficiency on one instrument.

The School of Horticulture is in charge of Hon. William H. Ragan, Professor of Horticulture and Superintendent of Parks. It is the purpose of this School to give instruction in those branches of study most nearly related to horticulture, and in the practical application of the knowledge thus acquired. The course of study includes vegetable physiology, botany, animal life in its relations to horticulture, chemistry, meteorology, fruit-growing, vegetable-gardening, forestry, and landscape-gardening. Students completing the course will be entitled to a certificate of attainments. This School has charge of the volunteer weather service of Indiana and issues full monthly reports.

The Normal School, of which Samuel S. Parr is Principal and Professor of Didactics, was organized in 1885. This School is to be carried on by specialists.

The School of the Fine Arts has been in existence nearly two years. Professor H. A. Mills is Dean of the School.

Only a few years ago the study of art was supposed to be confined to a favored few whom nature had endowed with a special genius. But this view is rapidly passing away, and a general knowledge of subjects pertaining to art is now regarded necessary to every cultured person. The object of this School is the cultivation of the mind and heart as well as the hand, and the education of the appreciative power of the public through the healthful teaching of nature, and through the true, good and beautiful in and around our homes. A purpose short of this is unworthy a School of Art. The equipments of this School are complete for the training of the artist as well as for giving instruction to those who wish merely to become amateurs and intelligent appreciators.

The Preparatory School is the stepping-stone to the College of Liberal Arts.

The course of study covers three years, and is substantially the same for all the different courses in the College of Liberal Arts.

The campuses of De Pauw University are five in number. They are known respectively as West Park, with 4½ acres; Centre Park, with 8½ acres; East Park, with 4 acres; South Park, with 7½ acres, and University Park, with 119 acres. The chief buildings are six in number, viz., East College, West College, Music Hall, Ladies' Hall, Gentlemen's Hall and McKim Observatory.

The main building, known as East College, is located in Centre Park, being 126 feet long and 94 feet wide. It is a brick and stone building of four stories, with towers and mansard roof. The first story, or basement, contains eight rooms, 12 feet high, besides halls and furnace, room. Here is located the Chemical Laboratory. The second story, 16 feet high, contains the halls of two of the literary societies, three recitation-rooms, the art-room, the registrar's office, besides halls and a reception room. The Biddle Mathematical Library is on this floor. The third floor is occupied mainly by the chapel, known as Meharry Hall, a room 54 by 90 feet, and 42 feet high.

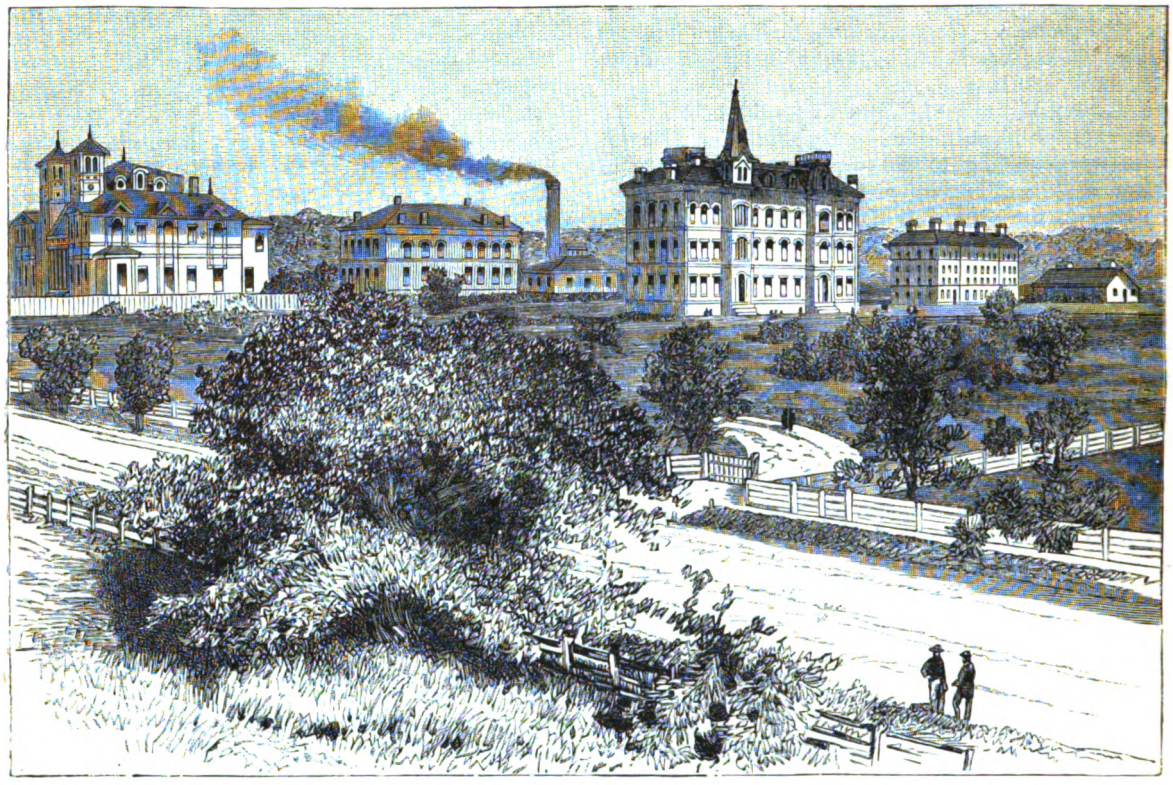
The West College, near the centre of the West Campus, is a three-story brick building, the main part of which is 54 by 99 feet. To this central building there are annexes east and west.

The Gentlemen's Hall is located on a corner of West Campus. It is a building of four stories besides the basement.

On the southwest corner of East Campus stands the Music Hall, a new three-story brick structure with stone trimmings.

In the middle of East Campus is Ladies' Hall, a three-story brick building with fifty rooms, and a dining-hall capable of accommodating 200 boarders, the whole presided over by Mrs. Belle A. Mansfield, A.M., Preceptress.

The McKim Observatory is situated at the eastern extremity of University Park, where it is free from the dust and jar of traffic. The Observatory is the gift of Robert McKim, Esq., of Madison. The building contains five rooms, viz., the library, the reception, transit, clock and equatorial rooms. The equatorial room is surmounted by an iron dome weighing two tons, which is moved by a direct pressure of twelve pounds. The chief instrument of the Observatory, the equatorial telescope, is in this room. It has an object-glass of 9½ inches clear



PURDUE UNIVERSITY.

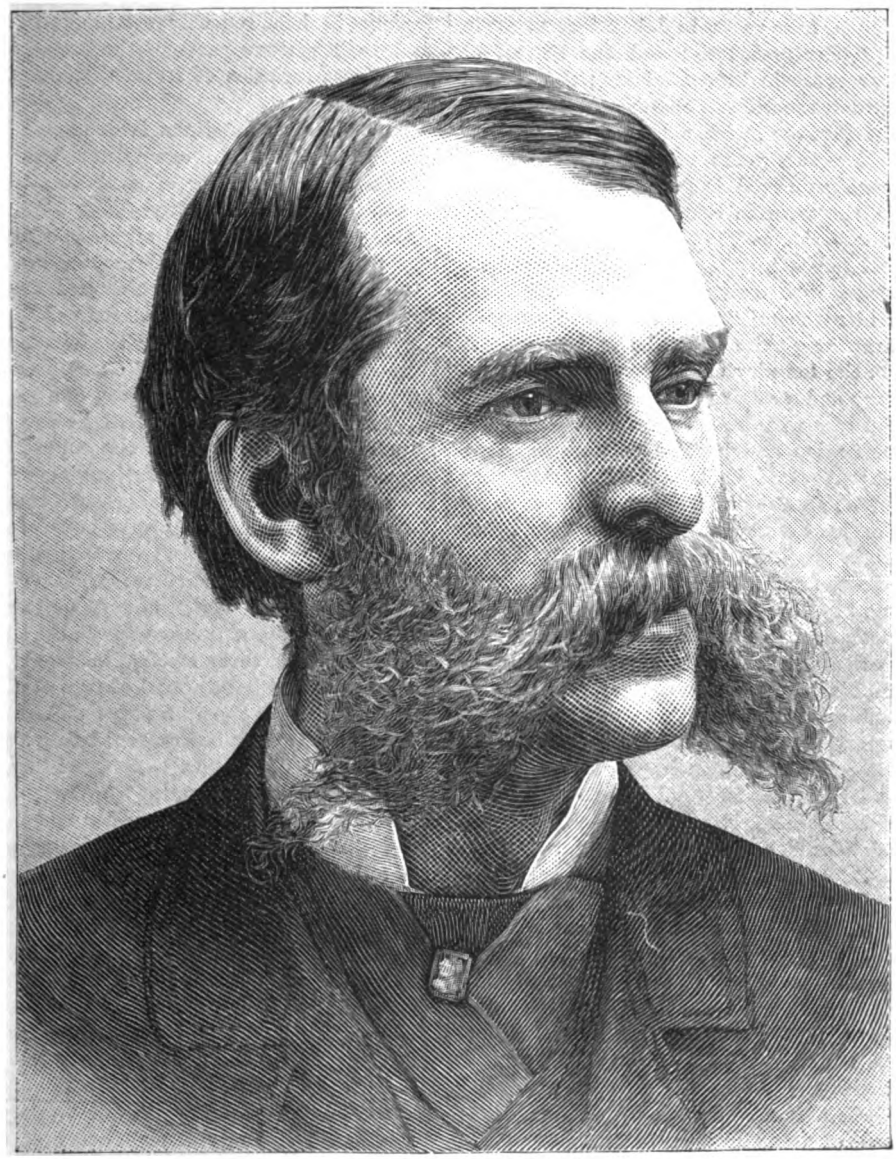
WABASH COLLEGE.

aperture, made by Alvan Clark & Sons, and is supplied with positive and negative eye-pieces, comet eye-piece and a micrometer. The tube is twelve feet long. The mounting of the telescope and the entire dome are the workmanship of Warner & Swasey, of Cleveland, O., who also made the electro-chronograph.

The libraries are as follows: The University Library in Newkirk Hall; the Libraries of the School of Theology and of the School of Law; the Biddle Mathematical Library; the Simison Latin Library; the House Greek Library; the McKim Observatory Library, and the libraries of the Literary Societies.

Tuition is free except in the Schools of Law, Music and Art, and in one or two special branches in the College of Liberal Arts. The price of board and lodging has been greatly reduced by the erection of the College Boarding-halls, so that any resolute young man or woman, however poor, can complete a course in De Pauw University.

This Institution, though under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is in no sense sectarian. While its trustees are appointed by the four annual conferences of the Church in Indiana, and the members of the Faculty are elected by the trustees, yet both professors and students represent several of the leading religious denominations. The benefactor himself, Mr. De Pauw, is a gentleman of large and liberal views, and the Institution, though denominational, encourages its members in the freedom of their own religious preferences. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations have charge of the religious meetings, sustaining, besides other exercises, a noonday meeting through the College year.



JAMES H. SMART, PRESIDENT OF PURDUE UNIVERSITY.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY.

This University, the Indiana Institute of Technology, at Lafayette, was endowed by the General Government to the extent of $340,000, and, through the munificent donations received from John Purdue and other citizens of Tippecanoe County and from the State, $358,000 more have been expended in permanent improvements.

The University has been in operation about ten years, and has become one of the largest industrial schools in the country.

The total enrollment now exceeds 300, under a corps of instructors, which numbers twenty specialists.

The Institution is well fitted for its special work. There are six large college buildings, viz.: The University Hall, containing the chapel, two society halls, museums, library and recitation-rooms; a boys' dormitory, with accommodation for 90 students; a building used for a young ladies' dormitory, a dining-hall and the art department; a chemical and physical laboratory; Agricultural Hall, containing recitation rooms, an agricultural museum and the agricultural experiment laboratories; a Mechanics' Hall, including machine-shop, forge-shop, foundry, woodworking-shop, with commodious draughting and recitation rooms.

The campus and gardens contain 20 acres, and are beautifully laid out with walks and drives.

The purpose of the Institution is to afford technical instruction in those subjects that enter into the practical industries of life without neglecting to give a thorough course of the ordinary collegiate branches. It embraces a School of Agriculture and Horticulture, a School of Mechanics and Engineering, a School of Science, a School

of Industrial Art, a School of Pharmacy, and a Preparatory Class.

The course of instruction in the first four schools is so arranged that they include, with few exceptions, literature, history, modern languages, mental philosophy, political economy, the higher mathematics, physics, chemistry, botany, zoölogy, physiology and geology. In addition to these branches common to the first four schools, the School of Agriculture adds four years of instruction and practice in agriculture and horticulture; the School of Mechanics and Engineering, two years in practical mechanics, and two of mechanical engineering; the School of Science, four years in laboratory work in the natural and physical sciences; and the School of Industrial Art, four years in industrial art; the School of Pharmacy affords instruction in chemistry, pharmacy, materia medica, botany, etc., with a large amount of laboratory practice for two years of five months each. The modern laboratory method is generally in use, and, wherever possible, the work in the text-book is supplemented by actual experience.

In the Biological Laboratory the student cuts animal and vegetable tissues with a microtome, mounts them and puts them under the microscope. In the shop he makes working drawings, turns at the lathe, hammers at the anvil, works in the foundry and turns out a stationary engine. Theory and practice go hand in hand.

A visitor to Purdue will find between 200 and 300 students in the recitation and lecture rooms during the forenoon, and hard at work in laboratories and shops in the afternoon; each student having an average of three recitations or lectures, and from two to four hours of laboratory practice.

A few steps from the main building is the Art Department. Here, generally, are 75 students intensely busy drawing the objects, or listening to instruction in outline, shade and color, the elements of linear perspective and orthographic projection, preparatory to architectural and machine-drawing. In a room in the basement, suitably arranged, will be found young ladies before neatly arranged benches, each provided with an outfit of fine tools for carving in wood. Here were being carved panels, brackets, screens, vases, easels, tables, chairs, doors, mantels, sideboards, and all kinds of furniture.

The Exhibition Room is filled with a large variety of finished work of the students.

In other rooms may be found students making clay models of architectural ornaments, such as keystones, cornices, string-courses, window and door caps, and casting them in plaster and terra-cotta, and designing original patterns for carpets, oilcloths, wall-papers, frescoes, and similar work.

A short walk brings us to a well-equipped Chemical Laboratory, affording accommodations for fifty students at one time. Some of the pharmacists are engaged in making fluid extracts and gelatine-coated pills, while others are examining the strength and purity of various commercial drugs. Here will be seen students in general chemistry making an analysis of building-stone, or testing for poisons, or ascertaining the purity of water, etc. The State Chemist work is done in this department. About fifty analyses of fertilizers were made by them during the present year.

Passing to the Physical Laboratory, about thirty sophomores will be seen standing at long benches engaged in practical physical manipulation.

In the Biological Laboratory similar work is carried on. All are required to make careful drawings and give accurate descriptions of what was discovered.

In the School of Agriculture and the experimental station, scientific investigations in laboratory and in field are carried on. Commercial fertilizers are analyzed in the laboratory and tested in the field. Here is a plat with fifty varieties of wheat, the purpose being to ascertain which variety is best adapted to the locality. The institution operates, through its graduates, several co-operative experimental agricultural stations in various parts of the State. In these sub-stations the behavior of small grains is ascertained under a variety of different climatic conditions, and in a variety of soils.

Through the co-operation of the State Horticultural Society it has recently established ten horticultural stations in various parts of the State, the purpose being to test new varieties of fruits that may be offered on the market.

This circuit of stations is managed by a professor of the University. One can visit a testing-laboratory in which a great number of seeds are tested in reference to their purity and vitality.

One of the most novel sights is the room devoted to economic entomology. Here the little creatures that are so injurious to our grains and fruits are bred and hatched and studied and destroyed by various insecticides. The studies include the character of soils, crop rotation, soil-exhaustion, drainage, stock-breeding, market-gardening, fruit-culture, etc.

Approaching the Mechanical Laboratory, we hear the hum of machinery and all the sounds of a busy workshop. Passing through the engine-room, we come to the wood-working room, where the students begin their shop training. Thirty or forty boys are hard at work at the different machines and work-benches, and seem thoroughly interested in their work.

We next go to the foundry, containing a cupola, a furnace for iron, a furnace for brass, etc.

Students take turns as chief manager, assistant, etc., of the foundry and have actual charge of all the work; such as weighing out the quantities of the various irons to make the proper mixture, regulating the air-blast, etc.

One of the students acts as melter, and, as he announces the melted iron as ready, two others bring up an iron ladle and hold it under the nozzle of the furnace. The melter then drives in an earthen plug and the bubbling and seething current of white-hot iron is caught in the ladle and then poured into the various molds. In addition to the other castings, there is always a piece of a certain size cast which is tested for strength, so that the judgment of the manager as to the proper mixture of pig-irons is subjected to the practical test.

We now enter the forge-shop, containing a dozen forges (built by the students themselves), all supplied with air-blast by power.

Every morning, during the first two years, an hour is devoted to the study of the theory of the various shop processes, and then, every afternoon, two hours are devoted to actual work in the shop, applying the principles learned. The boys consequently work intelligently and accomplish a perfectly wonderful amount. In addition, they get a thorough college education, Of course they have to work very hard, but they seem to enjoy their work. The last two years are specially devoted to the theory and practice of mechanical engineering. In addition to theoretical instruction in the class-room, the students do considerable practical work in the drawing-rooms and in the testing laboratory. In the former, they make working drawings of machinery and prepare original designs to suit specified conditions. In the testing-laboratory, the students acquire a practical

knowledge of the strength of materials by actually testing a large number of specimens on the powerful testing-machine of the University. The testing-laboratory also does commercial experimental work of various kinds, such as determining the evaporative power of boilers, the relative economy of different coals, the efficiency of steam engines, etc. In all such work, the students assist, and they thus acquire a direct practical knowledge that is of great value. In charge of an instructor they also make visits to the furnaces and manufactories of neighboring cities to see in actual practice those processes with which they have already become familiar in the class-room. The aim throughout is to make the student do practical work so as to finally graduate, not idle theorists, but men who can do men's work and do it in a manly fashion.

WABASH COLLEGE, CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Whilst a member of Miami University in Ohio, the Rev. James Thomson determined to found a college in the Wabash Valley. In 1827 he reached Crawfordsville and began his ministry there. On the 21st of November, 1832, a convention was held at Crawfordsville to consider the plan of founding a college. Nine men, five being Presbyterian ministers, met at the pastor's residence. All the members of that convention were actually poor, and Mr. Thomson was far from being rich.

It was, however, resolved to be "expedient to attempt the establishment of a literary institution at Crawfordsville," and they elected a Board of Trustees. The Hon. Williamson Dunn, of Hanover, offered fifteen acres of land to the institution, with the privilege of purchasing sixty more.

Crawfordsville is in the midst of a fine country, the surface of which is beautiful with the undulations peculiar to what is known in geology as "the drift." It is underlaid with a deep stratum of gravel, and abounds in fountains and streams. The hill on which the College is built is about one hundred feet above the stream which flows by the town.

Within a year after the convention selected a site, a very unpretending building was erected. It was still unfinished when, on the 3d of December, 1833, Professor Caleb Mills, a graduate of Dartmouth College, opened the institution with twelve young men. It had a small farm, a small building, a small school and a debt.

In 1834 the Rev. Elihu W. Baldwin, a popular pastor in New York, accepted the presidency, and his friends at once contributed $24,000, and from New England there came several thousand dollars more. With such a sum of money it was thought desirable to erect a new and more commodious building on the more favorable spot it now occupies. The new building was but just occupied when it was destroyed by fire. Nearly all the results of those six hard years had vanished in a night. It is re-related by a distinguished jurist, who, as a student, was present, that so piercing and distressing was the cry of Professor Mills as he opened his door and saw the fire, that that cry left a more positive impression on his mind than the fire itself.

The news of the disaster led Dr. Baldwin, then at the East, to make a fresh appeal to those who had already been so generous. Nor was the appeal vain. But, notwithstanding this help, the College was compelled to make a loan of several thousand dollars of the State's "sinking fund" at a high rate of interest.

Among the interesting crises of its history, was that which occurred in 1843. It was a period of great financial distress, and several colleges were threatened with ruin. At that time the "Western College Society" was organized, which rescued five imperiled institutions, of which Wabash College was one.

Of the large sums which have done so much for the College, by far the largest part came from citizens of Indiana. Forty-eight thousand dollars came from a citizen of New Jersey, and at least $250,000 came from gentlemen residing in New Albany, Terre Haute, Lafayette and Indianapolis.

And now, what has the College to show for what its friends have done for it since that memorable convention?

Its largest and best benefits are found in the men it has trained. Several thousand students have been taught in its class-rooms. Nearly six hundred young men have completed its course of study, and are now to be found in the learned professions and honorable callings of life. Not a few of its "ungraduated Alumni" have also become eminent.

If, now, we turn to the material means which have been collected here for the education of young men, the display is imposing. Though little has been expended for mere show, the buildings are comfortable, and, standing in the midst of the fine grounds, they present a noble appearance. The accommodations for class-work in every department are admirable.

The libraries, to which the students have access, are the College Library, and the libraries of the two literary societies, containing in the aggregate more than twenty-five thousand volumes. The College Library, containing over 22,000 volumes, is in a beautiful room in the north wing of Centre Hall.

The Rev. Joseph F. Tuttle, D.D., the President of the College, has had special charge of the Department of Philosophy, giving instruction in mental and moral science, logic and political economy, and in the Christian evidences.

The professors of the Greek and Latin languages have given extended and careful instruction in ancient history. And the Rev. John De Witt, D. D., of Lane Seminary, the present year has delivered a course of admirable lectures to the senior classes on the "Post-classical History of Europe."

The departments of Greek and Latin are in no respect inferior to the classical courses in other colleges. The course of study is arranged in each for four years.

To the study of English literature is given special prominence. German also, and French, form part of the course.

The mathematical course includes the pure mathematics, and the practical application to surveying and engineering.

Peck Scientific Hall is the memorial building to a generous patron of the College whose name it bears. The endowments of the departments of physics and chemistry and the building were given by the late Edwin J. Peck, of Indianapolis.

The building is specially designed for the departments of physics and chemistry, and contains two large lecture-rooms, two general laboratories, six rooms for apparatus and supplies, two professors' rooms—one room for the special use of the Board of Trustees, and five large basement rooms for assaying, manufacture of the gases, storage, etc.

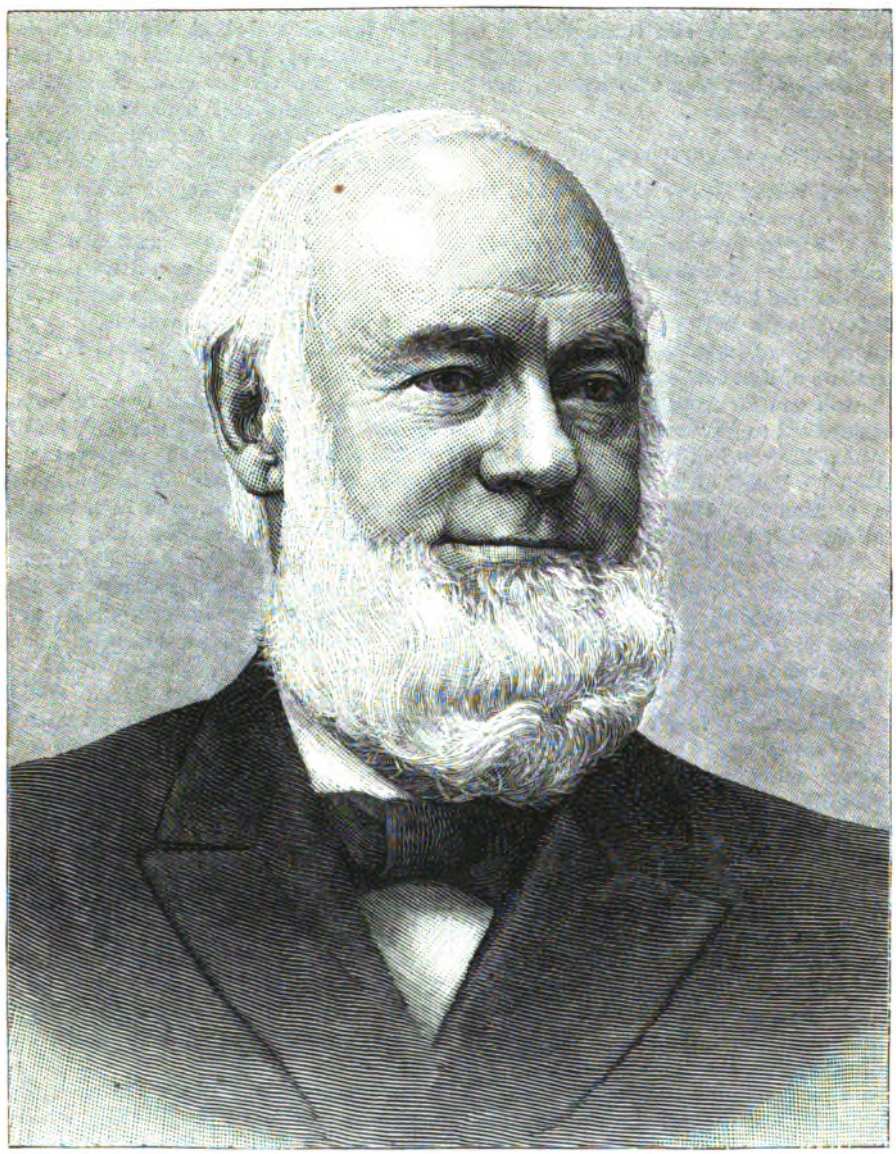
Particular attention has been given to arrangements for furnaces, gas and water pipes, motive-power and light, in order to furnish the best facilities for experimental illustration and research.

The course of instruction in physics and astronomy

embraces, first, the discussion of the general principles of mechanics; second, the study of astronomy; third, elective studies and laboratory practice in the senior year, including analytical mechanics and strength of material, dynamo-electricity and electrical measurements, and original research with the microscope and spectroscope. Particular attention is given to the discussion of the latest discoveries and inventions in the rapidly widening fields of practical physics.

Special students in astronomy, mechanics, microscopy, spectrum analysis, dynamo-electricity or other kindred branches of physics, may have the opportunity to pursue their investigations here with great advantage.

The first floor of Peck Hall is entirely devoted to the department of chemistry, and contains eight rooms, including a large lecture-room, a large laboratory-room for work in qualitative analysis, and a room specially devoted to blowpipe work, besides room for delicate scales and balances and for quantitative work. Lecture experiments are given before the class in the general lecture-room, which is similar to that figured in the department of physics and astronomy. The students here begin the study of chemistry, which is continued afterward in the other rooms by individual work in the various laboratories.



JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, D.D., PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

The Hovey Museum is devoted to the laboratories and collections in the department of biology. The main room, occupying nearly all of the lower floor, contains complete series of fossils to illustrate the study of paleontology, the local beds being especially well represented by the famous crinoids of this vicinity. An upper room is occupied by an archæological collection representing chiefly the riches of Indiana in this department, while another contains the large herbarium and working library of Professor Coulter, under whose curatorship the whole building is placed. Three laboratories complete this quite extensive equipment for biological study. There is a large general laboratory for elementary work in botany, while a special laboratory for advanced students gives the seclusion and more elaborate apparatus required for their work. The third laboratory is devoted to zoölogical dissections, and has strong light and water supply. As the courses permit two, or even three years work in these laboratories, much good work has been done, and the original papers issued from this source are taking rank among the best.

A recent editorial in a leading Indiana journal declares that "Cornell University, with its great resources in original work in botany, is behind Wabash College. In the new Biological building of Wabash College, opened last year, has been done by Professor Coulter and his students very fine work in systematic botany and vegetable histology, comparing well with any done in the United States the last decade. The results are known to scientists in part through Coulter's 'Manual of Botany of the Western States,' and also his 'Manual of Laboratory Processes,' which has been approved by the leading laboratory teachers of the country."

The *Botanical Gazette*, edited and published from Wabash College, is the leading botanical journal of the United States, and has a large circulation in Europe.

The Preparatory Department is the most important source whence the College derives the students for its college classes.

"THEN SHE STEPS TO THE EDGE, AND MURMURS : 'OH, HEAVEN FORGIVE ME, AND BLESS JACK WHEN I AM GONE!'

THE DEVIL'S DEN.

By K. V. Hastings.

A mountain-side in Maine; the time, Summer. A sky so blue as to be almost dazzling; rocks so white as to suggest snow. A low undergrowth of huckleberry and other bushes, tall bracken, like huge fern; behind this a thicket of half-grown poplars; still further up the mountain a forest, deep and dark and shadowy. Out of the midst of all this, a brook comes leaping down from a white ledge up against the sky, gurgles and roars through a deep channel worn in the solid rock, finally plunging, with a sullen groan, into the "Devil's Den."

The Devil's Den is a cavernous hollow in the rock, deep as a four-story house, round as the O of Giotta, smooth and slippery as an egg-shell. A narrow break on one side opens wide enough to let the brook tumble in—a still narrower rift opposite allows it to flee away to pleasanter paths below. In the midst a deep pool of emerald water circles slowly around its vortex. Down, down in its crystal depths are three or four huge boulders. Over the chasm's brink hang a few "black-eyed Susans," peeping and shuddering at the depths beneath.

On the smooth sides of the Devil's Den does no fern, no tiny lichen, find a resting-place. In its smooth, hurrying waters does no bird dip its wing. All is silence, except the deep voice of the water, ceaselessly murmuring of death to be found below.

"'Taint nothin' but a big pot-hole," says Farmer Thompson, when his boarders go and sketch it,

write verses upon it, and choose its neighborhood as their picnic ground.

This very day it has been the scene of a picnic; but lunch having been dispatched, the company is now scattered hither and thither, botanizing, sketching, or exploring, as the case may be. Some find "picturesque bits" in the glen down-stream, and out with pencil and sketch-book, to "fix" them. Some tumble into clumps of prickly pears, and stop to classify them ere extricating themselves from such thorny embrace. Some clamber up the brook, and rest themselves in the shadow of forest-trees.

Just above where the brook leaps out of the sky, and so near that it overlooks the Devil's Den, is a clump of pines among the poplars. It is fragrant with ferns, rank with moss, and sweet with all woody odors. Little rifts are to be seen in the green roof overhead, through which tiny threads of sunshine find their way.

The stream is broad and peaceful, gently sliding from one level to another of its terraced bottom. No sound is heard except the hum of insects, and the brook's hollow moan, as it leaps into the den below.

Into this stillness breaks the tramp of human footsteps, the music of human voices, and down the bed of the brook come two figures—a man and a woman.

He is tall, broad-shouldered and thirty; she, slender, graceful and five years younger. A dark-blue flannel suit sets off her blonde beauty to advantage, and proclaims her to be, like her escort, a Summer idler.

Hers is a face fresh and sweet as the morning when it first dawns, but just now clouded and troubled.

"Oh, Jack," she says, leaning heavily on the arm outstretched to support her, "I'm so tired! I'm glad we don't have to go any further."

And she stands still on a boulder in mid stream.

Jack, who is high-booted and flannel-shirted, flings his cane on the bank, and quietly steps off into the water; then, despite the girl's murmured remonstrance, he takes her yielding form in his arms, and carries her to the shore, there laying her down in a deep bed of moss.

"Rest there a while," says he. "I'll sit by this tree, and we'll wait here till the others come back."

"They're so far behind," says the girl.

"Yes; but I don't think they'll be long. Fletcher and my wife are good walkers, and they, at any rate, will catch up with us soon. Don't be frightened, little one; you're all safe," he adds, with a certain bitter sadness, as the girl turns away her head, now softly pillowed in ferny moss.

She turns back instantly, flashing her deep-blue eyes at him, with a look of tender entreaty. Then she throws out an impulsive little hand, which is instantly caught and pressed in the larger.

"Frightened, Jack? How *can* I be frightened when you are with me? I always feel safe and satisfied when you are near."

The young man takes the caressing hand and presses it softly to his lips. Then he draws a little nearer, and puts one arm across the girl, resting on his hand at her other side.

"Just this much and no more," he pleads, as she begins a remonstrance. "I can't talk to you when I'm so far away; and what harm will it do?" he urges, seeing she still resists. "Don't push me away, Fannie—it breaks my heart."

The girl looks into his eyes, and her hand falls. They are very handsome eyes—soft with tenderness, or dark with passion, as the case may be, but at all times clear and honest. Fannie Hamilton drops her head.

"I can't refuse you, Jack," she sighs; "but I know it's wrong. Oh, Jack!" with a sudden outburst, "how hard that it should be my duty to oppose you in anything! And I can't! The task is too hard for me. I'm wax in your hands, and you know it! You oughtn't to have kissed my hands just now; your arm shouldn't be where it is, and I oughtn't to sit still and let you, and, oh, dear! we shouldn't be here at all!"

And the poor girl writhes on her mossy bed.

Maskelyn looks at her attentively for a minute, then answers, slowly:

"Why shouldn't we, my darling? It's a great comfort to me, and can do you no harm."

"Oh, it isn't the harm it could do me!" cried the girl, in distress. "If that were all, what would I care? But it's all *wrong*, and it's so mean to Agnes."

"How is it mean to Agnes? I love her just as much as ever."

"Yes, I know; *you* are not mean to her—you never could be; but *I* am! She is my friend; she trusts me as though I were her sister. And all the time I'm loving her husband, and letting him love me! Oh, it's dreadful! I can't endure it!"

And the girl covers her face in despair.

Maskelyn thinks for a minute intently, his strong face working, and his color changing from pale to red. Then, with an effort, he brings his countenance under control, and applies himself to soothing his companion.

"Fannie," he says, "Fannie, my darling"—she draws away her half-unwilling hands—"don't cry, my love. If you do, I shall certainly have to kiss away your tears. There!" as she smiles—"I knew that would stop you! Now we can talk!"

Just here a squirrel chirps in a tree hard by, and takes to flight, skipping from bough to bough. A sombre wood-moth rises and sails gloomily away, while a little brown lizard skurries off at the approach of an intruder.

A woman sauntering slowly through the wood, stepping noiselessly on the moss carpet, looking at flowers and ferns with happy, dreamy eyes, comes suddenly upon the pair. She sees all, but they see nothing, and while she pauses, struck by their attitude, that is said which roots her to the spot.

"I love Agnes as much as ever," says the man's voice. "She is a noble woman, and I shall love her to the day of my death. I would kill the man who spoke a word against her—I would hate the woman who was her enemy. But our marriage was a mistake; my own doing entirely, yet a mistake. She told me at the time that there was too much difference in our ages, but she couldn't deny that she loved me, and so I over-persuaded her. She was right, Fannie, and I was wrong—ten years is too great a difference, if it be on the wife's side. But all this is not her fault—no one but myself is to blame."

The woman behind the tree sinks to her knees, and buries her face in the rough bark. Her hands she clasps and flings high above her head with a gesture of terrible despair.

Her hat falls to the ground, and her beautiful hair, slightly streaked with gray, rolls down and lies in a heavy coil at the back of her neck.

In her soft eyes the great tears form and well silently over, falling on the upturned faces of a clump of little anemones, looking up in speechless sympathy.

"It is true, she thinks—all true. She is far too old to be Jack's wife; but, oh! she loves him so!"

"But you," Jack Maskelyn is saying—"oh, how I love you! I want you every minute, and more than I

can say. Oh, Fannie, Fannie, my darling!" he cries, suddenly overcome by passionate emotion, "don't blame me. Pity me, that I must love you so much, and yet must lose you; must see you always within reach of my hand, yet must never claim you as my own; must see the kisses nestling on your lips, yet never touch them with mine; must behold your darling head before me day after day, yet never be able to pillow it on my breast, its natural shelter and abiding-place!"

And Jack Maskelyn, shaken as a reed before the wind, turns away his white, quivering face.

Fannie puts out a little soothing hand, and gently touches his hair.

"I *do* pity you, Jack, darling, and"—with a little quiver in her voice—"I pity myself. But we must do the right thing, even if it *is* hard—mustn't we?"

Jack nods.

"And I think that right thing is for me to go away."

Jack starts and looks up.

"Yes," continues the girl. "I cannot stay here without being a traitor to Agnes, and that I mustn't be any longer. Oh, my love!"—as he makes a strong gesture of dissent—"don't do a thing to prevent me. Just think what a woman Agnes is—how she loves and trusts me, and how wicked I am to betray her trust! Oh, let me go without a word!" And she clasps her hands in fervent entreaty.

She is sitting up now, with her back against a rock, and has withdrawn herself from his detaining arm. As she throws herself still further away from him, a flutter of garments behind a tree catches her eye, and she becomes aware that they are no longer alone.

"Jack," she whispers, and points silently.

Maskelyn leaps to his feet, and strides over toward the intruder, a deep, angry flush dyeing his cheek. But as he steps round the tree, and catches sight of the despairing figure crouched behind it, a great sorrow and perplexity rushes into his eyes. He falters for an instant, but only an instant.

"Agnes!" he cried. "Agnes!" and stooping, he gently lifts the weeping woman, holding her close to his breast, while he smooths the hair out of her eyes. "Don't cry so, Agnes," he pleads.

Mrs. Maskelyn chokes her piteous sobs, and tries to hold herself erect.

"You know I've heard you, Jack," she falters.

Jack nods.

"Yes; I'm sorry; I didn't mean you should."

"No, I suppose not."

"At least, not in this cruel way. I would have spared you if I could."

"Yes, I know. Not in this cruel way," his wife mechanically repeats after him.

Then with a weary sigh, she drops her head on his shoulder and for a few minutes all is still. Maskelyn looks down into the face upon his breast, and sees that it is torn and furrowed by this great agony just now come upon her. And as she lies there, with closed eyes, two cold, miserable tears stealing down her face, he is overwhelmed by a terrible rush of remorse. The years they have spent together—the happy years in which she has loved him so devotedly—rise up and reproach him. Years in which there has been no fault on her side, nothing between them except the wretched fact that while he was still developing into perfect manhood, she was beginning to go down the vale of years. But, oh! he loved Fannie so! And his hungry eyes wander over toward the fair young girl, out of whose blue orbs he sees his twin soul looking.

She has risen and stands before them, in her face a reflex of the terrible repentance she sees in Jack's.

"Agnes," she says, steadily, "don't blame your husband—blame me. I should have gone away long ago. I'm going now; I'm going to my uncle in Colorado. You and Jack will never see me again. Don't think me a hypocrite, Agnes. I loved you, and I love you still. May God bless you," she falters, as she turns from them—"you and—Jack." And she slowly walks away upstream.

The older woman never looks at her, scarcely seeming to hear.

When she is finally gone, and husband and wife are once more alone together, Agnes stands erect and looks deep into her husband's eyes.

"Jack," she asks, "have I been a good wife to you?"

"You have been the best wife in the world."

"Have I loved you too little, or served you too carelessly? Have I done anything I ought not to have done, or neglected such things as ought to have been my care?"

"God knows, Agnes," cries the man, with sudden passion, "all this is not your fault! If any one is to blame, it is I, for not being contented with one of the sweetest women that ever drew the breath of life. And I *was* satisfied. I was deeply and truly happy with you, and never dreamed of loving another woman. But suddenly I found myself overwhelmed with love for Fannie, and in one wild moment I told her of it, and forced her to acknowledge she cared for me. That was one week ago, and—that's all, Agnes. It's terrible enough, but it's all." There was a pause, during which the gloomy woodmoth sails back again and takes up his position on the crest of a tall fireweed.

A woodpigeon who has lost his mate goes cooing through the wood. Then all is still, except for the water plunging, with a sorrowful wail, over into the Devil's Den.

Jack Maskelyn covers his face with his hands and groans.

If only Agnes would reproach him, if she would get angry, if she would do *anything* rather than gaze at him with those sorrowful eyes!

Presently she speaks in a smothered tone:

"And do you love her so much, Jack?"

"I do, God help me!" he groans, in despair. "I have not forgotten to love you, my wife, but I *do* love her."

Agnes looks at him with almost a motherly pity.

"I'm sorry," she says, simply.

Again there is a pause, while the west wind stirs the poplars into an awe-stricken whisper, and the pines sigh for the human tragedy now enacting at their feet.

The man still covers his face with his hands, and leans against one of those same murmuring pines. At length Agnes breaks the silence.

"Well, Jack," she says, "I'm sorry—very sorry. But"—tears choking her voice—"don't let us make it any worse than it is. It's nearly time to go home now, and the other people will soon be here. We can't talk of this now—to-night, perhaps, or to-morrow. Please find Fannie, and bring her back—we brought her here, and must see her back in safety. I'll wait here for you—you'll find me here when you want me. Oh, Jack!"—with a sudden overwhelming burst of tenderness—"I've loved you so! Take me in your arms, Jack, and kiss me once more as you used to! Don't blame yourself for all this. I should have known better than to have married a young man like you. Oh, my beautiful darling!"—smiling through her tears—"what has an old, gray-haired

IN THE TOILS.

woman like me to do with the like of you?" Then, as her husband snatches her to his breast, and tries to stop her mouth with kisses, "Remember, my darling, I do not blame you. It was I who did you a wrong in marrying you. I was the oldest and should have known better. But, never mind, my love, kiss me now—once more—and yet once more. Good-by." And she melts away out of his arms, as does a handful of sea-foam from the grasp that fain would hold it.

When he is out of sight, Agnes Maskelyn knots up the hair that has fallen on her shoulders, washes her face clear of tear-stains, and sets in order that gay mountain dress which is to be her winding-sheet. Then she gathers a little bunch of white anemones and fastens them at her throat, just below the cheek where Jack kissed her last. She calls to the birds as they flit by her; once she stops and kisses the lips of a tall scarlet lily—once she stretches up her arms to the sun which is lighting her to the grave. And thus she comes to the brink of the Devil's Den.

She has only one thought—that Jack must be free. There is only one way to bring this about, and this one way she is about to take as unhesitatingly as she had always sacrificed herself in every manner to secure her darling's happiness.

She must be quick, for Jack will soon seek her there, and all must be over before he arrives. Of Fannie she scarcely thinks at all. Jack must be free to wed as he will—what matter with whom?

She has the Devil's Den all to herself. The artists are still far down the brook, the explorers far up it. There is no living thing in sight except patient Dobbin, hitched to the buckboard on which she and Jack have ridden hither this morning.

She goes to the edge and looks into the waters below. Yes, the current is deep and cold and strong—a resistless whirlpool—sending not up again that which has once come within its grasp. Down in its emerald depths there is rest, oblivion.

But of all this she thinks nothing; she loves life and would cling to it. But then she loves Jack so much better, and for his sake she is casting it away.

But his days must not be darkened by knowing what she has done; so she tramples the earth at the edge, loosening some of it and casting it into the deep below. Then she tears up the ferns and bushes hard by, and holds them in her hand. He will think she slipped and fell, that the treacherous shrubs gave way, and that there was naught to hold her back from eternity.

Once more she looks up to the soft blue sky; once more her eyes rest on the fresh green woods.

She looks at all, and bids all a silent farewell; then, feeling a great hunger for one more token of love from some living thing, she goes and throws her arms around old Dobbin's neck, kissing the faded white star upon his forehead, and feeling passionately grateful when he rubs his dumb lips to hers.

So all is done, her last leave taken, and there is no more to be said.

Then she steps to the edge; and one late scruple coming into her mind, she murmurs, but without one shadow of repentance:

"Oh, Heaven, forgive me, and bless Jack when I am gone!"

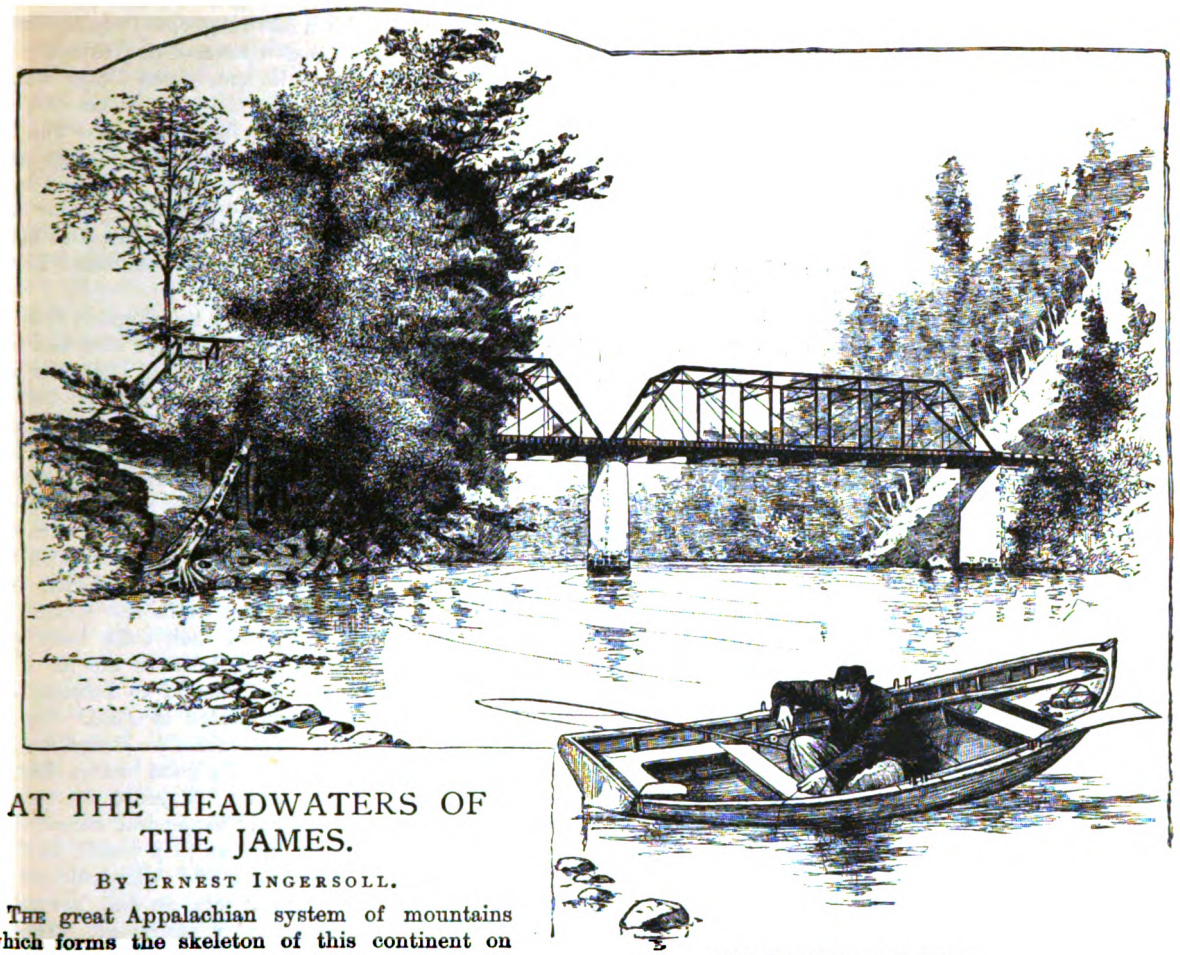
A quick step from the brink, and all is over!

And her husband, coming in search of her half an hour later, finds but the broken bushes, the up-torn earth, and circling slowly round and round on the surface of that awful pool—only a woman's hand!

MUCH as we treat the world will the world treat us. A kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom will surely call out goodness and friendship from others. It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer and help over rugged and difficult passes of life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self. Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured.

CONCENTRATION is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all management of human affairs.

THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 106.



CROSSING OF JACKSON RIVER.

AT THE HEADWATERS OF THE JAMES.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

The great Appalachian system of mountains which forms the skeleton of this continent on its eastern border is made up of two parts: the Blue Ridge, its easternmost granite-cored bulwark, and the Alleghanies, separated from the Blue Ridge by a continuous and often broad valley, and made up of a great number of more or less parallel ridges of stratified rocks. This mountain system, reaching from Labrador to Alabama, is broadest in Pennsylvania, most lofty in Western North Carolina, and most interesting, as a whole, in Central Virginia, whither the present article is intended to carry the reader. In that part, the easternmost range of the mountainous country filling the whole space between the great Valley of Virginia and the Ohio River, is the highest, both in its peaks and as a whole; and there is a general lessening of heights westward to the level of the Ohio Valley. The watershed of the system, however, is not this easternmost and loftiest range (the North Mountain), but a chain of continuous ridges extending in a sinuous line throughout the whole length of the system, and distinguished by the name Alleghany, which properly applies to this divide alone, though frequently made to include the whole system. The Alleghany range runs from twenty-five to forty miles in the rear, or westward of, the North Mountain.

In a group of marshy springs oozing from mossy ledges on the eastern flank of this great watershed, in Highland County, rise the two greatest rivers of the Old Dominion, and two that have played most important parts in our national history — the Potomac and the James. Yet neither is known by its final names at first. In the case of the former it is the "South Branch" or Chorongohuton; in the case of the latter, the Jackson River.

The first white men who penetrated thus far did so by following up the Potomac waters to their head, and crossing the trifling ridge, on the further slope of which the drainage turned southward by a congeries of creeks to Dinwiddie's Gap, where they came together into a strong stream. Among the earliest and boldest of these frontiersmen—the buckskin-clad, uncivilized, but brave and hardy farmer-hunters, whose descendants still abound and sustain their character in the mountains—was a man called Jackson. He must have been a leader among them, for his name is attached to many features of the scenery, most prominently by this river, formed by the confluences of rivulets at Dinwiddie's Gap.

Jackson River flows southwestward, straight along the valley between the Alleghany and Warm Spring Mountains—the latter, in those days, passing under the name of Jackson's, or the Jackson River Mountain. But between it and the Alleghany rose a spur-line of hills, from behind whose parapet came Back Creek to swell its flood.

The region where these rivers take their rise is an extraordinarily rough and elevated one. All the well-defined ridges and mountains between the Alleghany and the North Mountain disappear in a confused jumble of shapeless elevations, hidden under dense forests and gashed by deep river gorges. The small areas of farming land accessible in the bottoms are very rich, and settlers early penetrated thither, despite the roughness of the country. This was just at the time of the French-Indian wars which harassed our frontiers previous to the conquest of Canada. Massacres and burnings devastated the whole line of outposts in Virginia and Pennsylvania. Forts were built here and there, and one of these was at

Dinwiddie's Gap, where Washington visited it when he was commander of the forces on the frontier, subsequent to Braddock's defeat. On Back Creek a fierce skirmish was once fought.

As soon as the Indians were driven back, settlers poured in and scattered throughout the mountains, advancing so much that Covington and Lewisburg, on the western slope of the Alleghany, became the central camps, when, during the Revolutionary period, the Indians were again in arms against the whites.

The great tract by which these settlers passed to their mountain settlements, or on toward the frontiers in the Ohio Valley, ran from Staunton westward, and was serviceable for wagons as far as the foot of the Warm Spring Mountain, in the pass at the head of Thompson Creek. Now there is a stage road, and the distance across the mountain is five miles, four-fifths of which is on the eastern side of the ridge, "where a succession of deep precipices and glens present themselves, environed with gloomy woods and obscure bottoms." To the eastern foot of this mountain, where the road now begins the ascent, the emigrants would come in wagons. The spot was known as the "camping-place," and here the wagons would be unloaded, the travelers' goods placed upon pack-horses, and the journey would be continued on foot or a-horseback, while the wagons returned eastward loaded with venison, hams and other produce of the mountain districts.

Down at the foot of the range on the eastern side was the Warm Spring which gave a name to the locality, and has now become one of the favorite watering-places of the State, with accommodations for 500 guests. How it appeared in its natural condition, then, we learn from Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia": "The Warm Spring," he says, "issues with a very bold stream, sufficient to work a grist-mill and to keep the waters of its basin, which is thirty feet in diameter, and the vital warmth, viz., 96° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. . . . The Hot Spring is about six miles from the Warm, is much smaller, and has been so hot as to have boiled an egg. . . . These springs are very much resorted to in spite of a total want of accommodation for the sick. Their waters are strongest in the hottest months."

At the Hot Springs hotels are now open every Summer, and both these resorts, as well as the Healing Springs, are reached by stage-coaches, over a splendid road from Clifton Forge.

The waters of these medicinal springs drain into Jackson River, which, a few miles below, receives Back Creek. The river then forces its way amid the hindrances of a hundred hills directly southward, until it has penetrated into the heart of Alleghany County. Here is old Covington, where there has been a settlement since the earliest days, and which is now a flourishing station on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. Near it was the Fort Young which formed the tower of refuge against Indians.

Some notion of the picturesque interest of the wild, rough district through which this young river progresses may be gathered from the description of a single cascade, called the Falling Spring. A stream comes down from the mountains, about twenty miles south of the Warm Springs, and about three-quarters of a mile from its source falls over a rock 200 feet into the valley below. The sheet of water is broken in its breadth by the rock in two or three places, but not at all in its height. Between the sheet and the rock you may walk across dry.

At Covington the river turns the flank of Warm Spring Mountain, passing through a grand gateway between that fine range and the noble range of Peter's Mountain, which forms its extension toward the south.

Peter's Mountain derived its name from Peter Wright, a famous hunter at the time of the first settlement, who was accustomed to hunt upon it. His house was near Covington, where they show an overhanging ledge called Peter's Rock, under which he was once confined by an excessive snowfall and nearly starved. After four days' famine he began to eat his moccasins, but before these useful articles had been wholly consumed he discovered and shot a deer.

Another traditional character in this region was Mad Ann, whose real name was Ann Bailey, for she had been the wife of an English soldier. During the wars with the Indians she very often acted as messenger between the forts—a part in which she was by no means singular, for the history of these mountains is full of incidents of daring, under similar pressure, on the part of woman. In the case of Mad Ann, however, this seems to have been a regular, enjoyable thing. She would mount astride of "a favorite horse of great sagacity," and ride with rifle over her shoulder, tomahawk and knife in her belt. When, at night, she wanted to halt in the woods, she would let her horse go free, and then walk back some distance on his trail before lying down to sleep. When the wars were over she devoted herself to hunting, and toward the end of her life emigrated to Ohio. She was a short, stout woman, very masculine in dress and behavior, profane, liquor-loving and a good boxer. Despite these forbidding features, which, it must be remembered, were not so remote from the general character of the people of that frontier then as they would be from that of its present inhabitants, she was welcome in every cabin on account of her services and her native talent, for she was capable and very intelligent. "Often," says an account of her, "she gathered the honest, simple-hearted mountaineers around, and related her adventures and trials, while the sympathetic tear would come down their cheeks."

Having crept between Peter's Mountain on the south and the Warm Spring mountain on the north, as one goes through a gate in a wall, the river is confronted by the great barrier of Rich Patch Mountain, and compelled to make a large detour to the north, around the end of this range, before it can resume its southeasterly course. From this assemblage of mountains it receives many tributaries, the channels of which are filled with wild and romantic beauty, and abound in trout. The little valleys they meander through, and the elevated woodland glades where they take their rise, are noisy with the merry voices of birds, and haunted by deer, which come nightly to sip of their clear, cold currents. Where there is an abundance of birds and deer predatory animals can sustain themselves, and these hillsides echo to the cry of the lynx and wildcat, or at rarer intervals reverberate the loud scream of a panther. Bears may be found by those who seek for them, despite the fact that every mountaineer is more or less of a hunter, and his rifle is as much a necessary part of his equipment as is his ax. For those sportsmen whose pursuit does not involve a gun, but the pliant rod and beguiling hook, this wild region is a paradise. Here and there trout have possession of a stream, and turn their speckled sides up to the sunshine in the ripples; and where trout are not, there leaps the black bass, stronger and more "game," if possible, than the trout, fighting hard for his life against the angler's strength and dexterity. Besides these, the river and creek pools abound in perch.

The most important of all the tributaries to Jackson River is a brawling stream from the north, draining Highland and Bath Counties down the long valley between Warm Spring and Mill Mountains. Its sources are close by those of the main stream, and the two forks, Bull Pasture and Cow Pasture, take their names from the spurs of the great North Mountain, in which they rise.

The valley is in many places broad and fertile, and at its centre, where the old stage road crosses, and where now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway enters through the magnificent Goshen Pass, a rich farming community has been created.

Just here are the old Milboro Springs, where sulphurous water gushes up from the Devonian strata, supplying so many fountains of like character in this part of the State. The hills of Helderberg, limestone that diversify the surface of the valley by their irregular undulations, are pierced with innumerable caves, one of which is remarkable as being in shape the exact half-section of a cone, its naturally arched roof diminishing gradually to a point at the interior extremity. The most noted of all these caverns, however, is the famous Blowing Cave, which is hollowed to an unknown depth under a naturally bent arch of rock strata.

Its first describer was Thomas Jefferson. "At the Panther Gap," wrote this Nestor of Virginian literature and politics, "in the ridge which divides the waters of the Crow and the Calf Pasture, is what is called the Blowing Cave. It is in the side of a hill; is of about 100 feet diameter, and emits constantly a current of air of such force as to keep the weeds prostrate to the distance of twenty yards before it. This current is strongest in dry, frosty weather, and in long spells of rain is weakest." The constancy of this current, which concontinues with unabated force, has never been explained, so far as I know.

Some miles above this is another curiosity of nature in the shape of a geyser or intermittent spring, which gushes forth once in twelve hours, and having spent its force, becomes quiet until the next period of ebullition arrives. It is called the Ebbing Spring, and its water has force enough to turn a millwheel. There is another at Brock's Gap through the North Mountain, and a third in the valley of the North Holston.

Two miles below the Blowing Cave and the sulphur springs at Milboro are the "alum banks," which the Indians knew as the Wallawhatoola. Here, as at the Rockbridge and Bath alum springs, the waters collect slowly from the crevices of dark pyritous shales, and their chief constituents are sulphates of alumina, lime, magnesia, potassa, soda and iron, with more or less free sulphuric acid and lithia. Springs of this class are very numerous in the Devonian shales of Virginia. At all of these springs, pleasure resorts, hotels and sanitariums have been built, which are thronged with Summer visitors.

In this region, too, are extensive deposits of alum earth and copperas clays, immense quantities of which, in Maryland and elsewhere, are applied to the manufacture of alum and green vitriol. Marl and magnesian earth (of which epsom salts is made), also occur in these valleys.

From Goshen Pass the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad follows down the Cow Pasture, crosses it, and turning west, strikes the bank of Jackson River at Clifton Forge, a new town in the midst of an iron-mining and iron-making district, created by this industry, and by the fact that here is the western terminus of the Richmond and Alleghany Railway, and its junction-point with the Chesapeake and Ohio.

Clifton Forge is in the centre of one of the most extensive iron-producing regions in the United States. All of the mountains are seamed with beds of bog ore, some of which is so red and pure that it has been used by the people as a rude dye, and by strata of limonite or smaller veins of magnetic and specular ores, which are suitable for making Bessemer steel. The mines lie both in the valleys and on the heights. Rich Patch Mountain is everywhere dotted with them, and some of the finest and largest furnaces in the South are situated among these crowded hills. The Low Moor, Callie, Wilton, Roaring Rum, Grace and other furnaces, are examples of these, to several of which, away from the main lines, branch railways have been built. Not only does the presence and easy accessibility of these deposits of iron ore (most of which are mined in open, quarry-like excavations) render this a highly profitable region for iron manufacture, but its near neighborhood to the vast coal-fields of West Virginia, and the unrivaled coke-producing localities of the Pocahontas and Flat-top districts, enables the manufacturer to command all the elements of success at the least cost.

The effect of this flourishing iron industry upon the region is marked and gratifying. The population of these mountain counties has remained almost unchanged in amount and in character for the last century. If some immigration came in, that and the natural increase were neutralized by the constant emigration westward. As it was the more wideawake and enterprising part in each community, on the whole, which moved to the prairie States, and as few influences reached these remote valleys from the cities or the progressive coast country, the change in the people from decade to decade was imperceptible, until very lately. The entry of the railways bringing the world of business and fashion before the eyes of the simple mountaineers every day, and the residence among them of the managers and skilled workmen about the mines and furnaces, have aroused their minds and put money in their pockets. The people are, therefore, increasing in numbers and intelligence and wealth. Most, if not all, of the valleys between the rocky and frosted ridges are fertile and under cultivation. The ironworks of various kinds, introducing little communities of non-farming population into the mountains, furnish markets always open to the mountain farmers and cattle-raisers, and the effect of this encouragement is good. The lumbering interests are being largely developed, also, and are destined to a still higher utilization, while year by year the beauty and healthfulness of the region is attracting more and more Summer visitors to the upland farms and brook-sides. All this civilizes the people and enhances the value of their property. Yet, in enjoying it, they suffer somewhat in the loss of that primitive, picturesque simplicity, and that good-natured equality and independence which characterized their fathers.

The surroundings of Clifton Forge are lovely, but the town itself—new, noisy, smoky and full of rough laborers—is by no means the most charming place in Virginia. Three miles to the westward is Low Moor Furnace; three miles eastward, Wilton Furnace; while Longdale and various other iron-smelting factories are close by. The ore is a red hematite, and occurs in great solid masses, mined for the most part by open, surface excavations. At Wilton a pretty village has grown up around the improved blasting furnaces which stand on the hillside overlooking wide fields of hay and grain.

VIEW ON THE UPPER JACKSON.

Where the Cow Pasture and the Jackson come together, the northern end of the Rich Patch (or Rich's Patch, as the older maps spell it), and the southern end of Mile Mountain, approach very closely together and frown at one another in bold promontories across Iron Gate—a narrow gorge, where the contracted current races swiftly down its narrow bed and contrasts the white of foaming breakers with the sombre hues of dense woods and weather-stained rocks.

The Cow Pasture is a pretty stream, and, looking up its valley, you get one of the finest pictures to be seen in the whole breadth of the mountains. The lowlands in the foreground are green with lush meadows, or yellow with ripening grain. About the few houses that are visible cluster orchards and shade trees, over which the fraternal elm spreads its beneficent arms. Along the Cow Pasture, and bordering the little rills that come down to it from the higher ground confining the valley on each side, grow dense thickets of willows and water-loving trees, often knit together by a network of vines and trailing shrubs, that makes this barrier almost impenetrable. Behind the farms in the lower meadow-land rise the sloping fields that occupy the base of the hill; but presently these are replaced by pasture-land fenced into large fields, which soon gives way to the woodland and brushy tracts that cover all the higher ridges. The sharpness of feature apparent in these hills becomes obliterated as our eyes are lifted toward the further end of the valley, and there we find only an endless series of spurs and foothills dovetailing into one another from side to side, all blue with haze, yet each preserving some delicate distinction of tone which marks its silhouette among its

CLIFTON FORGE.

fellows. It is astonishing both how subtle a difference of tint we can apprehend, and how efficient the slightest variation is in marking off the mass of each hill from its adjoining one. Yet by-and-by, in the extreme distance, even these distinctions of light and shade are lost, and an unspeakably soft and charming color blends all the hills into one lofty background against the cloudless horizon.

The rearmost, overtopping range, is the Warm Spring Mountain, a long, level, even-crested wall, representing a single gigantic fold of the strata. The Rich Patch, the North, and all the other great mountains, present much the same even and wall-like appearance from this (the eastern side), though notable exceptions may be seen in some subsidiary groups of hills up the Cow Pasture Valley, whose slaty structure gives them ragged outlines and pinnacles along the crest in pleasant variety. Seen from the west, however, the aspect of all these parallel ranges is much more broken and their summits seem to carry peaks and saddles. The Rich Patch, for example, is

ABOVE THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

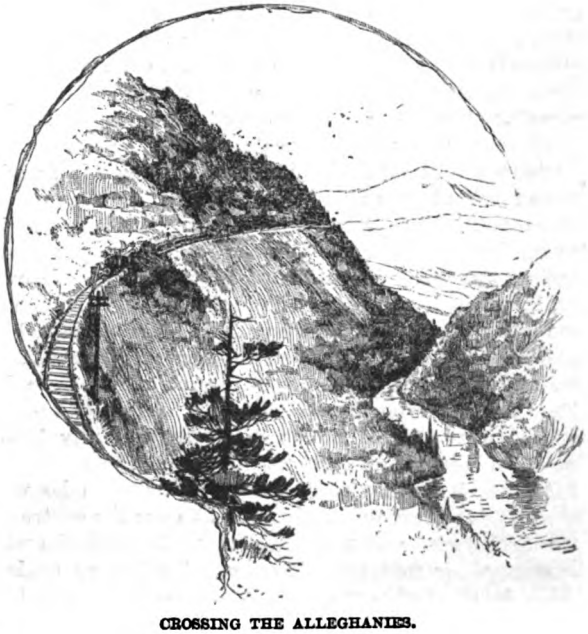
bordered along its western foot by a series of lofty hills, which form a secondary parallel range, the peaks of which often rise as high as those of the main mountain. It is in this broken western half of the Rich Patch chain that the iron mines and furnaces chiefly occur.

The confluence of the Jackson and the Cow Pasture Rivers, in popular parlance, forms the James—"the river of Virginia." There is no reason why the stream should not be called the James to the very sources of Jackson River, and the latter name relegated to history, for it is one and the same river from Highland County to Newport News. In Jefferson's time the James was reputed to be properly so-called only up as far as the entrance of the Rivanna, half way between Richmond and Lynchburg, the name Fluvianna being given to that part of the river between Columbia and the Iron Gate. But it is simpler to set aside these artificial and misleading distinctions, and call it the James all the way from the mountains to the sea.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE COW PASTURE.

Magnificent scenery is produced by the success of the river in forcing a passage for itself through the mountains that intercepted its coastward path. Its swift but narrow current has plowed deep gorges athwart the hills, leaving exposed enormous cliffs, which show at a glance how terrible have been the throes of the rigid earth in this region under the pressure of internal heat. In the faces of the cliffs you will see great folds and arches of strata, or long slanting lines breaking suddenly and joined against a mass of strata set at an entirely different angle; or rocks fairly crumpled up, as a wad of carelessly crushed paper would look when cut through. These rocks are covered with moss, lichen and ferns, fed by the abundant moisture, while every ledge that can furnish a foothold is adorned with flowers, green herbage and clinging shrubbery.

The river winds almost interminably, dodging and twisting hither and thither in seeking the easiest way out of the hills that crowd it upon each side, and compel a



CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

zigzag course. The descent, of course, is very rapid, and the river becomes one long cataract, much like that of the French Broad between Asheville and the warm springs in Western North Carolina; its water constantly curling into white feathers, and bearing patches of froth and bubbles, is a beautiful clear green, such as I have seen in the snow-fed, swift-racing rivers of the Rocky Mountains, and such as you may see at the whirlpool below Niagara. This pure, transparent, perfect green is uncommon anywhere, but the upper James has it. I suppose it is due to its purity and to the fact that, by its incessant turmoil and tossing, the water is thoroughly impregnated with air clear to the bottom.

In little nooks and bottoms along the river are many old farms and settlements, and upon several of the side streams dashing down from the hills were long ago placed mills, whose old flumes and wheels are now dilapidated, hidden with cushiony moss and the green vails of confervoid growth, and thus afford enchanting pictures for the artist. Farmhouses, surrounded by their groups of out-buildings, stand here as of yore, recalling the palmy days of this region, when the highway through this gap was traveled by a constant procession of freight-wagons taking grain, etc., to the canal, or returning with loads of merchandise, and each farm-owner was a small prince. Now, the prosaic railway skirts the water, creeps underneath the dizzily tall and splendid cliffs, leaps the river on iron bridges, or by its tunnels opens a passage through the promontories in two minutes, which gave the old teamster a whole morning's labor to surmount.

Nothing is lost to the picturesqueness of nature, something, even, has been gained; but the peculiar native charm of the humanity and conduct of life in these remote Virginian highlands is disappearing from the ridges and valleys about the headwaters of the James, and should be quickly sought by those who take delight in originality and primitive ways.

OUR DOMESTICATED OTTER.

One fine day in early Autumn, while straying along the banks of one of the sparkling little trout streams which appear to be at once the cause and the purpose of those lovely winding valleys so numerous in Northern Devon, our attention was drawn, by a faint, distressed chirping sound, to a small, dark object stirring in the grass at some distance from the stream. We hurried to the spot, and there saw, to our great surprise, wet, muddy, and uneasily squirming at our feet, a baby otter! Poor infant! how came it there? By what concatenation of untoward circumstances did the helpless innocent find itself in a position so foreign to the habits of its kind? Its appearance under conditions so utterly at variance with our experience of the customs and manners of otter society, was so amazing, that we could scarcely believe our eyes. However, there the little creature undoubtedly was; and congratulating ourselves on this unlooked-for and valuable addition to our home menagerie — for these animals are rare, and to light upon a young scion of the race in evident need of a home and education was quite a piece of good luck—the forlorn bantling was promptly deposited in a coat-pocket and proudly borne homeward.

Introduced to the family circle, "Tim"—as he was afterward duly christened—became at once the centre of domestic interest and unceasing care. To feed him was necessarily our first consideration. A feline or canine mother deprived of her young was suggested as a suitable foster-mother; but, unfortunately, no such animal was at hand, and meantime the creature must be fed. We therefore procured an ordinary infant's feeding-bottle, and filling it with lukewarm cow's milk, essayed thus to make good the absence of mamma-otter. At first the little stranger absolutely declined even to consider this arrangement, and in consequence pined somewhat; but in the end the pangs of hunger wrought a change in his feelings, and after several energetic though unscientific attempts, he overcame the difficulties of his new feeding apparatus, and was soon vigorously sucking. For a time, all went well. Tim, with commendable regularity, alternately filled himself with milk and slept peacefully in his basket of sweet hay. But at the close of the second day a change came over our interesting charge; he was restless and uneasy during the night, and in the morning refused to feed, and appeared to be suffering pain. Finally, his respiration became labored and difficult, and for a whole day and night our hopes of rearing him were at the lowest ebb. But at the end of that time, to our great satisfaction, the distressing symptoms began to abate, and in a few hours had disappeared, and the convalescent returned *con amore* to his bottle. Believing his attack was attributable to over-feeding, we henceforth diluted the cow's milk with warm water, and removed his bottle at the first sign of approaching satiety, nor nor did we again administer it until his demands for sustenance became vociferous and imperative. On this system we were successful in rearing him in the face of many prophecies of failure.

At this early stage of his existence, being exhibited to admiring friends, he crawled laboriously and flatly about on the carpet, with a decided preference for backward motion; but if he encountered a perpendicular surface, such as the sides of his hamper or a trouser-leg, he would, with the aid of his claws, climb up it with considerable agility. He distinctly showed a love of warmth, and gave us to understand that he appreciated caresses, by nestling down in feminine laps, and ceasing his plaintive cry while our hands were about him. On awakening from sleep, he would begin, as do ducklings and chickens, with a gentle reminder of his existence and requirements. If no notice were taken of this, the note—which was something between the magnified chirp of a chicken and the very earliest bark of a puppy—would steadily increase in power and insistence, until it became an absolute clamor. When his bottle was given to him, he would seize on the leather teat and tug at it, and plunge about with a violence and impatience which defeated its own end, and woe to the unwary or awkward fingers which came in the way of the tiny fine white teeth at this moment!

Obstacles overcome and success attained, Tim settled down to steady, sober enjoyment; the webbed paws were alternately spread and closed like a cat's when thoroughly content, and the tail curled and uncurled and wagged to and fro, as does a lamb's when happily feeding. After the lapse of a few days, our new pet showed decided signs of intelligence and a sense of fun; he would run round after one's finger in a clumsy-lively way, and a jocular poke in the ribs would rouse him to an awkwardly playful attempt to seize the offending digit. In less than three weeks he knew his name, and scuttled across the room when called, followed us about the garden, and endeavored to establish friendly relations with a pet wild rabbit, which was furiously jealous of the new favorite, and administered sly scratches, and "hustled" him on every possible occasion.

About this time, he also acquired a charming habit of beginning, the moment the sun rose, a clamor which deprived half the household of further sleep, and which

was only to be quieted by his being taken into some one's bed, where he would at once "snuggle" down and lie motionless for hours. At first we resisted this importunity on the part of Tim, partly because an otter is not exactly the animal one would select as a bedfellow, and partly because we could not think it a desirable or wholesome habit for the creature itself. But Master Tim was too much for us. "If you won't let me sleep with you, you shan't sleep at all!" he declared in unmistakable language, and by dint of sticking to his point he carried it.

At the end of the first month of his civilized life, some one gave him a scrap of raw meat; and after that, though he ate bread and milk very contentedly between times, he made us understand that his constitution required the support of animal food, and was never satisfied without his daily ration of uncooked flesh. Fish, strange to say, he seemed to prefer cooked. When we were seated at meals, a hand held down would bring Tim quickly to one's side with an eager look in the small yellow eyes; his cold nose sniffed at one's fingers with rapid closing and unclosing of the curiously formed nostrils; the softly furred head would be thrust into the palm in search of the expected dainty morsel. If none were to be found, his temper would be sadly ruffled, sometimes to the extent of inflicting with his teeth a sharp reminder that not even an otter's feelings should be trifled with!

As he grew older, he developed an amount of intelligence scarcely to be expected from the small brain contained in the flat and somewhat snake-like head; he showed decided preferences for some members of the family over others. If permitted, he would follow everywhere at our heels like a dog, and played with the children after the manner of one, but with awkward springs and jumps that put us in mind of a particularly ungraceful lamb. He occasionally made quite energetic assaults on the ankles of some of the ladies of the family; and if he perceived that the owner of unprotected ankles went in fear of him, showed a malicious pleasure in renewing the attack at every favorable opportunity.

When the children went for a country ramble, Tim frequently accompanied them, taking the greatest delight in these excursions. He would be carried until beyond danger from wandering dogs, and then, being at liberty, the fun would begin. Master Tim, all eagerness, trotting on before in search of interesting facts, the children take advantage of a moment when all his faculties are engaged with some novelty attractive to the otter mind, to vanish through a neighboring gate or behind a haystack. The unusual quiet soon arouses Tim's suspicions; he looks round, and finds himself alone. The situation, from its strangeness, is appalling to him; he utters a shriek of despair, and scurries back as fast as his legs can take him, squeaking loudly all the time. If he should chance, in his fright, to pass by the hiding-place of his young protectors without discovering them, great is their delight. One little face after another peers out and watches, with mischievous glee, poor Tim's plump and anxious form trundling along as fast as is possible to it in the wrong direction! But very soon the humor of the situation is too much for some young spirit, and a smothered laugh or a half-suppressed giggle reaches the tiny sharp ears, and Tim quickly turns, and with another shriek of mingled satisfaction and indignation, gives chase to his playful tormentors. Once arrived in the open meadows, where this novel game of hide-and-seek is not possible, it is Tim's turn. Still, he follows obediently enough, frisking and gamboling in the fresh soft grass, until one of the innumerable small streams is approached. As soon as he catches sight of the water, he is off. At a rapid trot he hurries to the brink, and with swift and noiseless dart, in a flash he has disappeared in the current, and in another reappeared some yards away. Rolling over, turning, twisting, diving he revels in his cold bath, and it is sometimes a matter of no small difficulty to get him out of the water. A cordon of children is formed—the two biggest with bare feet and legs to cut off his retreat up and down stream—which, gradually closing in on him, seizes him at last; and reluctantly he is compelled to dry himself in the grass preparatory to returning to the forms and ceremonies of civilized life.

THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

THE PIKE.

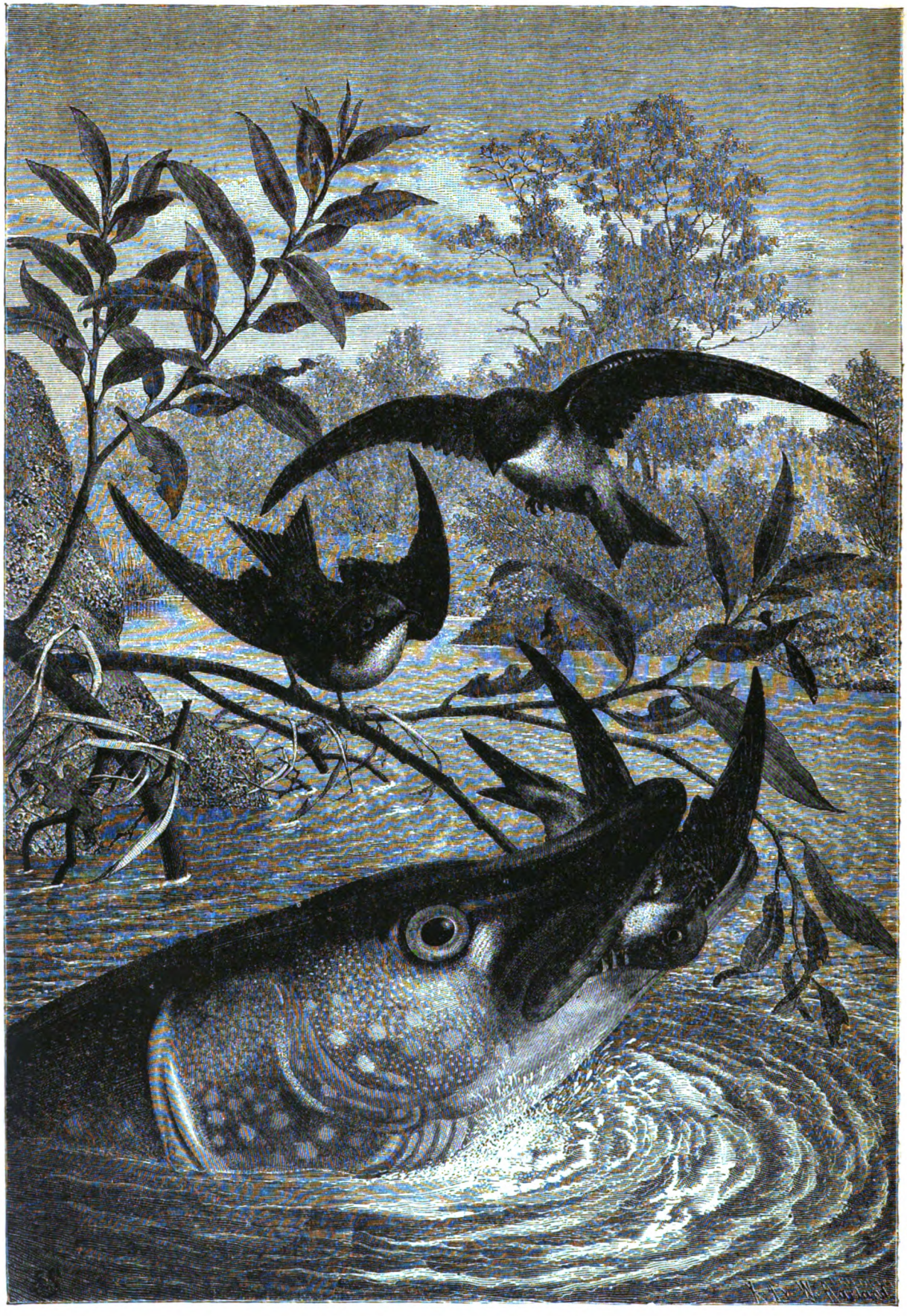
The Pike is one of the native fish of North America, which country has been not inaptly termed the headquarters of the family; for while Europe has only one species, this continent has several, and among them one that may well be called the chief of the clan.

The common pike abounds in all our waters from East to West, and many have supposed that the European variety may have been brought over from America; but Yarrell tells us that pike are mentioned in an Act of the sixth year of the reign of Richard II., in 1382, or long before North America was even discovered.

Though spread over a large area of the globe, being, it is said, geographically distributed with the spruce-fir, the pike undoubtedly arrives at its greatest perfection in the cooler regions. Its average weight is from five pounds to ten pounds in ponds and rivers, but in the Great Lakes it often attains a much more considerable size, possessing also when taken from these clear and beautiful waters the advantage of being perfectly free from the earthy taste which is in general so great a drawback to its flavor.

August, September, and October are the best months for trolling, as the pike are then in first-rate condition, and take most freely; for though they may be captured with the natural bait throughout the Summer, either morning or evening, and if the sky is at all cloudy at almost any hour of the day, they are generally lazy and indifferent to food in hot weather, and not easily moved. In Winter they will take readily any ordinary bait dropped through a hole cut in the ice, darting on it at once, from beneath the overhanging stones and stumps to which they retire at that season.

On the lakes it is best to fish from a boat, which should



THE VORACIOUS PIKE.—SEE PAGE 107.

be stationed over the weed-grown bottom of some quiet bend or inlet where there is no current, and where the surface of the water is comparatively smooth. The boat should not be too close to the shore, and the greater the length of line the better, consistently with convenience in casting the bait, which, it is scarcely necessary to remark, cannot be too lightly dropped into the water. The best sized hook is a No. 5 salmon-hook. In river trolling, where slow running streams are bordered by reeds, or covered with patches of surface weeds, it is better to fish from the bank.

During the Fall pike appear generally to prefer deeper water than in Summer, at which season they frequent the middle depths or bask in the sun under floating water-plants. Though the pike is not gregarious, yet where one is taken others will always be found in the same neighborhood—and the troller should by no means abandon his ground under the impression, which is a very common one, that it is a solitary fish—an error first propagated by Isaak Walton, who says : "The pike is observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish : melancholy because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as roach and dace, and most other fish do ; and bold because he fears not a shadow, or to see or to be seen of anybody, as the trout, and chub, and all other fish do."

The most successful lure, when it can be procured, is the "pickerel frog," a small and singularly marked creature. A minnow, or a small "lake-herring," bream, or any other similar fish will, however, always answer. Artificial bait or flies seldom attract, and the angler need not waste his time or patience in experimenting with them.

A large pike will frequently run the whole line off the reel, darting away with a strength and velocity which call into play all the skill of the angler, who should be provided with a good rod with a stiff top, and plenty of strong silk line, the nature of his other tackle being matter of choice and preference, though gorge-tackle is undoubtedly the most simple and efficacious.

Pike are also taken in other ways, as by spearing, which in Winter is effected through a hole cut in the ice, to which the fish are attracted by bait ; and in Summer by torchlight from a canoe or a *scow*, and by other means even more uninteresting to the sportsman.

The pike is the very type of voracity, and not only every fish that swims even almost its equal in size is pounced upon by it, but birds flying near the surface or perched on a branch that the rapacious fish can reach at a spring. The most remarkable case of its voracity was, perhaps, that which occurred at a fishpond in the estate of Baron Rothschild, where a pike seized the arm of a little girl who was dabbling in the water with her hand ; the pike seized her with such a grip that he nearly dragged her into the pond, and would have done so had not her cries brought a keeper to the spot. Even then the man with difficulty compelled the fish to relax its hold.

IN THE MABERLY MINE.—"WITH MY ARM IN THE WALL, I TURNED HALF ROUND TO THE OPENING OF THE CHAMBER, AND THERE, TO MY HORROR, STOOD EVE GUION."

IN THE MABERLY MINE.—"I SAW BEFORE ME TWO PERSONS, WHOM OF ALL HUMANITY I HAD LEAST WISHED TO MEET—EVE GUION AND HER FATHER."

IN THE MABERLY MINE.

By Charles L. Hildreth.

"John Wallace !" called the mine-superintendent through the speaking-pipe ; "some visitors are coming down in the cage. You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."

"Visitors !" I repeated to myself. "I must be lackey, too, as well as drudge ! Well, so be it. It is only another straw to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back, so much the better. I shall be done with it !"

The world has little respect for those whose code of honor leads them aside from the broad highway of commonplace.

When, at my father's death, finding his estate heavily encumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself, socially speaking, in ice-water. Those who had known me in my happier days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest were now as impenetrable as their owners' ignorance of my existence.

I could have borne all this well enough had only one home remained open to me—the home of Eve Guion.

In the days when her wealthy father looked with favor upon the intercourse of his daughter and the landowner's son, I had some wild hopes about her.

She was a beautiful girl, and, as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses

of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.

But that, too, was over. A polite note from her father informed me that his daughter could henceforth dispense with my attentions; and, as I received no intimation to the contrary from Eve herself, I concluded she, too, had decreed my ostracism. After this, I lost my hope and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.

I left the village, and, after two years of wandering, often in destitution, I stranded myself on the Maberly Coal Mine as gang-master in the pits.

Our mine had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents. Consequently, we were rarely troubled by visitors from the upper earth.

This was a godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was leading only on condition of not being too frequently reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to me.

It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signaled from above.

As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom, of all humanity, I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father!

Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? No. As cold and worldly as I believed Eve to be, I could not imagine her capable of such mean malice.

Who could identify the name of gang-master John Wallace with Wallace Grover, *ci devant* gentleman? Besides, I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Maberly Mine. It was merely a simple sight-seeing tour, after all.

Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance, so that I was sure neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.

With strict control over myself, I could show them through the mine and dismiss them none the wiser. Now that they had come, too, I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the woman I had loved—still loved—once more.

I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent underground.

My head swam and my heart beat thick and loud as I stood before her—more beautiful, because more serious and womanly, than when we had been intimate two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler, and that there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me.

The season that I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Not, of course, on my account; such a notion never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we were preparing to descend into the galleries.

"Years enough, madam, to know the mine thoroughly," I answered, evasively.

Mr. Guion looked at me, inquiringly.

"You speak like a man of education, my good fellow," he said. "Do they put men of your stamp into such positions as yours?"

"Men of my stamp have few claims which the world is bound to respect," I answered, gruffly. "You are here to see the mine. Be kind enough to follow me."

"My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve, coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I must trust to your gallantry, Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no faraway hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round arm.

We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as was necessary to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion. She loitered, on one pretext or another, until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved, she watched my face intently. Had she detected me, and was she seeking an opportunity of making her discovery known without betraying me to her father?

I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that I should lose my self-control, and all of my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent.

I was careful, therefore, to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father that she might speak to me.

But I foiled her quietly but skillfully, and, after the galleries had been explored twice over, and there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.

As we entered the upper level, we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber, which I deemed unsafe to be visited.

Eve's eye caught sight of it.

"Here is a chamber we have not seen," she said.

"No, madam," I interposed. "It is no longer worked. The water has broken into it twice, and it is considered dangerous."

"I mean to see it at all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I am sure."

She cast a strange, significant look at me, which said almost as plainly as words:

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."

Then she entered the chamber.

But she had miscalculated my tact. I turned to her father and requested him to enter with me in order to dissuade her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. She gave me a reproachful look as we entered, and I heard her sigh.

The moment I put my foot into the chamber, my senses, trained by long experience to note the varying phenomena of the under world, detected a hint of coming danger.

There was a faint rumbling in the bowels of the earth. The air was close, and had a taint of electricity in it—similar to that which precedes a thunderstorm. There was surely peril in the mine, but how and whence it would come I could not guess.

As I turned to urge my visitors to a hasty retreat, I caught sight of some small fragments of wet earth dropping from the wall near at hand, followed by a jet of water. Then I knew what was coming.

"Out! out for your lives!" I cried, springing toward the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine. Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warning. With a cry

of terror he sprang out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. Then followed the shouts and trampling of the escaping men. I knew if I could hold the water in check for ten minutes, I could save the lives of every one of them. As for my own—well, one life, and that a useless one, seemed a good exchange for a hundred fathers of families.

When I first saw it, the jet was no larger than a man's finger; but in a moment it had enlarged to the size of my arm, and a heavy stream of water began to pour into the chamber.

There was no apparatus at hand, neither clay nor sandbags to check it, as I well knew.

A happy inspiration came to me. With a Titanic effort I managed to thrust my arm into the fissure, and for the time being I succeeded in checking the leak.

Then, with my arm in the wall, I turned half-around toward the opening in the chamber, and there, to my horror, still stood Eve Guion. I saw that her face was very pale, but firm and self-possessed.

"What are you doing here?" I cried. "This place will be full of water in five minutes."

"And what are you doing here?" she asked, quietly.

"My duty," I replied. "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape."

"Then you will be drowned," she exclaimed.

"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated. "I tell you you have only a bare chance to get out as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

"Then I will stay and help you, Wallace," she said, in a strangely gentle voice.

"Ah, you know me!" I cried.

"I have known you from the moment I entered the mine. I came here to see you."

"To taunt me with my poverty!" I cried. "When your father turned me away from your doors, when I became outcast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortunes from your eyes."

"It is because my father used you so cruelly that I am here," she said. "I was not to blame, Wallace. I knew nothing of it until you were gone. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Maberly Mine, and on the bare chance of identifying him with Wallace Grover, I influenced my father to bring me here."

"Well," said I, sorrowfully, "it is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eve. Go and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with him."

"You persist in remaining here?" she asked.

"I must," I said. "I should be a coward and a wretch to desert my post now."

"Then," she replied, quietly, "I will stay with you."

"Why?" I asked, amazedly. "Are you jesting with me?"

"Can I jest with death, Wallace, or—love?"

Then, before I could comprehend her words, she came to my side, as I stood with my wrist in the wall, and putting her arm around my neck, drew my cheek down upon hers."

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace," she said, sweetly, "but it would be harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with false delicacy. I know that you have loved me many years, and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at least cannot separate us."

With death staring me in the face—not five minutes off—I have never known a happier moment in my life.

As I stood there, with my arm in the fissure, with the blood surging into my head, and all my muscles straining with the effort to keep my position, I knew nothing more than that I felt the heart of the woman I loved beating against my own, her warm young cheek touching my cold one in the embrace of love and death.

Then consciousness of her position rushed upon me again.

"No, no!" I cried. "You must not die. Go live, my darling—live until it comes your time to meet me in the other world, where I shall be before you. Go, and believe no man ever met death so gloriously as I shall."

"We go out together, or we die together," she said, firmly. "Speak of it no more."

Then a solemn silence fell upon us. The men must have nearly all escaped, as I could tell by their distant shouts.

The earth was breaking away around my arm, and the water was already nearly two feet deep upon the floor of the chamber. I could hear the subterranean stream roaring more threateningly in the bowels of the mine. Another pound of pressure, and I should be flung down and the chamber would fill.

Then came a great desire for life. How could I bear to have my new-found joy so suddenly smothered in the ground? *Was* there not yet one hope?

The sounds of the escaping men had ceased. If we could get the cage down once more in time, we might perhaps escape, after all. I explained my hope to Eve.

"Run," said I, "ring for the cage. I will hold on here a moment more. If we can reach it, we are safe."

Eve looked at me sharply an instant—she feared I meant to deceive her into escaping while I remained behind; but she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she seized the light, lifted her skirts, and ran through the water out of the chamber. The next thirty seconds seemed like hours.

I desperately held my own against the water, while every vein seemed bursting with the strain. I heard the bell ring for the cage, heard it slowly descend; then the water overcame me.

I was flung down as by a giant's hand. There was a roar and rush as of a Niagara, and, with a whirl of lights and faces, a chaos of confusion and terror, I knew no more.

When I slowly struggled back to life, after many days, I was far from the Maberly Mine. I was no longer John Wallace, gang master, but Wallace Grover, gentleman. I was in my father's house.

My old servants were around me, and, like a fairy who had worked a wonderful transformation, sweet Eve Guion was the dominant angel of the scene.

My affairs had been settled with my creditors very much more to my benefit than I had imagined could be possible. My ancestral home and a modest competence were still left to me.

This, too, was the work of Eve Guion, whose love and faith in me had never faltered in all my wretchedness and exile, and whose strong will had drawn comfort and happiness for me out of the depths of sorrow.

If Mr. Guion objected to the turn affairs were taking, he had the sense to offer no fruitless opposition to his daughter's inclination; and I will do him the justice to say that with a very good grace he performed his part at our wedding.

ALL mankind acknowledge themselves able and sufficient to do many things which actually they never do.

IN THE MABERLY MINE.—"BEFORE I COULD COMPREHEND HER WORDS, SHE CAME TO MY SIDE, AND, PUTTING HER ARMS ABOUND MY NECK, DREW MY CHEEK DOWN UPON HERS."

A DELICATE QUESTION.

In some districts of Japan the natives have a remarkable custom in connection with window-gardening. In houses wherein reside one or more daughters of a marriageable age, an empty flower-pot, of an ornamental character, is encircled by a ring, and suspended from the window or veranda by three light chains. The Juliets of Japan are, of course, attractive, and their Romeos as anxious as those of other lands. But, instead of serenades by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression, it is etiquette for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his lady bearing some choice plant in his hand, which he boldly, but, let us hope, reverently, proceeds to plant in the empty vase. This takes place at a time when he is fully assured that both mother and daughter are at home, neither of whom, of course, is at all conscious that the young man is taking such a liberty with the flower-pot outside their window. It is believed that a young lover so engaged has never been seen by his lady or by her mamma in this act of sacrilege. This act of placing a pretty plant in the empty flower-pot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells within, and this Eastern fashion is a most delicate and harmless way of proposing to a lady. The youthful gardener, having settled his plant to his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases. If he is the right man, she takes every care of his gift, waters it and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all the world may see the donor is accepted as a suitor. But, if he is not a favorite, or if stern parents object, the poor plant is torn from the vase, and the next morning lies, limp and withered, on the veranda or on the path below.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

In his *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*, De Maistre discusses the very curious phenomenon of the independence of the mind and the body. He tells us how, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he often drew on his stockings wrong side out, and had to be reminded by his invaluable servant Joannetti of his mistake. Many readers will call to mind experiences of their own of a similar nature. It seems quite common to put one's watch key to one's ear to ascertain if it is going; and many people are in the habit of winding their watches, and three minutes after, pausing to wonder whether they have done so or not.

Who has not heard of the philosopher who boiled his watch while he calmly held the egg in his hand to note the time! Or of the equally erudite man of science who, having peeled the apple, threw the apple itself over a cliff, and then discovered that the rind alone remained.

Another individual had the habit—not such a very uncommon one—of forgetting his own name at awkward moments. One day he presented himself for letters at the post-office, when, much to his disgust, he could not think of his name. He turned sadly homeward, racking his brains in the vain endeavor to discover who he was. Suddenly a friend accosted him: "How are you, Mr. Brown?" "Brown, Brown, I have it!" cried the absent-minded one; and leaving his astonished friend, he rushed back to the post-office to get his letters.

Sometimes absence of mind produces very ludicrous effects. Harry Lorrequer's appearance on parade in the character of *Othello* is well known. A somewhat similar occurrence in real life happened not long ago. A student on leaving his rooms one afternoon to take a stroll in the fashionable street in a university town, suddenly remembered that his fire needed coals, and returned to replenish it. On issuing from his lodgings the second time, he was surprised to see people with an amused smile looking at him. Presently, some ragamuffins at a street corner began to make audible remarks. On looking down, he discovered, to his horror, that he was serenely carrying the fire-tongs in place of his umbrella!

One day an English savant wrote two letters: one to a business house in London, the other to a friend in Paris. In stamping them at the post-office, he placed the penny stamp on the letter for Paris, and the other on the business letter. Remarking to the post-office clerk that he would correct the error, he changed the addresses! It was not until after he had posted the letters that he understood why the clerk had not been more impressed with his brilliant idea.

IN THE MABERLY MINE.—"WITH A WHIRL OF LIGHTS AND FACES I KNEW NO MORE."—SEE PAGE 109.

A LEGACY OF TEARS.

"PERHAPS I ought to wear them. I'm not sure."

"Oh, a duty!"

"Well, but you know, Eva, dear, they have always been worn by the brides in our family—ever since they appeared among us. They formed a portion of the bridal costume, in fact; the same as the wreath or vail, and it would be contrary to all family tradition were the bride not to wear them."

"Oh, dear me! I believe I should be tempted to break through such an of-course custom, just for once!" replied Evelynne Mathews, with the pale shadow of disdain on her prim lips.

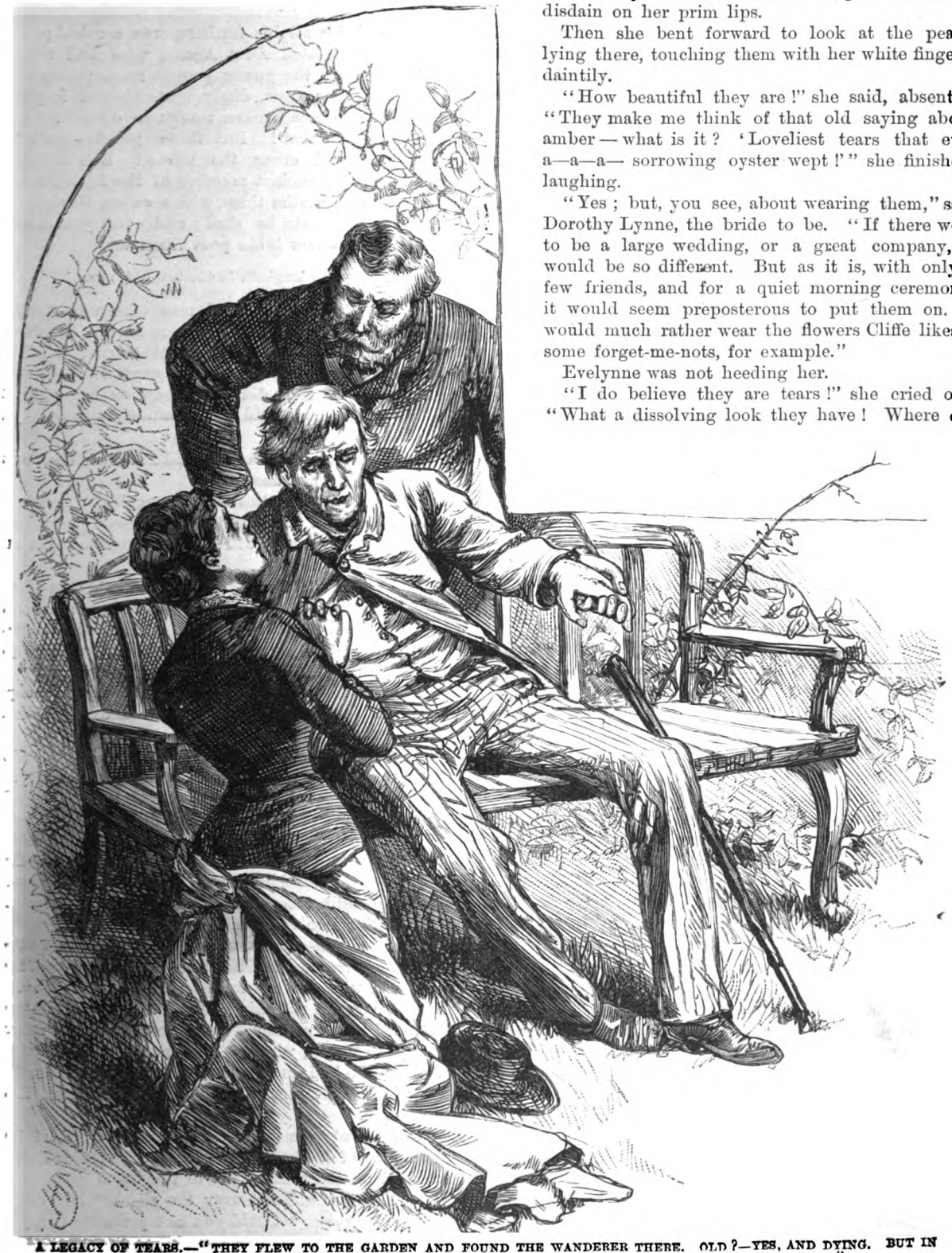
Then she bent forward to look at the pearls lying there, touching them with her white fingers, daintily.

"How beautiful they are!" she said, absently. "They make me think of that old saying about amber — what is it? 'Loveliest tears that ever a—a—a— sorrowing oyster wept!'" she finished, laughing.

"Yes; but, you see, about wearing them," said Dorothy Lynne, the bride to be. "If there were to be a large wedding, or a great company, it would be so different. But as it is, with only a few friends, and for a quiet morning ceremony, it would seem preposterous to put them on. I would much rather wear the flowers Cliffe likes—some forget-me-nots, for example."

Evelynne was not heeding her.

"I do believe they are tears!" she cried out. "What a dissolving look they have! Where did



A LEGACY OF TEARS.—"THEY FLEW TO THE GARDEN AND FOUND THE WANDERER THERE. OLD?—YES, AND DYING. BUT IN HIS LARGE, PATHETIC EYES WAS A GREAT CONTENT. DOROTHY FELL ON HER KNEES BEFORE HIM."

you say you got them, Dolly? Oh, here comes Aunt Agnes! She shall tell us. Did you ever notice, Dolly, how she has the air of a whole family's pride, bound up in one volume?"

Dolly laughed. It was, indeed, true that the tall woman who now entered the room quietly had the noble look of a "grand dame" whose pride was above soil.

To her Evelynne Mathews turned.

"Oh, dear Miss Lynne, you are just the one we wanted to see! Just look at these pearls—and, you know, Dorothy is not going to wear them. She thinks flowers will be more appropriate."

While she was speaking, two men—both young; one large, handsome, dark; the other slender and fair, but with mystical, dreamy eyes that relieved the effeminate cast of his features—came up, and, entering the garden-door unobserved, stood silent but not uninterested listeners to this important theme.

Meanwhile an angry flush had spread over Miss Agnes Lynne's pale, high-bred face.

"Not wear the pearls!" she exclaimed, with energy. "Such a thing is not to be thought of for a moment. It would be the first time they were omitted from the bride's toilet since we have had them."

She turned, and saw the two gentlemen behind her. Then she addressed herself at once to the dark and handsome one, as if she were sure of an ally in him:

"Dorothy talks of not wearing the pearls, Cliffe. What folly! If you take a bride from the House of Lynne, you must take her with the Bride's Legacy. She will wear the pearls."

Cliffe laughed. Evidently he attached no great importance to the matter, but, with a deferential air, he listened to Miss Lynne.

"I am sure Dorothy will do what you wish in this affair," he answered, gently. "For me, it does not matter whether I take her with the jewels, or only with a green vine in her hair, since she becomes mine—mine only!"

He added those last two words in a fainter tone. As for her, that beautiful, bright-haired bride, she turned to this dark, passionate lover of hers, and if she were to wear the pearls when she went to him, at least the forget-me-nots of which she had been speaking were in her eyes now. It would take long years for *those* to fade.

The other man stood watching them, with something of sadness in his smile.

"Well, that is settled, then," said Aunt Agnes. "And I hope you will not again attempt to persuade Dolly not to wear them," she added, turning to Evelynne, severely.

"I—I persuade her?" exclaimed Miss Evelynne, with an injured look. "Why, I never once thought of it. I think a girl would be a simpleton, since she had such things, not to wear them. And I—I told her so," she added, heroically.

Dorothy laughed—the sweetest laugh.

"Poor pearls! But maybe just such a legacy will come to you, some time, as it did to our family," she said, jestingly.

She did not notice Aunt Agnes's angry frown.

"A legacy? But how did it come?" cried Evelynne, eagerly. "You said something once before, that they *appeared*—what is it all about?"

"Oh, some call them the Bride's Tears. I believe they are considered rather unfortunate," said Dolly—poor, pretty Dolly—gayly. "Sometimes they are bright and clear—that is for happiness; sometimes they are clouded and rainy—that is for tears. We will go up into the gallery, and look at the picture of the first bride who was known to wear them, if you like."

Evelynne Mathews shivered. Some one said, long after, that a chill wind seemed to blow past, curdling the very air about them with a steely frost.

"What a bleak January and February sort of story! I declare, you have given me an ague. It is for all the world like that passage in Keats—the one in 'Saint Agnes's Eve,' or 'The Eve of Saint Agnes'—which is it?"

"'The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold,' perhaps you mean," suggested Aunt Agnes, who had tried to keep awake while the young people read poetry of an evening, and who now dimly remembered imperfect passages, as one sees broken things in dreams.

"Oh, no, not that! But these pearls—can't you imagine the aged crone, the nurse? She has been wronged by some ancient member of the Lynne family, therefore she bequeaths them, with a curse, these pearls, which are the tears she has shed; and can't you imagine how, whenever a new bride puts them on,

"'Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon'!"

She turned to the sad-faced man who was standing beside her, his brows drawn down in an anxious frown.

"Oh, Philip, you must make a sketch of it! It is just in your line; you would do it capitally."

But Philip Harrison did not, in answering, smile at all. One would have said his beautiful, womanly eyes were filled with tears.

"I would rather Miss Dorothy did not wear the pearls at all," was his grave answer.

Miss Agnes Lynne at this stirred angrily.

"That is enough. I think that quite enough has been said about it. Dorothy will wear the pearls!" she exclaimed, haughtily.

Then she took up the old carved cedar-box in which the pearls were lying, and, crossing the room somewhat hastily, deposited it in an old oaken closet that was built into the wall. She shut the door excitedly. Perhaps she did not quite realize what she was doing.

At this an awkward silence fell upon the little group. Evelynne bit her lip, half-vexed, half-amused; then a happy thought struck her.

"Weren't you going up to look at that portrait of the bride in the gallery?" she asked, turning to Dorothy.

So with one accord, with great relief, they all moved away, leaving the pretty, cedar-paneled parlor with only the echo of their light and jesting voices stirring softly in it. Evelynne thought of it many a time after—the careless talk, the careless time; the strong and proud young bride and bridegroom; Aunt Agnes's angry frown, and Philip Harrison's sensitive, sad eyes.

The low, red sun-gleams seemed to follow them up the stairs. They streamed in fitful lines of color through the long slits of windows cut in the rambling old house.

"I hope you do not mind what Aunt Agnes said—we had worried her, you know," explained Evelynne, rather anxiously, to Philip, who was with her.

"No—oh, no! I do not think of that," was his ready answer; indeed he seemed to have quite forgotten that little episode.

He was silent a moment; then he glanced at the bright figure of Dolly Lynne, standing in the red glow of sunlight on the landing above them."

"I wish she would not wear the pearls," he said, in his low, clear voice. "Could you not persuade her, just for to-morrow?"

"Do you mind it so much?" Evelynne stared at him

in surprise. "Why, I would not mention the subject again for worlds! Think of Aunt Agnes's anger, too, if I did. She would never forgive me."

"Would that matter?" answered Philip, wearily. "Such a little thing as her anger against Dorothy's whole life's happiness!"

But he said no more about the pearls. He let the subject drop there, to Evelynne's intense relief. She could not understand why he should be so much in earnest about it while Cliffe did not mind; but she had long mentally accused Philip of nourishing an unspoken passion for sweet Dorothy Lynne.

Once in the gallery, they, with one accord, clustered before that famous portrait of the beautiful bride who had been taken from the House of Lynne in the far, fair time of old.

Surely the light was not so clear now! This bride was lovely as a bride should ever be—her eyes were wide and clear; her hair waved high and smooth; the lace, even, on her arms was firm and frost-like—but, surely, she wore no pearls!

They looked at one another, puzzled and half-afraid.

"I thought you said she wore the pearls, Dolly?" at length said Evelynne, doubtfully.

"Yes, they have always shown so plainly; but maybe the light is so dim, we can't see them perfectly."

"Oh, it is not the light! Everything else shows distinctly—even that lace pattern. She certainly has no pearls on now."

"She could not take them off!" cried Dolly, a little angrily, and then she went to fetch a light.

The others stood silent a moment, waiting.

"This," said Evelynne, glancing about uncertainly, to ascertain how far the sympathies of her audience went with her, "reminds me of the finishing and more ghostly part of the legend. I have heard old Nannie, in the kitchen, say—and she is much interested to know if the new bride is going to wear the pearls—she avers it is a fact that when the legacy is passed on to a fresh victim, the likeness of them disappears for a time from the portrait hanging here."

"Nonsense!" cried out Cliffe, impatiently.

But he seems uneasy, all the same.

"Well, it is a mystery," says Evelynne, drawing a long breath.

"There is always a mystery about pearls," Cliffe answers, shortly.

A moment later the door opened, and Dolly came down the long, dusky length of gallery, bearing a lighted taper in her hand.

"I had a fine quarrel with Aunt Agnes," she began, cheerfully. "I don't know when I have seen her so angry. She declares that it is all nonsense, and that we are all fools. I don't believe she will ever forgive you, Eva, and as for Philip——" She paused, and shrugged her shoulders daintily. "Still," she continued, laughing, "I told her that if it was nonsense, no harm could come of it, and she ought not to object, on scientific principles. If the pearls are not there, in the picture——"

"The pearls are not there, in the picture," interrupted Philip, curtly. "It is plain enough to see."

Dorothy turned pale; but now Cliffe, coming forward, took the taper from her trembling fingers.

"Do you remember what the time is?" he asked her, with an air of wise rebuke. "This is the night before your wedding-day; and do you think that on such an important occasion I shall permit you to frighten yourself to death investigating an old woman's witch stories?" He took the light from her, and gently set it down. You are not to mention the subject again, on pain of my direst displeasure."

"I only wanted to see——" she began, confusedly.

Cliffe interrupted her.

"You wanted to see—you wanted to see if it is only a trick being played on you; and let me ask you, do you think that is a foolish young woman hanging up there on the wall, that she should part with her jewels on any such frivolous pretext? What is Philip doing now?"

He was watching her face. The terrified light faded out of the forget-me-not eyes, the color came back to the round cheeks.

They crossed over to where Philip was standing.

"I never saw such a fellow for mooning about in old houses! If he were to enter the barest old rookery ever perched on a mountain-top, he would, in half an hour, discover some miracle of old ivory carving, or a bit of wonderful stamped leather of the time of Louis XII."

Dorothy flushed faintly.

"These things belong to Aunt Agnes," she said, gently. "She prizes them greatly—most of all because they are heirlooms she can leave to me." She took up a hand-mirror out of a drawer—the room seemed to be a sort of repository for *bric-à-brac* of all sorts. "This was painted by Monnyer. Some say that it belonged to Arabella Stuart, and was brought over in the old Plymouth days. Look at that lovely wreath of violets painted on it. I must show it to Philip." Then she added, softly: "I am so glad you like Philip, dear. You—we—must always be kind to him. I believe he would die if he thought he could not serve me."

"Yes," said Cliffe, gravely. He was scarcely heeding her. Then, seeing her hurt look, he added, hastily: "Hush, dear! you must not mind. I was only thinking that the best service we could render him would be to make him think of himself. Don't you see he has got just that sort of self-sacrificing spirit that would lead him to wander off and die, out of some mistaken sense of duty, alone and unknown, thinking he was serving you in some great way, and leaving only

"'A lean 'P. H'—er—engraven on his tomb,'"

he added, laughing, thinking that perhaps he was making too serious a matter of it.

The forget-me-not eyes brightened.

"Oh, that is not the line at all! You are worse than Aunt Agnes at quoting poetry."

They drew near Philip. He was standing in much excitement before a lovely piece of old oak carving let into the wall.

"What is it?" he exclaimed. "Why, it is wonderful! How came it here, and for what purpose?"

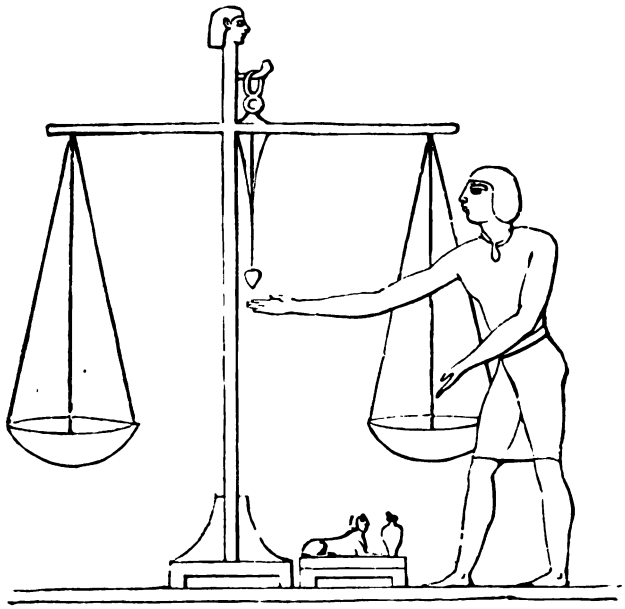
Dorothy peeped over his shoulder.

"Oh, that! That, too, is a mystery. The workmen discovered it about a year ago while they were making some repairs here. It was concealed by a thin laying of cedar panels on the outside."

"The design is Greek," observed Philip, critically. He looked closer. "It seems to represent the Shepherds discovering the Head of Orpheus. Then he ran his slender fingers over the rich and heavy carving. "Secret springs have many times been hidden in such work as this," he mutters, half to himself. "I wonder what it is here for?"

"Hark!" exclaimed Dolly, starting back. "There is Aunt Agnes's tea-bell. We must go."

They sauntered off; Philip, only, lingered behind.



WEIGHING-MACHINERY.—FIG. 1—ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCALE.

"Please make my excuses," he said, gently, to Dorothy. "I will come soon."

The others laughed.

"He is afraid of Miss Lynne's anger!" cried Evelynne, merrily, looking back at him; and it was the last time that, in this world, she ever saw Philip Harrison.

That night the time-worn, weather-beaten house seemed to sink easily in the prolonged, exhausted slumber of old age. The bride, with the forget-me-not eyes, slept, dreaming of the happiness the morrow would bring her; and the strong young bridegroom, in his passionate and tender dreams, whispered to his happy heart:

"Be worthy of her! Oh, be worthy of her!"

Philip Harrison stood in the garden-window, looking out across the whispering light and gloom.

"Farewell, farewell!" he sighed. "It is not so hard to say farewell when one takes into the darkness such memories as I take." He pulled a white rose, and kissed it, and wept hot tears on its sweet, soft bloom. "Oh, my heart!" he said, at last, "I leave you with her. Farewell, thou, too!"

And so, in the sweet morning glow, when Dorothy Lynne left her chamber, she saw a white rose lying outside on the floor; and if in its fading heart it carried a message and a farewell, she could not know.

Thus it followed that on her bridal morning there fell a shadow, dense and dark, for Philip Harrison had gone, and left no note or good-by behind him—he had gone, none knew why, or whither.

The pearls, too, had disappeared. No trace of them could be found. The box containing them had been secretly removed in the night, and they never again were seen there.

Only one inference could reasonably be drawn; and even Dolly had not enough influence with Aunt Agnes to keep her silent. She advertised the pearls far and near, and if she did not advertise Philip, too, she told the story without reserve, making it distinct and clear.

It was well for Philip Harrison he did not then come back to know of the blight that had fallen on his name.

As for sweet Dolly Lynne, she wore the white flowers of the garden in her hair and on her breast—maybe they brought her a blessing.

The years went by on wings of down; the tender mother of lovely children, the happy wife of a proud and rising, always honored, man—her cup of joy was full.

She, only, remembered Philip tenderly.

"Some time he will come back and explain it all," she said.

But Cliffe was silent. What could the lost man explain? He would not judge, for any clear judgment would seem to go so terribly against the man who had once been his friend.

Yet, be sure of this—the footsteps that follow on the doom of any mortal thing, though slow, never arrive too late.

Cliffe and his family were one Summer week back in the old Lynne House beside the sea. It was late one afternoon that the youngest of the girls came running to her mother with a sealed package in her hand.

A man, feeble, dust-brown, travel-stained, had met her in the garden-path and desired her to give those papers to her mother. He was worn in look. Oh, yes, and gray-haired. He seemed ill, or dying, maybe, he was so very white. The child was confused.

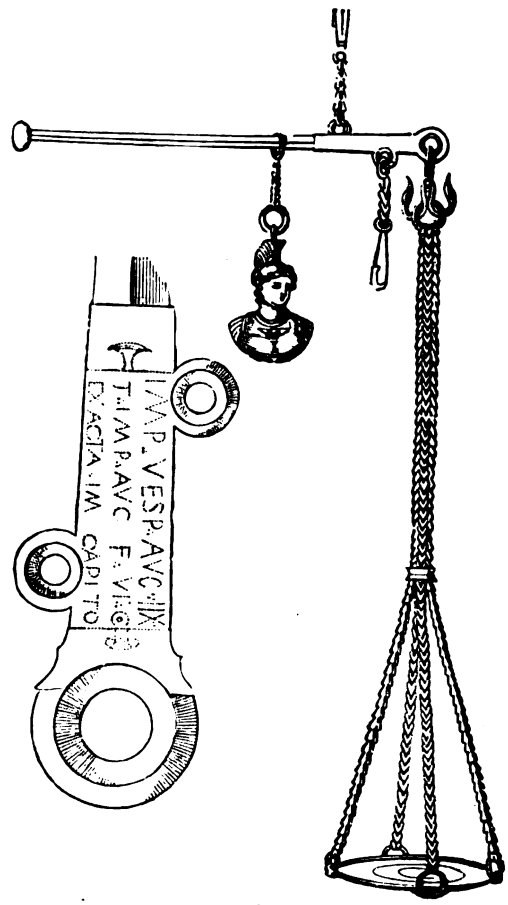
Dorothy Wycliffe broke the seal. She read, and then, with wide, wild eyes, caught up another paper, and read that, too.

"Oh, child, where is he?" she cried, at last. "Oh, Cliffe, come—come with me! It is Philip!"

They flew to the garden, and found the wanderer there. Old?—yes, and dying. White and worn and travel-stained; but in his large, pathetic eyes was a great content.

Dorothy fell on her knees before him.

"Philip, Philip! Oh, why did you do this?"



WEIGHING-MACHINERY.—FIG. 2—ANCIENT ROMAN STEELYARD.

He rested that white head on his arm.

"You have been happy?" he whispered. "Tell me that you have been happy."

"Happy! Oh, yes, Philip—none happier! But why did you do it? I—I cannot bear it!"

She could not bring herself, at that hour, to say to him, "I should have been as happy without this sacrifice."

Such words would have been a sacrilege in view of that martyred life, that white and consecrated soul.

Philip stretched out his hand to Cliffe, who bent over him. "Dear friend!"

Then the drooping head fell forward.

They laid him tenderly on the leafy sod; the white roses and the sweet-brier boughs waved above him. He spoke once more:

"You will find the pearls—*there!*"

They buried Philip without any thought of them, making his grave in the fairest garden-spot, and the roses that he had loved in life were all about him.

They found the fatal jewels in the little recess behind the carving, whose secret spring Philip had discovered. The box was there, as he had left it, but the papers he had found within, bearing on the old legend, they at once destroyed.

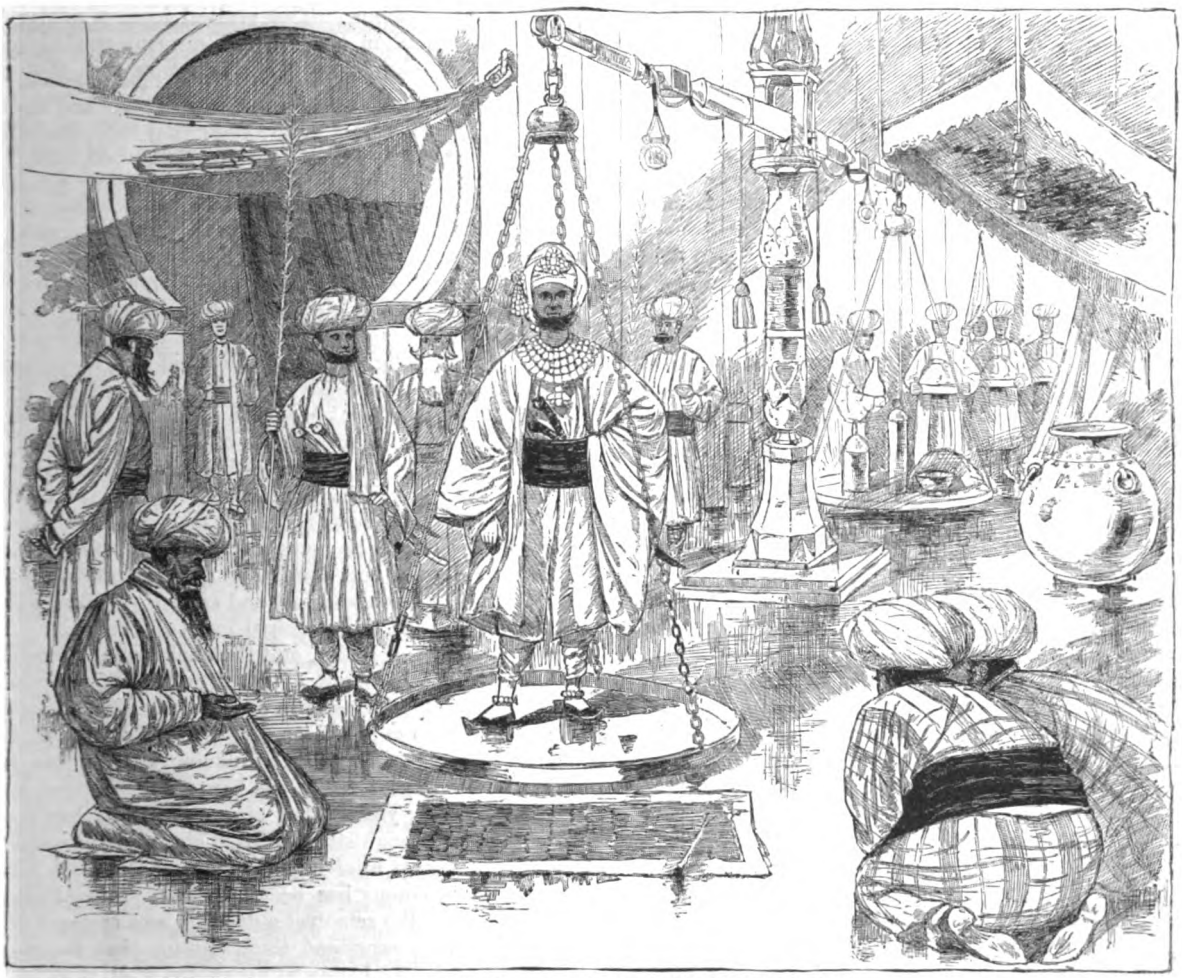
It might have been a legend; but the story in the main part was true to the letter. A woman who had been wronged in those far-away, dusty, past years, bestowed her necklace of pearls on a young bride, and then wrote down her curse, and sealed it within the wall.

"These are the tears I have shed over my fall," she wrote, "and every bride of the House of Lynne shall, in her turn, weep them. None shall be exempt, except that some one take the burden of the curse and weep them in her place."

The pearls were sold, and with the money they brought, a beautiful monument was built on Philip Harrison's grave.

"THE TENDEREST, TRUEST FRIEND."

was carved on it. Dorothy could not say more. Still, the beauty of that mournful sacrifice, of that tender and gentle life, was not all lost, she hopes—not lost nor wasted. Lost! Is anything beautiful in this world lost or wasted? God grant not, where there is so much to sadden and to chill!



WEIGHING-MACHINERY.— FIG. 3—WEIGHING THE GREAT MOGUL.

WEIGHING - MACHINERY.

BY ARTHUR VAUGHAN ABBOTT, C. E.

HOW MUCH does it weigh?

While this is probably one of the earliest questions asked by mankind, it is one that is repeated a million times daily by all classes and conditions of men, from the astronomer, who with his table of logarithms weighs the solar system as it flies through space, and the chemist who measures the invisible atoms, to the corner grocery man who peddles his wares on a rickety balance with questionable weights. How much does it weigh? Who

among us, as we carelessly watch the grains of sugar or the berries of coffee slide from the scoop into the scale-pan, think what an intimate relation this simple question bears to almost every affair of life, or consider that its solution has taxed the mightiest brains the world has ever produced, or even wonder with idle curiosity as to any of the mechanical means by which that solution could be accomplished. Curiously, while at the present time there are many ingenious and exceedingly accurate instruments for ascertaining quantity of weight, we are as much in the dark as to what weight really is, as were the earliest nations of antiquity.

Possibly Sir Isaac Newton most nearly approached this great mystery when he announced that every particle of matter in the universe attracted every other particle. But, after all, this is a mere statement of fact, and what this all-pervading mysterious attraction is that binds together the particles in a drop of water, and speeds across interplanetary space in defiance of any and all obstacles, with immeasurable velocity, we know absolutely nothing.

An apple falls to the ground, and all of our weighing machines are merely contrivances for estimating the amount of mutual attraction which exists between the earth and the apple. But what this inscrutable affinity is, which by some philosophers is suspected to contain the promise and potency of all force, we are ignorant. Fortunately for mankind, as it has been found to be omnipresent and its effect directly proportional to the relative masses of matter between which it acts, this wonderful force becomes the only and at the same time a very convenient measure; and, assuming the globe on which we live as a standard, we proceed to compare with it everything else, from the lightest atoms of hydrogen gas, to the enormous mass of the sun itself. And now it is the mechanical devices for making this comparison that we have to consider.

The earliest weighing-machines are of a date so ancient that their origin is entirely lost in the mists of antiquity. It is surmised, however, that the Chaldeans, so wise in all science and art, introduced the balance into Egypt, almost as complete as it is at the present day. Probably the Chaldean astronomers, under whose direction the Egyptians constructed the great pyramid, also taught them to weigh. Certainly, at this early date the *even* balance had been carried to a high degree of perfection. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 1) taken from an Egyptian tomb-painting, shows one of the balances of this period. A beam is suspended from a hook set in a post, from either end of which depend scale-pans, making a contrivance perfectly recognizable, even to the most uninitiated, as an ordinary even-balance scale. In Biblical history, 1860 B.C., Abraham *weighed out* "400 shekels of silver, current money with the merchant," to Ephron the Hittite as payment for certain real estate purchases. This sale was made in the presence of witnesses, and is said to be the earliest transfer of land on record.

The Romans were well acquainted with the principle of the lever, and made use of this mechanical movement in the construction of a weighing machine, precisely similar, though on a smaller scale, to the modern steelyards and weighmaster's beams. In Fig. 2 is an illustration of this ancient scale. A beam is so hung that the point of suspension is placed close to one end, from which is fastened a pan in which the articles to be weighed may be placed. On the other side of the point of suspension is arranged a sliding weight, generally made to represent one of their numerous deities; who, presiding over the scale, it is supposed, secured a just and perfect weight. The weighing was accomplished by sliding the goddess to and fro on the beam until she balanced the article placed in the pan. In an enlarged representation of the end of the beam, seen in this figure, it will be noticed that the points of suspension are arranged by reaming holes in the end of the beam, so as to leave a sharp edge on the inside; doubtless, for the purpose of reducing friction to a minimum.

Singularly, all weighing-machines have met with more or less disfavor excepting the even balance, which consists of a simple beam suspended in the centre, carrying at either end of its two equal arms a pan, in one of which the substance to be weighed is placed. The desired weight is ascertained by placing in the other pan a sufficient number of known standard weights to bring the apparatus to a balance. This earliest form of scales has always been held in the greatest esteem, probably on account of its simplicity of construction and the ease with which its accuracy can be verified. It was very generally the custom to estimate the value of slaves, especially the more beautiful female portion of that merchandise, by weight, so that they required an even balance large and strong enough to carry a full-grown woman. Such a machine as this, however, can be adapted to comparatively light loads only; and even when built large enough to weigh 300 pounds, becomes exceedingly bulky and cumbersome to manage. In connection with the subject, one of the most curious instances was the weighing of the Great Mogul, a ceremony which took place annually, and is thus described by an old writer: "The Great Mogul begins the festivities of the anniversary with all manner of diversions, which he breaks off to go to the palace of the queen, his mother, if she be yet alive; and having shown his gratitude to her, he causes his grandees to make her magnificent presents. After he has dined, he puts on his finest robes, covers himself with gold and jewels, and being rather loaded than adorned, goes into a vast and superb pavilion, where he is waited on by the principal lords of his court. He here finds the great scales, and the chains which suspend them, both of which are of massive gold adorned with jewels. He places himself in one of the scales, the other being filled with gold, silver, jewels, pieces of stuff, fine linen, pepper, cloves, mace, cinnamon, corn, pulse, and herbs; and an exact register is kept of the difference of his weight every year. If it appears that he has made any considerable acquisition of flesh since he was weighed last there are great rejoicings throughout the whole kingdom. This ceremony has been observed among Eastern potentates from the remotest antiquity, and eminent Biblical critics have expressed their opinion that the usage is alluded to in the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast: 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.' This ceremony is followed by the distributing small pieces of money among the poor, and in throwing among the grandees, nuts, pistachios, almonds, and other fruits made of gold; but they are so small, and the gold so thin, that it is said a thousand of them do not weigh above seven or eight pistoles. The festival is concluded with a magnificent supper given to the lords of the court."

To obviate the difficulties inseparable from even-balance scales, rendered more and more oppressive by increasing business communication, much attention was devoted toward the close of the last century to devising weighing-machines of a composite nature involving the principle of the lever, so that any large weight could be easily rolled upon the scale and balanced by moving to and fro a small mass of metal or poise placed on the

weighing-beam. The earliest successful inventors of composite scales in this country were the Fairbanks Brothers of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

They were manufacturers of stove castings and other light iron work, and it is asserted that, becoming discontented with the time and labor required to weigh pig-iron on the old-fashioned steelyards, almost precisely similar to the old Roman contrivance, it occured to one of the brothers to arrange four steelyards in such a manner that a platform could be suspended by four rods from the hooks on which the weight is ordinarily hung. The four steelyards were placed so that the ends carrying the sliding weights were attached to a rod extending to a fifth steelyard. By sliding a weight to and fro on this lever, the combined pull of all the steelyards was balanced. A whole cart-load of iron could be driven on the platform and weighed in a few moments. This contrivance worked so well that a demand for the new scale at once arose, and, abandoning their former business, the Fairbanks devoted themselves to scale-manufacture, until they are now the largest and most successful scale company in the world.

Following the lead of the Fairbanks Brothers, several other firms have from time to time entered upon the manufacture of scales, the most notable of these being the Howe, the Buffalo and the Chicago Scale Companies, and Rhelé Bros. of Philadelphia.

With the exception of a few slight modifications in detail, the scales built by all these manufacturers have been constructed on the plan involving the lever and knife-edge principle, that is to say, each scale consists of a combination of levers. These levers are so arranged as to carry a platform supported on their short arms, while the long arms are connected by means of one or more additional levers to a scale-beam. This scale-beam carries a weight or poise arranged to slide to and fro on its long arm. It will thus be readily seen that a very small weight, acting on the long arm of this latter lever, aided by the multiplication of the levers supporting the platform, is enabled to balance a very large weight placed on the platform. In order to make the scale sensitive and accurate, it is necessary to make the bearings of the levers work with the least possible friction. In the ancient scales, and especially in the *even* balance variety, this was accomplished by simply suspending the beam by means of a flexible cord. In the large modern platform scales, where the load to be weighed is perhaps many hundred or many thousand times the weight of the poise used to estimate it, it becomes necessary to take the utmost care to reduce all friction to the smallest possible quantity. To this end the levers are made of iron, and the bearings supporting the platform with its weight, are made of the hardest steel, ground to a sharp edge, and set on a correspondingly hardened plate of steel. Indeed, in the most accurate and delicate scales, where exceeding sensitiveness is required, the knife-edges, as these bearings are called, are made of agate, ground to almost "razor-like" sharpness. Obviously, the accuracy of the scale depends entirely upon the integrity of the knife-edges, for if, even by carelessness or through the natural wear to which any two bodies are subjected that are constantly rubbed together, the knife-edges become flattened and dull, the levers move hard, and the sensitiveness of the scale is lost. When properly constructed and first made, a knife-edge scale can be adjusted to have almost any desired degree of accuracy. But even under the most favorable circumstances extreme sensitiveness is rapidly lost; and as an instrument of precision the knife-edge scale must be regarded, even by its warmest admirers, as open to very serious objections, and must sooner or later give place to contrivances less subject to deterioration.

Perhaps a better idea of scale-construction may be had by reference to the following illustrations, giving a perspective view, and a longitudinal and transverse section of a large scale capable of weighing 200,000 pounds.

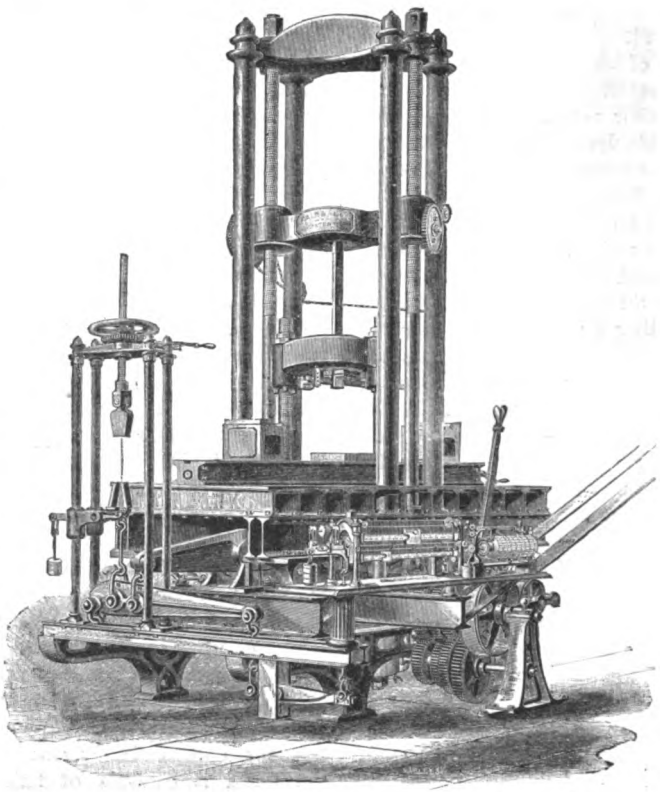
This piece of apparatus, while constructed—so far as the weighing mechanism is concerned—in precisely the same manner as an ordinary scale, has some peculiar modifications, to which we shall presently call attention. Fig. 4 is a perspective view of the machine in question, and Figs. 5 and 6 are respectively a longitudinal and transverse section of the machine. From the perspective view, it will be seen that the platform of the machine consists of a solid construction of wrought iron I beams. Turning to the two sections, the beams b' rest on four castings b''. These castings stand on the centre-pivots of the levers *c. c.* The short arm of these levers is supported by the framework of the machine, while the long arms run to the centre, and are attached to the levers e and e'. These levers are attached to the lever f, which is in turn (see perspective view) attached to the weighing beam. Examine for a moment what occurs when a load is placed upon the platform. The attraction of gravitation acting on the mass of material placed on the platform, is transmitted through this lever system to the scale-beam, and by this combination of multiplying levers a comparatively small weight of ten pounds on the beam is capable of balancing 200,000 pounds on the platform. Of course every time a weight is placed on the platform sufficient to cause the beam to rise, each of the eight levers with their twenty-four knife-edges must move a trifle, and, notwithstanding this quantity is exceedingly small, being only a few thousandths of an inch, the tendency is to constantly wear away and flatten the knife-edges, impairing the sensitiveness and accuracy of the scale.

When properly designed, carefully constructed and discreetly used, such a scale will retain a good degree of sensitiveness and accuracy for a long time. When the machine from which the accompanying illustrations were taken was first constructed, it was sensitive enough to show a weight of a single pound placed on the platform. After four years' wear, during which time it has been constantly subjected to loads up to its capacity of 200,000 pounds, the wear on the knife-edges has been sufficient to impair the sensitiveness to the extent of requiring a load of six pounds instead of the former one pound, to cause the beam to move. In comparison, however, with the 200,000 pounds which the machine is capable of weighing, this six pounds is only about one-thirty thousandth part; so that, excepting in cases where extreme accuracy is required, the knife-edge scale, on account of its cheapness of construction, is likely, for a long time to come, to be the principal mechanical contrivance for estimating weight.

The lever principle, as described in the machine just alluded to, is the one involved in the construction of all platform scales, from the smallest portable platform scale on which one steps in a grocery store, to see if they reach average weight, up to the largest railway-track scales capable of weighing, at a single time, an entire train of cars.

Scales, however, may be used for a variety of purposes besides simply that of weighing. In fact, with particular modifications for different circumstances, they may be used for measuring the quantity of almost any

force. In these days of longest bridges, largest steamships and tallest buildings, public safety demands that constructors in every branch of architecture should be thoroughly acquainted with the character of the materials which they propose to use. In order to ascertain beyond a question that the strength of a particular material is adequate to the strain to which it is to be subjected, it is customary at present for architects and engineers to take samples of the substance to be used and test it, either by pulling it in two or crushing or bending it, thus ascertaining, by direct experiment, its resistance. The machine in the illustrations on this page is one designed to answer these very important questions. In addition to the scale portion of the machine already described, six columns will be noticed standing on the platform, which support a heavy crosshead. Underneath this crosshead may be noticed a second crosshead standing on two screws. By means of appropriate mechanism concealed by the framework, this lower crosshead can be moved up and down. Inasmuch as the screws pass through the platform without touching, the lower crosshead can move up and down without producing any effect on the weighing-beam. If, however, the lower crosshead be connected with the upper crosshead by means of a bar of iron or steel or other material whose strength it is desired to ascertain, so that the downward



WEIGHING-MACHINERY.—FIG. 4—PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF A KNIFE-EDGE PLATFORM SCALE.

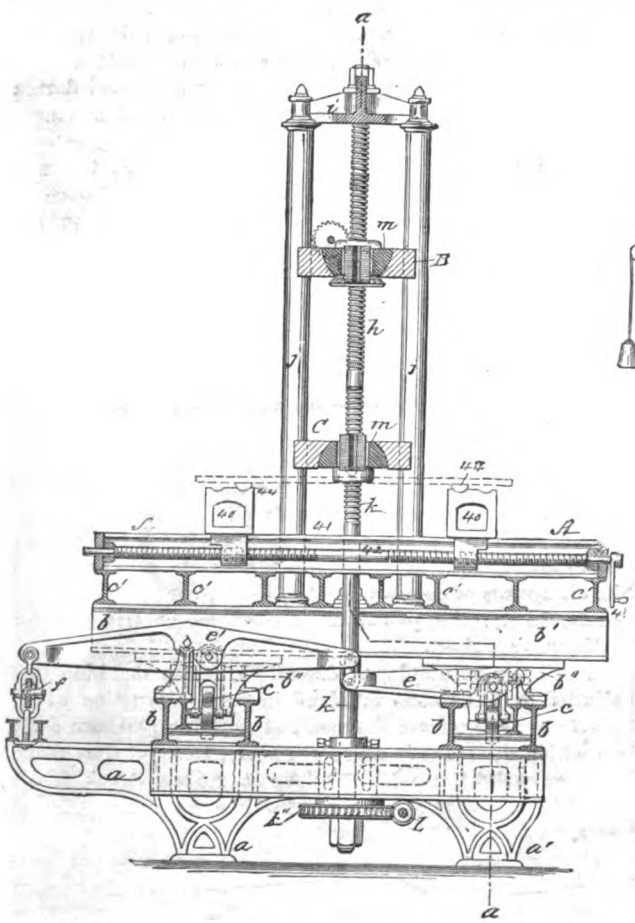


FIG. 5.—LONGITUDINAL VIEW OF KNIFE-EDGE PLATFORM SCALE.

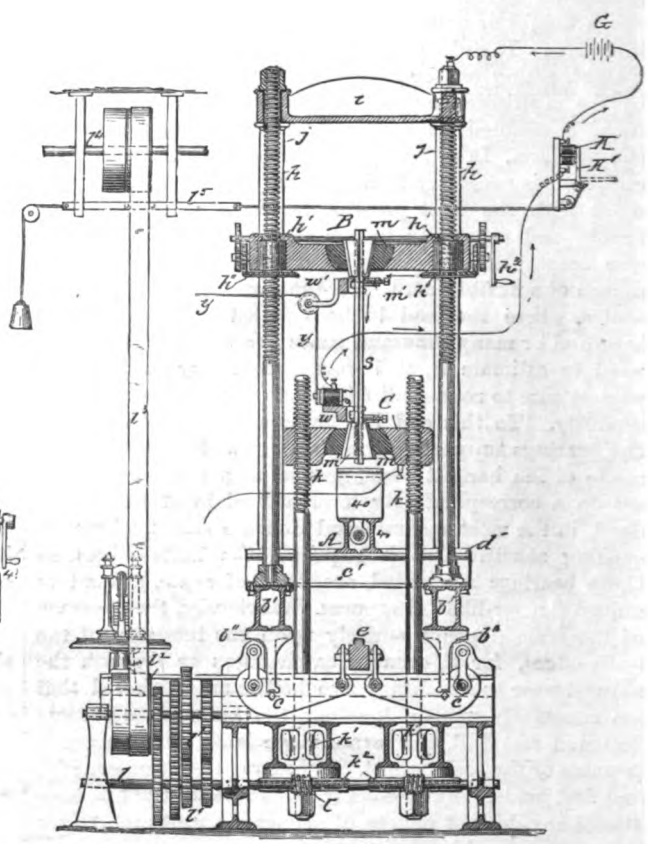


FIG. 6.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF KNIFE-EDGE PLATFORM SCALE.

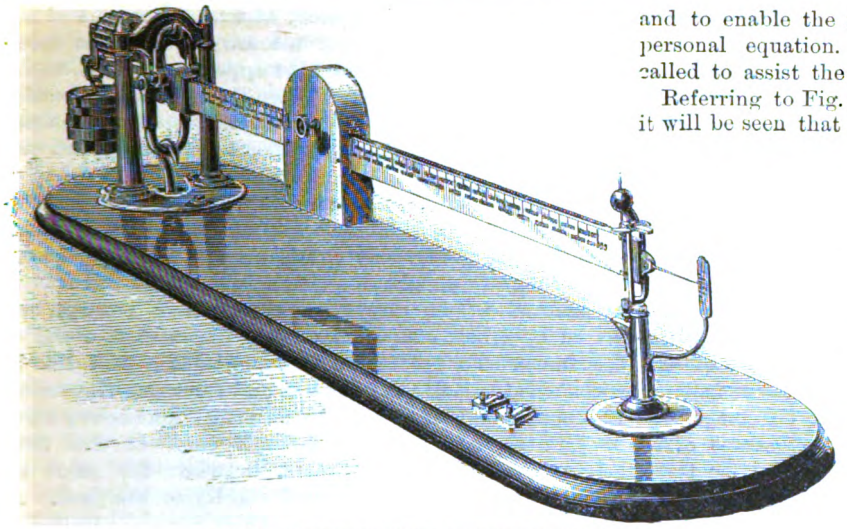


FIG. 7.— WEIGHING-BEAM OF TESTING-MACHINE.

motion of the lower head is resisted by the strength of the test piece, then the amount of force necessary to produce rupture can be measured by the weighing-beam.

By making experiments of this kind upon the materials used in construction, the engineer, architect or contractor cannot only design correctly, but is enabled during the time of construction to assure himself that proper materials are supplied. If, in the United States, it were customary, as it is in some European countries, to require the Government approval of all building materials, we should hear far less of steamboat explosions, broken bridges, and collapsed buildings.

It is very obvious that the work of inspecting materials with reference to their suitability for constructive purposes is one requiring on the part of the investigator a very high degree of knowledge and skill, and a conscientious and faithful discharge of his duties. In designing the testing-machine now under consideration, the endeavor has been to make the machine entirely automatic, in order to relieve the investigator, and to enable the results to be obtained free from any personal equation. To this end, electricity has been called to assist the testing-machine.

Referring to Fig. 6 (the cross-section of the machine), it will be seen that the battery *G* is attached to the top of the adjusting screws *h h*. These screws are carefully insulated from the rest of the machine by standing on rubber bases and passing through rubber bushings held in the interior of the top casting, consequently these screws, with their corresponding crosshead, are electrically insulated from the rest of the testing-machine, and being joined to one pole of the battery, form the only means by which the current can flow into the machine itself. As soon as

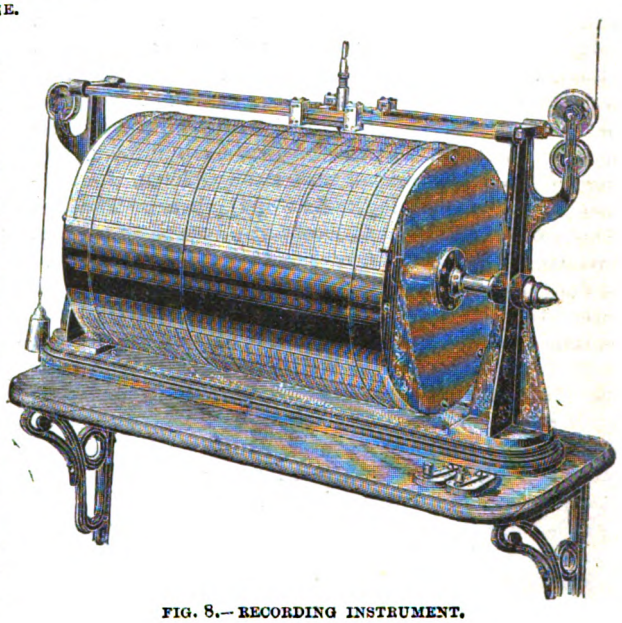


FIG. 8.— RECORDING INSTRUMENT.

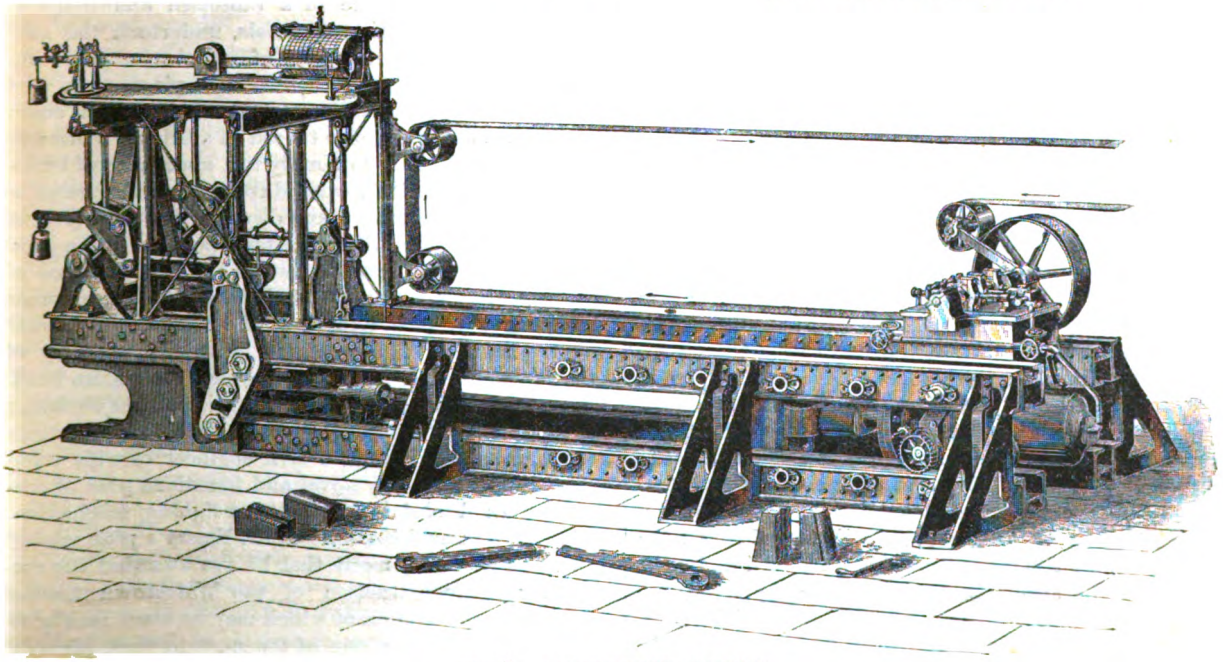


FIG. 9.— LARGE TESTING-MACHINE.

the test-piece is connected with the top crosshead it becomes thereby connected with the battery. On the lower end of the specimen may be seen a small clamp carrying an electro-magnet. One end of the wire of this magnet is in connection with the specimen, while the other end of the wire is joined to a little binding screw on top of the magnet, to which the other pole of the battery is attached, so that the current actuating this magnet flows through the test-piece under examination. A magnetic clutch *K*, for holding the driving belt on the tight pulley, is also included in this part of the battery circuit. As long as the specimen remains intact the current flowing from the battery excites the two magnets and attracts their armatures. When the rupture of the test-piece occurs, the current is at the same instant broken, the magnets are demagnetized, the magnetic clutch *K* is released, the belt slides, by means of a counterpoise weight, to the loose pulley, and the testing-machine stops. In Fig. 7 it will be seen that the weighing beam consists of a single bar suspended on a stand at one end and inclosed in a guard at the other, while on this beam there rests a semicircular brass box, forming the poise. Along the top of the beam, there is cut an exceedingly fine rack and the motion of the poise is obtained by a pinion placed inside of the box and gearing into this rack. From the lower crosshead of the testing-machine, connected with the specimen, the electrical current flows into the butt of the beam. The two mercury cups at the end of the beam are so arranged that when the beam is in the centre neither cup is included in the electrical current, which is consequently broken. If the force on the platform increases, the beam rises and the upper cup is brought into circuit and the current flows. Should the weight in the testing-machine decrease, the beam falls into the lower cup, and the electric circuit is also completed by the drop of the beam. The operation of this piece of apparatus is substantially as follows: Inside of the brass box forming the poise, there is a clockwork motor for driving the poised to and fro on the beam, which is connected with the mercury cup by means of some brass strips placed in the rear of the steel bar forming the beam. These strips are connected with two electro-magnets on the inside of the poise, consequently when the beam either rises or falls, one or the other of the magnets is excited, the corresponding train of clockwork thrown into action and the poise gradually rolls to and fro until a balance is re-established.

Thus it will be seen that, so far as the weighing and the operation of the testing-machine are concerned, the apparatus requires no manipulation, but is perfectly capable of taking care of itself. It now remains to make the machine write its own record of the result of the test. In Fig. 8 is an illustration of a large brass cylinder, containing inside a mechanism similar to that in the poise, and included in the same electrical circuit. From the foregoing description it is seen that as the beam rises and falls under varying loads, the poise rolls to and fro on the beam, keeping it balanced. The mechanism in the cylinder being in the same electrical circuit causes the cylinder to turn backward and forward on its axis in exact correlation with the motion of the poise. Over the cylinder is a little carriage carrying a pencil, and attached to the specimen under examination by means of a flexible steel tape. As the poise rolls to and fro on the beam the cylinder turns backward and forward under the pencil. As the specimen stretches or compresses, the pencil is pulled to and fro over the cylinder. The combination of these two motions causes the pencil to draw on a sheet of paper placed on the cylinder a curved line, which gives a complete history of every moment of the test. Therefore, it is simply necessary to place a specimen in the machine and start the apparatus going, which may then be left to itself. When the specimen breaks, the machine stops, and a complete continuous autographic record of the experiment is found on the cylinder.

In Fig. 9 may be seen an illustration of a testing-machine on a much larger scale, and a different design from the foregoing. It consists of a long horizonal framework of wrought iron channels, upon which travels an hydraulic jack, carrying a three-piston pump, and driven by a belt supported on two idlers at the end of the frame. To accommodate the different lengths of specimens the jack can be run to and fro along the frame at pleasure, and be secured by means of four heavy steel pins which pass directly through each of the four columns composing the frame, between the parts of which run steel lugs connected rigidly to the jack. A system of valves on the jack provides for the admission of fluid on both sides of the piston, so that the jack may be used either in tension or compression, at the pleasure of the operator. At the front end of the testing-machine stands a large bed-plate of cast iron, to which the columns are attached, and which also supports the weighing mechanism for estimating the stresses. This mechanism consists of two heavy levers hung from the framework of I beams, so as to swing directly in front of the crosshead of the jack. On the central pivot of these levers there is hung a second crosshead for the reception of the other end of the test-piece. By means of two horizontal links these levers are attached to two knee-levers for transforming the horizontal stress into a vertical one, and carrying it to a differential lever, which conveys it directly to the beam.

This machine has a capacity of 600,000 pounds in either direction, and is capable of testing specimens between the crossheads up to twelve feet in length. A peculiar feature, however, is that the scale-crosshead has an extremely large opening, and the framework is entirely open directly behind it, so that eye-bars or tension pieces of any length may be easily tested.

About fifteen years ago the United States Government, realizing the importance of a thorough knowledge of the strength of building materials, undertook the construction of a testing-machine of sufficient capacity for making experiments upon the full-sized pieces to be used in building; as, for instance, the shaft of an ocean steamer, a railway rail, or a tie-rod in a bridge. Formerly it had been customary to simply test specimens of building material rather than exact duplicates of the pieces to be used in structures. Many disasters having occurred under circumstances where the test-specimens gave good results, engineers began to perceive the importance of experimenting on a large scale, and the Government testing-machine now located at the Watertown Arsenal was the result. This machine, with its capacity of 1,000,000 pounds, is far larger than any heretofore built. To meet this enormous stress, at the same time obviating the objections to which any system of knife-edge bearings is open, Mr. A. H. Emery, a civil engineer of wide reputation, proposed a very novel and ingenious plan of constructing an absolutely frictionless weighing mechanism. To the Government committee Mr. Emery's plan seemed to possess so much merit that he was awarded the contract for the construction of the Watertown testing-machine, an illustration of which may be seen in Fig. 10, and which is, perhaps, one of the most perfect pieces of mechanism in the world. A complete description of this

machine would transcend the limits of present space. In Fig. 11, however, is an illustration of a smaller and less complicated machine embracing the same principles. From this illustration it will be seen that the machine consists of a solid iron framework standing on the floor, from which arise two screws, carrying an hydraulic press to furnish the necessary force for destroying the specimen. The screws previously alluded to simply afford a means of adjusting the jack so as to accommodate different lengths of specimen. To understand the weighing mechanism it is necessary to turn to Fig. 12, which gives a detail view in section of the base of the machine. The essential part of this weighing mechanism is a sort of cast iron box seen near the letter *D*. The testing-machine is so arranged that when the force of the hydraulic press is applied to any specimen (in our illustration the specimen under examination is a wrought iron I beam), this force is transmitted through the specimen to the base of the machine, which permits the force applied to the specimen to be received on the top of the cast iron box *D* previously mentioned. This box of hydraulic support, as it is technically called, essentially consists of a very strong and heavy ring of cast iron covered with a thin, flexible sheet of steel or brass, and filled with a fluid mixture of glycerine and alcohol.

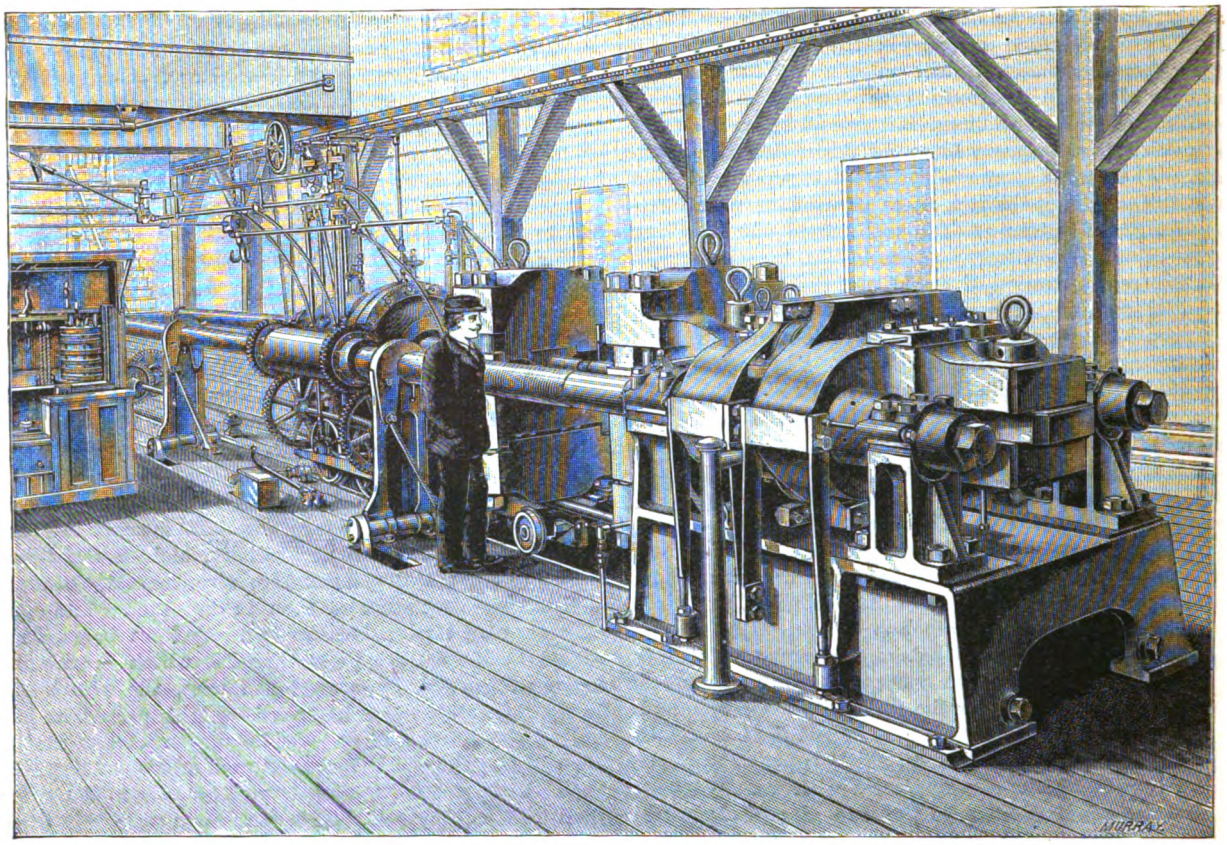
Now it is very evident that any pressure applied to the flexible top will cause a corresponding amount of pressure to be received by the fluid within the box, and, if there should be any outlet, part of the fluid would be forced out of the box. Such an outlet is provided in the heavy tube *f*, which communicates with an hydraulic support precisely similar to the one already described excepting that in the second support the flexible diaphragm is very much smaller than that of the first one, consequently by the laws of hydrostatics the pressure received by the second support is as much less than that received by the first as the area of the second is less than the area of the first. To illustrate: if we suppose that the diaphragm of the support *D* has an area of a thousand square inches, and the load received by it is 100,000 pounds, and the second support in communication with the first by means of the pipe *f* has an area of only one square inch, then the amount received by the second support will be one thousandth of that received by the first support or 100 pounds, a comparatively small quantity and easily measured.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Emery's exceedingly ingenious mechanism for weighing by means of hydraulic supports with flexible diaphragms entirely eliminated all the errors due to friction. It now became necessary to estimate accurately the quantity of pressure received by the second hydraulic support. A common scale-beam placed in connection with the support would have answered the purpose; but here again the objectionable knife-edge would tend to vitiate the accuracy obtained by the hydraulic system. To meet this objection, Mr. Emery contrived a scale-beam, one end of which is seen in Fig. 13, in which the knife-edges suspending the beam are replaced by very thin metallic ribbons, *B B* and B_2 B_2. It is obvious that in a beam suspended by a thin metal plate, the only resistance to movement is that offered by the molecules of the metal; consequently, in the true sense of the word, a scale of this kind is absolutely frictionless, and, by proper adjustment, can be rendered almost indefinitely sensitive. A very good example of a complete Emery scale may be seen in Fig. 14, which represents the system as applied to a gauge for measuring steam or hydraulic pressure. The boiler pressure is received by the cast-iron block *D*, and transmitted through the system of levers *A B C* and *E*, all of which, it will be noticed, are suspended by thin metallic ribbons. The end of the lever *E* is connected with a pointer *S*, moving over a graduated arc. Gauges built on this plan have been made so sensitive that a light pressure of the hand on the heavy cast-iron casing would be indicated by a movement of the needle. While the Emery system leaves little to be desired mechanically, yet the amount of fine and accurate machine-work necessary to manufacture scales on this plan is so great as to render them too expensive for ordinary use, and applicable only where instruments of the greatest precision are required, regardless of expense.

A few years ago, two gentlemen of Cincinnati, Professor Roeder, and Dr. Alfred Springer, while carrying out some chemical experiments, devised a form of balance which bids fair to obviate most of the objections of knife-edge scales, and presents the additional advantage of a tolerably cheap construction. In the Emery scale the beam is suspended by means of a thin ribbon of metal. In the torsion balance, the beam is suspended on a wire tightly stretched horizontally, and, as the beam swings to and fro, the suspending wire is slightly twisted in first one direction and then in the other. The simplest form of torsion balance is a very light beam, supported at its middle point, Fig. 15, which is also its centre of gravity, by a stretched wire, the wire being firmly fastened to the beam. A weight placed at one end of the beam will exactly balance a weight at the other end. The sensitiveness of such a balance depends upon having the torsional resistance of the wire almost infinitely small. This requires a very thin wire, and, as thin wires when stretched horizontally are not strong, the balance can be used only for very small weights. Such a balance was Ritchie's, mentioned in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and it was a total failure for large weights. If the wire is made large enough to have an appreciable strength, its torsional resistance prevents the balance being sensitive. This torsional resistance also increases directly as the arc of twisting, up to the limit of elasticity of the wire.

To get rid of the effect of torsional resistance in diminishing the sensitiveness of the balance, was one of the chief ends of Messrs. Roeder and Springer's efforts. They accomplished it in a number of different ways; but the simplest, and the one which will be most generally advisable to adopt, is the placing of the centre of gravity of the beam above its point of support. In knife-edge balances such a placing of the centre of gravity would make the beam top-heavy, or in unstable equilibrium; the centre of gravity would always tend to reach its lowest point and tip the beam. In the torsion balance, however, this top-heaviness acts in the opposite direction to the torsional resistance of the wire, and may be made to entirely neutralize it. We thus have the torsional resistance exerted to keep the beam horizontal, and the high centre of gravity tends to tip it out of the horizontal. The adjustment of the position of the centre of gravity so as to neutralize the torsional resistance is most easily made by having a poise placed immediately above the centre of the torsional wire, and making it adjustable vertically by means of a screw and nut. When the torsional resistance is entirely neutralized, the balance becomes infinitely sensitive, and any smaller degree of sensitiveness that may be desired can be obtained by simply lowering the poise.

What is to be the scale of the future it is impossible to state. Whether it is to be a scale on the Emery system, or on that of the torsion balance, or whether some new



WEIGHING-MACHINERY.— FIG. 10—WATERTOWN TESTING-MACHINE.

invention will arise eclipsing each of these, must be left to the future to decide. But certain it is that, so far as instruments of precision are concerned, the days of knife-edge scales are over. For the coarser commercial transactions the knife-edge scale will doubtless long hold its place. But science, with a constantly increasing desire for accuracy, now demands a weighing-machine which, when weighed in balance of scientific exactness, shall not be found wanting in qualities so essential to scientific research.

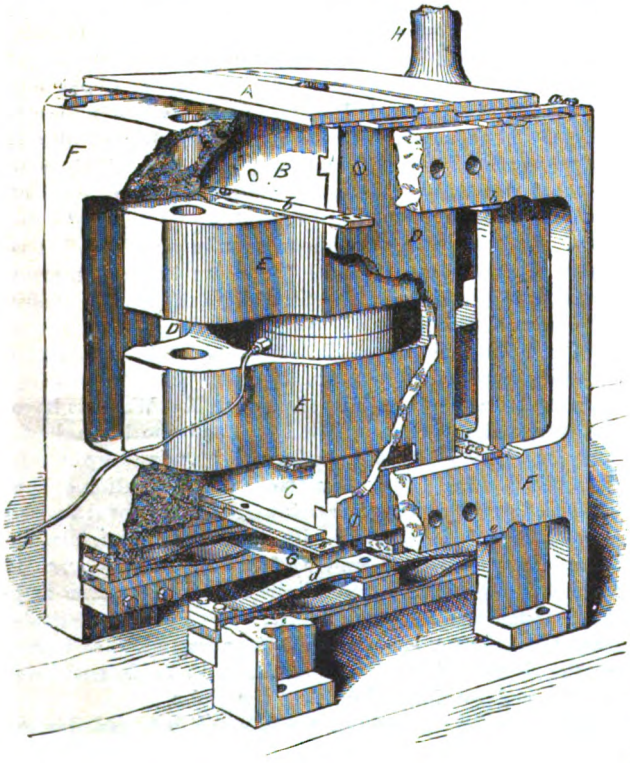


FIG. 12.—BASE OF MACHINE.

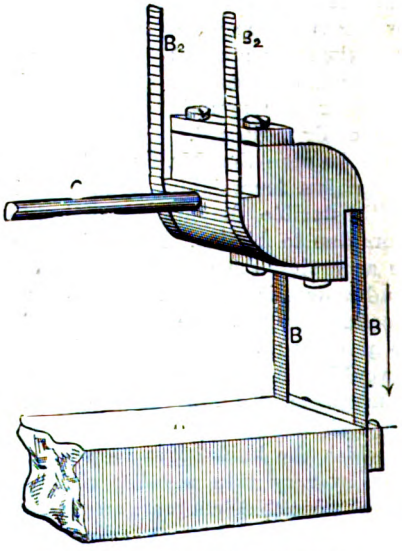
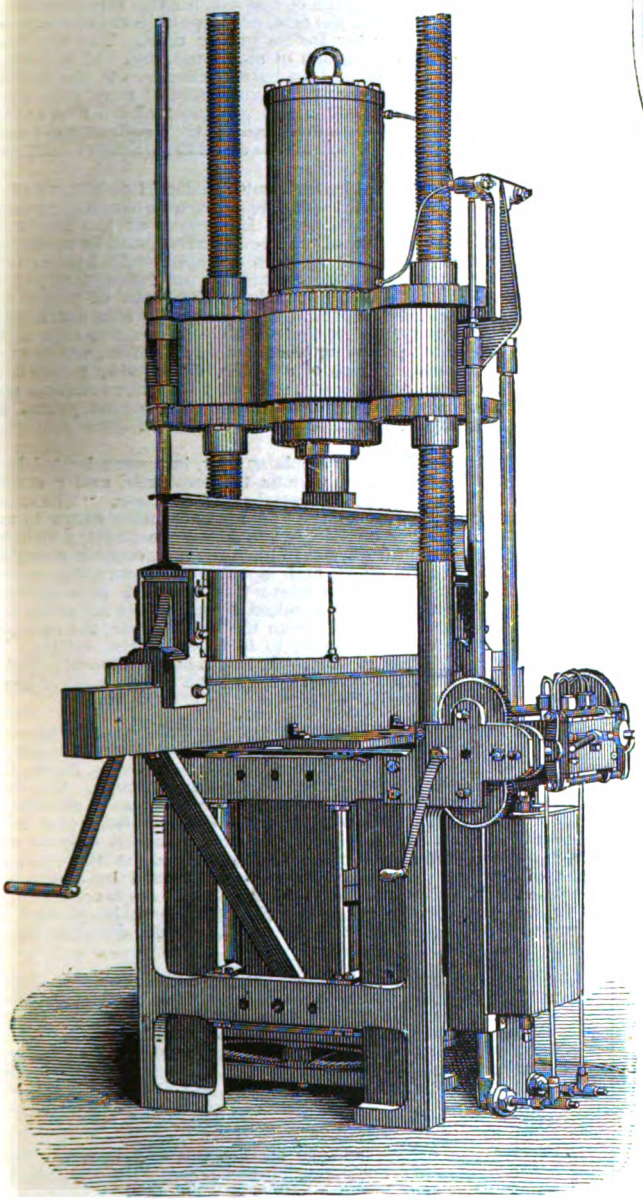


FIG. 13.—END OF SCALE-BEAM.

How Many Ancestors Have We.—A discussion of some interest has been made between the Rev. Henry Kendall, a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and

Professor Angelo Heilprin, of Philadelphia, who prints his criticisms in *The American*, of that city, as to the number of ancestors of a given community of persons now living. "In the first generation," Mr. Kendall truly says, "a man reckons only two ancestors, his father and mother. In the second generation the two are converted into four, since he has two grandfathers and two grandmothers. But each of these four had two parents, and thus in the third generation there are found to be eight ancestors, that is, eight great-grandparents. In the fourth



WEIGHING-MACHINERY.— FIG. 9— TESTING-MACHINE.

generation the number of ancestors is sixteen; in the fifth, thirty-two; in the sixth, sixty-four; in the seventh, 128. In the tenth it has risen to 1,024; in the twentieth it becomes 1,048,576; in the thirtieth no fewer than 1,073,741,834. To ascend no higher than the twenty-fourth generation we reach the sum of 16,767,216, which is a great deal more than all the inhabitants of Great Britain when that generation was in existence. For, if we reckon a generation at thirty-three years, twenty-four of such will carry us back 792 years, or to A.D. 1093, when

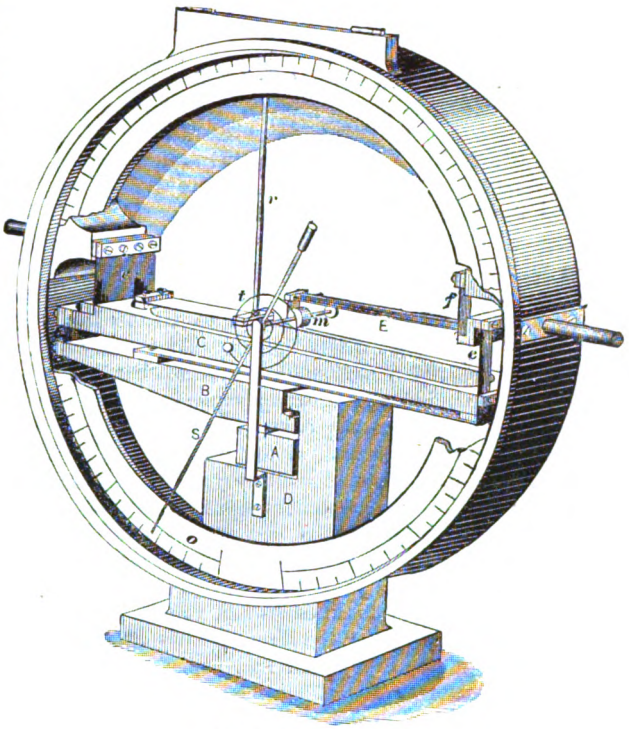


FIG. 14.— EMERY SCALE.

William the Conqueror had been sleeping in his grave at Caen only six years, and his son William II., surnamed Rufus, was reigning over the land. At that time the total number of the inhabitants of England could have been little more than two millions, the amount at which it is estimated during the reign of the Conqueror. It was only one-eighth of a nineteenth-century man's ancestors if the normal ratio of progression, as just shown by a simple process of arithmetic, had received no check, and if it had not been bounded by the limits of the population of the country. Since the result of the law of progression, had there been room for its expansion, would have been eight times the actual population, by so much the more is it certain that the lines of every Englishman's ancestry run up to every man and every woman in the reign of William I., from the King and Queen downward, who left descendants in the island, and whose progeny has not died out there." To this Professor Heilprin suggests a cautious adherence. One fallacy in it, he points out, consists in the fact that ten children of the same parents have not ten times these ancestors, but just the same; and another consists in the fact that where two persons of one family marry two of another, their children have the one set of ancestors; another fallacy is that a person's ancestors beyond the third remove are likely to be not all different, but in many cases the same persons. Thus, in the case where

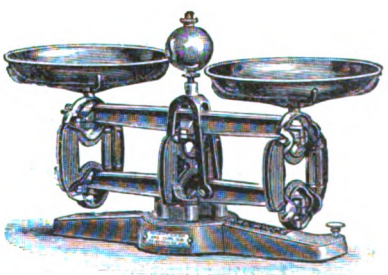


FIG. 15.— TORSION SCALE.

first-cousins marry, though their child has eight great-grandparents, the eight are really but six individuals, two being common to both sides of the lineage. Beyond the third remove, of course, this liability to duplication continually increases, and the same parents will often be found figuring in several places. The repetition of parents will be greater under certain circumstances, and where families of rank or wealth have intermarried greatly within themselves or among a small group, for reasons of state. "In localities where there has been little movement or migration the common ancestorship will be very frequent. So, too, the different classes—in England, for example—have kept to themselves very much. It is true that where there were many "younger sons," some part of the aristocratic families has gradually subsided into middle or common rank, but these transitions are but a part of the case. If we were to classify the population of England, at the time of William I., it would be found that some have now (as Mr. Kendall says), no living progeny; that others are represented by descendants whose lines traced back would reach a great many in that class, but not all, the repetitions in the far generations overcoming the doubling process; and that probably no one person on earth had the whole number for his ancestors. That "the lines of every Englishman's ancestry run up to every man and every woman in the reign of William I. (excluding the children, and those whose progeny has died out), is a monstrous miscalculation."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ENGLISH scientific journals contain an account of the scheme of a British inventor by which a lightship, cable station and harbor of refuge can be established in midocean. The principal parts of the invention consist of an eighty-foot square steel cushion with a pyramid top, having a deck and sixty-foot light-tower at its apex, the principal feature of the invention. Four cables from the corners connect at a considerable depth with a single anchor-cable, thus allowing the vessel to swing freely before any wind or current. From the centre of the vessel wires will connect with the various Atlantic cables, so that ship-news can be transmitted. Safety is assured by extreme strength and minute subdivision into water-tight compartments; also by the shape of the deck and sides, from which the heaviest waves will, the inventor claims, be deflected. It is generally conceded that this plan is not beyond possibility of accomplishment. The advantages claimed for it were: First, that shipwrecked sailors or foundering vessels would have a refuge for which to steer; second, that such a lightship would become a place of call for ocean steamers, even though not in distress, and that much ship news could therefore be furnished; third, that invaluable aid would be given to weather-bureau forecasts; fourth, that the expense of cable transmission would be greatly diminished by use of relay apparatus, such as this vessel could contain.

SEVERAL attempts have been made to transplant the lobsters of the Atlantic to the Pacific coast of the United States, but so far the success is imperceptible. Livingston Stone, knowing that lobsters had been carried long distances by rail, and sent to England, made three attempts to introduce living Eastern lobsters to Californian waters, and at the last attempt succeeded, planting apparently healthy examples in San Francisco Bay. Whether the temperature or specific gravity or saltness of the Pacific is at fault, or what is the reason, is not known, but breeding has not followed this transplantation. Many accounts have appeared since of the taking of young lobsters near San Francisco, but these have always proved to belong to a local species distinct from our Eastern one, which never attain a length of more than three or four inches, and were mistaken for the young of the newcomers. Careful observations upon the comparative temperature and density of the waters of the two coasts would be of great advantage in undertaking the transplantation of edible marine forms from one ocean to the other.

ONE of the latest novelties in the way of labor-saving machinery is a shoe-tying machine made by a Baptist clergyman of Palmer, Mass., named Weeks. This machine is described as adapted for tying up or pairing boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., as well as gloves and hosiery, putting strings into tags, etc., and can be operated by steam or hand power. It will tie about six times as fast as by hand, the hole is much smaller than that made by a tying-awl, while the knot is larger in proportion to the string used than when tied by hand, and the articles worked upon are less liable to injury.

SOME interesting discoveries in relation to the distillation of coal-tar were brought out in a late lecture before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, by Professor S. P. Sadtler, an abstract of which has been printed. It appears that if bituminous coal be subjected to an intense heat in a closed retort, it resolves itself into three products—the fine carbon or coke, the gaseous vapor for distillation, and the mixture called coal-tar. The possibilities of the former two substances are fairly well understood. It is the coal-tar which presents the most interesting problems to the industrial chemist. What can be made of it? It is to this question that Professor Sadtler addresses himself, combining the results of his own studies with his observation of what has been accomplished in Europe. In America we are behind Europe in the matter of utilizing the residuals of manufacturing processes. Necessity has driven them to make the utmost they can out of every raw material. Professor Sadtler describes five processes in use in Great Britain for the utilization of coal-tar, for the manufacture of substances highly useful in the arts, such as sulphate of ammonia, besides furnishing pure tar for its proper uses. The lecture is amply illustrated with diagrams of apparatus, etc. It is of interest not only to the chemist and the industrialist, but to the political economist, as opening vistas of the utilization of residuals, which may make many things possible and profitable which now are not so. Europe succeeds and America fails in the production of beet-sugar, because we have not learned to avoid the waste of residuals.

IN a paper before the Massachusetts Medical Society, reported in *Science*, Dr. W. N. Bullard has lately given interesting results from his studies of tea-poisoning. He arrives at the important conclusions that the action of tea is cumulative, and is more pronounced on the young and those in a depressed physical condition, although persons otherwise healthy not infrequently show poisonous symptoms; that, as a rule, in the class of people examined by him, chiefly adult women, the average amount needed to cause poisonous symptoms was a little less than five cups daily, and that chronic tea-poisoning is a frequent affection, whose most common symptoms are loss of appetite, dyspepsia, palpitation, headache, vomiting and nausea, combined with nervousness and hysterical and neuralgic affections, frequently accompanied by constipation and pain in the region of the heart.

THE *Mechanical Engineer* explains why, in rooms heated by a stove, it is common to find various temperatures, and a consequent great waste of fuel, in extremely cold weather. "The cause of the variation in the air of the room is not wholly owing to the severity of the weather outside, but to the stove itself, which, by reason of its demand for oxygen to burn the fuel, creates draughts toward itself from all sides, and is actually consuming, or exhausting, its own heat. The waste thus entailed is manifestly enormous, and can be readily checked by supplying air to the fire from a conduit leading directly from the external air, the same, in fact, as cold air is now supplied to furnaces in the cellars. In such a case the hot air in the room would not be drawn into the stove, draughts would be prevented, and the rooms heated more equally and economically."

THERE appeared in this column some months ago an account of the reddening of codfish, which from time to time has greatly annoyed the fishermen and fish-curers at Gloucester, Mass., the headquarters of the codfish trade of the United States. This is a minute alga named *Clathrocystis roseo-persicina*, and associated with it is another parasite called *Sarcina morrhuæ* (Farlow). Since then this peculiar redness, theretofore known only on our coast, has appeared in the Mediterranean and on the Atlantic coast of France. In Algiers sickness was caused by eating the reddened fish, which was found filled with the *Clathrocystis*; but in France no harm followed, though a third parasite (a kind of fungus) was discovered in the fish. The wide distribution of these parasites is interesting.

AN English microscopist has satisfied himself that pear-blight is caused by bacteria, and he finds that sap from an infected tree, when inoculated into a healthy tree, invariably produced blight. The same evil effects follow inoculation by "cultures" carried to the sixth generation of organisms. As a crucial test, the experimenter filtered a bacteric solution, and inoculated two healthy trees side by side, one with the filtered, the other with the unfiltered, solution. The former received no harm, but the latter tree was blighted.

THE frequent failure of mild steel plates and bars has long puzzled engineers to account for. It has recently been studied by a German physicist, C. E. Stromeyer, who attributes the fracture to deterioration, resulting from their being worked when at a "blue heat." Out of twelve samples thus treated, which were tested by him, nine broke at a single blow of the hammer, while the remainder were scarcely less brittle. The moral, of course, is, that the "blue heat" method should be abandoned.

A PROMINENT lead-smelter in Wales was moved by an account of the efficacy of an electric spark in clearing a dusty atmosphere, to try it in purifying the atmosphere of his works, where the fumes of volatilized lead were continually escaping from the flues and poisoning the atmosphere. An experimental shaft was made of barrels with windows cut in them, and the electric spark was transmitted. The experiment is claimed to have been a complete success.

PROFESSOR LESLEY, of the State Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, has published in a paper entitled "The Geology of the Pittsburg Coal Region," some interesting conclusions in respect to that important part of the country. The amount of coal in the

Pittsburg region is estimated at about thirty billion tons, an amount inexhaustible for centuries to come. At present about eleven million tons are annually taken away from this bed. This is nearly two-thirds of the entire output of Pennsylvania in bituminous coal, and one-third in anthracite. Professor Lesley is less hopeful in regard to gas and oil, however. "I take the opportunity," he says, "to express my opinion in the strongest terms, that the amazing exhibition of oil and gas which has characterized the last twenty years, and will probably characterize the next ten or twenty years, is nevertheless not only geologically, but historically, a temporary and vanishing phenomenon, one which young men will live to see come to its natural end." This opinion, is he affirms, one derived from long acquaintance with the subject.

TIERS-ARGENT is an alloy much employed in the manufactories of France for the manufacture of silverware. As indicated by its name, it consists of one-third silver and two-thirds aluminium, and is worked to great advantage both by reason of its cheaper price and its superior hardness; at the same time it is more easily pressed and engraved than silver-copper alloys. It will undoubtedly come into wide use for a great variety of tableware and household utensils as soon as our metallurgists are able to extract the exceedingly useful aluminium from the common clay with which it has hitherto declined to part company. Another very useful alloy, largely made in Germany, is produced by keeping for two or three hours at a bright-red heat a mixture of one part of powdered copper scales and two parts of bone-black. These unite to form a white electroplate.

THE prevalence of the tapeworm disease in South Australia has directed attention to its manifestation in dogs. It was found that the dogs of that country were to a great extent responsible, since of vagrant curs fully one-half possessed tapeworms, while a lesser proportion of the dogs of higher breed, and hence better cared for, were also affected.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A FALSEHOOD travels now much faster than it did formerly. The invention of the telegraph accounts for the increased speed.

A SUFFERER by a late railway accident, rushing wildly about, was asked if he was hurt. "No," he said; but I can't find my umbrella."

AFTER wringing your friend's hand until he smiles all over, proceed with your burst of hospitality thus: "My dear fellow, if you are ever within ten miles of my house, I hope you will stay there!"

AT THE THEATRE.—*She:* "Don't you think something ought to be done toward uplifting the stage?" *He:* "Yes; or perhaps something toward the lowering of the bonnet would serve the same purpose."

A MAN with one eye laid another man a wager that he (the one-eyed) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," said the first; "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine."

A BAD-TEMPERED old bachelor declares that an ox-team is singularly symbolic of courtship and marriage, for it begins with a bow, continues with a ring and a yoke, progresses with a tongue, and ends by presenting to the world the picture of a goaded pair.

"YES, SIR," repeated a man much given to talking, "I played with Irving for several years." "Why," said his friend, "I didn't know you were ever on the stage!" "Wasn't neither," rejoined the gossip; "I played marbles with him when we were boys at school."

HE WAS PRACTICAL.—*She* (emphatically): "How kind of nature to bestow upon the blind the faculty of distinguishing colors by the sense of touch!" *He* (philosophically): "Yes; but it's not altogether confined to the sightless. In this hard world a fellow needn't be blind to feel blue!"

A DOCTOR, on calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man. He was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill and the patient getting better.

"I THINK I'll get out and stretch my legs a little," said a tall man, as the train stopped at a station. "Oh, don't," said a passenger, who had been sitting opposite to him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion; "don't do that! They are too long already."

MACREADY tells of an actor who, in rendering the words, "the poisoned cup,' constantly said, "The coisoned pup," to the great delight of his audiences. On one occasion he rendered it correctly. Instantly there was an uproar, and he was not permitted to proceed till he had given "the coisoned pup," when he was rewarded with shouts of applause.

"I AM going to that show if it rains pitchforks," said Nellie, as she was calling on one of the neighbors. The shower came and Nellie did not go. The day after, she met the little girl she had called on, who twitted her about the show, saying, "I thought you were going if it rained pitchforks." "Well," said Nellie, solemnly, "it did not rain pitchforks, did it?"

"YOU don't love me—I know you don't," said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit, my dear, for a keen penetration," was his consoling reply.

"DOCTOR," said a man, "I am overworked. I must have rest. What would you advise me to do?" "Join the Knights of Labor and quit work," the doctor replied.

"YOU'VE eaten next to nothing," lisped Smithers, who was dining with his girl. "Oh, I always do that when I sit next to you," responded the young lady, pleasantly.

"SUSAN, bring me some water, with the chill taken off." "Yes, ma'am, directly." "Susan, what on earth keeps you?" "I'm looking for the chill, ma'am, and I can't find it."

"WHY in such a hurry?" said a man to an acquaintance. "Sir," he replied, "I have bought a new bonnet for my wife, and fear the fashion may change before I get home."

"WHY, Nellie," exclaimed a mother to her little girl, "how your hands *do* look! You never saw my hands as dirty as yours are!" "No; but your mamma did," was the prompt reply of the artless Nellie.

"WHAT amused me most at the opera," said an Arab chief who had been taken to hear "Faust," "was a musician in the orchestra seated a little higher than the rest, who performed on an invisible instrument with a stick."

A FRIEND called upon Rossini, the great musical composer, one day, and found him smoking. "Ah, that is good, said he, taking out his cigar-case; "you don't object?" "Pardon me," replied Rossini, placidly, "the smoke of my own cigar satisfies me."

CHARLIE isn't always correct in his pronunciation, but he is apt to state the facts very clearly. He rushed into the house the other day and cried: "Oh! 'ma, that tooth does ache. I'll bet it's ulsterated. It couldn't have been hotter even with an ulster on."

A LEARNED counsel was defending a female client charged with theft before Mr. Justice Byles, on the plea that it was really kleptomania. "Of course," he said, "your lordship knows what that is?" "Oh, yes," replied the judge; "and I am sent down here to cure it!"

"WELL, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "The sermon?" "Yes; you were at church, were you not?" "Why, yes, certainly." "Then you can tell me how you liked the sermon, I suppose. You heard it, didn't you?" "Heard it? Certainly not. I belong to the choir."

"MY love," said a wife, fondly, "am I not to have that beautiful dress pattern I spoke of?" "Be patient, my dear," he replied; "I will only say there is a surprise in store for you." "In store for me!" she snapped; "that's where it will stay. A real surprise would be something for me at home."

OVERHEARD COMING OUT OF CHURCH.—*She:* "Next time you want to sleep during the sermon you'd better go and sit with Mr. A., and lay your head on him. You'd be really comfortable then." *He:* "Why? Is Mr. A. nice and—ahem—soft?" *She:* "No; but he is one of the pillars of the church."

IN reply to old Tulliver's query, "Wat's Euclid?" it was replied: "It's definitions, and axioms, and triangles, and things. It's a book I have got to learn in—there's no sense in it." (Such is the view of some boys of the present day, as we discovered in looking over answers to a recent examination paper.)

THERE was once a plain outspoken judge who, addressing the jury, said: "Gentlemen of the jury: In this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligent; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

ONE wet, miserable, foggy London day in Autumn Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good-by!"

"WELL," said the persevering governess, "I will put it in another shape. If it takes one servant nine hours to do the entire housework of a family, how long will it take three servants to do it?" *Little Nell:* "Oh! I can answer that. I heard mamma speak of it this very morning." *Teacher:* "Well, how long will it take them?" *Little Nell:* "Three times as long!"

A PERSONALITY HE COULD NOT STAND.—"Yes," said the doctor to an editor consulting him, "you need exercise; your blood is sluggish, your circulation is weak—not what it ought to be." "Circulation weak! Not what it ought to be!" repeated the editor, warmly. "Why, sir, I wish you to understand that our circulation is double that of any of our contemporaries!"

METAPHORS THAT RUN AWAY.—The English Bar is familiar with some choice specimens of unaccommodating metaphor—as, for instance, the celebrated opening. "These gentleman have fished about until they have found a mare's nest, and on that they hang their bill." The latest contribution in this line comes from a detective agency, which states that its officers "thought they had a good clew, but it exploded."

YOUNG GERMAN LADY, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. B. WEHLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE NESTOR OF MONARCHS.

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

THE Emperor **William** of Germany is the most picturesque, unique **and interesting** figure in the group of living **European monarchs.** Everything about him—his great and yet vigorous age; his sturdy and forcible character; the long series of stirring and dramatic events which he has witnessed, and in which he has

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

often borne a conspicuous part; his era, which has been so crowded with startling changes, with mighty national catastrophes and triumphs, with thrilling political and military episodes—all endow him with an interest such as no other living ruler inspires. It is not easy to take in at a glance the wonderful history of which his very name reminds us. To realize the great span of his life and his career, we must call to mind that when the Emperor William was born Washington was holding his "republican court" as President at Philadelphia; that Napoleon was just coming into public notice; that the haughty Catharine of Russia had but lately passed off the world's stage; that William's granduncle, Frederick the Great, had only been dead eleven years; that Pitt was Prime Minister of England; and that the steamboat and the railway locomotive had not been heard of. We must remember that this still hale and hearty old potentate, who is ruling his united realm with a yet sound mind in a sound body, was a full-grown, tall young officer of the Prussian Army on the field of Waterloo, and shared in the revels after Waterloo with the Czar Alexander, Wellington and Blucher, in captured Paris. We must take note of the striking fact that William has held a commission in the Prussian Army for no less a period than seventy-nine years.

In an age vigorously destructive of old ideas, institutions and creeds, the Emperor William appears as the very ideal and type of mediæval kingliness. In a group of sovereigns who, for the most part, have been forced to yield somewhat to the democratic tendencies of the age, and to govern according to the will of the people, the Emperor William stands almost alone as the very incarnation of absolute monarchy. In every attribute of his, mental, moral and even physical, he reminds one of the portraits of the stout-souled, haughty, warlike and self-willed Kaisers who ruled in Germany in the Middle Ages. Their despotic ideas of kingship have descended to him in all their stern purity. William believes in, and has often asserted, his "divine right" to rule. He believes himself commissioned to a crown by God Himself. He cannot admit that this sacred and lofty trust may be challenged by his subjects, however intelligent. He has not learned any lesson from the liberal progress of his age. He has been called to his post by a higher power than the popular will, and he maintains himself in it with all the stubborn, serene, undoubting pride of his stalwart race. Happily for him, at least, events have served, in his instance, rather to bulwark and strengthen than to diminish his royal authority. His own character, moreover, has contributed to induce his subjects to be more than patient with him. His chivalrous traits and bearing; the transparent honesty; the bluff, simple, soldierly frankness of his nature; his hearty participation in the tastes, ambitions and pleasures of his people; his kindness of disposition, and the entire absence of capriciousness or tyranny in his method of conducting public affairs, have turned the hatred and distrust with which the Germans at one time regarded him into universal affection, loyalty and homage. Nor can we forget that the great part which he has played on the stage of Europe during the past twenty years has been such as to strengthen the bonds of the love and admiration which the Germans feel for their knightly old Emperor. He represents German victory, German unification, and the revival of the German Empire. To his conduct, his intense sympathy with the cause of German unity, his choice of statesmen and generals who, in the council and on the field, proved themselves able to give reality to the long-cherished German dream, his constant and tireless co-operation with his so ably chosen instruments, the Germans rightly credit, to a large degree, their present predominant position as a nationality in Europe.

Let us take a rapid survey of the Emperor William's remarkable, in some respects unparalleled, career. He is the second son of King Frederick William III. of Prussia, who was the successor on that throne of Frederick the Great. Frederick William was the King who took part in the Napoleonic wars, and whose misfortunes, rather than any marked personal traits, preserve for him a sympathetic page in history. William's mother, on the other hand, was beautiful, talented, and was conspicuous for her fervid patriotism as well as for her personal graces. Louise of Mecklenburg was adored by her Prussian subjects; and to this day the aged Emperor preserves a tender and touching recollection of his mother. She was a fervid spirit in maintaining the alliance against Napoleon, and when, at last, the legions of France swept over Prussia, and the country which she loved was humbled to the dust, Queen Louise died broken-hearted. It was, perhaps, as much from this beautiful mother as from his sturdy paternal race, that William derived the qualities which have endeared him to Germany, and have won for him the veneration of mankind. From the first William was by taste and temperament a soldier. Born and brought up amid the hurly-burly of furious wars; accustomed from childhood to witness great reviews; to watch the departure and arrival of troops; to see gathered in the palace multitudes of officers, and to hear on every hand the talk of battle, sieges and alliances, it is no wonder that the young Prince became thoroughly infected with the military spirit. And a soldier he became, at an age when most boys, whether princes or not, are just beginning to struggle with Latin nouns and verbs. It is related that, on the 22d of March, 1807, which was William's tenth birthday, his father, the Prussian King, called him into his library and said to him:

"My son, I appoint you an officer in my Army. You will serve in Company No. 1 of the First Guard Regiment."

The little Prince drew himself up, gave his father a prompt military salute, and bowed himself out. He soon reappeared before the King attired in the uniform of his new rank, and, once more saluting, announced to his father that "he was ready for duty."

But even at so tender an age William was no mere drawing-room warrior. His rank was that of a junior ensign; and he entered upon his duties with such zest, submitting to all the hardships and privations, and tried so earnestly to master the military art, that he soon proved his thoroughly soldier-like qualities. He was trained in the strict military schools of Prussia, and before the first symptoms of a beard had appeared upon his face he had become a really accomplished soldier. His first experiences on the battle-field were indeed memorable. He first saw war on a vast scale, in the very crisis of the fate of kingdoms and empires. He was at Blucher's side on the desperate day of Waterloo. It seems strange that, at the outset of his military career, he should have taken part in the overthrow of the first French Empire; and that the crowning incident of his later years should be the demolition of the second.

We catch but few and fitful glimpses of William during many years after the collapse of Napoleon and the establishment of European peace by the Treaty of Vienna. He was a younger son, and it seemed improbable that he would ever ascend the Prussian throne. He continued in the Army; but life in the Prussian

Army was an inactive and ornamental one from Waterloo until within the past twenty-five years. From youth to middle age William's career did not differ in a marked degree from that of other younger sons of kings, holding a command in an Army in time of peace, living amid the ceremonies and distractions of a royal court, enjoying the pleasures of life with lusty good cheer, and thoroughly German in his habits, tastes and hearty enjoyment of his own family circle.

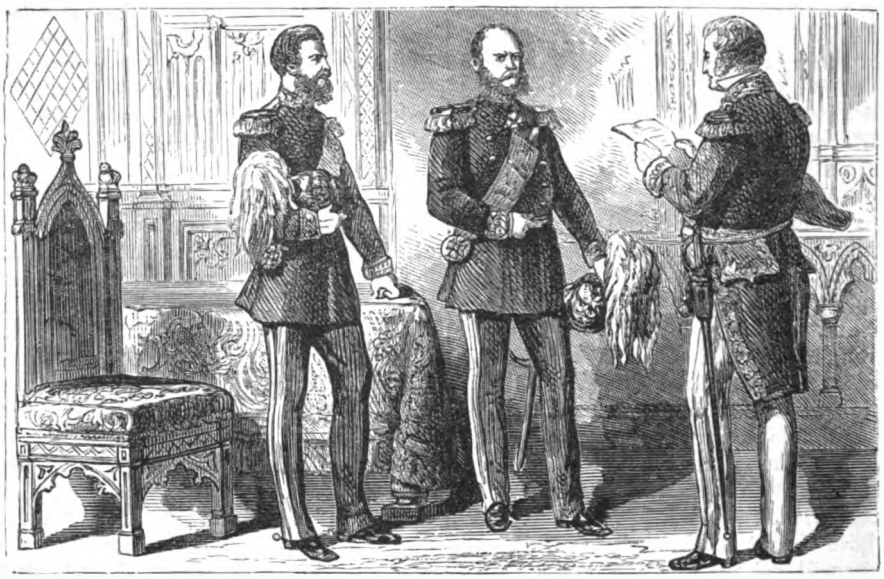
William emerges from this uneventful princely obscurity in the troublous times of 1848. Then for the first time he becomes a conspicuous figure on the stage of the great European drama. The third French revolution has broken out. Its fiery, destructive spirit has run and spread through Europe like an epidemic, and is deeply infecting other people. Frederick William IV., the elder brother of William, is reigning in Prussia. He is an accomplished and able ruler, who, some years later, is destined to sink into the night of hopeless insanity. He holds the same haughty, despotic ideas of kingship that have run for centuries in the blood of his race. His Prussian subjects have caught the French epidemic, and begin to think they will get rid of kings, and set up a "republic, one and indivisible," too. It happens that William, like many younger sons before him, has been professing liberal opinions, and has coquetted somewhat with the radical professors of the universities. When the conclusion comes, the King and Princes, William included, are forced to fly from Berlin and seek refuge on the hospitable shores of England. A constituent assembly is chosen in Prussia, and William's asserted liberalism being remembered, he is chosen a deputy. But on his arrival William speedily proves to his revolutionary colleagues that he is a true Hohenzollern. Taking command of some troops in Berlin, he turned their guns against the assembly and the populace. By his command the mob was shot down relentlessly. He thus "restored order," and opened the way for the return of his royal brother. This act is the one blot on the honor of the German Emperor. It made him, for a long time, bitterly hated throughout Prussia and liberal Europe. It was, according to modern ethics, an act of sheer treachery. But William frankly avowed that, since the King's right to rule was "divine," it was justifiable, by any means, to bring him to his own again. Despite this sterling service to Frederick William, the relations of the two royal brothers were never cordial. Two men more different in temperament and tastes it would be hard to find. The King was scholarly, intellectual, fond of the arts and refinements of life. William was a soldier, an "out-of-doors" man through and through.

Ten years after the suppression of revolution in the streets of Berlin, Frederick William became entirely insane. It is related that on one occasion, when a royal banquet was going forward, the afflicted monarch deliberately washed his face in his soup, to the dismay of the assembled grandees. When he grew utterly incapable, bluff William assumed the office of regent, and from that time (1858) was the real ruler of Prussia, though he did not succeed to the throne until 1861.

Even down to the time of his accession a remnant of his old professed liberalism clung to him. He turned the aristocratic Ministry of his brother out of office, and replaced them by Liberal statesmen. His accession gave rise to a mixed feeling in the minds of his subjects. He was disliked and distrusted because of his action in the revolution; but his continued profession of liberalism gave hopes of a more generous system of government. Both these feelings, curiously enough, gave way before the momentous events which were soon to begin, and which were to continue in a dramatic succession throughout his reign. He came to be trusted and beloved. At the same time his subjects soon awaked to the fact that, in his time, at least, absolute monarchy was to remain unimpaired, and that no concessions to the desire for a constitutional system were to be thought of.

It was not long before William deserted his old Liberal allies, and took the Yunker party (the German Tories) into his counsels and confidence. The first notable step of his rule—a step the importance of which later events have abundantly proved—was to appoint Bismarck as his chief advisor. It is one of the most striking evidences of William's shrewdness and foresight in kingcraft that he should discern the one man in all Germany whose brain and will were equal to the mighty task in the near future. That choice, as we can now see, insured to William beforehand a brilliant and glorious reign. It may be fairly said that William could not, in all human probability, have achieved German unity and a restoration of the ancient Empire without Bismarck, and it may with equal reason be surmised that had not the character of the sovereign been singularly adapted to support and cooperate with the great Minister, Bismarck might have found the task too formidable even for his towering genius. The King and his chief adviser, in short, have been necessary to each other, and equally necessary to Germany, from first to last; and united, have proved able to realize the magnificent vision which, very early in their connection, absorbed the thoughts and aspirations of both. William's ability to perceive and pick out the best instruments to carry out his purposes has been shown again and again; while in Bismarck he recognized the pre-eminent adviser, diplomatist and energetic political agent; in Von Moltke, Von Roon, and Prince Frederick Charles he was quick to find the highest grade of military talent.

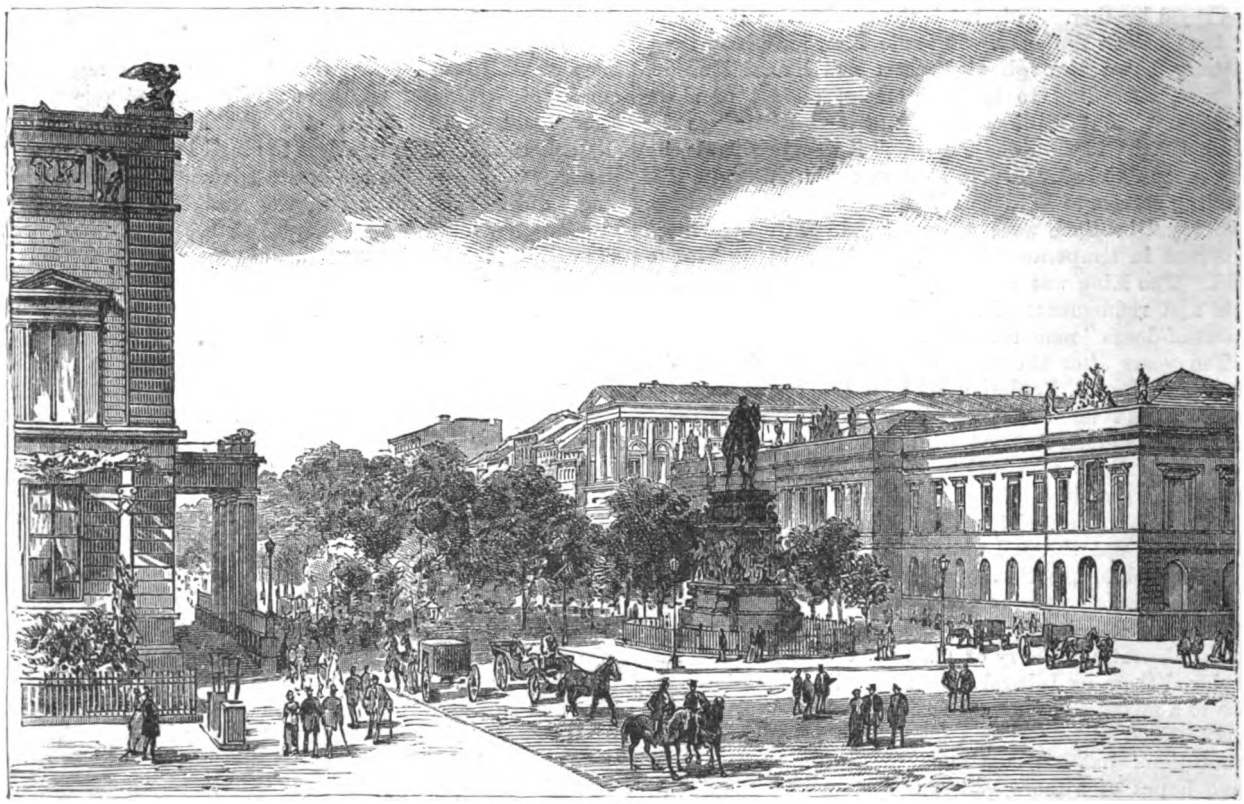
There can be very little doubt that the audacious design to unite the German nationalities under the headship of Prussia, and to call into a new life the German Empire which was extinguished eighty years ago, was conceived, entered upon, and actively pursued very soon after Bismarck took his seat at the head of the Royal Council Board. It is needless to recall here the series of thrilling acts by which the drama advanced from stage to stage, until it culminated in the splendid scene of the proclamation of the new Empire in the stately halls of Versailles. It is the most interesting part of the history of the past quarter of a century, and it is also the history of the Emperor William's triumphant career; but its events are recent enough, and have, moreover, been retold often enough to be familiar to most readers. William, with Bismarck at his elbow, began by establishing a perfectly despotic rule in Prussia. He dissolved Parliaments, removed Ministers, repressed the nobility, domineered, in turn, over all parties. The next step was the alliance with Austria for the purpose of despoiling Denmark; an alliance which resulted in a victory, the fruits of which were reaped by Prussia alone. Then it became necessary to remove Austria from the headship of the Germanic Confederation, and to exalt Prussia in her place. This was accomplished by the subtle diplomacy and the persistent will of Bismarck. Within four years, William found himself face to face with the two great Powers which stood as supreme obstacles to the accomplishment of German unity. With Bismarck and Von Moltke as his constant prompters and counselors, he formed the bold resolve to subdue these obstacles, one after the other. Austria's turn came first.



WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AS HEAD OF THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

The brief, sharp, decisive campaign in Bohemia in 1866 rendered Austria for ever powerless to resist German unity under Prussian ascendency. France was too short-sighted to see what was in the air; to perceive that the blow aimed at Austria was intended, later, to reach France also. Napoleon III. missed his only chance of preserving his Empire when he refused to ally himself with the Austrians in 1866. This, history has made clear beyond a doubt. Four years later, it came the turn of France; and, amid a shock which shook Christendom, the Prussian arms were carried within the walls of Paris, the ostentatious Empire of the last Napoleon fell crashing into hopeless ruin, and the Kings, Princes, and Dukes of Germany kneeled before the sturdy old Prussian King in the Palace of Versailles and offered him an Imperial Crown.

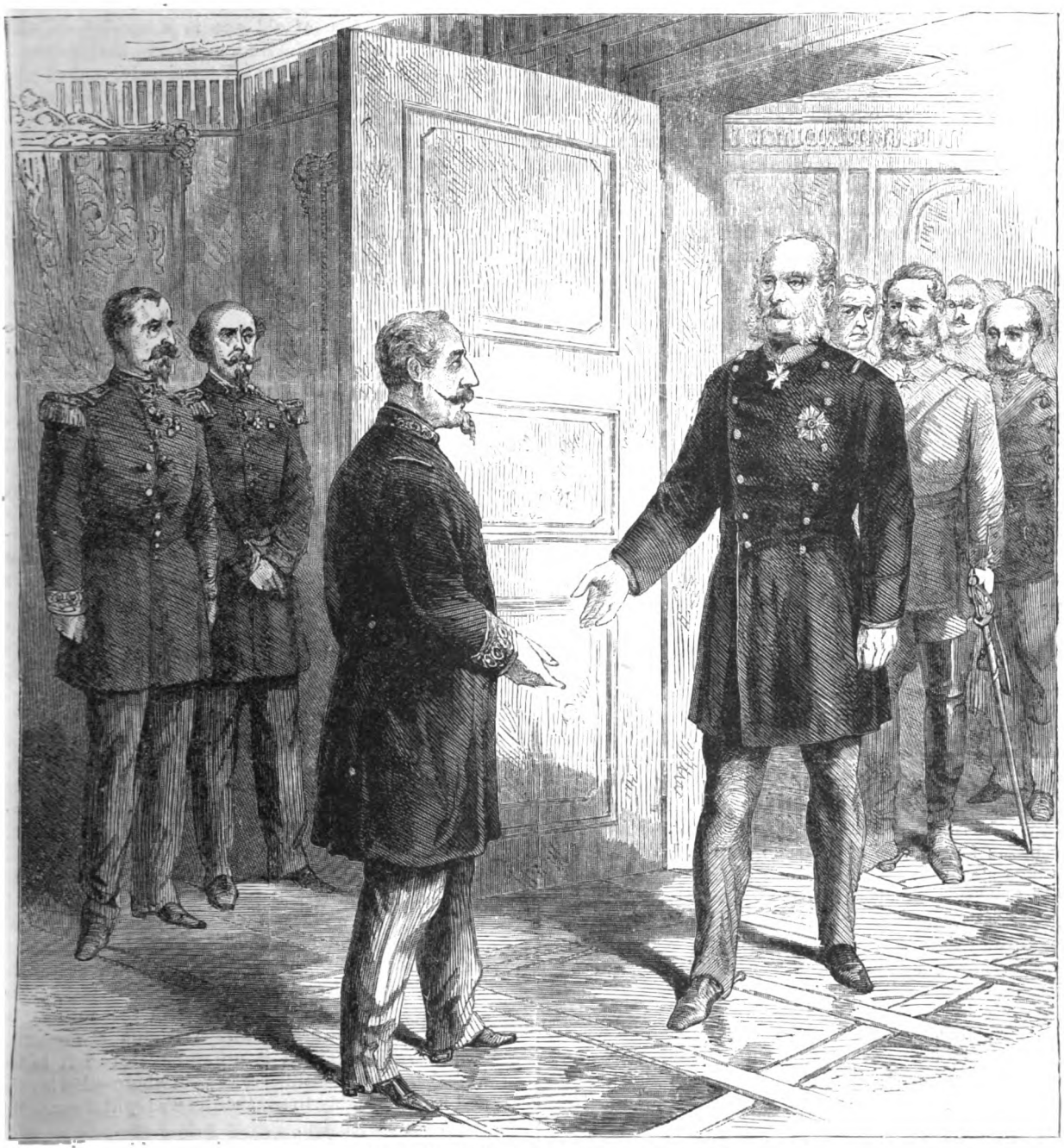
At the time of that most memorable event, William was in his seventy-fourth year. It seemed probable that his career had culminated, and that the realization of German Unity and Empire would prove the great closing scene of his reign. Few could have foreseen that he would yet live to preside over the slow and difficult building-up of the new and vast realm over which he had been called to preside; that he would preserve, for years after, in undiminished virility, the mental, moral, and physical qualities which had already proved so well fitted for his great life-work. It would have then been hard to believe that, in his ninetieth year, the sturdy old Kaiser would be seen, as he was recently, going to open the German Parliament in person; his broad shoulders still unbowed by the weight of years, his cheeks ruddy with the keen breeze, his white locks half hidden beneath his plumed and glistening helmet; towering, in his height, above the multitude; with his figure soldierly erect, his



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PALACE IN BERLIN.

step firm, his eye bright and piercing, and his carriage as stalwart and kingly as if he were still in the ripe prime of years.

The victory over France, and his consequent elevation to the Imperial Throne of United Germany, made William by all odds the most powerful monarch in Europe. He became, as Napoleon III. had once been, the arbiter of nations. Berlin became the centre of European power and influence. He held in his hands the destiny of states and the fate of rulers. At every crisis in the affairs of nations, all eyes have ever since turned, with one accord, to the capital where the aged Emperor, with Bismarck always at his side, has pursued without pause his labors as the head of the most potent of Empires. To William's praise be it said that his supreme influence in the affairs of Europe has apparently been wielded, with scarcely an exception, for sixteen years, on the side of peace. Many instances might be cited in which European nations have seemed to be on the very verge of war, when a word of counsel from Berlin, bearing the meaning though not the tone of a command, has restrained the passions and conciliated the differences of rival states. The moderation, the judgment, the wisdom with which William, essentially a soldier in every fibre, has maintained for so long the peace of Europe, has resisted the temptation, more than once offered, to crush the reviving strength of France, and has averted a conflagration among the combustible materials in Southeastern Europe, cannot be too strongly commended.



NAPOLEON III. AND WILLIAM, AFTER SEDAN.

In his relations with his German subjects, William has never swerved from the firm maintenance of his absolute rule by the right divine. When, in the Cathedral at

Berlin, twenty-five years ago, he took the Prussian Crown from the high altar, and, with solemn and reverent gesture, placed it on his head, he said, "I receive this Crown from God's hand." That has been the warrant upon which he has conducted the affairs of Prussia and the German Empire ever since. He has been the divinely appointed monarch, and also patriarch and father of his people; not to be resisted in authority, but exercising that authority always in a kindly, paternal, thoughtful, conscientious way.

The personal appearance, qualities, habits and daily living of a man of the Emperor William's career and rank, cannot fail to be of interest to all; not merely because he rules one of the greatest of European states, or because he is descended from an ancient and stalwart race, but because, in his own personality, his traits are strong and marked, and full of striking aspects.

The writer first saw the Emperor William when, in 1867, he went to Paris, accompanied by Bismarck and his warrior son, the Crown Prince Frederick William, to visit that gorgeous festival of all the nations, the Grand Exposition. He was then only King of Prussia; three years would elapse before he became Emperor. He was then in his seventy-first year. He rode freely about Paris in his coach, and so there were many opportunities for observing him as he appeared at that time. He was conspicuously tall and straight, broad-shouldered and sinewy, with a thoroughly military air and bearing. His chest was full and broad, and he gave the impression of possessing great physical powers in every muscle and limb. Most prepossessing of all were the head and features. The countenance was truly German in its open, frank, kindly expression; the head was held up boldly, even haughtily, but with an entirely amiable, self-satisfied *hauteur*. The forehead, half bald, was not high or intellectual, but fair, open, and scarcely wrinkled. The hair was almost white, and thick, as could be seen when, on occasion, the heavy military helmet was lifted to give greeting. The eyes were light, clear, and penetrating, and were overshadowed by heavy white brows. They seemed quite capable of gleaming forth with a set and unconquerable though not truculent determination, but now gave forth a frank and good-humored look. "The Emperor William," says a recent French writer, "has the beautiful blue eyes of Frederick the Great. His tufted eyebrows form a fine arch. The gaze of William has a strange slowness. It is the look of a man who has the consciousness of majesty. His eyes have not the vague mysteriousness of those of the late Czar Alexander, nor the dreamy melancholy of those of the Emperor Francis Joseph, nor the trouble of those of Queen Victoria." His nose was bold, strong, thick at the end, and had large, high nostrils. Above the wide, curved, resolute lips swept a very long, white and thick military mustache, turned up at the ends; while the prominent and firmly set chin and jaws were bordered with short, white side-whiskers. Altogether he was imposing, full of grandeur and dignity, yet with no stiffness or self-consciousness.

"The Emperor William's voice," says the French writer before quoted, "has a strong tone of command. The accent is slightly Berlinese. The Emperor thickens a little, and dwells somewhat on the vowels. He speaks slowly and very correctly, as a man who has the habit of always being listened to. He chooses rather than seeks words. He would be able to deliver from the tribune of the Reichstadt an eloquent discourse. He has the real memory of a sovereign. He remembers every name and every face. He knows most of the officers of his army. Sometimes, when at a military review, he will be heard to say to some undistinguished captain or lieutenant, 'You resemble your grandfather; a little lighter, perhaps. He was a brave soldier.' He remembers a conversation which he has heard years before. Adored by those who surround him, he is always very thoughtful of them. Yet he thinks only of those whom he sees, and of whom he has need. It is an egotism of the Sovereign which does not affect the heart of the man. Look at him close by. Every face of old age is a revelation. The Emperor William is good. No man knows better than he the profession of Sovereignty. Very simple, and of plain appearance, he insists strictly on etiquette. He carries high his head, as if he always wore the Crown. Never has any one been familiar with him; not even his son. During an audience, after holding his hands in front of him for some time, he crosses them behind his back. He grows old slowly, without bending. He even seems to increase in height; the oblique rays of the setting sun make the grand old trees appear still grander."

Many anecdotes are told illustrative of the old Kaiser's traits of character. His *bonhomie* and bluff good nature, his love of his family and his people, and, withal, his occasional severity and strict adherence to etiquette and the proprieties, are shown by many little incidents of his life. It is related of his capacity to be at times very severe, that, on the occasion of a state ball, he saw that a young officer, who was talking with his partner, accidentally turned his back upon a young English lady. The Emperor walked up to the officer, turned him sharply around, and warned him never again to turn his back upon a lady. At another ball, he perceived an officer dancing very awkwardly, so that he embarrassed the other dancers. He thereupon sent an aide-de-camp to the officer to command him not to dance any more until he had learned to do it more gracefully. But the anecdotes which tell of his good-humor and kind-heartedness are far more numerous. A trifling but very significant incident, which took place not long after the Bohemian campaign of 1866, will serve to show one of the characteristics which call forth the love and veneration of his people. The Emperor had gone, as was his usual custom, to drink the waters at Ems. There he was wont to take long walks very early in the morning, to enjoy undisturbed the exquisite scenery of the Valley of Lahn. It is a landscape which has always seemed to give him especial delight. One afternoon, as he was strolling through the beautifully laid-out gardens which surround the Kursaal, with an American lady, William met an aged soldier, who had been wounded at Königgrätz, and was just able to drag himself along by the aid of his crutches. At the sight of the Sovereign, the old soldier promptly uncovered and turned to give the salute. In so doing, he dropped his hat. Without a moment's hesitation, William picked it up and restored it to the veteran's head. The soldier was overwhelmed with the act, and began humbly to say that he was quite unworthy of such a condescension.

"Tut, tut, my good fellow," was William's genial reply. "William reigns at Berlin; this day he is happy to serve at Ems."

Although William is every inch a soldier, and has passed, unwounded, through many a scene of carnage and death, he yet has a heart so tender that it is with the greatest reluctance that he ever inflicts severe punishment or pain. He has the greatest repugnance to sign warrants to inflict the punishment of death, even upon the greatest criminals.

On the table of his cozy and well-filled study—a small

room which overlooks the great square in front of his palace—there is always lying an old cavalry helmet. It would be hard to guess to what use the Emperor puts this cumbrous headgear, which seems quite out of place among the papers and little ornaments which are strewn over the table. It comes into service when a death-warrant is brought by one of the Ministers to the Emperor to sign. The warrant is left on the desk; and as soon as the Minister has retired, William quietly slips the obnoxious document under the old helmet. Sometimes his officials, who are aware of his dislike to give his sanction to an execution, avail themselves of his absence from the study to lift the helmet, and move the document in such a way that its edges protrude slightly from under the helmet's brim. In nine cases out of ten, however, this gentle hint proves unavailing; for the Emperor, as soon as he catches sight of the detested paper peeping out from the place where he concealed it, quietly pushes it back again and forbears afterward to make any allusion to the incident. When this happens, the obnoxious paper is secretly taken away and destroyed, since the officials give up in despair the hope that the big-hearted Kaiser would ever be induced to sign it.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Emperor's personal courage is as conspicuous as has always been that of the knightly race of Hohenzollern. Twice have attempts been made on his life as he rode through the avenues of his capital. On one of these occasions he was wounded. But neither incident caused him to refrain from appearing among his subjects with the same trustful freedom as before. Every day, when he is in good health, he may be seen standing at the front window of his palace, gazing out with interest upon the street scenes below. He returns the salutes of the passers-by with easy and genial response. Unless he is seriously indisposed, he never fails to appear, on his white horse, crowned with his shining peaked helmet, and attired in the brilliant uniform of a Prussian general, at the frequent military reviews which take place in the neighborhood of Berlin. He is as fond of military displays and manœuvres as he was in youth, and never neglects to give hearty praise to a regiment or a company which goes through its evolutions with especial skill. He is more fond of the companionship of military men than of civilians. With them he fights over again in talk the campaigns in which he has borne a part; and if he finds a veteran of Waterloo, he delights to recall the thrilling incidents and scenes of that life-and-death struggle for supremacy in Europe. Aside from military matters, the Emperor shares the ardent love of his subjects for music, the drama and the arts. The "first performances" of opera are always marked by his presence in the Imperial box, usually surrounded by some of his children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren; nor can any one see him sit there, intent upon the harmonies which swell from the stage and the orchestra, without perceiving how devotedly fond he is of the best music. In his earlier days he was noted for his especial liking for the *ballet* and for his admiration of the pretty and lightsome *coryphées* who tripped the gay fantastic toe in his august presence; whom he was in the habit of visiting and delighting with flatteries and praises in the green-room between the acts. His palaces are replete with the evidences of his love of the arts. Statuary, painting, carving, ornaments and nicknacks of deft handiwork are to be seen on every hand. The Emperor is very fond of preserving all sorts of relics of persons and events of the past. His study is fairly incumbered with such mementoes. Over his head is a life-size portrait of his adored mother, Queen Louise, and a statuette of the first Napoleon—whose savage conduct in Prussia has not served to blind William to his great genius—observes him from one of the shelves near his desk.

The daily life of the Emperor William is probably more simple and more laborious than that of the majority of his well-to-do subjects. He is, even in his ninetieth year, a hard and patient worker. Every duty imposed upon him by his Imperial office is promptly and thoroughly fulfilled. Even when he goes to bed late, after a reception at the palace, or an evening at the opera, he rises early and begins a daily routine regulated by long and rarely omitted habit. He sleeps in a simply furnished chamber; not a luxurious couch of silk and feathers, but on a plain army cot. At dawn he has finished his slumbers and is dressing. His first act of each day is to read the Bible. His piety, indeed, has long been one of his most conspicuous traits. He is a firm believer in Protestant Christianity, and this is a belief devoutly shared by the partner of his Throne, the Empress Augusta, who is everywhere known and beloved in Germany for her pious and charitable acts. The Emperor's religion has the simplicity, directness and frankness shown in all his conduct. During the war with France in 1870, his dispatches from the field of war constantly betrayed his gratitude to God and his recognition that the triumphs of the cause which he believed to be right were due to a higher than an earthly power. There was something singularly winning in the blunt, homely phrases in which he expressed this feeling.

The Emperor goes directly, each morning, from his dressing-room to the study, which is his workshop, and has already been mentioned. He is attired in military habit, and it is that in which he almost invariably appears. Booted, spurred and epauleted, he settles himself down to his morning labors. He takes his place at his desk, hurriedly dispatches a cup of coffee, and casts his eye over the morning papers. The morning mail has brought a formidable pile of letters. It is the Emperor's first task, which is patiently performed, to go through the mail, to sort the important from the unimportant missives, and to classify them in due order, making notes of instructions to his secretaries on the envelopes. By the time the mail is disposed of the hour has arrived to give an audience to his chief military aide, who reports to him the condition of the troops quartered in Berlin, and to make out his list of the persons to whom he will give audience. Thus the back of the day's work is broken before the Emperor sits down to breakfast, which he does at about half past nine. He meets the Empress for the first time in the day at the breakfast table, and a cozy, quiet family meal ensues, substantial and abundant, but not luxurious, in its dishes. This Imperial couple almost invariably breakfast alone, and discuss the meal at leisure. In quite domestic German fashion the Empress lays before her spouse the intended bill of fare for dinner, which he approves of or amends in a manner which hints his still lusty appetite and keen gastronomic tastes. The first reunion of the Imperial family takes place after breakfast in the large and splendidly furnished drawing room, which, like the study, looks out upon the broad square, and upon the noble equestrian statue of the great Frederick which adorns it. Here are assembled the tall, red-bearded, soldierly Crown Prince, with his stout and sweet-faced English wife, and their fine, healthy children, and an hour or two is passed by the family in reading, chatting, making plans, and discussing the incidents, grave or gay, of the day before. By eleven

o'clock the old Emperor is ready to go through the daily ordeal of official receptions. A large apartment is reserved for these, and here stands the monarch greeting a succession of dignitaries and officials, giving orders and talking over the business of the Empire. As soon as the receptions of household and military officers, heads of departments and foreign envoys is over, William passes to another smaller room, where his ministers, with Bismarck at their head, are awaiting him. The "haut politique" of the Empire and of Europe are then considered with closed doors, the Emperor always taking an earnest and leading part in the discussions.

After the Cabinet Council has risen, the Emperor usually enjoys a brief period of leisure. It is at that time of the day that he is most often seen standing at the window gazing out upon the street. If, at this time, a military company chances to march past, the old man's eyes twinkle with pleasure. He draws himself up to his full height, and gives his "children," as he is very apt to call his soldiers, a stately military salute. A light lunch is partaken of about two o'clock, and the afternoon is devoted to various lighter recreations. It is then that the Emperor reads, or, perchance, takes delight in looking at a new picture or piece of statuary that he has added to his collection. As the afternoon wanes, he is very apt to take a turn outdoors, either mounted on his favorite white horse, and attended by a few aides, or in an open barouche accompanied by the Empress. Thus he drives rapidly beneath the umbrageous trees in the Unter den Linden or around the Thiergarten, where crowds of the Berlinese are taking their pleasure. On every hand the stranger may see the most undoubted signs of the really filial affection with which the stalwart old Kaiser is regarded by his subjects. The mutual greetings which are exchanged between them are genial, almost familiar. On returning to the Palace the Emperor nearly every day has a long and earnest conference with Prince Bismarck. The relations between the sovereign and his chief Minister are very interesting. It is needless to say that the iron Chancellor has his way with his master. This is not because William has not a stubborn will and self-reliance of his own, but because the objects and methods of the two men are the same. The single aim of both is to make Germany great and strong both within and without, and to maintain German supremacy in Europe. Both are hostile to any interference of the masses of the people or their representatives in the vital concerns of the Government. Both believe in proceeding to their end by the free and sustained use of the despotic power which they regard as pertaining to the Imperial crown. They are personally bound together, moreover, by the strong tie which has grown out of common labors and co-operation, sustained through years of toil, difficulty, danger and triumph. William's

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN HIS CORONATION ROBES AT VERSAILLES.

faith in Bismarck's genius and devotion to the Imperial dynasty has never for a moment wavered, and this in spite of the fact that influences at the court, and even within the circle of the Imperial family itself, have been brought to bear, from time to time, with energetic persistency, to drive the Chancellor from place and power. Bismarck, on the other hand, it may well be believed, is more attached to the Emperor by reason of his personal qualities, his stanch support, his never-failing ability to act perfectly the part allotted to the sovereign in the great drama of European politics, than because of his undoubted veneration for the Imperial office, or his equally undoubted adherence to a belief in the "divine right" of the House of Hohenzollern. Bismarck shares no less the pleasures than the labors of the Emperor. At the brilliant state receptions which are so often given at the Palace, the Chancellor is nearly always seen, attired like his master, in military costume, standing at the Emperor's side. The two tower in height above all the gay company. The only man who rivals them in stature is the Emperor's eldest son and heir, the sturdy Crown Prince Frederick William. Bismarck is often with the Emperor at the reviews, in which both delight; and a glimpse of his grim and saturnine face may be often had in the Imperial box at the opera.

A frugal but abundant dinner, enjoyed quietly with his spouse, follows the Emperor's conference with his faithful "right hand man." William has always been a true German in his fondness for the good things of the table, and, like most of his subjects, he prefers substantial to fancy or dainty dishes. He once had a severe conflict between his appetite and his patriotism, in which, it must be confessed, his appetite won. Before the war with France he had a chief cook who suited him exactly. But the cook was a Frenchman, and when the war broke out he was dismissed because of his obnoxious nationality. But the German *cordon bleu* who replaced him only succeeded in giving the monarch a series of fits of violent indigestion. So the former cook, Gaul as he was, was recalled to his post, where he has remained ever since. It is only occasionally that a few guests are invited to join the Imperial pair at dinner. Such an

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN THE GROUNDS AT BABELSBERG.

invitation is regarded as a very rare and marked distinction. Amusing stories are told of the meagre hospitalities of William when he was Crown Prince. "His invitations," we are told, "were dreaded like the cholera." A cup of tea and a wisp of white bread, with the thinnest possible layer of marmalade on it, was the utmost of refreshment to be found on the table of the heir to the throne. After being thus served, William's guests were wont to hasten, like Lord Byron after Rogers's famous dinner where ladies were present, to the nearest restaurant, in order to satisfy their unsatisfied hunger. One day, it is said, William perceived what was going on. He intercepted a lady who was making her exit, and gravely remarked to her that she could not go yet, since the Princess had not retired. But it must be said, in justification of this meagre hospitality, that William, as Crown Prince, was greatly restricted in his income, and found it no easy task to make both ends meet. Since he became King and Emperor his reputation for hospitality has been entirely retrieved. No more splendid and bountiful state dinners are given in any European court than those at which the old Kaiser now and then presides, and the good cheer of which his genial and hearty *bonhomie* never fails to stimulate.

The interval between dinner and the almost invariable evening visit to play or opera is spent in reading letters and giving orders to secretaries, the winding up of the state toils of the day. The Emperor is still fresh for the amusement which follows, and about midnight he retires, to be up bright and early at dawn next morning.

Thus, after a life almost unparalleled in its length, vigor, and the thrilling succession of events which it has witnessed, the Nestor of living monarchs is spending the evening of his days in content and happiness, brightened by great recollections, sweetened by the consciousness of the universal veneration and love of his subjects and the respect of the world; proud of descendants worthy of his lineage, and not yet seriously admonished, at least by the failure of his mental or physical powers, that his time on earth is fast drawing to a close.

TARTARIN IN THE ALPS.

HIS GREAT ASCENT OF THE RIGI-KULM.

By Alphonse Daudet.

On the 10th of August, 1880, at that witching hour rendered so famous in the Alps by the setting of the sun, and so "boomed" by the celebrated guides Joanne and Baedeker, a yellow, pea-soup fog, dappled with spiral patches of snow, enveloped the summit of the Rigi. This fog also enshrouded the gigantic hotel, so startling in contrast to the dry and arid heights of the Rigi-Kulm, windowed like an observatory, massive as a citadel, and whither repair, to pass one day and one night, the swarm of tourists who storm the heights in order to worship the rising and the setting sun.

Awaiting the second bell announcing dinner, the guests of this vast caravansary were either preparing to appear at that meal, or were lounging in the immense hall, or in groups upon the piazza.

Suddenly there came from the pea-soup mist a noise as of some one approaching the hotel, accompanied by a strange clanking of iron or other metallic substance.

At twenty paces the assembled tourists recognized a moving body; at ten, a man, attired more after the fashion of an archer of the Middle Ages than of a traveler of the nineteenth century, and when the apparition halted at the foot of the steps leading to the piazza, the newcomer was recognized as a "walkist," or one who had ascended the mountain on foot; no despicable feat at any time, and a particularly risky one in a pea-soup fog.

He was a fat man, puffing and blowing. He was armed with an alpenstock, a pick, coils of ropes of various lengths and thicknesses, clamps, grappling irons and green spectacles. On his head he wore a sort of helmet in tiers, so as to ward off falling ice, if not avalanches.

Upon Mont Blanc, or the Finsteraarhorn, this armament would appear natural enough; but on the Rigi-Kulm, within thirty minutes of a railway!

He gazed at the hotel for a long minute, bewildered to find, at 2,000 metres above the sea, a building of such importance, with its glazed galleries, its colonnades, its seven stories of windows, and its stairways lined with vases filled with flowers, giving it the appearance of the Place de l' Opéra on a Winter night's *fête*. But if he was surprised, so were the guests at the hotel, and when he entered the hall his arrival was telegraphed to all the living-rooms, whose occupants turned out *en masse* to gaze at him: gentlemen, some with billiard cues in their hands, others with newspapers; while ladies crushed forward still clinging to their books or their needlework.

Removing his helmet and spectacles, he found himself the centre of attraction, and recovering his *aplomb* like a comedian in sight of overflowing boxes, he cried, "A nice little chamber," when the Bernese chambermaid advanced, candle in hand, and asked if he would like to take the elevator.

"The elevator for *me?* *Me?* On my feet and legs, my pretty cat, if *you* please!" And he followed behind her, his enormous person occupying the staircase, buffeting the passers-by, while everybody asked, in languages from every quarter of the globe, "Who is he? Then the second dinner-bell rang out, and the extraordinary personage was instantly forgotten.

What a sight is the dining-room at the Rigi-Kulm. Six hundred covers around a horseshoe-shaped table, decorated alternately with pyramids of cakes and pyramids of prunes, an occasional palm reflecting on its leaves the lights of the lustres, and the gilding of the walls. As in all Swiss hotels, the cakes and the prunes divide the diners into two rival factions, and looks of hatred or pleasure cast upon the dessert at once tell to which faction the guest belongs. The Cakists are recognized by their unwholesome pallor; the Prunists, by their congested faces. This particular evening the latter were in force, and counted in their ranks personages of importance, such as the historian Astem-Réhu, of the Académie Française; the Baron de Stoltz, an old Austro-Hungarian diplomat; Lord Chippendale, of the Jockey Club, Professor Schwanthaler, of the University of Bonn; and a Peruvian general with eight daughters.

The tourist entered, a little out of ease, and seated himself in his rank as last comer. Unshelled, he was now an ordinary tourist, amiable of aspect, his beard tufted and pointed, and his nose, if majestic, and eyebrows somewhat ferocious, were set at defiance by a geniality that at once bespoke a good *camarade*, and an amusing one to boot.

He had scarcely seated himself when a waiter, arrayed in a silver chain, announced that his chair was engaged. A young girl with golden hair reposing on virgin snow-flesh, in a strange accent, softly exclaimed:

"This place is free. My brother is ill."

"Ill?" demanded the tourist, with an anxious air. "Ill?—not dangerously ill, I hope?"

The young blonde replied only by an icy glance, a sort of blue-black or abysmal blue.

His neighbor on the right gave no sign of encouragement either. He was an Italian tenor, a "masher" with needle-tipped mustache, which he twirled with paralytic fingers. But the cheerful tourist exclaimed, while darting admiring glances at the cuffs of the glowing Italian:

"What pretty sleeve-buttons! Notes of music incrusted in jasper! A charming effect!"

His voice sounded in silence, finding no echo.

"Monsieur is surely a singer?"

"No, *capisco*," growled the Italian, in his mustache.

For a moment the tourist resigned himself to eating without saying anything, but his food was choking him. At length, as his *vis-à-vis*, the Austro-Hungarian diplomat, endeavored to reach the mustard, he obligingly passed it to him, exclaiming, "At your service, Monsieur le Baron."

Unhappily, poor M. de Stoltz had for some time past lost both words and ideas, and was traveling in the mountains for the special purpose of regaining both. He opened his eyes very wide, and reclosed them without uttering a word.

At this new defeat the tourist made a grimace, and the brusque fashion in which he seized a bottle would have led the casual observer to imagine that he was about to hurl it at the head of the silent diplomat. Not a bit of it. It was with a view to offering a glass to his fair neighbor. She leaned forward; she brightened up. Dainty little curls shone in the light against a small, transparent, rose-colored ear. A song of his country came to his recollection, which he tranquilly rendered:

"O Coumtesse ogento,
Estello du Nord!
Qué la neù Argento
Qu' amor piso en or."

Everybody at the table turned. They imagined that he had gone crazy. He reddened and sat up very straight, never stirring save to violently repel the sweets offered by a waiter. Prunes again! Never!

There was a general movement of chairs. Neither Cakes nor Prunes! What next?

Everybody retired, and it was freezing, this silent defile of lowered noses, corners of mouths curled in contempt before the luckless wight, who remained alone, crushed beneath the weight of universal disdain.

He suffered, now, from not being able to speak, to make a noise, to slap some one on the shoulder, or to call some person by his given name. This is what oppressed him on the Rigi-Kulm.

"I shall have the pip, sure," said the poor fellow as he wandered about the hotel, not knowing what to do.

He entered the *café*, vast and deserted as a church on a weekday, called the waiter "My good friend," and ordered "a mocha without sugar," and the waiter not having asked "Why without sugar?" the tourist gayly added, "It is a habit that I contracted in Algeria during my great hunting expedition."

Very gloomy, also, was the reading-room—every newspaper in hand—and that long row of hundreds of heads bent over the long green table beneath the reflectors. Straight and immovable, their backs to the stove, both solemn as Minerva's bird, sat two pontiffs of official history, Schwanthaler and Astem-Réhu, whom a singular fatality had brought face to face on the summit of the Rigi, and who for thirty years had been engaged in tearing each other to pieces—figuratively, of course.

Imagine, then, the glance which the worthy tourist received on approaching with a view to establishing the basis of an instructive conversation! From the height of these two caryatides, two currents of cold air suddenly descended upon him, of which he was so scared that he rose, glided around the room, and in order not to betray his defeat, opened the bookcase. He took a novel to read in bed, but was obliged to surrender it at the door; the rules being adverse to guests carrying books out of the library.

He half opened the door of the billiard-room, where the Italian tenor was playing all alone, posing for effect with his torso and cuffs for the benefit of the beautiful blonde, who was seated on a divan between two young men, to whom she was reading a letter. At the entrance of the tourist she stopped, and one of the young men rose, the larger, a sort of *moujik*, made two steps toward the newcomer, and glared at him so ferociously that the worthy tourist executed a half-turn to the right, prudent and dignified.

"They are not quite civilized in the North," he said aloud, shutting the door with a bang to prove to this savage that he was not afraid of him.

The *salon* still remained as the last refuge. He entered. Here was a morgue! The morgue of Mont Saint Bernard, where the monks exhibit the unfortunates dug out from the snow, was fairly to be compared with the *salon* of the Rigi-Kulm.

All the ladies, silent, depressed, in groups on divans, or utterly isolated, seemed to have been frozen here and there. All the young girls, immovable underneath the cold glitter of the lustres, still held in their hands the albums, magazines or embroidery which they had clasped when the cold had pounced upon them.

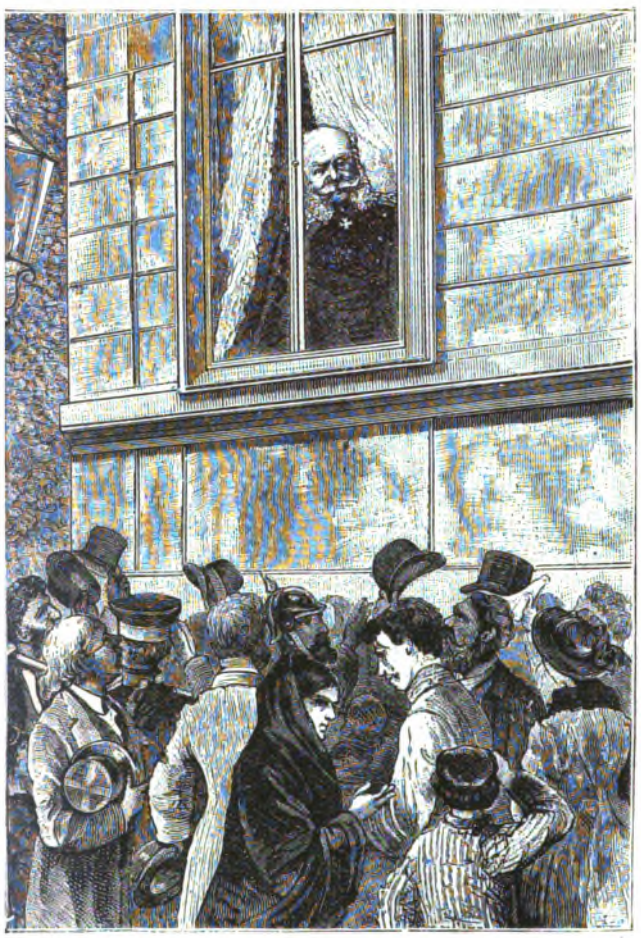
The tourist, succumbing to the frigid atmosphere, had rolled on to a divan, when joyous sounds were heard; the harp, flute and violin of three seedy-looking tramps, attired in long-skirted coats that flapped against their seedy legs, who had come to install themselves and their instruments. At the first notes our tourist woke up, as though galvanized.

"Bravo, music!" he shouted.

In a second he had flung wide the doors of the *salon*, and had given uproarious greeting to the "musicos," for whom he ordered champagne. The music had entered his soul and his body. He proceeded to imitate the cornet-à-piston, he imitated the harp, he snapped his fingers with the "clack-clack" of the castanets over his head, rolled his eyes, and gave a series of gymnastic bounds, to the utter stupefaction of the guests, who assembled from all quarters on hearing the hubbub.

Suddenly, at one of Strauss's waltzes—which the "musicos," inflamed with the sparkling wine, operated with the frenzy of true *tsigones*—the tourist, perceiving at the door the wife of Professor Schwanthaler, a little Viennese with roguish eyes, darted at her, seized her around the waist, and shouting to the remainder of the company, "Waltz, you stupids! waltz!" was off, whirling like a teetotum, so Frau Schwanthaler, were she so inclined, could offer no objection.

The spark ignited, and the thaw set in with electric rapidity. The waltz fever raged and everybody went at it. They waltzed in the hall, in the *salon*, around the long green baize-covered table, in the reading-room, around the billiard-tables. And it was the "pariah" tourist who had set them going. He, however, danced but little, as he got blown after a few turns, but he watched over the ball, urged the musicians, joined the dancers, flung the professor from Bonn into the arms of



GREETED BY HIS PEOPLE.

IN HIS WOODLANDS.

WILLIAM RECEIVING A CHILD'S TRIBUTE.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT CHURCH.

an elderly Englishman, and upon the austere Astem-Réhu he planted the most bounding of the Peruvians. Resistance was impossible. No more disdain. No more hatred or contempt. No distinction now between Cakes and Prunes—all were waltzers. The fun waxed furious, and spread itself to the upper stories, where, up to the top story, and with the stiffness of automatons in a hand-organ, spun the heavy and colored petticoats of the Swiss chambermaids.

Aha! The wind may whistle outside, threaten the lamps, cause the telegraph-wires to moan! Within, all is joyous, and it is a night not to be forgotten.

"I am off to bed," said the tourist, as he glided from the *salon*, having escaped Frau Schwanthaler, who was for dancing with him all night.

He took his key, and his candle, and stepped on the first landing to enjoy the spectacle of the fun he had created. A chambermaid, breathless from her interrupted waltz, presented him with a pen and the hotel register.

"Will not monsieur have the great goodness to inscribe his name?"

He took the pen, and with a careless hand, on Astem-Réhu, Schwanthaler and the other illustrious personages, signed a name that was to eclipse all—his own name; then mounted to his chamber without even turning to witness the effect.

THE NESTOR OF MONARCHS.—GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM. SEE PAGE 129.

The chambermaid studied the entry on the register, "Tartarin de Tarascon," and behind it, "P. C. A."

She read that, this Bernese, and was not in the least moved. She did not know what "P. C. A." meant. She had never heard mention of "Tartarin," a savage!

When the name of Tarascon sounded in the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway, under the vibrating blue and limpid provincial sky from car to car, travelers exclaimed, "Ah, there is Tarascon! Let us look at Tarascon!"

All that these voyagers beheld was a neat little town, with towers and roofs, and a bridge upon the Rhone. But the Tarasconic sky canopies a joyous people, exaggerated, comic, impressionable; and it was to see this community that the travelers invariably craned their heads.

Many years have passed since the war with Prussia, but Tarascon, renouncing the fertile distractions of other days, has only thought of creating blood and muscle with a view to the hour of revenge. Rifle societies, gymnastic clubs, each having its band and its banner, armories, boxing rings, foot-racing tracks, all have been cultivated, so that when the moment arrives Tarascon shall not be caught napping.

At length the club, the old club itself, abjuring dominoes and bezique, was transformed into an Alpine Club, on the plan of the famous Club of London, which has carried to the tops of the Andes the fame of its climbers. The Tarascon club differed from that of London in this, that instead of expatriating its members to conquer strange countries, it kept them at home, and almost at the gates of the little town. Near by was a chain of small hills, the highest being about six hundred feet, whither the club climbers were wont to resort, and which were named Mount Terrible, the Top of the World, the Giant's Peak, etc. It is a stirring sight on a Sunday morning to behold the Tarasconites, pick in hand, sack and tent on back, set out, headed by trumpets, and talking *en route* of abysses, gulfs, gorges, crevices, as though about to ascend the Andes, or to scale the Himalayas.

Tartarin is president of the club, and the most prominent citizen of Tarascon. He is the Alpha and Omega

of the place. His word is law, and his exploits the chronicles of the town. Who has not heard of his astonishing lion-hunt; of his saving a superb chamois, the last in Algeria, from the lion; of his bringing home the chamois; of his having nurtured it till death, and then presenting it, stuffed, to the museum of the town?

One man alone was jealous of Tartarin. This was the gunmaker, Costecalde, who was in the habit of sneering at lion-hunts, and even doubted the genuineness of the chamois story. When Tartarin would relate his astounding adventures in the Desert of Sahara, Costecalde would interrupt with dry laughs and toss of his head.

"But the skins of the lions, Costecalde? These lion-skins which he sent us, and which speak for him in the hall of the club!"

"Bah! Are there no furriers in Algeria?"

Costecalde of late hinted at a real ascent of the real Alps. Tartarin took the idea to his soul. Why should he not utilize the three months before the election of club officers to attempt some great enterprise? Plant, for example, the standard of the club upon one of the highest peaks in Europe, the Jungfrau or Mont Blanc.

What triumph on his return; what a slap in the face to Costecalde, when the *Forum* (the only newspaper in Tarascon) published the ascent. Who, after that, would dare dispute the presidency of the club with him?

He quickly set to work, and secretly sent to Paris for a number of special works—"The Climbs," by Whymper; "The Glaciers," by Tyndall; "Mont Blanc," by Stephen d'Arve—and filled his head with cheminées, couloirs, moulins, névis, séracs, moraines, rotures, etc., without the faintest idea of what they meant.

He next ordered clamps for his feet on the Whymper system; a pick on the Kennedy system; a new patent lamp, two waterproof coverlets, and 200 feet of rope, his own invention, plaited with a steel thread.

The arrival of these different articles, the mysterious coming and going, considerably exercised the Tarasconists, who said to one another, "The president is preparing a grand *coup*. The eagle does not chase flies."

Tartarin made his will.

"To Costecalde"—yes, Costecalde himself had a legacy—"the famous poisoned arrows." Perhaps in this gift he entertained the secret hope that the traitor would scratch himself and die, but nothing to this effect appeared in the will. "I hope that my dear Alpinists will not forget their president. I ask them to pardon my enemy, as I pardon him, although, in case of accident, he will have been the cause of my death."

That very evening he repaired to the pharmacy of his dear friend Buzuguet, laden with *impedimenta*, a valise in his hand.

"My dear president, what has happened? You have been poisoned! Ipecacuanha, quickly!"

Stopping the man of leeches as he bounded in the direction of a row of emetics, Tartarin, with great gravity, informed him of his project, and tearfully placed the will in Bezuguet's trembling hands. Then, after a parting drink, Tartarin tore himself away.

Three days afterward he disembarked at the foot of the Rigi. Assured of being recognized upon the road, and perhaps followed, he made a great *détour* to tap Switzerland unchallenged, proving himself a fearful nuisance in the railway-carriages on account of the spiky and bulky nature of his *impedimenta*. It rained at Basle upon the little white houses; it rained at Lucerne upon the railway platform, where the piled-up baggage resembled the effects of a shipwreck; and when he struck the station at Vitznau, on the edge of the Lake of the Four Cantons, it was the same deluge. Rain everywhere; little cascades leaping down from every rock on the sides of the Rigi. He entered an inn and partook of *café au lait*, with honey and bread and butter, the only good food he had tasted on the journey.

"What time does it take to ascend the Rigi?"

"An hour or an hour and a quarter, monsieur. You must make haste, for the train starts in five minutes."

"A train for the Rigi—Bah! you are joking!"

The waiter took him to the diamond-paned window and showed him the train about to start.

"I shall go up on my feet, if only for the exercise," he gayly cried.

He started, very much puzzled as to the exact mode of wielding his alpenstock, while every person connected with the inn accompanied him to the door, each one bellowing directions as to the path for the ascent.

At first he followed a rising road paved with great, uneven stones, with deep gullies on either side to let off the descending water.

"Heaven, what rain!" cried this man of the sunny mid-south of France.

Things became worse when the road ceased, and he was compelled either to bound from boulder to boulder like a chamois, or to wade. The rain continued, becoming, if possible, heavier and colder as he ascended. When he halted to gain his breath, he heard nothing but the roar of water, and beheld the murky clouds join the lake, the houses in Vitznau looking like newly varnished toys. Men and children passed him close, their heads lowered, and their backs laden with packs of necessaries for some villa or boarding-house.

"Rigi-Kulm?" asked Tartarin, to assure himself that he was on the right road, but no one he questioned made reply; they passed on in silence. Presently these encounters became more rare; the last human being whom he met was an old woman who was washing under an immense crimson umbrella planted in the earth.

"Rigi-Kulm?" asked the Alpinist.

The old woman raised an idiotic and terrified face; then, after a prolonged examination of him, she was seized with a fit of inextinguishable laughter which opened her mouth from ear to ear and closed her little eyes.

"Blooming old idiot!" growled Tartarin, as he angrily continued his route.

From hence the country changed. No more pathways, trees or pasturage. Great blocks of rock, solemn, silent, grim and gray, seemed ready to fall on the famous traveler, and which he was compelled to climb by the aid of his knees to prevent himself from slipping; marshes rich in yellow, clinging mud, which he waded, feeling his way by the aid of the alpenstock. Presently a rich pea-soup fog enveloped him, preventing his seeing ten yards in advance, while here and there patches of black ice rendered the ascent still more difficult. All of a sudden he halted; the earth vaguely whitened around him. He had arrived in the region of snow; and now! now look out for his eyes. He quickly drew forth his spectacles from their case, and solidly adjusted them. The moment was a solemn one. A little moved, proud too of himself, it seemed to Tartarin that, with one bound, he was lifted a thousand yards toward adventure and considerable danger. He now advanced with precaution, pondering on the crevasses and avalanches of which his books had spoken, and, at the bottom of his heart, cursed the people of the inn who had advised him to mount straight up and without guides. Could there be any mistake? Was this the right mountain? He had been walking for more than six hours, while the Rigi

only asked for three. The wind whistled, a cold wind that caused the snow to whirl in penetrating particles.

Night was approaching. Where find a hut, or even a projecting rock for cover? At length he perceived before him, springing out of the desolation, a sort of *châlet*, inscribed: "Photographic Establishment of the Rigi-Kulm." At the same moment the immense hotel with its 300 windows appeared a little way off, illuminated as if for a *fête*, and Tartarin gleefully entered, as we have already succinctly related.

We left him in quiet in the quiet hotel. Suddenly confusion arose.

"What is that? What is the matter?" cried Tartarin.

The sounds of rapid footsteps were everywhere in the hotel, doors banged, shoutings, followed by "Make haste! You haven't a second to lose!" filled the place, whilst from outside came the blare of horns and shootings of flames, illuminating window and curtain.

"Fire!"

With a bound he was out of bed, clothed, booted, hatted, and on the staircase, where the gas still burned, and rushing downward in a crowd composed of the hotel guests, all enveloped in such wraps as they had hurriedly laid hands upon.

Tartarin, with a view to tranquillizing the fears of the ladies, cried, "Keep cool! keep cool!" while they in turn seemed intensely amused, and actually laughed, so unconscious were they of their danger. Happily, however, the veteran diplomat came behind them, strangely and scantily attired save for an ulster, that seemed but to betray the hurry and awkwardness of his toilet.

Tartarin closed with him, shaking him by the arm.

"Ah! Monsieur le Baron, what a terrible thing. Do you know how it originated? Where is it? Where did it break out?"

"What, what?" gasped the baron.

"The fire!"

"What fire?"

The poor man wore so stupid and vacant expression that Tartarin abruptly quitted him, and dashed onward to "organize aid!"

Outside the building, Tartarin perceived the error he had fallen into. Not a sign of fire. A wolf-like cold. Pitch darkness, save for some resin torches that here and there threw a weird and curious light upon the snow. On the piazza an Alpine horn player blew his melancholy tune, a "*ranz des Vaches*," composed of three notes only, as is the custom on the Rigi-Kulm, when the hour draws nigh for the tourist worshipers to sally forth and greet the rising sun.

It is alleged that he sometimes, at his first awakening, shows himself at the extreme point of the mountain behind the hotel. To reach this point Tartarin had but to follow the laughing ladies who pressed around him. But he walked more slowly, still full of sleep, and with legs heavy as lead after his six hours' climb.

"Is that you, Maniloff?" suddenly exclaimed a voice—a clear, sweet voice—a woman's. "Help me. I have lost my shoe."

He recognized his neighbor, the beautiful blonde.

"It is not Maniloff, mademoiselle; but if I can be of any service?" She gave a little cry of mingled fear and surprise, which Tartarin did not perceive, as he was already groping for the missing shoe.

"Here it is," he joyously cried.

He lifted the neat little slipper, which the snow had powdered with diamond-dust, dropped upon one knee, after the most gallant fashion, and solicited the honor of replacing the tiny shoe on the tiny foot.

The lady, however, responded by a very dry "No," and hopped about endeavoring to replace her silk stocking in the slip-away shoe; but she was compelled at last to request the aid of our hero, who was considerably agitated on feeling, if even only for half a minute, a little hand resting on his shoulder.

"You have good eyesight," she observed, by way of thanking him, as they walked side by side.

"I am in the habit of searching for objects in the dark."

"And you are a hunter!"

She said this with an accent of raillery, of incredulity. Tartarin had only to reveal himself to convince her, but, like all bearers of illustrious names, he preserved a discretion, a coquetry, and wishing to graduate her surprise, replied: "I am a very effective hunter."

She continued, in the same tone of irony: "And what game do you prefer to hunt?"

"Lions!" cried Tartarin, hoping to impress her.

"Do you find many on the Rigi?"

Always gallant in reply, Tartarin answered that on the Rigi he had only encountered gazelles.

At this moment two shadows approached who called, "Sonia! Sonia!"

"I am coming," she said; and turning toward Tartarin, whose eyes, now accustomed to the obscurity, distinguished her pale and pretty face under its mantilla, she added: "You are following a dangerous hunt, my good man. Take care of your bones!" and she instantly disappeared with her companion into the darkness.

Tartarin moved forward in the direction in which the group had retired, when his ears encountered a confused murmur, coughings, and the chatterings of the tourists, who impatiently awaited the rising of the sun.

A light commenced to clear in the East, which was saluted by a blast from the Alpine horn, and an "Ah!" from the assembled and expectant tourists. The light increased, enlarged itself and the horizon; but simultaneously there arose from the valley an opaque and yellow fog, which became thicker and more penetrating as the day dawned. It was like a vail between the scene and the spectators.

The gigantic effects promised by the guides had to be renounced. As a set-off, however, the appearance of the dancers of the previous night, just plucked from sleep, and attired in shawls, rugs, counterpanes and even bed-curtains, was as *bizarre* as anything that could have been expected. Under various headdresses, caps of silk and cotton, Scotch bonnets, Canadian clouds, Turkish frizzes and pith helmets, were faces anxious, haggard and frightened, as though belonging to a ship wrecked on an island in the middle of the ocean, all eyes strained to catch a glimpse of a sail.

Nothing to be seen! Nothing!

Some of the tourists would persist, out of good-heartedness, in seeing that which did not appear to the large majority, and from the height of the Belvedere the exclamations of the Peruvian family were heard—the eight girls with the general being packed around a tall man enveloped from head to foot in an ulster, and who imperturbably detailed the invisible panorama of the Bernese Alps, naming and designating in a loud voice the summits lost in the fog.

"To the left you perceive Finsteraarhorn, four thousand two hundred and seventy-five metres; the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Monk, the Jungfrau, whose elegant proportions I would impress upon the young ladies."

"Here is a fellow who has plenty of faith," said Tartarin, who roved through the various groups in hope of

THE NESTOR OF MONARCHS.—EMPEROR WILLIAM IN HIS STUDY.—SEE PAGE 129.

finding the ravishing Sonia, but without success. She had evidently become tired of waiting, and had returned to the hotel, whither the crowd of tourists reluctantly followed. Everybody disappeared, the mist having thickened, and Tartarin was left alone upon the desolate and marrow-chilling plateau now graying in the increasing light, with the performer on the Alpine horn. He was a little man with a long beard, his head covered by a Tyrolese hat ornamented with green tassels that hung down his back, and bearing, in common with the rest of the employés of the hotel, a plate with the words "Regina Montium" in golden letters. Tartarin approached him to give him a coin, as he had seen the other tourists do.

"Let us go to bed, my old chap," he said, tapping him familiarly upon the shoulder. "What a humbug the sun on the Rigi is."

The old chap continued to drone, with a silent smile.

In spite of everything, Tartarin did not regret his night. The meeting with the beautiful blonde somewhat disarranged his sleep, for he had an amorous heart and a romantic imagination. Back in his room, his eyes closed in order to re-sleep, he imagined he held the little shoe, so light and coquettish, and heard the sweet voice warbling, "Is that you, Maniloff?"

Sonia—what a pretty name. She was certainly a Russian traveling with her friends, friends doubtless of her brother. Then everything got mixed up, the pretty golden bangs joined other floating images, the peaks of the Rigi, cascades and snow drifts, and soon an heroic snore, a round and rhythmical snore, filled the little chamber, ay, and a portion of the corridor.

* * * * *

Tartarin returned to Tarascon, having "done the Alps," and now bids defiance to the vile intrigues of the infamous Costecalde to oust him from the presidential chair of the Alpine Club.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

HERMON DRAKE'S ASHES.—"I DREW BACK A LITTLE, PRESSED THE CASKET STILL CLOSER UNDER MY ARM, AND WAS TEMPTED TO BREAK INTO A RUN FOR THE RAILROAD STATION."

HERMON DRAKE'S ASHES.

A CREMATORY STORY.

By Ausburn Towner.

Such an agonizing cry as it was! A demon in the pit, the wildest maniac in the madhouse, the horrors of the most excruciating torture of the Inquisition, could not have produced a shriek so utterly terrifying!

You have heard the hoarse scream of a locomotive just as it was entering a tunnel! It startles the air for an instant, and is then suddenly shut off or quenched by the entrance under the arch into the bowels of the earth.

Like unto this, too, was the cry that we heard—shrill, unspeakably agonizing! and then suddenly shut off and smothered.

Poor Amy, who was clinging in her distress to the arm of her father, sank away, utterly unconscious, and hours afterward, when she was again restored, there were streaks of white in what had been the glossiest of dark hair, and it was not Amy at all who came back to us in her form. It was only a poor, stricken creature, who, even as now, many years after, was continually wringing her hands, peering in front of herself, as though she was looking into and through a long, dimly lit tube, and in a murmur, which now and then rose to a grief-stricken cry, was continually saying: "Yes, yes, yes! We burned him alive! Hermon was burned alive!" shivering at the word "burned" every time.

It seemed, as it seems now to be, the only thought in her mind.

The rest of us stood stone-still, as if we had been petrified or touched by the spell of some demon sprite or djinn of the flames. Even the stout men who had slid the iron frame with its precious burden into the glowing, white-heated furnace, in their sudden fright forgot for a moment to shut the iron doors, and stood as motionless and awe-stricken as the rest. One of them, however, quickly recovered himself, closed the doors and shut down the heavy latch. He looked at his companion with eyes wide open with apprehension, and then both hurried into the open air.

All that was mortal of Hermon Drake was within that superheated furnace, and, before one hundred minutes had passed, it would be dissolved, some of it passing away in the thick smoke that already was flying from the high brick chimney, and some of it being deposited underneath the grating in the form of light, white ashes.

Not one of us, excepting she whom we carried from the now terrible place, but was asking himself: "Was that cry from Hermon?" And one or two who were observing the operation attentively, further thought: "Did the body under the alum-saturated sheet stir as the intense heat first made its impression on it?"

No one had been thoughtful enough to look about him when the unexpected cry came breaking out upon the air. The horror of the thing was too great for the moment and for many moments thereafter.

All of the circumstances were touching, and this one, the culmination of them all, was overwhelming.

Amy Hutchins and Hermon Drake had been lovers from their childhood and youth, and had never been separated for any length of time, except once—for a little more than one year—when Hermon had gone to the Island of Hayti to take charge of a certain business speculation in timber in which the firm of which his father was a member, had engaged.

But even in this separation, the frequency of communication had kept them almost as intimate as when they were living in the same neighborhood.

On his return from Hayti, Hermon and Amy were married.

He had just tasted the sweetness of a honeymoon that promised a long life of married happiness, when, one evening, after their return to their home, they were starting to attend a fashionable assemblage arranged in their honor.

Amy, nimble-footed, ran down the steps of the porch, and with the assistance of a servant leaped lightly into her carriage. As she seated herself she called out, half petulantly, half jocularly:

"Come, Hermon, come. You don't move half as quickly as you used before we were married."

Hermon did not hear the words. He had put on his overcoat and was reaching up to the rack for his hat, but the uplifted hand went, instead, in a feeble, tremulous manner, to his head. The servant at the door heard him utter a smothered moan, and then saw him fall upon the floor of the hall, dead, his head lying upon the very threshold.

I lived but three doors away from him, and being, fortunately, at a late dinner, and being immediately notified, was by his side before those carrying him to his room were half-way up the stairs.

I might describe his condition in such a manner that, at least, those of the faculty who read this would coincide with me in the complete assurance that the vital spark had fled instantly. I know, as well as though I had inspected it with the best of eyesight, that that little velvet-like muscle just above the top of the heart, prematurely worn out, had shut down in its place for the last time, and would never open again to let the life-giving principle stream through the veins, and that life was extinct before I had laid my hands on the still warm breast, or had begun those vigorous operations that, haply, when some slight flickerings of the immortal principle remain in the body, recall the spirit to the form it had inhabited.

To the untutored and inexperienced eye, however, the body, as it lay upon an outstretched reclining chair, showed none of the usual outward signs of death. It was more like the gentle twin brother of the fell destroyer—sleep. The color of the face was life-like, and standing alone beside it, in the silent and cool room, even the most penetrating observer might readily imagine that he saw the chest rise and fall with the regular, life-like pulsation, or that he heard the movement of the air of one gently breathing.

And I did not stand alone in my examination of the case. Three eminent physicians were, at my desire, called in, and there was no disagreement among us all as to the fact that Death had done its bitter work with Hermon Drake.

It was an unhappy, and by no means a pleasant, task, to remove Amy from the side of her dead husband, even to perform the offices customary on such occasions. Literally, it was necessary to tear her away from him. She placed herself close beside him and wound her arms about him, kissing the cold lips that never before refused to return the caresses, and it was only by main force that she could be removed from him.

It was a cruel task, and even touched to tears those who were compelled to do it.

She was full of unnecessary and uncalled-for condemnation of herself, bewailing the fact that the last words she had spoken to him were a half-reproach.

On the second night after Hermon had fallen upon his threshold, and it was far into the night, I received a message that somewhat startled, and, for a few moments, bewildered me.

"Amy contends," said the messenger, who was her sixteen-year-old brother, that "Hermon lives! He is warm about the region of the heart."

I hastened to dress myself, hoping that all indications had been falsified, and that my professional brethren and myself had been led astray. I would gladly have confessed that we had been wrong, and acknowledged that I didn't know Death when I saw it.

In the stillness of the night Amy had crept beside the body of him who had been all-in-all to her, and taking him in her arms, had drawn him tightly to her warm and loving breast.

Suddenly the whole house had been aroused with glad cries coming from the room.

"He lives! He lives!" she exclaimed, in hysterical ecstasy. "See—mother—feel. His body is warm, and surely his heart beats!"

Most certainly, in the region of his heart, there was some warmth. The sympathetic mother could but acknowledge it, and I was aroused.

Alas! alas! The tender, loving wife, willing to give up her life's blood, if need be, for the sake of him who was so dear to her, had communicated some of her own glowing warmth of body to that to which she clung, where it tarried and flickered for a moment and then vanished as will a flame when it has no more to feed upon.

Added to all of these unusually untoward circumstances, was the further fact of Hermon's extreme dread of being buried while life yet remained within him. This was not an ordinary fear or apprehension, which is absent from but few in the world, but was an absolute terror, that sometimes seized upon him in his most wholesome moments and fairly made him livid and speechless with dread.

He had, when but a boy, exacted the most solemn promise from his father and mother that he should never be put into the ground until the certainty of his being dead was past the least doubt, and he had imbued Amy with much the same sentiment.

When the notion of cremation, borrowed from the most cultivated and enlightened nations of antiquity, and upheld by the highest sanitary considerations, was first broached, it of course met Hermon Drake's most cordial approval. He felt that here was a method of safety for him, and, as he expressed it, "No turning over in one's coffin when you are packed under six feet of earth!"

Prejudice, superstition and custom, absurd as are the first two, and barbarous as is the last, were against the new method of disposing of the dead, and the few brave ones who contemplated the proposed innovation with favor, were obliged to move somewhat in secret.

How easy it is to remember that some of the offices which are now held to be of the most sacred character, were originally performed in secret and in out-of-the-way places. It seems almost as though the very best things that we have in the world were introduced with fear and trembling, and with a lively apprehension of the popular disapproval.

Hermon, with his father, were among a company who erected in this country the first edifice devoted to cremation. It was quietly done and in an unfrequented spot, the object aimed at being almost as illegal as it was obnoxious to the popular sentiment, as popular sentiment goes. The long and narrow brick building with its tall chimney was only known in the sparsely settled but thickly gossiped locality where it was put up, as the "Powder House."

Five days elapsed, three after the simple funeral service had been performed, before evidences, unmistakable in their character, convinced Amy that her husband was no more. This conviction was immediately followed by her persistent declaration that she must accompany the remains to the place where they were to be reduced to ashes, and remain with them until the final melancholy rites were performed.

No persuasion on the part of her friends, not even the commands of her father, would, in the least, shake her determination, and she was one of the six—the other five being her father, her brother, Hermon's elder brother, myself—the family physician—and the gentleman who had charge of the building—who accompanied the body to the place of its dissolution.

Notice had been forwarded ahead of our coming, and we were met at the little railroad station by some rather rude conveyances, and driven at once the mile or more to the lonesome spot where the little building stood.

The furnace was already aglow and at the proper temperature, and only a few minutes were required to prepare the body, stripping it of all clothing, wrapping it in a linen sheet, saturated with alum-water, and laying it along the narrow iron frame that, with a gentle pressure, would roll it into the fiery crypt.

I know, that for the instant the figure lay before us, and as Amy and the others came to take a last look and see it plunged into the white heat, I know that I could only liken it to the unfinished clay model of some recumbent statue over which the sculptor had thrown a damp sheet to hold together the moist earth.

This was almost immediately followed by that terrible cry.

The two stout men had their hands upon the iron frame, giving it a gentle impulse, which it quickly answered, toward the narrow doorway leading to the furnace, when it came. It rang in our ears, echoed around the vaulted apartment, and died away sharply as though suddenly smothered.

I have said that we were all too sorely shocked to look about us calmly, or to attribute the cry to any other human source than was intimated by the crazed exclamation of Amy after she had regained her consciousness.

All of my companions were as well assured as was I myself, that there were no others near the building than we, who were so very deeply interested in the solemn occasion.

The drivers of the two vehicles that conveyed us to the spot, after depositing us, had gone back to the little station, being instructed to return in four hours. And it was a lonesome locality where the building stood. Forty or fifty feet back of it, began a dense piece of woods that must have formed a part of the primeval forest, but in front and at each side, for a long distance, stretched acres and acres of clearing, sometimes thickly studded with stumps, but mostly cultivated and improved.

As soon as possible, I passed from the small anteroom of the building out into the open air, seeking to compose myself, and, if possible, disabuse my mind of the notion that the cry had come, when all too late, from the lips of a dead man. I could hear it still in my imagination, and all of my senses told me it could have come from no other source. Yet my reason, my teaching, and my long experience forcibly urged upon me that such a thing was impossible, and that we had all been, in some way or other, horribly deceived.

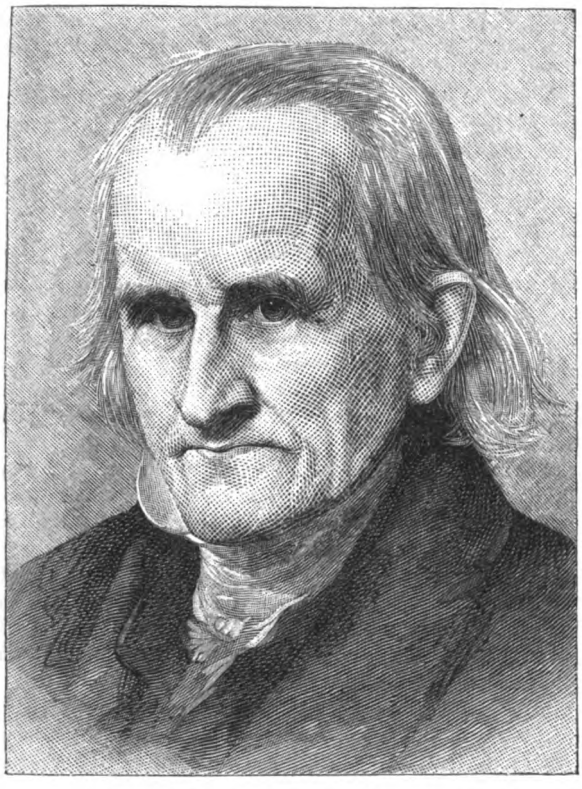
The dead cannot cry out, and Hermon Drake, science assured me, had been dead for nearly a week.

The certainty that there had been a cry, attended by all the appalling circumstances that followed it, forced one conclusion, however, upon me. It must have been uttered by some human being, some human being in the direst distress. It was uttered by none of my companions, and there were no others near the premises.

I walked out toward the wood at the back of the building, and for some distance into its shadows. It was a quiet Autumn day, and that stillness pervaded the whole atmosphere that can be found nowhere so entire and absorbing as in a deep forest. Had there been the movement of a living creature within the distance possible for one to have gone since the cry had been uttered, my eye would have caught it instantly, or my ear would have detected it.

I came out of the wood, climbed up to the smooth top of one of the highest stumps in the field, and looked about on every side. The same absolute quiet prevailed wherever I turned my gaze. The heavy, thick smoke from the tall chimney of the little building had changed into thin wreaths almost as white as steam; far away, to the right, was the little habitation of the one who owned the lands of the locality, surrounded by its numerous out-buildings, the only structures in sight, save that one immediately at hand.

I knew much of the neighborhood and its inhabitants, and knew, also, that their inclinations would rather keep them at a distance than draw them to this spot. I knew there were no institutions anywhere within miles and



THE FIELD FAMILY.— REV. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.
SEE PAGE 153.

miles from which could have escaped demented creatures capable of uttering such a maniacal shriek as that which we all had heard.

The nature of the cry had started such a suspicion in my mind at first.

And even were all these things not absolutely so, the cry fell upon us right there, in that room, apparently issuing from the form that was laid out upon the iron frame, and surely there was no one there save myself and my companions.

I sprang from the stump and walked slowly toward the little building. That old notion, lying at the foundation of all that is good and evil in the world, came to my mind, "Who is the woman?"

Hermon had lived a life open and clear before the world. There had been no spot or blemish in his character or reputation. Amy's influence upon him from childhood had been such that his life had been as pure and sweet as that of a maiden. I doubt if any other woman could have attracted him even momentarily, and know that the most beautiful one would have been no temptation to him.

I found, on my return to the little building, that Hermon's brother had gone for the carriage that Amy might be taken at once to the railroad station, where, it was hoped, at the public-house, or at some private one, she might be made more comfortable and kept more quiet than where she was, until the train arrived that would take her home.

She seemed to yield more readily to the influence of her father than to any one else, and, as I could do nothing except advise him what course was the best to pursue, I was left behind to gather up tenderly and literally the precious ashes, seal them in the small silver casket prepared for their reception, and in which they were to be buried in the family plot in the cemetery, and follow on foot my companions to the station.

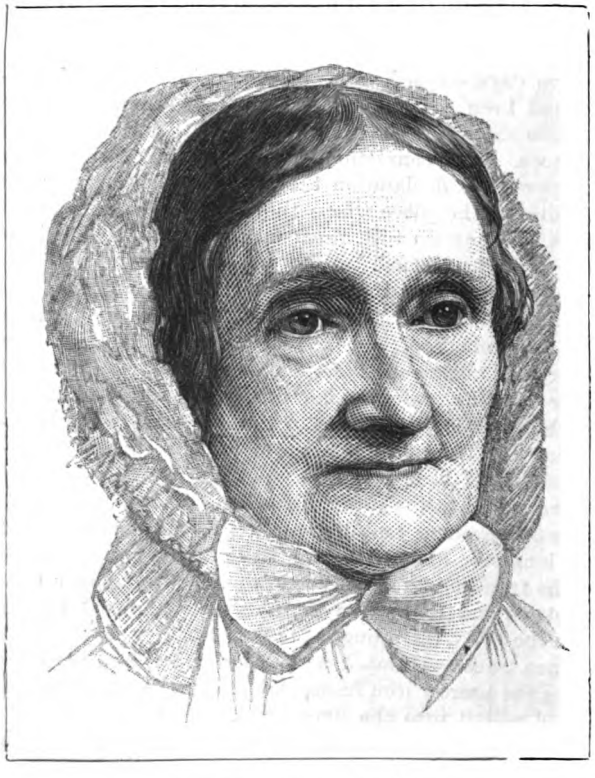
It was only a little before dusk that I was able to set out, and it was well, perhaps, that I was not delayed beyond that time, for the thick darkness of the night had not fully shut down upon the locality before a throng of men and boys gathered about the little building. In almost as many minutes as it took days to build it, the structure was pulled down, tall chimney and all. The bricks, stone and mortar, were scattered about there in unsightly heaps next morning, but where the iron went that entered into the construction could never be ascertained.

The rumor had spread throughout the neighborhood with extraordinary rapidity, from a few words dropped by the stout men who had slid the frame into the furnace, and perhaps, too, from some one overhearing the sorrowing cries of Amy, until it was on almost every person's lips that "A man had been roasted alive there to-day!"

The suddenly sensitive community, impressed with the notion that the tale was too horrible not to be true, resolved that they wanted no such "goings on" in their midst, and no place where such "goings on" could be possible. They, therefore, being "the people," arose in their might and destroyed the building. The fact was telegraphed all over the country next day by a correspondent of the Press.

With the silver casket, wrapped in a piece of white silk, under my arm, I walked briskly on the soft and springy turf of the roadside toward the station. I had entirely recovered from my agitation, being quite as calm and composed as a man well could be under the circumstances in which I was placed; but I was speedily destined to be quite as much startled as I had been in the earlier part of the day.

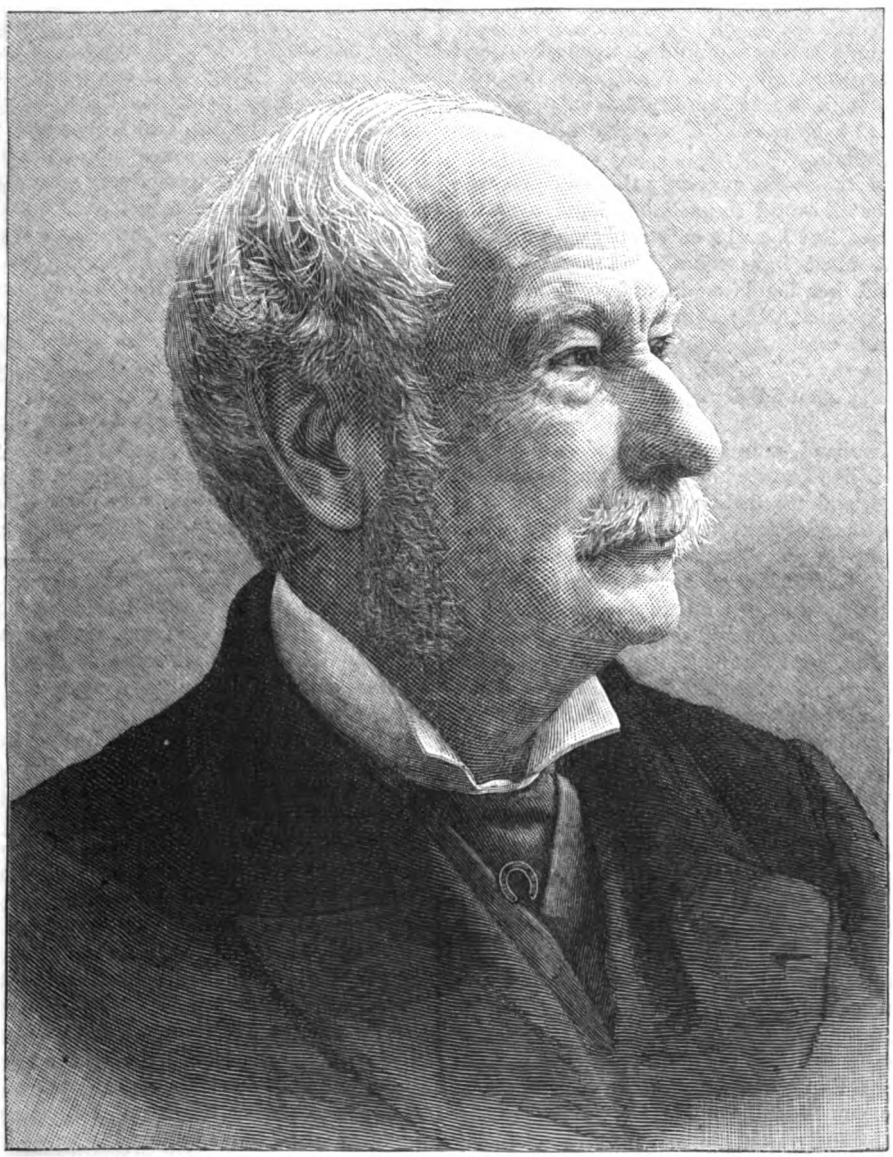
I could not tell whence it came. It may have dropped



MRS. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

suddenly from the skies, or sprung out of the earth; but it came, wherever it came from, noiselessly, and was there walking close beside me. I say *it*, for it appealed to my senses at first more like an apparition than like any living thing, and as it moved along without the slightest noise.

I can most positively aver that one instant I was absolutely alone, so far as human companionship is concerned, and the next instant it was beside me, as though it had accompanied me since I had left the little building. A *petite* female figure in the softest of garments, of a cool gray color, like the clouds in the East just when the sun begins to make it manifest that he is about to rise; with strips of creamy lace about the throat and at the wrists; a modest hat of soft material and rather broad brim, caught up at the left side in front and ornamented with a feather of the prevailing subdued tint, that drooped more than half way around the crown. A half-cape, half-shawl kind of garment, bound around with a narrow strip of silk all of the same gray color, fell upon the shoulders, and over its two ends, in front, small and delicate hands in gray gloves were softly folded.



DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.— SEE PAGE 153.

The precious casket I was carrying was under the arm on the side where this figure appeared. Instinctively I changed it to the other side.

Such a figure, under ordinary circumstances, it would be very pleasant to meet. Coming as it did, with the knowledge I possessed that the neighborhood could not of itself have furnished it, and my ignorance of its approach until it was right at my side, made its appearance peculiar, if not a little uncomfortable.

And yet it was only a woman, after all—a woman with a complexion that came nearer being olive-tinted than ever I had seen before. It was a warm, glowing complexion, as though the flesh was showing a perpetual blush. She had, besides, large, dark eyes with long fringes of eyelashes, and the waviness of her plentiful black hair was never produced by crimping pins or similar mechanical contrivances. Withal, although the expression of her face was bright and sprightly, there was still an uncultured, unpolished look there that, not being ignorant nor stupid, showed an absence of mental cultivation. The next glance told me, too, that among her ancestors, and not very far back either, was one who counted Africa as his native land, and possibly had danced, savage and naked, on the sands of that country.

At first she was looking very earnestly at the silver casket which I was carrying, and watched it as I transferred it from under one arm to the other.

It was some time before she spoke, and then it was with a sigh, as she said: "The ashes of him whom I loved."

She did not speak in our tongue, but in a language which, rude as it was, made me thank my stars for those two years at Ménilmontant and Lariboisère, and in the Latin Quarter.

With a genuine stare I looked down upon her, and using the same language in which she spoke, echoed the final word of her expression with an interrogation point in every letter:

"Loved?"

She bent her eyes toward the ground and slowly nodded her head two or three times.

I could not question her sincerity, for I could see that the long eyelashes were moistening.

Presently I thought. Well. This is not so very peculiar. Hermon was always kind-hearted and generous, and this is, perhaps, some poor girl whom he has befriended by some act that was small to him, but large to her.

Communing thus for a considerable distance as we walked, I was about to ask her what claim Hermon had on her affections, and was then going to dilate upon his manifold good qualities, when, still speaking in what was evidently her native tongue, she said:

"I think those ashes belong to me!"

This put an end to my train of thought, and I replied:

"His wife is the proper person to claim and bestow them."

The shapely hands at once unfolded themselves, and were held out beseechingly toward me, and the eyes looked into mine with a gratified expression.

"You think so?" she said. "I am glad of it. Then they are assuredly mine."

The action and tone were precisely those of one who was expecting that I would immediately hand over the casket in my care. But I could only reply with another blank stare that must have manifested my astonishment. She folded her hands again and cast her eyes upon the ground, murmuring something in an undertone that I did not catch.

"What did you say?" I asked.

Her reply greatly astounded me, and at the same time stopped me.

"He was my husband, monsieur," was what she said.

Between my positive knowledge of the complete falsity of her expression, and my dislike and unwillingness to use the harsh language that at first sprang to my lips to one who was so gentle and demure, I was silent.

We were facing each other on that lonesome road in the twilight of an Autumn evening. She looked up at me with a modest but an assured and confident look in her face. I can liken her attitude and manner to nothing that illustrates them more closely than those of a pet dove looking up at you, knowing you would not harm it for the world, and waiting for the favorite dainty you are accustomed to give it at certain hours.

"Yes," she said to me presently, "he was my husband." There came a deeper flush on her cheeks, and a bright, animated sparkle in her lustrous eyes as she added: "or rather, perhaps, I am his wife. Mam. Vaillieu can tell you," she proceeded, "that every act has been done that binds me to him for now and for whatever comes after now!"

Here was a little peg to hang upon in the midst of what seemed nonsense.

"Who is Mam. Vaillieu?" I asked.

"Our famous doctor and wise woman," was the answer, uttered in a tone as though forgiving my ignorance.

"And who are you?" I pursued, rather abruptly.

"Judith Le Traine," she answered, promptly, casting her gaze again upon the ground for a moment.

I heard these two names uttered then for the first time in my life. They were not names of the neighborhood, and I doubted much if Hermon himself had ever heard them. So I told her.

"Very likely," was her unconstrained reply.

I was more puzzled than ever.

For a few moments she stood before me in an irresolute, undecided manner, then, looking closely into my face, and gathering from it what seemed to satisfy her, she said:

"Listen and I will tell you the whole story."

Using the language she had employed from the first, which, rude and uncouth in itself, seemed limpid and musical, falling from her lips, she spoke as a child would speak, confidingly, trustingly, as though not questioning for one moment anything she had been told to do, but doing it and believing in it. There were certain odd little shruggings of the shoulders, and a constant movement of the shapely hands as running accompaniments by way of gesture, approval or disapproval, that rather heightened the effect of what she said.

"A little more than a year ago," she began, "I was a child." She was not much more than that now. "My mother was the general overseer of the servants of the Hotel of the Strangers. She said I was very wild, a tomboy, a mischief-maker, and often threatened, if I didn't better behave, to tie me all night to a post in the garden of the hotel. I laughed at her threats, and kept on with my merrymaking. One day I set the whole house in an uproar by a malicious tale I invented, which concerned the son of the manager and one of the housemaids. Just before dark I found myself very securely strapped to the post that had been promised me. I had not been taken there willingly, of course, but there I was. I didn't expect to be very uncomfortable, for the night was warm, and I promised myself that I never would cry out, no matter how tiresome or unpleasant my situation became. I amused myself at first with squirming around to see if I couldn't get out, but the strap had been very adroitly passed around my body and over my shoulders, and I soon found that all efforts in that direction would be in vain. Then I twisted and turned myself into almost every shape, attracting the amused attention of some of the servants who occasionally passed that way.

"Before the darkness fully came on, however, my position had become quite unbearable, and I longed to get out. But I wouldn't make any cry.

"I was at the further end of a long latticework, upon which a big-leafed vine was trained, and with a little movement I could pull some of these leaves about me so closely that I was entirely concealed from the view of those chancing to pass by.

"I amused myself by thus hiding for a few minutes, and then suddenly throwing all the leaves away from me and standing exposed to view.

"Once when I did so, as I threw out my arms, one of my hands brushed against the elbow of a gentleman who was slowly walking alone, up and down the pathway, smoking in the cool of the evening and deep in thought. He sprang away evidently very much startled. He just caught sight of me as I screamed with laughter, and then again covered myself with the leaves. Then he passed along.

"Two minutes after that I was wild with affright. One of my hands had just touched something moist and slimy on one of the slats of the lattice. I threw back the leaves to see what it was, and there, within two handbreadths of my naked shoulder, was a long, green lizard-scorpion, that had evidently been awakened by my touch. It was just dark enough for me to see its blood-red eyes shining upon me, and its tooth-shaped tail moving slowly from one side to the other. I knew that its sting was a deadly poison and felt that merely its touch would kill me. I was in a shiver of horror and dread, and couldn't stir. I didn't dare to cover my eyes to keep out the loathsome sight, and I didn't want to look and see it drop upon me. I forgot my resolution and cried out in my mortal fear. I heard footsteps, and, just as the terrible creature was losing its hold on the lattice, the gentleman who had passed me was beside me. I shuddered as I pointed out to him the hideous reptile that

was threatening me. I saw him strike it down to the ground with a good stout blow of his cane, and the next that I was aware of, I was lying in my mother's bed with my head bandaged and a strong smell of dried herbs about me.

"That gentleman was Herman Drake."

So suddenly mixing up the name of my friend with such a tropical story, added still more to the improbability of the claim the young woman had set up.

"My gratitude for this act," continued Judith Le Traine, "was supreme and very rapidly developed into a deeper and stronger feeling. I was no longer a child. He had saved my life; it belonged to him, and I had nothing else to give him. I was made one of the house-servants under my mother, and his apartments were given to me, to be under my particular care.

"For more than a year no priest ever officiated at the altar of his God with more sacred love and tenderness than I cared for the—to me—almost hallowed precincts that the one I loved called his home."

I thought this rather delicate ground on which the young woman was beginning to tread; began to reckon that, perhaps, we had all been mistaken as to Hermon, and that the story, after all, was that commonplace one that you can find related in almost every newspaper you take up.

I shook my head once or twice to indicate that it wouldn't do, and made a movement as though I would walk on. She stopped me with a touch of her hand.

"Alas! alas!" she continued. "All my offices were unavailing. He never once more than casually looked at me, offering me money as he did to the other servants. And I always refused it, except once, that piece which he gave me being even now in my possession.

"Oh, how I loved him!" exclaimed Judith, and it was the only time in her whole narration when she seemed to lose control of herself and give way to the ecstasy of her passion. "How I loved him! I would have died for if it would have saved him from one moment of unhappiness. He could have asked nothing I would not have granted, and he asked nothing!

"No," she continued, dejectedly, "he never, never noticed me, and then I took my desires and hopes to Mam. Vaillieu. I was driven to seek her help. I knew she could help me if she would. She did help me, and we were married."

This, assuredly, seemed to be the climax of all the absurdities and contradictions I had been hearing.

I uttered an impatient exclamation.

"We were married!" repeated the young woman, doggedly. "Mam. Vaillieu never lies and never goes astray. What she says, will be; what she denies, cannot be. It was done in her cabin under the shadow of La Hotte, in the Sierra de Monte Cristi."

"Did Hermon Drake go there?" I asked, petulantly. I knew it was so unlike him.

"In person, No. In spirit, Yes," was the quiet reply. "As Mam. Vaillieu directed, so did I. I took from his rooms the garments he had just laid off, even to the thin silken shirt that had touched his flesh, warm yet with contact with his vitality. They were all returned between midnight and dawn. They drew with them the spirit that made responses to Mam. Vaillieu's questions and united him to me for ever and ever."

Judith spoke this with such a confident, solemn air, with so much of earnestness and conviction, that the absurdity of it did not for the instant manifest itself.

"And, more than that," she continued quickly, "the union was made more complete and binding still by Mam. Vaillieu. Could we do it, she swore that, after two years were passed, he would be mine entirely. We did it. Close to midnight, one evening, we stood with the full moon making it almost day about us, and our shadows as sharp and clearly defined as though they were cut out of black paper. He was not far from me, and I crept silently beside him. Our shadows mingled completely, and mine was lost in his. Mam. Vaillieu struck her sharp-pointed crutch into the earth over the spot where our hearts were, and held it there, until he, as though coming out of a fit of abstraction, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his left breast, as if to quiet a pain there, and uttered a slight moan. Mam. Vaillieu was eager with excitement. I can see her now, as she stood on that October night, her eyes fairly glowing and her smile shining in the moonlight. 'Nothing can resist that, Judith!' she says. 'Nothing can resist that! The lasting charm never worked so satisfactorily. Remember what Mam. Vaillieu tells you, girl. For two years your love will be dead to you—for two short years—and then, he will be yours, and yours alone. But you must still do this, else all will fail. Once in every twenty-four hours, once within the time that it takes the sun to swim around the world, you must look full upon the face of him you love, or every charm will fail. This done, in twice twelve months your love will be all your own, else stars, sun, moon and planets fail, and Mam. Vaillieu is a liar!"

I cannot say what effect such a tale would have had on an ordinary strong man under ordinary circumstances, but conjecture that, in the clear daylight, and with a number of companions close by, the hearer or reader would be quite likely to cry out, "Stuff and nonsense!" But under the circumstances in which I found myself, with the ashes of a dead man under one of my arms; with the shadow of the night rapidly falling about me, and the way a lonesome and little-traveled one, the story, little as I believed it, did not in the least tend to my composure.

When my companion, after a slight pause, suddenly threw out her hands toward me and exclaimed, "Will you not give me the ashes now?" I must confess that I drew back a little, pressed the casket still closer under my arm, and was greatly tempted to break into a run for the railroad station.

Then I recovered myself, and felt ashamed that any fear had crept over me concerning such a little body as the one that stood before me.

"I have followed him a long, long distance," she went on, after a time. "Anticipating the event, the savings of my whole year's work helped me. When he went, I went. Where he went, I went. Once in every twenty-four hours for a year and more now I have looked full into his face, but never recognized by him. I am as conscious as you are or were that he died—died to all of you. But Mam. Vaillieu never lies. I don't believe, but I feel and know, that when the twice twelve months have rolled around he will be mine alone, and mine for ever. I doubted for the first time when you came here, and when I saw the dear body rolled into that hot furnace my doubts prevailed. I could not control myself. My spirit seemed to take its flight along with his, and in my doubt, distress and agony, as I looked into the window of the room, I could not control myself as much as I wished I might, I gave one great cry and sank, for an instant, upon the ground."

This, then, is the explanation, I thought; but alas! it comes after it has wrought other misery; but I did not interrupt her.

"I did not know what might be done with me if I was

STEPHEN J. FIELD.

discovered," she continued, "and presently ran to a great stump a few rods from the building, and beneath its friendly shadow sank down. I was in more than half a faint, and not fully recovered until I saw you coming with that precious casket under your arm, which, from the care with which you carried it, I well knew contained the ashes of him I loved. Give it to me that, at least in spirit, I may obey the injunctions that will, in time, give him back to me. Have I not suffered enough already ?"

I believe that with the explanation of the source of that horrible cry came back to me all the hard, "horse-sense" that I possess, little as it may be.

"Suffered," I exclaimed. "Do you know what suffering you yourself have caused, or may yet be the occasion of ? Your insane shriek there by the building has crazed Hermon's real wife, and you must come along with me to repeat your absurd story, that every one may know that the horrible cry did not issue from the lips of a dead man !"

I put out my hand to seize her by the wrist, but she eluded my grasp.

"I will go with you willingly," she said, "and without force."

I started toward the station at a brisk pace, looking now and then over my shoulder to see that she was following me. I would rather have had her before me to be sure of having her at all, and as well to have regulated my pace by hers, although she kept well up with me, not seeming to walk, but rather to glide along, as though she were, indeed, one of the gray clouds in the East in the form and shape of a woman, being gently propelled forward by a soft breeze.

Such a likeness was more than strengthened by what followed.

I can solemnly aver that I looked so frequently over my shoulder that never ten seconds passed without my gaze being there, yet with such a brief interval I looked once and saw her, and when I looked again she was gone ! As she came, so had she disappeared.

I ran back many steps in every direction, peering into the gloom, but the darkness by this time had grown very dense, and after lingering about the spot a few minutes, I pursued my way to the railroad station alone, in a sullen and morose mood. I must confess, too, that more than once, as I passed on, I cast my gaze over my shoulder into the darkness behind me, and it was not unaccompanied by just a little tremor, lest I should see something I didn't want to see.

Did I tell my story to Hermon's friends ? No, not then. I hope I am not such an inconsiderate creature as that regarding my own reputation. It was only recently that I dared relate an experience that was the puzzle of my life, and its sequel and confirmation.

I was all along perfectly conscious that I had really seen and talked with the little woman in the twilight of that memorable day, and that I was in the full possession of all my senses, yet the apparent absurdity of her story made me fearful to confide it to any one else.

I thought I knew that Hermon had never been anywhere in his life where he could have had such an experience as that which was told of him, until one day, when I was thinking over the matter, I remembered that he had spent a little more than a year in the Island of Hayti. Two days after that remembrance I was on board a steamer bound for the land of frequent revolutions and negro supremacy and superstition.

I had no difficulty in finding the Hotel of the Strangers, and almost the first woman to whom I spoke answered to the name of Madame Le Traine.

In my eagerness, I asked immediately concerning a certain young woman, named Judith Le Traine. The madame cast a sharp, quick glance at me and replied :

"My daughter, monsieur ?"

When I asked to see Judith, the mother's eyes moistened.

"Monsieur does not know, then," she said, presently, "that she is dead !"

I apologized, saying I had met her under very peculiar circumstances.

"In the States ?" asked the lady.

I nodded, and added that I had hoped to be able to meet her once more.

"Scarcely four months have gone by," said Madame Le Traine, "since she was with us. She passed away very suddenly. She was very frail. In the morning she was about, bright and cheerful as ever. In the evening she was dead."

I listened to a recital of her numerous good qualities, the narration of which seemed to comfort the mother greatly, and learned the exact date of her death.

It was to a day, and almost to an hour, precisely two years after she had stood under the moonlight and her shadow had mingled with that of Hermon Drake's !

THE FIELD FAMILY.

By W. A. Croffut.

There is certainly no other family in America, and probably not in any country, that can boast of four living brothers as distinguished as are the four brothers of the Field family—David Dudley, Timothy B., Cyrus W. and Henry M., all noted for unusual ability in different spheres of life.

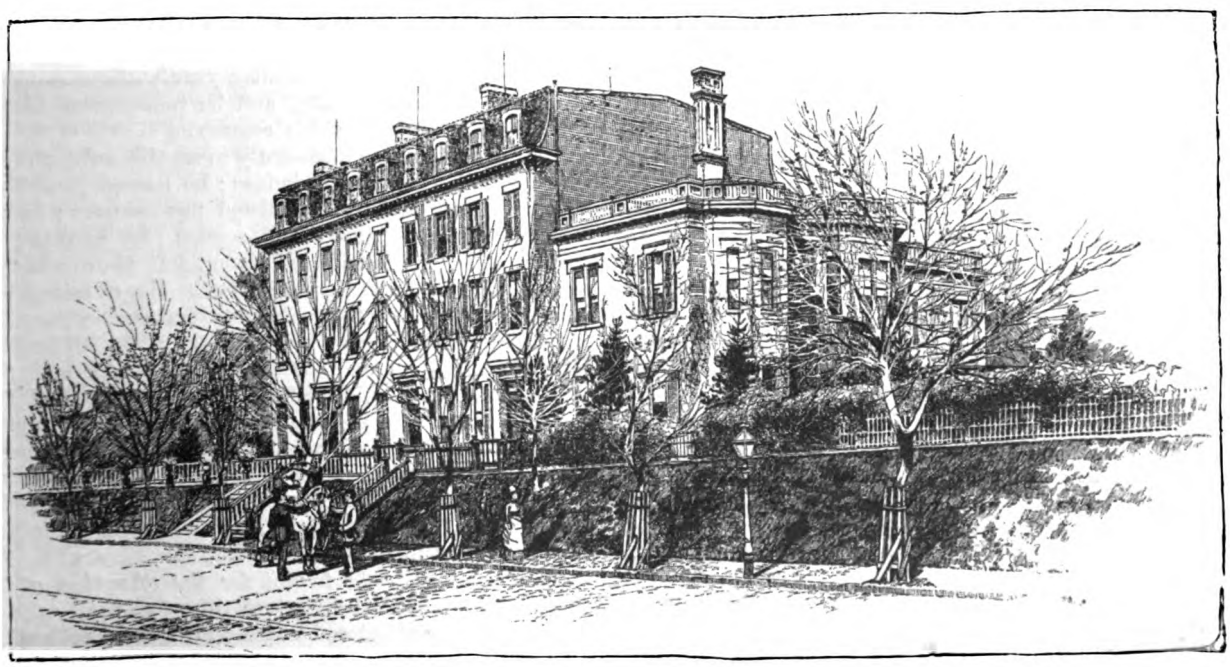
Zachariah Field came to Massachusetts about 1632, and his name indicates that he was a Puritan. He was a grandson of John Field, the astronomer, and, first coming to Boston, he changed his residence to Dorchester, to Hartford—where he was a member of the celebrated Thomas Hooker's "flock"—to Northampton, and finally to Hadley, where he died.

The family was exposed to the vicissitudes of the frontier settlements. One of his sons and a granddaughter were slaughtered by the savages in the massacre at Deerfield, and one of his granddaughters, a captive, refused to be ransomed, and married one of King Philip's chiefs,

The descendants of Zachariah early and rapidly married and were given in marriage, and raised very large families of children, as was the fashion of those days. David Field, of Madison, Conn., gave eleven citizens to the State, and his son, Captain Timothy of the Revolution, had eight children, of whom only two were of the sex qualifying them to become soldiers. The first of these boys became Rev. Timothy Field, and had ten children ; the second became Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field, and he married a lady who was one of eleven children, and became the mother of ten. Of these ten are the four celebrated brothers of whom this sketch will especially speak.

Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field was born during the last throes of the Revolutionary War. Being a bright and ambitious boy, of course he was predestined to the pulpit, as was the custom of those times. In Yale he was a classmate and a roommate of Jeremiah Evarts, the father of Senator William M. Evarts. His father was very poor, and to eke out his college expenses he was compelled to teach school during all the vacations, and work wherever he found a chance. While studying theology, at the age of twenty-two, he married a lady one year his junior, bearing the humble name of Submit Dickinson, and went to preach in Haddam, Conn. Here they spent fifteen serene years, and laid the foundation of a large family. Seventy-five years from the day of their marriage their four sons met in Haddam and formally presented to the town, in memory of their parents, a public park including the site of the old Meeting House.

A year after the close of his preaching in Haddam, Dr. Field settled in Stockbridge, Mass., one of the loveliest towns in the beautiful valley of the Housatonic, and there, in the church which Jonathan Edwards had made famous, he continued to minister for eighteen years. One child had died during its first year, but he brought six children to Stockbridge, and three more were born



RESIDENCE OF JUDGE FIELD, CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

there,* including Cyrus West and Henry Martyn. The life at Stockbridge was full of incidents which cannot be recounted here, but, at the end of eighteen years, with four of "the boys" in or through college, Dr. Field asked a dismissal, and returned to heal dissensions in the Church in Haddam. Afterward the aged couple went back to Stockbridge, and there they quietly passed away after some of their sons had attained both wealth and fame. A few years since, Cyrus W. Field, wishing to preserve the memory of the old church and the Indian battlefield, purchased six acres and presented them to the town for a park, which is now laid out in walks and planted with trees and shrubs.

Dr. Henry M. Field says of this time: "A great event in our family was the sending of four sons to college. It was not accomplished without difficulty. With a salary of $600 a year, and nine children, there was little to spare for education beyond that which could be obtained in the schools of the town. But the impossible was accomplished by no end of sacrifices. The sons of Stockbridge had a right of inheritance in Williams College, for the Captain Williams who founded it was a son of that Ephraim Williams who was one of the four original settlers of Stockbridge. When my eldest brother had gone through college, he made the way easier for those of us who were to come after; and so, with an interval of several years, followed Jonathan, and then Stephen and myself."

Of the family of ten children, all but four are dead. Emilia Ann, the second-born, was of the utmost helpfulness to her six younger brothers. She became the wife of the Rev. Josiah Brewer, who was for many years a missionary to Constantinople and Smyrna, where he established schools for the education of Greek girls. He returned home, published one or two books, entered into politics, and was a delegate to the Convention that nominated Fremont for President. Mrs. Brewer died in 1861.

The second son, Timothy B., became a midshipman in the navy at fifteen, and the same year went to the Mediterranean in the sloop-of-war *Warren* to make war on the the Athenian pirates. He was in more than one battle. In 1836 he sailed for South America and was never heard of again.

The third son, Matthew D. Field, was intended by his father for a farmer, but he broke away, and in a few years became one of the largest paper manufacturers in the country. Developing engineering and mechanical genius, he moved to St. Louis, where he became a popular and successful bridge-builder, constructing an immense suspension-bridge, before he had ever seen one, across the Cumberland, at Nashville, with an elevation of 110 feet above the water, and a single span of 656 feet between the towers. Its entire length was 1,956 feet. He built other suspension bridges at Clarksville and Frankford, the latter of which has been in use for thirty-five years for the passage of railway trains. In 1854 he suggested the possibility of an Atlantic telegraph to his brother Cyrus, who so successfully carried it out. He died in 1870.

The fourth son, Jonathan E. Field, though named for Jonathan Edwards, became a lawyer instead of a pulpiteer. He graduated at Williams, and moved at twenty to Michigan. In a few years he returned to Stockbridge, where he practiced law for thirty years, and was chosen a member of the State Senate, over which he presided for several terms. One of his sons, Stephen D. Field, is a distinguished electrical engineer. He has been the inventor and successful promoter of a system of district telegraphs, and he is the inventor of the quadruplex telegraph and an electric motor for railroads, claimed to antedate even that of Siemens, in Germany.

Of the four brothers still in the land of the living, David Dudley is the senior, as he is the oldest of all this remarkable group of children. He was born February 13th, 1805, at Haddam, in a house which is still standing. The most that tradition tells of his youth is that "he was obstinate," and many of his living opponents will accept the tradition as fact. He went to school at Haddam, then to the academy at Stockbridge, then to Williams College, where he was the classmate of Mark and Albert Hopkins and John Morgan, all of whom became famous as presidents or professors of colleges.

Young Field graduated high in his class, and went to study law, first to Albany, then to New York city, where he entered the office of the Sedgwicks, from Stockbridge, brothers of Catharine Sedgwick. He entered upon active practice here in 1828, fifty-eight years ago. His rise was rapid, and he was early engaged in many cases of great importance.

But already his mind had turned to the necessity of that great law-reform, the successful prosecution of which has been the chief distinction of his life. Before he was twenty-five he was impressed with the verbal confusion and technical absurdities of our law practice. He thought it about five times as complicated and embarrassing as it ought to be. In his simplicity he supposed that an announcement and explanation of the trouble, of the time it required to master the common law and the difficulty of enforcing it after it was mastered, would secure general concurrence and an immediate revision of the method of procedure in courts. He did not foresee that he would be met by opposition at every step, even from lawyers who conceded that he was right, that conservatism would constantly clog his feet, and that he would work on for thirty-five years in the face of every discouragement, giving year after year without compensation, to triumph at last, and be recognized as the chief legal benefactor of his century.

He spoke and wrote incessantly upon the subject. He appealed to lawyers and to judges; he issued pamphlets by the ten thousand; he enlisted newspapers; he addressed the Legislature from session to session; he drafted Bills and introduced them; but there was "no money in them," and they were lost. He obtained two amendments to the State Constitution authorizing the codification of the laws; he pelted the sluggish Legislature with petitions and memorials, with addresses and reproaches. At last, in 1847, a law was enacted and commissioners were appointed to reform the law practice, of whom Mr. Field was, of course, the active soul. After three years of almost incessant application the first part of the great work was done, and completed Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure were submitted to the Legislature.

For years Mr. Field fought for the adoption of the Code; for years the Legislature thwarted him, as if he were asking for a railroad charter for which he had not paid the members.

In 1857 Mr. Field went to Europe, and in London was

* These were David Dudley, born February 13th, 1805; Emilia Ann, born February 22d, 1807; Timothy Beals, born May 21st, 1809; Matthew Dickinson, born June 26th, 1811; Jonathan Edwards, born July 11th, 1813; Stephen Johnson (first), born July 11th, 1815, died December 25th of the same year; and Stephen Johnson (second), born November 4th, 1816. Three others were born in Stockbridge, viz: Cyrus West, born November 30th, 1819; Henry Martyn, born April 3d, 1822; and Mary Elizabeth, born September 7th, 1823.

dined by the most eminent masters of law. Lord Sherbrooke, one of the speakers, said : "He trusted that his honorable friend, Mr. Field, would go down to posterity with this glory—that he had not only essentially served one of the greatest countries, the States of America, but that he had also provided a cheap and satisfactory code of law for every colony bearing the English name. Mr. Field, indeed, had not squared the circle ; he had not found out any solid which answered to more than three denominations ; he had not discovered any power more subtle than electricity, nor one that would bow with more docility to the service of man than steam. But he had done greater things : he had laid the foundations of peace, happiness and tranquillity in the establishment of a system which would make law a blessing, instead of a scourge, to mankind. He believed that no acquisition of modern times—if he rightly understood what had been done in the State of New York—he believed that no achievement of the intellect was to be compared to that by which Mr. Field had removed the absurdities and the technicalities under which New York, in common with this country and the colonies, had so long groaned."

Mr. Field returned to New York to encounter from old fogies increased hostility to the Code ; but he abated neither effort nor hope. He returned to pamphlets and newspaper articles, to speeches and personal appeals. He organized the friends of the great reform. But five more weary years passed before he finally succeeded in getting a law passed resuscitating the commission, and he was placed at its head "to reduce into a written and systematic Code the whole body of the law of the State. They went at work, again without compensation. Year followed year. Not till 1865 did the Commission lay its ninth final report before the Legislature—the Code was complete. It had been written and rewritten, parts of the Civil Code, eighteen times. They occupied five volumes. Mr. Field had done the bulk of the work ; had given much of his time constantly for eighteen years without compensation, and had paid out of his own pocket $6,000 for extra expenses. His habit was to rise early, take a ride on horseback before breakfast, and then, retiring to his library, give hours to the work before he went to the office, and resume it in the evening, often continuing past midnight. In this way he worked from 1847 to 1865, so that he is universally acknowledged as the chief author of the Codes.

In a letter to his brother Stephen, reviewing these long labors, he thus speaks of the difficulties he had to encounter :

"Now that my work is finished, as I look back upon it, I am amazed at the difficulties I had to overcome, and the little encouragement and assistance I received. It seemed as if every step I took was to be impeded by something laid across my path. I was opposed in everything. My life was a continual warfare. Not only was every obstacle thrown in the way of my work, but I was attacked personally as an agitator and a visionary, in seeking to disturb long-settled usage, and thinking to reform the law in which was embodied the wisdom of ages. This was, perhaps, to be expected when I undertook such radical changes in the face of the most conservative of professions. But he has little reason to complain of the number or violence of his adversaries who finds himself victorious in the end. As to any real service which I may have rendered to American law, and so to the cause of universal justice, of human progress and civilization; in short, as to any claim I may have to the title of lawgiver and reformer, I am willing to be judged by the wise and good after I have passed away."

"Victorious in the end" indeed he was. Other States followed New York in the reform. Most of the Codes were adopted by Missouri, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, California, Oregon, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Arkansas, Connecticut, Washington, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota ; the Code of Criminal Procedure by Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, California, Oregon, Kentucky, Arkansas, Washington, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota ; while in the year 1872 California adopted the whole five Codes, in which she was followed by Dakota.

Mr. Field's name became famous throughout the world. In passing through England he was invited to meet the Crown Commission for Codification appointed by Parliament, and consisting of the most eminent legal minds of the realm, and explain the method. Shortly Mr. Field's Code of Procedure was adopted, not only by the States, but in substance by Great Britain and her Colonies. While going around the world he found his System of Practice in use in the Courts of India, and at Singapore and Hong Kong. The rules he had framed for an American State—in the very words he had written in his library—were in force on the other side of the globe.

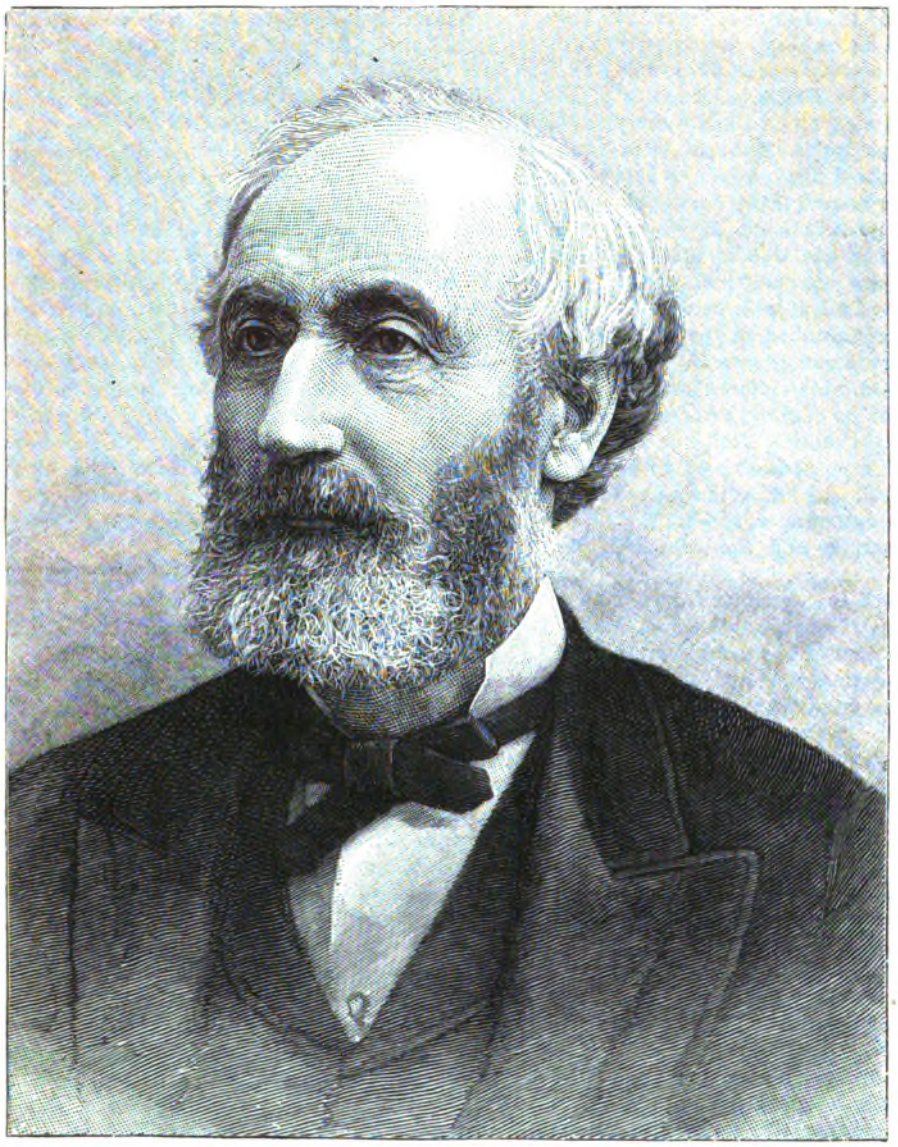
Subsequently, unwearied, he turned his attention to a Code of International Law, and put into compact form the law of nations. So the vast project of his youth was finished when he was sixty-five years old. It was not a popular moral reform, nor a picturesque discovery or invention, fixing upon him the admiring gaze of his contemporaries ; but it was a work ranking him as the greatest legal benefactor of the generation in which his lot was cast.

During all these years Mr. Field was active, able and prominent at the Bar and in politics. He declined office, excepting as a Member of Congress for a brief period, but he was foremost in all political affairs. Working with the Democratic Party, he revolted against it as early as 1844, on the Slavery Question, and four years later, led in the nomination of Van Buren. He spoke against slavery, and when Fremont was nominated in 1856, he took the platform for him in several States. In 1860, at the Chicago Convention, he joined Horace Greeley in defeating Seward and bringing Lincoln to the front. During the War he was most efficient, and his counsel was needed in the subsequent reconstruction. He voted for Hayes, but thought Tilden was elected, and submitted regretfully to the decision of the Electoral Commission which, as a Member of Congress, he had helped to create.

As a lawyer, Mr. Field has been retained in many great cases, but his title to the gratitude of posterity rests upon his labors for codification, in which he has made law for millions, and lightened the labors and smoothed the way for generations of lawyers.

Mr. Field has been three times married, and has had three children. He is now a widower. His only surviving child, Jeannie, was married in 1870 to Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of British Columbia, who had been previously Governor of Newfoundland, and has been since Governor of Natal in Africa, and of South Australia ; and is now Governor of the Island of Jamaica. They have had four children—a daughter, Joyce, who died in Australia ; and three sons—Dudley Field, Arthur David, and Herbert, who are the joy and pride of their grandfather's heart. Mr. Field has just passed his eighty-first birthday.

The sixth son was Stephen J. Field, destined for the Supreme Bench of the United States. As a babe he was very fragile, and it was thought he would not survive infancy. But the pluck offset the croup, and he weathered the afflictions of the cradle and crib. When three



CYRUS W. FIELD.

years old the father took him to Stockbridge, where he went to school. At thirteen he accompanied his sister and her husband, the Rev. Joseph Brewer, to Smyrna, Asia Minor, and remained there with them three years. He learned Latin, Greek and Turkish, and he learned religious tolerance. The family remained through the fearful plague of 1831, when there were 300 deaths a day, and 30,000 people fled from the city and camped in the fields. Brewer and young Stephen ministered to the sick and dying, and escaped the contagion. The next year Stephen sailed home, and entered Williams College, from which he graduated four years later as valedictorian—the highest honor of his Class.

He went to New York and entered the office of his brother Dudley, first as a student, and then remaining as a partner for several years. In '48 he visited Europe with his brother Cyrus, and they watched the revolution and changes of dynasty. They returned in the Fall, and the young lawyer caught the "California fever" in 1849 and hurried off to the land of gold. He had just one dollar in his pocket when he got there, but he sold thirty-two New York newspapers for thirty-two dollars that morning, and felt rich again.

Straightway he stuck out his shingle, settled his first case and pocketed his first fee. In a fortnight he took in his shingle and left the city with an enthusiastic crowd, who rushed up the Sacramento and pitched their tents on a promising slope at the confluence of the Yuba. He pitched his tent among them, and they named the place Marysville, after the only woman present. Stephen Field could talk with the French and the Germans, the Greeks and the Turks — if there were any—and so the settlers got together in their biggest tent and chose him Alcalde — their chief officer of almost unlimited jurisdiction. He was the centre of authority. There were no jails and no sheriff, so when a man was caught stealing Alcalde Field ordered him to be given a hundred stripes on the bare back, and he was then turned loose. In this way order was preserved till the State Government went into operation.

The next year Mr. Field was elected to the first Legislature, and there he had an influence second to that of no man in formulating the laws of California. He was an indefatigable legislator, and he was instrumental in defeating many bad Bills and shaping many good ones into law.

He soon had an assured future. His practice became large, and he was soon recognized as one of the leaders of the Bar. In the flood-tide of success his legal career was interrupted by his election to the Supreme Court of California by a majority of 36,000, and two years thereafter he became Chief-justice. The laws were in a very chaotic condition, adulterated by Mexican provincialisms and by frontier usages, and they had to be adapted to mining, ditching, irrigating, camping, making claims, etc., where there were no precedents to follow. Such a jumble of legal and judicial difficulties was, perhaps. never before presented. One of his associates on the Bench, Judge Baldwin, said of him : "Judge Field has raised the character of the jurisprudence of the State. He has, more than any other man, given tone, consistency and system to our judicature, and laid broad and deep the foundation of our civil and criminal law. The land titles of the State—the most important and permanent of the interests of a great commonwealth—have received from his hand their permanent protection, and this alone should entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the Bar and the people."

He was now generally recognized as the highest legal

authority on the Pacific coast, and when a new district was created there for a tenth Judge on the Supreme Bench of the United States, the whole delegation from beyond the Rockies, Republicans and Democrats alike, went to President Lincoln in a body and urged the appointment of Judge Field. There was scarcely any other man thought of, and he was appointed and unanimously confirmed. "By this event," said Judge Baldwin, "the State has been deprived of the ablest jurist who ever presided over her courts."

Judge Field had some sentiment, and he postponed taking the oath till May 20th, 1863, the day when his father became eighty-two years of age.

In the twenty-three years which have since elapsed, Judge Field has taken a very active part in formulating the judgments of our supreme tribunal. He early took ground against arbitrary arrests and military trials, against test oaths, against the act making the promise of the Government a legal tender for debts, against the persecution of blacks in the South and of Chinese in the West.

In the Cincinnati Convention of 1872 he received sixty votes for President on the first ballot, but his honorable record on the Chinese and labor questions defeated him.

In 1881 he spent the Summer in Europe, and revisited the scenes of his boyhood in Athens and Smyrna just half a century before.

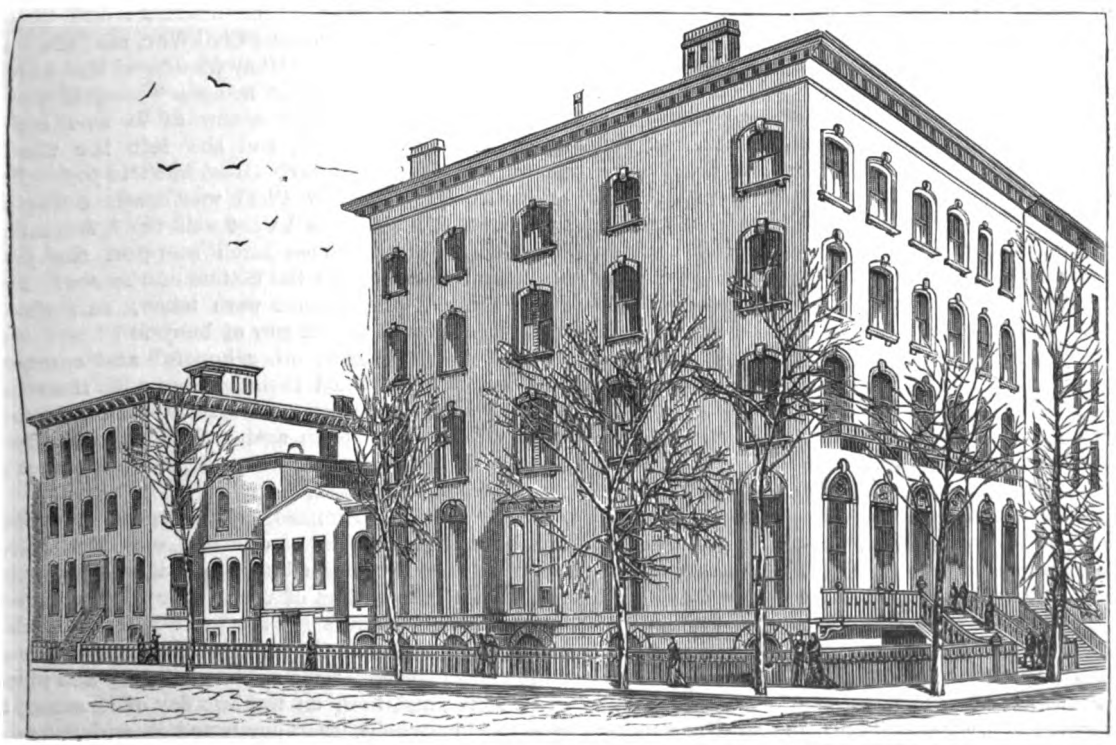
One of the latest born of this illustrious family, Cyrus West Field is far the most widely known. There is scarcely an intelligent person in the world who does not know of him, and of the splendid enterprise with which his fame is associated.

He was born a few months after the removal to Stockbridge, at the parsonage on the hill above the winding Housatonic. He was named after the president of the local bank—a man of consideration in the Church. He had a name, but he seemed too weak to live. "You never'll raise that child, never," is what the neighbors said to the mother of the Gracchi, when they strolled in to cheer her up. "He ain't got any constitootion!" And, indeed, it seemed so. Anybody who with an unprejudiced eye glanced into the cradle prophesied for him extinction rather than distinction. When lifted out of the cradle, his little body had to be supported by a frame, in which he could toddle and roll himself around the room. He proved to possess vigor. He did not die. He weathered the afflictions of infancy. He became active and wideawake. He was fond of outdoor sports. He gained strength till his slight frame became tough and wiry, capable of endurance.

When he was fifteen, Dudley, who seemed to feel a personal responsibility for his younger brothers, secured for him a humble place in the store of A. T. Stewart, New York. He began on two dollars a week, and saved something out of it. Clerking was never congenial to him, and when he was twenty-one he gave up his place, took his small fund of savings and started out alone in the manufacture of paper. Without capital, credit or knowledge of the business, he soon possessed them all. He had quick perception, a knack at a bargain, and unconquerable persistence, and with these he made a fortune before he was thirty.

Three years later he tried to "retire," and sold out with that purpose. He took a six months' tour in South America with Frederic E. Church. With that experienced observer he scaled Cotopaxi, ascended the picturesque Magdalena, crossed the Andes to Quito, and drank in those superb impressions which the distinguished tropical artist has transferred to canvas.

The *rôle* of a "retired merchant" was a difficult one for Cyrus W. Field. "The hardest work I ever did was trying to keep still," he says. He did not try long. The chief work of his life was ready for him. In the Fall of 1853, at the golden wedding of his parents, he met his brother Matthew, who had been for years building bridges in the Southwest. The engineer had just met one of the projectors of the bankrupt scheme to build a telegraph line to and through Newfoundland to connect



RESIDENCE OF CYRUS W. FIELD, GRAMERCY PARK AND LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

there with swift steamers, and Cyrus became interested in the project. "Why not carry a telegraph across the ocean?" he said to himself.

His brother, Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, has said: "If Cyrus had at that moment had any conception of the labor which the carrying out of his idea would involve, he would have shrunk from the attempt. More than twelve years were to pass before he saw the end, and these not years in which he was buoyed up by the feeling that he was advancing step by step to an assured success, but years of almost constant disappointments, the foresight of which would have made him abandon the project in despair."

He called on Peter Cooper, his next door neighbor, just off Gramercy Park, and talked the matter over. Cooper had an inventive and mechanical turn, and his mind was always young and progressive. He listened; grasped the scheme; agreed to go into it if others could be got. Next, Mr. Field convinced Moses Taylor and Marshall O. Roberts of its feasibility, and they and Wilson G. Hunt joined the two other projectors. To start with they put in $20,000 each, and on the succeeding March they took a trip to Newfoundland on "a fishing excursion," as they called it. They got a grant of fifty square miles of land, and went to work to build the line 400 miles through the forest of the great island. That alone was a terrible undertaking. It took three years, and each $20,000 subscription had increased to $200,000, and Mr. Field had put in twice as much.

At last the preliminary work was done, and Mr. Field faced 2,000 miles of stormy ocean. What now? Could the giant bridge be laid across the submarine plateau of broken hills? Before starting out he had taken counsel of Professor Morse and Professor Maury—of the former, asking if electricity would go that distance; of the latter, if the bed of the sea would admit the laying of the cable. Both answered affirmatively; but Maury added: "I do not pretend to consider the question as to the possibility of finding *a time calm enough, a sea smooth enough, a wire long enough, and a ship big enough.*"

All the capital was spent. It was necessary to have more. In 1856 Mr. Field went to England to raise the money. He was almost a stranger. He met with incredulity at the start. His judgment was distrusted. But he went to work. He called on capitalists; he appealed to the Government; he addressed clubs and the Chambers of Commerce of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow. He awakened interest, and at last the Government guaranteed the sum of $70,000 a year for messages sent, which would be four per cent. on the estimated capital. Of the latter he took one-fourth himself for his American friends, and induced wealthy Englishmen to take the rest. When he returned to America he found so much lethargy that he was compelled to take the stock himself, and paid into the treasury $440,000 in gold.

A large amount of money had to be spent before the paying out of the cable began. The United States Government detailed the ships *Niagara* and *Susquehanna*, and the English Government assigned the *Agamemnon* and *Leopard*, to take part in the fateful expedition. At Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, where they assembled, many distinguished men came to bid them good speed. The Earl of Carlisle spoke for the Government, reminding the promoters of the enterprise that it was just 365 years since Columbus sailed from Palos, "what in Hebrew writ would have been called a year of days." On the morning of August 6th, 1857, the ships got under way, smooth sea and fair sky. All went well for four days. On Monday nigth, 350 miles from shore, the strain was too great as the *Niagara* rose upon the wave, and the cable broke. Great was the consternation. A thrill of agony went through the ship, and spread across the little fleet. The vital spark was lost. Flags were hung at half-mast, and sadly the expedition returned to England.

Money was gone. Hope was gone in every breast but Cyrus Field's. He raised another subscription by the very force of his energy and enthusiasm. Again the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* came to his relief. They took on board a new cable, barely escaped foundering, and finally reached midocean, where they spliced the ends and then separated—one heading for Ireland, the other for Newfoundland. No sooner had they started but the cable broke. They spliced it and started again, and again it broke; spliced it again and again, and it broke and left them hopeless.

They returned to England. Even the directors lost faith. Newspapers derided the mad scheme. The vice-president left the council in disgust, refusing to be fooled any longer with a project so chimerical. But Field rallied his associates, and they said, "Try again." The next trial succeeded. The cable held together and was laid from shore to shore. It spoke! The Queen and the President exchanged salutations. News went and came across the magic bridge. The world went wild with enthusiasm. Rapture took possession of the public mind. Cyrus W. Field was the hero of the century, "a second Columbus," the peerless benefactor of his age and land.

Three weeks later the wounded cable began to stammer, and shortly it ceased to speak. Then came the reaction. The very men who had lauded him ridiculed him, and thousands declared that there had never been a message sent across at all. Public confidence in it was extinguished, and Field was relegated to the limbo of conspicuous failures.

Men sneered, but Mr. Field went steadily at work again with the enthusiasm of a neophyte, as if he had never met a rebuff in his life. He crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, addressing public meetings and Chambers of Commerce. Then came our Civil War, and his purpose seemed balked for ever. Many friends of the enterprise withdrew. But in 1864 the necessary capital was again raised, and the next year a new cable was coiled on board the *Great Eastern*, and she left for the West, paying out 150 miles a day. Great was the joy. Friends rallied again. Cyrus W. Field was again eulogized as the marvel of his age. All went well till 1,200 miles had been laid, when a sudden lurch snapped the precious cable, and it plunged to the bottom of the sea. Despair ruled again. Observations were taken, and the exact place was marked with a row of buoys.

Field was persistent; other hopeful and enterprising men had now identified their fortunes with the scheme; and the next year a new trial resulted in complete success. Praise broke forth again. Field was the hero of the age. Bells rang, cannon boomed, and his praises were sung from land to land.

The *Great Eastern* immediately returned to midocean to fish for the lost cable, two miles deep. Mr. Field has told how they found the buoys and threw the grapnel and dragged the bottom of the sea for days and weeks; how it took two hours for the great hook to reach the bed of the ocean; and they cast it thirty times; how once "the slimy monster" came up, but got away and plunged down again, and how, on the last day of Summer, they caught it and held it. They tested it, and it was still alive. Great was the emotion. Some cheered; others

turned away their heads and wept. In another week they brought this second cable safely to shore, and the colossal work was finished.

Telling afterward of the contest, Mr. Field said: "It has been a long, hard struggle—nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in pelting rain, or on the decks of ships, on dark nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused myself of madness and folly, to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all the hopes of life, for what might prove, after all, but a dream. I have seen companions, one after another, fall at my side and feared that I, too, might not live to see the end. And yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished."

The writer of this article once asked Peter Cooper who he thought the greatest living American. He went along the wall and laid his finger on a portrait of Cyrus W. Field. "If any other of the foremost men of our time had died, their places would have been filled," he said; "but Field did what no other man could do; he saved the scheme and brought victory out of despair."

Since that great success, Mr. Field has been deeply engrossed in commercial enterprises, mostly those of communication and transportation. He has made a voyage to Iceland, and in 1880 accomplished the tour of the globe. His great Washington Building is one of the finest structures on the continent. He is a very wealthy man, and is estimated to be worth $10,000,000.

I have now come to the last of these distinguished brothers, born in 1822; the only one who followed his father's calling in life. He was a healthy boy, and his parents, seeking a name for him among the spiritual heroes of the day, as was their wont, fixed on that of Henry Martyn, a missionary to Asia. Henry took quickly to his books, and was early sent to school. At twelve years of age he was ready to go to college, and entered Williams, following the footsteps of three of his brothers. Among his classmates he went by the Latin name of "Parvus Ager" (Little Field.) When he went home during his sophomore year, at the age of thirteen, he delivered a lecture on temperance in the village church, and at eighteen he had graduated from college, and soon afterward left the theological seminary and began to preach.

At twenty he went to St. Louis and took charge of a church, being known as "The Boy Preacher." One of the first things he did was to deliver a series of lectures to young men, which attracted much attention from the fact that he was a little under-sized and too young to have learned very much from experience. In May, 1847, when he was twenty-five years old, he went on a voyage to Europe, and remained abroad sixteen months, increasing his knowledge of the world and man. It was an exciting time. He stood in front of the Tuileries when the mob sacked it, in February, 1848, and went to Italy in time to be a witness of the revolution there and the feats of Mazzini and Garibaldi in their struggles with Austria and France. Returning north, *viâ* Switzerland, he arrived in Paris again just after the four days' battle in the streets.

Once more at home, he wrote a pamphlet which excited lively controversy in his own Church on "The Good and Bad in the Roman Catholic Church." He was settled in West Springfield, Mass., four years, and at the end of that time, when thirty or thirty-one years old, he came to New York, bought the *Evangelist*, and became its editor. Of all the religious editors in the country he is longest in continual service—thirty-two years in command of one paper—a patriarch of the theological pen, at the moderate age of sixty-four.

While the *Evangelist* has been the centre of his influence, it has by no means comprehended his work. Dr. Field has been always a great traveler, and a facile and picturesque writer of books. His principal books are as follows: "History of the Atlantic Telegraph," "The Irish Confederates," "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," "From Egypt to Japan," "On the Desert," "Among the Holy Hills," "The Greek Islands and Turkey After the War."

All of these, I believe, have been financial successes, and some of them have gone through fifteen or twenty editions. Dr. Field has rare qualities as a writer. He is not a bigot. Travel has made his heart very human and his sympathies sweet. A flow of sentiment suffuses all he writes, and he has a fine enthusiasm which is contagious. He cherishes a sort of reverence for all historic places, and tells his stories like a poet. He writes simply and directly, without effort, in a half-colloquial style, as if talking to confidential friends.

At the beginning of one of his letters and a new journey, he says:

"'Won't you write to Dr. Field, and ask him to please go off somewhere?' said a youthful reader of the *Evangelist* to his father, who duly forwarded the request. Similar suggestions have come from other quarters, which might be interpreted as 'left-handed compliments,' but that we have had too many reasons to know the kindly feeling which they are intended to express—to wit, that however useful we may be at home, our special vocation is to go wandering up and down in the earth, seeing sights and sketching pictures for the entertainment of our readers."

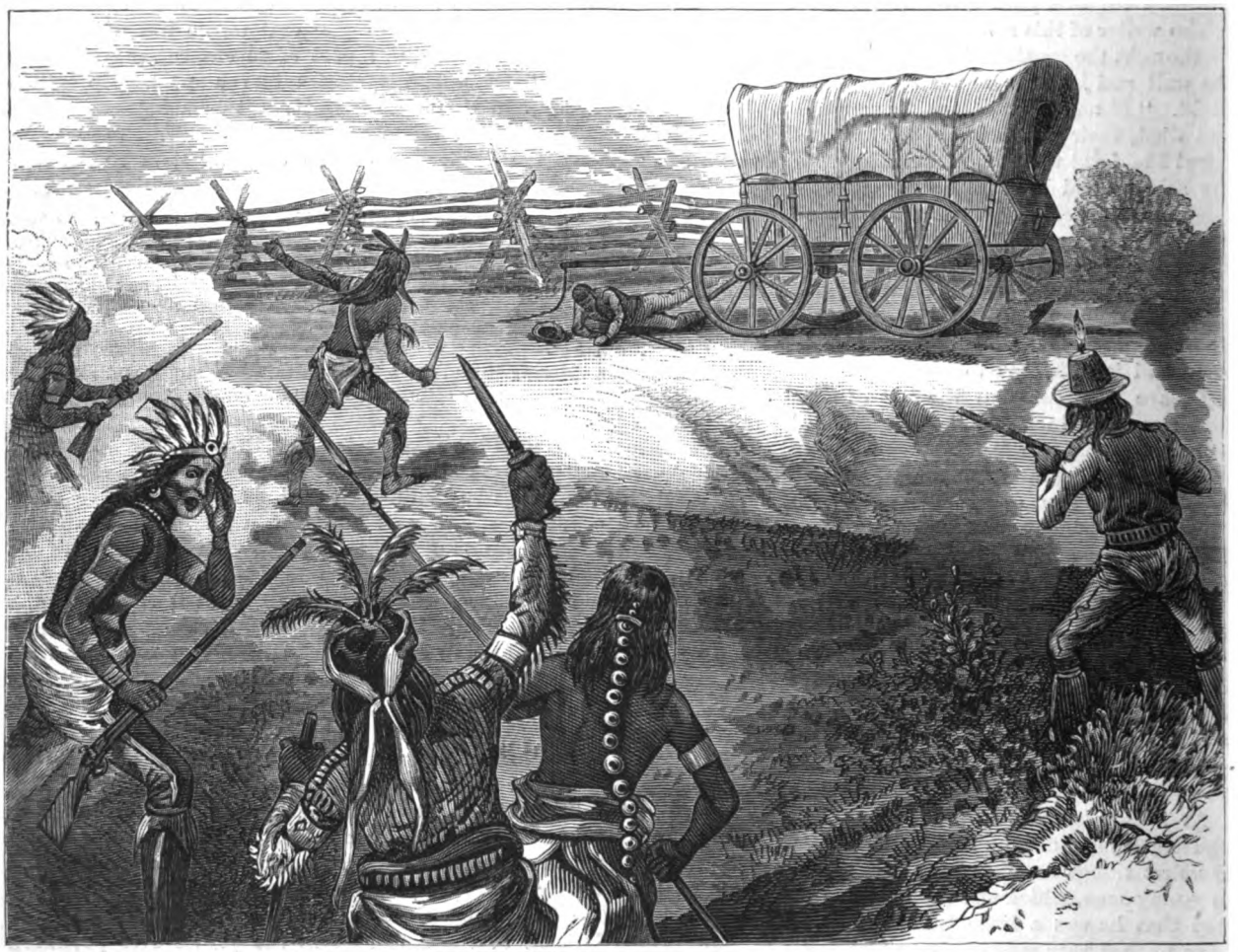
The decision is correct. As a traveler over hackneyed routes, he is certainly unsurpassed. The *Critic* says: "Our American editor-author is sunny, meditative, accurate, sympathetic, and knows at a glance what is interesting. He is never tedious. While the vessel of his thought brims with quotable felicities of expression, and is beaded with wit and fancy, it is rich with the vintage of philosophic culture." His descriptions have a graceful touch and his narration, a buoyancy and vivacity of movement that in no way suggest the "thirteenthly" of an average sermon."

Four remarkable men, indeed! Successes heaped one upon another. A successful lawyer, standing at the head of the bar; a successful manufacturer, earning a million dollars before he was thirty, without the help of a hand; a successful preacher; a successful editor; a successful traveler; a successful jurist, with a seat in the nation's highest court; a successful promoter, throwing an electric belt across the sea, in face of the incredulity and derision of the world. Has the planet ever produced another quartette to match them?

As an instance of Liszt's wonderful facility, it is told of him that, at one of Zimmermann's musical evenings, Liszt happened to be present when a composer came to grief in playing one of his own compositions. The work was fresh from his pen, it had never been printed, and the music paper was so filled with erasures and transpositions that the author could not read it, and to his great chagrin was obliged to stop playing. Liszt, pitying the composer's embarrassment, proposed to play the piece for him. "But I cannot make it out myself," said the unfortunate man. "Give me the paper," answered the abbé, and, seating himself at the piano, he played the concerto with extraordinary brilliancy, without stopping once.

A BRAVE BOY.

A BRAVE boy, who kept twenty Indians at bay, died of his wounds, in 1881, at Denver, Colorado. Three days after the battle of White River, in which the gallant Thornburgh lost his life, Freeman Z. Wray, who was in charge of cattle forty-five miles north of White River Agency, was attacked by a band of savages. He contrived to get his rifle and to make so good a defense that they betook themselves to a ravine and besieged him at their leisure. After a while he got out of ammunition, and was forced to climb into a wagon to get a new supply. While he was executing this movement, a bullet struck him in the calf of the leg, passing directly through. In an instant more, another ball caught him at the hip and knocked him down. With a whoop and a yell, the savages ran toward the spot, expecting to take their plucky foe prisoner. But they were again foiled, for Wray was only down temporarily, and, getting to his feet again, scrambled into the wagon, where lay his ammunition. He pulled a sack of flour in front of him and piled a bag of beans on top of that, and took hold of such other articles within reach as made for him a barricade against the promised shower of balls. Rapidly cutting a hole in the canvas wagon-cover, he saw the Indians approaching. Leveling his rifle, he fired at the foremost of his pursuers without the ball taking effect. This threw the Indians into confusion, and they retreated to the walls of the ravine. They threw a hailstorm of bullets into the side of the wagon where the plucky boy lay intrenched. One of these leaden messengers caught young Wray in the right eye, and lodged there. The Indians finally retreated. After protracted delay the boy's wounds were dressed and the balls extracted, and after five months' nursing he seemed to be entirely well, although he had lost the use of one eye. One of his wounds broke out afresh eighteen months after the fight, and caused his death.



A BRAVE BOY.—"WITH A YELL THE SAVAGES RAN TOWARD THE SPOT, EXPECTING TO TAKE THEIR PLUCKY FOE PRISONER."

MADAME RUDERSDORF, the famous singer, who died recently, was once visiting the Crown Princess of Prussia, when the following incident occurred: They breakfasted together informally, and afterward madame sang several songs of Handel, who is the Princess's favorite composer, the royal hostess playing her accompaniments. The Princess then proposed a visit to the nursery. As madame was sitting on the floor, with one child playing with the charms on her watch-chain, another hanging over her shoulder, and the baby in her arms, the door opened and the Crown Prince walked into the midst of the frolic. The Princess arose and introduced her visitor. Madame looked up, but remained seated, and, with ready tact and wit, said: "Your Royal Highness, pray excuse my seeming discourtesy, I must either disregard court etiquette or drop the court baby." The Prince bowed courteously, and said, with a smile, "Do what you like with etiquette, but regard the baby."

WHO WAS TO BLAME?—"SHE TURNED TO LEAVE THE ROOM. HER HUSBAND WAS ON HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT, AND WITH A MUTTERED OATH PUT HIMSELF IN HER WAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

PARTED.

By J. I. L.

The silver brooks will miss thee,
The breeze that used to kiss thee,
And ruffle with a soft caress thy curls of sunny hair;
When the early dewdrops glisten
On the roses, they will listen
For thy step upon the garden walk, thy laughter in the air.

The meadows gay with flowers,
The Summer's leafy bowers,
Will know thy joyous smile no more; the woodlands stand forlorn;
I hear the soft complaining,
Of birds, from mirth refraining,
That greeted with their carols sweet thy waking every morn.

Poor mother! hush thy weeping
Above thy darling sleeping,
Nor fret with aught of earthly grief the stillness where he lies,
Flowers in his little fingers.
Where the rosy flush still lingers,
For the angels are his playmates on the plains of Paradise.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

By Eleanor Kirk.

Chapter I.

It was long past a late dinner hour when Court Cunningham let himself into his elegant up-town house. He was an attractive young gentleman of six-and-twenty, dark, lithe and very graceful. His face was clear-cut, and his heavy mustache encircled a finely shaped mouth; but just now the lips were firmly closed, and a scowl on the broad, handsome brow gave an ugly and almost repulsive expression to the whole face.

The click of his night-key brought his favorite servant to his side at once.

"Come right along to the dining-room, Massa Court," said the old colored man, who had been for a half-century in the Cunningham family. "Missus tell the cook to keep all the things nice for you, and I'll wait upon you myself."

"I've had my dinner, thank you," the gentleman replied, kindly; "and I'll go to the library a while and read the evening papers. Where is Mrs. Cunningham, William?"

"Lor' sakes, Massa Court, the missus has had a day of it with callers—just as many, seems to me, as comes reception days; and now that little Miss—Miss Gloster is here."

"Go up, please, and tell my wife I am home."

And now the gentleman rolled his armchair in front of the fireplace, with its old-fashioned brass andirons and blazing logs, and sat down.

"Shall I bring your slippers, Massa Court?"

The old servant lingered by the door.

"No, William; I am going out again."

"Hadn't you better have 'em while you stay, Massa Court?"

The old man's voice was husky, and there was an unusual tremor in the sweet tones. It struck his weary, troubled companion like a wave of homesickness.

He hadn't heard that pathetic quality in his old friend's voice since his mother died. It seemed, someway, to bring his childhood and youth most vividly before him, and, in his present mood, it annoyed and exasperated him.

"You are worse than an old woman, William," he remarked, with some sharpness; but William did not hear it. He had left the room, and closed the door without a sound.

"If a man's servant didn't have to know all his business, there would be a little more comfort in fighting it out," he said to himself, bitterly. "William knows it's all wrong as well as I do," and now Mr. Court Cunningham kicked his chair back, and fell to examining the books on the library-table.

There were magazines and newspapers — French, German and English. There was a volume of Taine, a pamphlet on the Vibrations of Light, a charming little edition of Tacitus, a Latin grammar and lexicon, and, last of all, Whately's Logic. This book was held open at an abstruse place by a gentleman's kid glove.

It was a very harmless-looking little thing, stretched to slim shapelessness in order to fulfill its destiny as a book-mark.

A strangely subtle and penetrating odor met the gentleman's fastidious nostrils, as he opened the book.

Mr. Cunningham had looked for some proof of something, some hint of the probability of treachery, some "trifle light as air"—and here it was, quite as volatile as air, in the form of a recognized perfume.

But for this he might have mistaken it for one of his own odd gloves—he was always dropping them here and there—he said to himself. But this part cular odor was as tangible as a love-letter.

Mr. Cunningham took the glove between his thumb and finger and tossed it into the fire.

At that moment the door opened, and a lady entered. She was of medium height, slenderly built, and of an unusual dignity of manner and carriage for so young a woman. She was certainly not over twenty, and was probably a year younger. The fluffy golden hair, worn in a loose curling coil at the back of her neck, made her look like a child; but her large, expressive gray eyes, full of intense purpose and power, the pose of her head indicating directness and independence, her mouth, firm as Jeanne d'Arc's when commanded to deny her convictions, spoke of a strong, resolute nature.

Certainly flirtation would be impossible to such a woman. This had been the conviction of her husband, till all of a sudden——

But here was the glove, withering and writhing in the cruel flames, looking like a snake in its convulsive movements to the man who watched it so narrowly.

"Good-evening, Court," Mrs. Cunningham remarked, pausing a second to touch her lips to her husband's forehead. "I should have come before, but I was so tired that I had to take my last caller to my sitting-room, and you know folks never go there."

Mrs. Cunningham looked an angel as she seated herself in her small rocker and turned her speaking eyes to her husband.

"You have an unusually literary table this evening, Amy."

Mr. Cunningham certainly acted like the guilty party now, for he looked everywhere but at the sweet, upturned face.

"Literary!" the lady replied. "Why, I don't know. You see, I started this morning with excellent intentions. I was going to study hard all the forenoon."

"Well?"

"It wasn't well. It was very ill. Somebody came in, and then folks kept coming, and the day went by."

"Do you receive your callers in the library, usually?"

The gray eyes struck fire.

"In my own house, Court, I receive my callers wherever it best suits my wish and convenience."

"Was Lawrence Gage your first visitor?" he asked.

"Marriage is a singular institution," Mrs. Cunningham replied. "It gives a man such infinite privileges of insult and torture."

"Then you refuse to answer my question?" he said.

"How would the law regard that question, Court? I think I shall have to add law to my list of studies."

"Logic is an excellent preparation for law," he replied.

Mrs. Cunningham searched her husband's face for a moment, rose and walked to the table, took up her Whately, opened and closed it, and then, with an indescribable expression of pain and disgust on her lovely face, turned to leave the room.

Her husband was on his feet in an instant, and put himself in her way with a muttered oath.

"It is my right," he began, "and if you don't tell me what I want to know, I swear to you that I will find out in a way that will make you wish you had never been born."

"Oh, Court, it is not necessary to do anything more, for I wish that already."

There was no anger in this reply, and nothing in the woman's manner save a sad indorsement of the words she had spoken.

For a brief moment it seemed to dawn upon the miserable husband that his wife was unhappy, too.

She saw the change in his face, and was quick to take advantage of it.

"I did so hope," she pleaded, "that this foolish business was settled for ever. Oh, Court, can you not trust your wife?"

"Trust my wife! Settled for ever! Those things sound very well."

The man's tone was as scornful as before.

"Settled for ever!" he went on. "And the first thing, when I come into the house, I find that man's glove in your book. Has he been here to-day, or has he not?"

"He has been here to-day."

"In this library?"

"In this library."

"And all this after I had forbidden you to see him?"

"I am not a child nor a slave, Court Cunningham, and I will neither be forbidden nor compelled. When you feel disposed to treat me with the respect due my womanhood and my honor as your wife, I shall be pleased to consider your apologies."

"Amy!"

Mr. Cunningham took a hasty step toward his wife, and compelled her eyes to meet his—eyes on fire with rage and jealousy.

"I believe," he continued, with singular deliberation, "that you are a—a—liar, and I also believe——"

"Not another word!" the defiant woman commanded, holding herself at full height, and returning his intense gaze. "If you finish that sentence, so help me Heaven! it will be the last word you will ever speak to me!"

Mad as the man was, he yet had sense enough left to know that this was no idle threat, and for such an issue he was not prepared. So, with another curse on his lips, he turned and left the room and the house.

William met him in the hall, and, with trembling hands, held his overcoat and opened his umbrella.

"Hadn't you better have the coupé, Massa Court?" he inquired. "It's just a-coming right down, cats and dogs, and elephants too, I reckon, by the sound. Come back, Massa Court, please, and let me have the coupé sent round."

"Blow the coupé!" said his master.

And this was the first time in all the years of William's service that he had ever been so spoken to by his young master.

The poor, faithful old servant closed the door reluctantly, and then walked into the library.

Mrs. Cunningham was leaning against her husband's armchair as the servant entered, and as she lifted her white, haggard face, William threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, missus," he exclaimed, "you look fit to sink, and Massa Court, too! Don't you think mebbe you's too peart and sort o' independent with the boy! Don't you know, missus, he ain't nebber been used to them kind o' ways? Oh, missus, don't be angry with me, I beseech you! I'm just as sorry for you, missus, as I am for Massa Court!"

"I am not angry, William," Mrs. Cunningham replied, placing a trembling little hand on the old man's arm as she spoke. "I know how much you love my husband, and because I know how faithful you have been, I shall not resent anything you may feel like saying to me."

"Poor little missus!" said the tender-hearted negro; "I'se awful sorry for you. But, you see, my chile, there's going to be trouble come out o' this night's work—terrible trouble, missus. I knows when I see Massa Court a-going out with the demon of all the Cunninghams in his face, that there was bad business ahead, missus—bad business ahead. That wa'n't Massa Court that went down them stone steps to-night; 'twas one of them ole dead-and-gone Cunninghams that used to shoot somebody every other day, and take it out on the poor niggers 'tween times."

"William, do you mean what you say, or are you doing this to frighten me?"

Mrs. Cunningham's face was like the face of the dead in its pallor and rigidity.

"I mean what I say, missus, and I don't make no mistake."

"Get ready to go out, then, this instant; and, William, remember this: I depend upon you to see that nothing goes amiss to-night. I am of no account, for I am only a woman; but you can protect my friend and save your master."

Then Mrs. Cunningham sat down to the library-table and dashed off a note. It was directed to "Mr. Lawrence Gage, —— Hotel."

Chapter II.

Court Cunningham had been married a year. For ten months everything had gone happily and merrily. Then trouble came into the elysium. At first a vague impression only on the part of the husband, then more definite and tormenting as the weeks wore on.

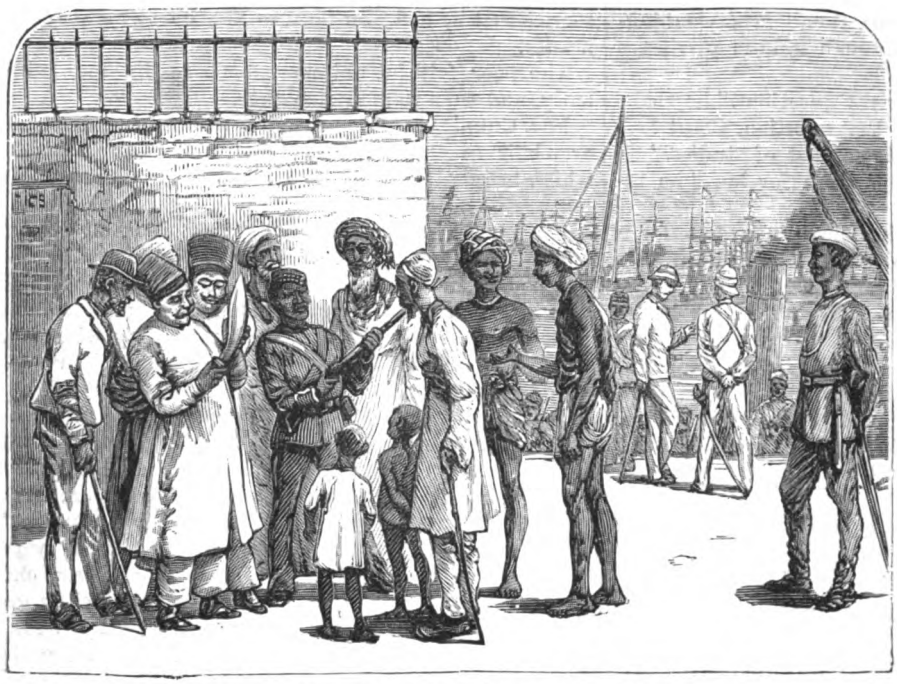
The name of this haunting shadow was Lawrence Gage.

At first Mrs. Cunningham seemed to regard her husband's jealousy as a good joke. She coquetted with his mood and laughed at all he said.

Then, as it grew more serious, her pride asserted itself, and she not only refused to give him the satisfaction of an explanation of any fresh grievance, but would not listen to his reproaches nor heed his commands.

That morning Mr. Cunningham had found Lawrence Gage's card on his wife's dressing-table, and a stormy scene had ensued.

Mrs. Cunningham had taken from the first the high ground of her own personal responsibility for her actions and her own freedom as a sane, sensible and conscientious woman, and would not brook the slightest restraint or dictation.



NATIVES AND SHIPPING AT BOMBAY.— SEE PAGE 167.

She was a very beautiful woman, and a great social favorite. She was admired and sought after by both men and women, and up to Lawrence Gage's time had always conducted herself to her husband's satisfaction.

Lawrence Gage was a popular member of Mr. Cunningham's club—a man always deferred to in all business meetings, and the life of social gatherings.

He was fine-looking, somewhat reserved with all his close personal friends, generous, courageous, and a man with a secret. This especially endeared him to the opposite sex, and did not hurt him with his brethren.

To send a note to the object of a husband's suspicions by the hands of his own tried and trusted body-servant was a strange thing for a guilty woman to do. But it was in perfect harmony with all the rest of this woman's behavior, and the faithful fellow put the note in his pocket, and started off on his singular errand as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to do.

"Take the first coach you can find," Mrs. Cunningham had told him; "and remember that all my dependence is on you."

Mr. Gage was not at his hotel, and William drove to the club-house.

He had been there often enough to perfectly understand the place, and after a little *finessing* managed, without being seen himself, to obtain a view of the gentlemen who were engaged in dining.

At one table, only a very few feet from where the anxious servant stood, talking and laughing gayly with another gentleman, was the object of his search. At another table, only a short distance away, William recognized his young master. He was drinking wine with several others, and was the only silent man in the dining-room.

"Who is going to the billiard-match to-night?" Mr. Gage inquired, in a full, clear voice. "Are your horses here, Cunningham?" he added.

"Did you ever know me to have my horses out a night like this?" Cunningham replied, with more venom in his voice than in his words.

There was something else in his voice William quickly detected. Anger had been intensified rather than inflamed by wine. He was not in such haste to have it out with his enemy of his domestic peace. He could wait, and enjoy the process.

Mr. Cunningham was not in the habit of taking too much wine, and his loving old friend could scarcely keep the tears back as he noted the sudden deterioration in the looks and manners of his handsome young master.

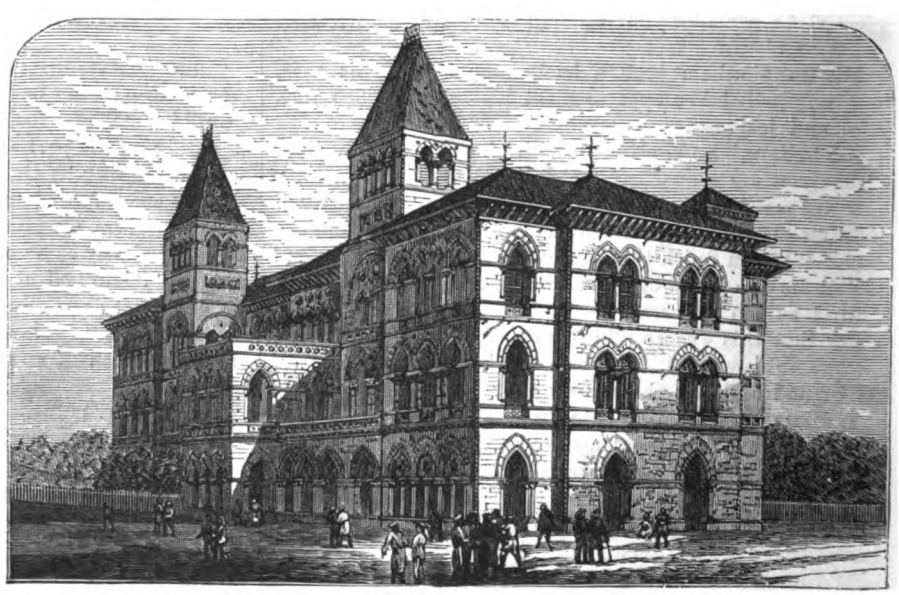
"Some fellows think a good deal more of their horses than they do of their wives," the gentleman dining with Gage banteringly remarked.

"Am I expected to make a personal application of the gentleman's words?" Mr. Cunningham inquired.

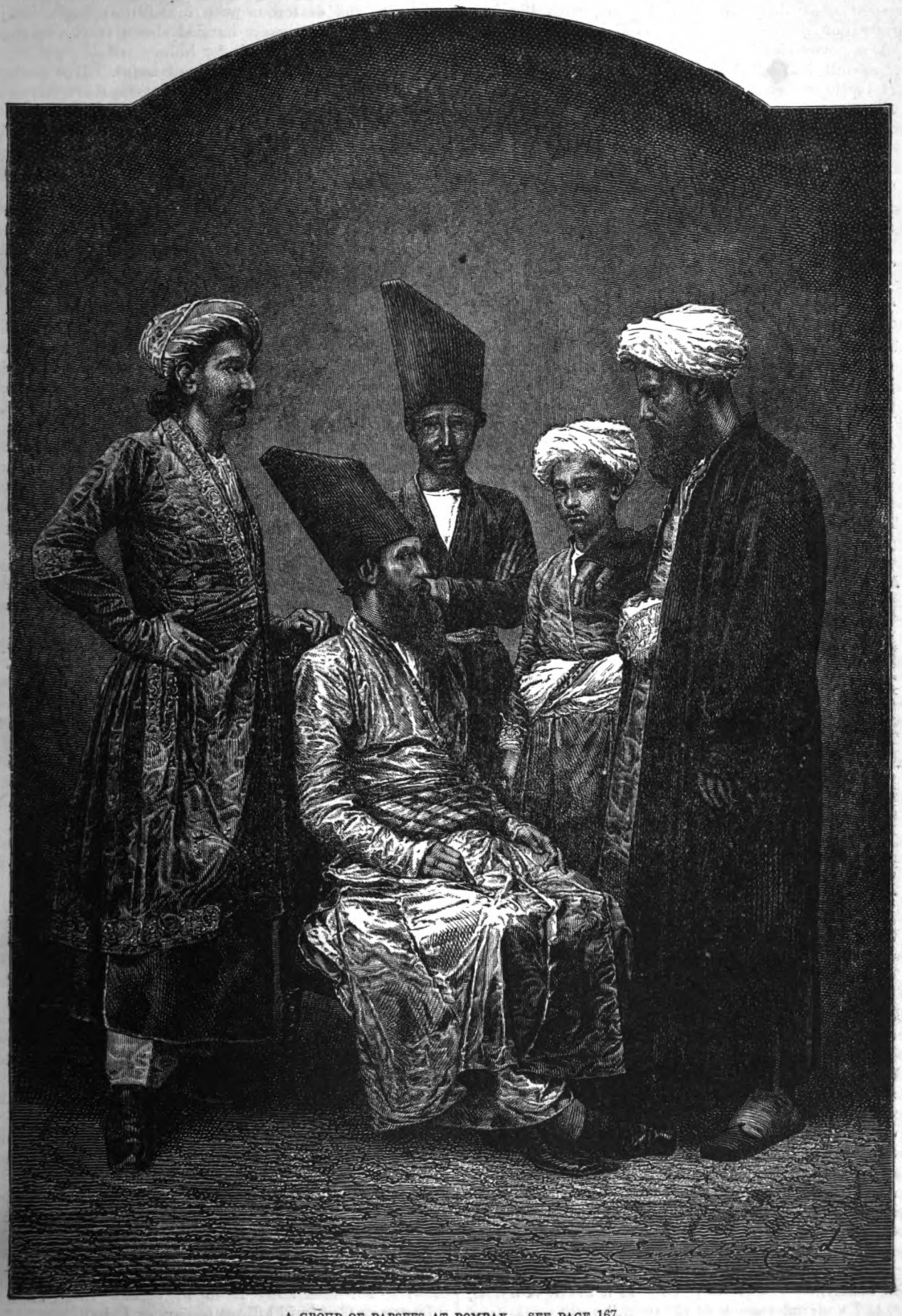
Though William could not see his master's face, he knew that the baneful light of all "the old dead-and-gone Cunninghams" was in his eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Cunningham," the man who had offended remarked. "It was a very poor joke. Treat it with the contempt it deserves, and have mercy on the perpetrator."

Everybody laughed but Cunningham. He sipped his



THE POST-OFFICE, BOMBAY.



A GROUP OF PARSEES AT BOMBAY.—SEE PAGE 167.

wine in sullen silence. The situation was growing every moment more desperate, and William, with the keen intuition of his race, was sure that when Lawrence Gage made a move to leave the house, his master would follow and assault him. This was possible at any moment.

If anything was to be done, it must be done quickly.

After a moment's reflection, William advanced to the inner hall and beckoned to Lawrence Gage's waiter, a young colored man with whom he happened to have some acquaintance.

"Mum's the word now, Jim," said William; "but if you'll let me have your coat and white tie long 'nuff to say ten words to Mr. Gage in dar, I'll give you five dollars."

"All right, boss," his companion responded. "Two minutes, you say—no longer."

"That's the length of time I want it for," said William. "And now peel."

This was business, and Jim took the old servant into a small, unoccupied apartment, and the change was quickly effected.

William was sure he could reach the table occupied by Mr. Gage, remove the dishes and deliver the note without being recognized by his master.

He need not see his face, and it was not likely the other gentlemen would observe him. He was too loyal and too cautious to send the note in.

There might be some hitch, some mistake; and so, napkin and salver in hand, the faithful serving-man entered the dining-room.

Mr. Gage's companion had, fortunately, left the table, and was talking with a group of gentlemen standing near his master.

As the amateur waiter stooped a little to pick up the dishes, he said, in a clear undertone:

"Mr. Gage, I'se William. Don't 'pear surprised. Read this note quick's you can, and do what it says: and, for the love of the Lord, don't let Massa Court see you!"

The ruse was perfectly successful, and before any one had a chance even to speculate about the new figure in the dining-room, the original waiter was at his post again, and William, disguised in a long waterproof coat, his face concealed by a huge oilskin cap, stood waiting for further developments.

Lawrence Gage read the few hastily written words, then tore the paper into infinitesimal fragments.

"Keep out of my husband's way to-night," was the drift of the communication.

Whatever Lawrence Gage's faults may have been, there was nothing of the coward about him.

To keep out of Court Cunningham's way was to run away; and how could a gentleman so degrade himself? Then, again, how could he refuse to be governed by the warning he had received under such strange circumstances.

His first duty was certainly to Mrs. Cunningham, so he rose from the table and lounged into the reading-room; then he dispatched a waiter for his coat and hat. Up to this time it was plain that his enemy had not missed him.

In his long waterproof coat and disguising hat, Lawrence Gage might have been a coal-heaver or a millionaire, and as he stepped into the vestibule he smiled to see his exact counterpart in the servant of his bitterest enemy.

"Much obliged, William, till you are better paid," he said, kindly. "That note put me in a deuce of a hole, but tell your mistress it is all right."

At that moment William's quick ear heard a hurried, impetuous step approaching, and giving his companion a desperate and dexterous push into a dark angle of the broad, winding stairway, hurried down to the carriage which he had told to wait for him.

This second ruse was also successful. His master, perfectly familiar with Gage's rainy-weather costume, had mistaken his old servant for his bitterest foe.

William had just time to give the street and number to the driver, when his master, pistol in hand, reached the carriage, leaned into it, taking as deliberate aim as his unsteady nerves would permit.

The old servant, with his hat well over his eyes, snatched the revolver and threw it under the seat, then seized his murderous master under the arms and dragged him into the carriage by main strength. It was no use to squirm or kick. The great muscular hands held him with the strength of a vise to the bottom of the carriage.

The rain was still pouring in torrents, and it was pitch-dark in the carriage. It was no use to swear, either, though Court Cunningham used the tabooed words of his mother-tongue with a professional precision which somewhat astonished his old friend.

When they reached the house, William opened the carriage-door, and helped his master to the sidewalk with the same skill he had used in forcing him into the carriage. Then he closed the door again, and gave orders to the driver to move on. He felt confident that the young gentleman had had enough for one night, and would go into the house and go to bed.

Fifteen minutes after this, William, who had let himself in by the kitchen-door, stood in his master's room in his long flannel wrapper, yawning heavily, as if just awakened from a sound sleep.

Mr. Cunningham sat in front of the grate, apparently dazed mentally, and used up physically.

"Anything wrong, Massa Court?"

No answer.

"You better tuck right into bed, Massa Court. Sha'n't I bring you something hot, chile?"

There was no reply to this, but Mr. Cunningham lifted his right foot for his servant to remove his shoe, then his left, and after a while roused sufficiently to submit to the disrobing process.

William waited till his master was sound asleep, and then crossed to his mistress's sitting-room, and knocked softly at the door.

"Well?"

There was a little color in the lady's face now, but she was still under great excitement, and her companion hastened to relate the occurrences of the evening.

"But, chile, just tend to this. Everything's all right till to-morrow morning, and then if you don't come to the front there'll be a murder in New York before the sun goes down. I've done my part, missus, and the case is out of my hands. I tell you now, chile, folks has to knuckle sometimes, and 'tain't no disgrace, missus."

"You have done your part nobly, William, and I will do mine."

Mrs. Cunningham tucked her fair little hand in the great black one, and then William silently left the room.

Mr. Cunningham had his breakfast at ten o'clock the following morning. His wife presided at the coffee-urn. At the conclusion of the silent meal, the little lady took her husband's arm, and led him to the library.

"It is too late now," the miserable husband remarked, drawing her arm away more in sorrow than anger. "Lawrence Gage will kill me to-day, or I shall kill him. It will be the one who shoots first, Amy. Remember that."

"Oblige me with one moment, Court," Mrs. Cunningham insisted. "Then, if you want to go, you can."

A lady rose from the low rocker as the husband and wife entered the room.

"Court, allow me to introduce you to my friend. You have always known her as Miss Gloster. She has passed through a world of trouble, and is the divorced wife of Lawrence Gage."

With this William threw the library-door open, and the gentleman in question walked in.

"And allow me to finish the sentence, Mr. Cunningham. We are to be remarried to-morrow. Your wife has brought us together again—managed every detail of the unfortunate business—and made me the happiest man in New York. I have been all to blame, just as you would have been had you brought your unjust quarrel to an issue."

"Great Heaven!" said Court Cunningham. "Amy," turning to his wife who was smiling through her tears—"Amy, is this true?"

"Yes; and because you accused me so unjustly, I could not explain. Forgive me, Court, I beg of you!"

For answer he took the little woman in his arms and covered her with kisses.

Then the two men shook hands, and Mr. Cunningham said, with a dubious smile:

"I suppose, Gage, you did the square thing last night, but I swear to you it will always be the humiliation of my life."

"What do you mean?" the gentleman inquired.

"Why, the way you dragged me into that infernal carriage, and held me down on the floor, and kicked me out at my own door when you had finished with me."

"Look here, Cunningham," his companion responded with a laugh, "I pledge you my honor I never saw you after I left the club-house. You remember you drank more than was good for you last night."

"Hang it all, so I did!" said the gentleman, musingly; "and upon my word I really believe I must have been drunk."

BOMBAY:

THE SECOND CITY OF INDIA.

By Victor M. Hollinsworth.

The events of recent years, more especially in connection with the Central Asian question, have directed attention toward what is, after Calcutta and London, the most populous city of the British Empire. The present century it is which has witnessed a total and presumedly permanent reversal of the position and fortunes of the City of Bombay, a change which now threatens to render anomalous its oft-applied title of the "Second City of India," for, since the completion of the Great Indian Peninsular line of rail through from Bombay to Calcutta, it may almost with truth be said that Bombay unconsciously has escaped the position once ceded to the "City of Palaces."

Passing over the earlier history of the Island of Bombay, we find that it first came into British possession in 1662, having been donated as a portion of the dower of the Infanta Catherine of Portugal upon her marriage with Charles II., King of England. In 1688, the Honorable East India Company became the possessors of the island, and removed their head seat of government from Surat to the City of Bombay, from which time its position has been assured; not, however, without some fluctuations of prosperity, for as Calcutta temporally rose in prominence, so, correspondingly, did Bombay decline. The completion of the Bombay and Baroda and Central India, Great Indian Peninsular and other lines of railway, connected Bombay with India at large, and placed it as a nucleus for the vast increasing import and export trade from and to Europe and the West, and induced the inauguration of a weekly mail service between England and Bombay, which has resulted in the virtual extinction of Calcutta as a terminal port for the overland Indian mails.

The completion of the Suez Canal, in 1869, placed Bombay in a more firm position as the commercial centre of Western India, the possession of a magnificent harbor lending an inducement which, in Calcutta, is wanting; while the subsequent laying of the Red Sea cable insured means of instant communication with all European emporiums and assured to Bombay the position it now boasts as "second to none." Geographically, Bombay may be briefly described as an island, but more correctly now as a peninsula, for, during the year 1805, a causeway was carried across the channel which connects it, near Mahim, with the neighboring Island of Salsette, lying to the northward, and of more recent years another causeway has been constructed on the east end which unites with it Colabah, or, as sometimes it was called, "Old Woman's Island."

It is when approached from the seaward that Bombay presents its most inviting aspect, as, after passing the "Hennery Kennery's," the "Prongs" Lighthouse is sighted and the vessel headed for the harbor, having for a steering-mark ashore the prominent figure of Funnel Hill, which rears its peculiar turret-like form far ahead in the distant Ghauts. On reaching the entrance to the harbor, we pass upon the "port," or left hand, Colabah Island, with its prominent lighthouse and church-spire and green "topes" of palm and other trees, which lend a relief to the ranges of low-lying buildings, consisting of bungalows, barracks, batteries and cotton-mills, etc., forming the foreground. Far away in the distance, beyond Back Bay, is distinctly visible Malabar Hill, on which is Government House, and a little in advance, on Cumballa Hill, are seen the huge, white forms of the "Towers of Silence," burying-places of the Parsees or Zoroastrians. The solemn-looking structures recall to mind Bishop Heber's pretty lines, supposed to be his farewell, and which run:

> "Thy towers, Bombay, gleam soft and white across the deep blue sea."

which convey an idea in aid of these descriptive lines, otherwise wanting.

Passing the Dolphin shoal, we arrive off the "Apollo Bunder," where Her Britannic Majesty's mails are landed, after which the vessel steams up the harbor to her anchorage at Mazagon, passing Fort George and the "Fort," as the town is termed, upon the left, and having the richly verdured mainland as a right support, with the Islands of Elephanta and Salsette rising boldly as a foreground, supported in the rear by the massive forms of the Ghauts or mountains, which extend along the Malabar coast. Unlike the passage up the Hooghly to Calcutta, the approach to Bombay is one soon over, and upon arrival at Mazagon passengers are at once permitted to land, and for this purpose it is only necessary to charter any one of the dozens of "jolly-boats" which surround the steamer.

Arrived at the "Mazagon Bunder," conveyances of all kinds are procurable, from the filthy "buggy" with its odorsome driver, who perches alongside one

BOMBAY PREPARATIONS FOR A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

n unpleasant proximity, to the more respectable and lignified "shigram" or "gharry."

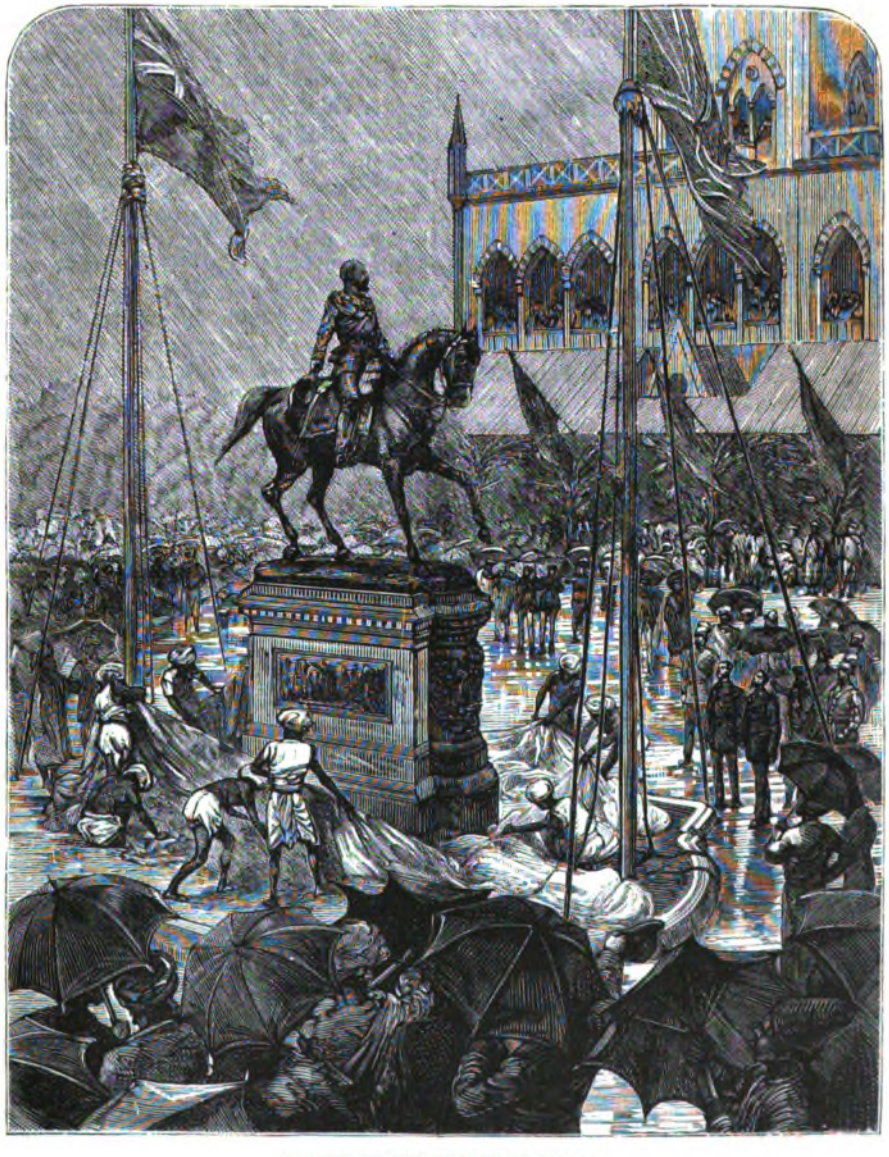
The cursory view of Bombay is certainly disappointing ompared with the feeling expected upon seeing an Oriental city for the first time, but more intimate acquaintance with the surroundings develops features at once striking and unique. Everything in Bombay is different, in a way, to what one experiences in Calcutta, and yet, as a whole, there is a similarity afforded by the combined circumstances. The panorama which Bombay presents as the visitor sees it from the seaward is said only to be seconded by that of the Bay of Naples, while the myriads of lateen-rigged boats seen flitting on every side lend a picturesqueness to a scene almost without a parallel, and the "Musquito Fleet" is a familiar sight to those who have visited Bombay, but one which is not seen in other Eastern ports. The town of Bombay consists of what may be said to be two parts, the "Fort" and the suburbs; for the "Fort" is a collective term for all that portion of the place lying within the old line of walls which, in former years, used to surround the Portuguese fort, but these now are no longer standing. The town extends hence as far as Mazagon on the one side, and Colabah on the other, and upon the Esplanade are situated the various Government offices, some of which being very fine buildings—notably, the General Post Office, which stands, together with the Executive Engineer's Offices, a prominent feature at this point. Here likewise is situated Convocation Hall, the property of the Bombay University, and in which examinations are held and degrees conferred, and on the same side also are seen the Secretariats, Telegraph Office, Oriental Bank, Watson's Hotel, etc., all fine buildings of themselves. Facing this point is the "Sailor's Home," a block of splendid buildings worthy of any city in the world, and it is here that many of the banks and mercantile houses are also located on what is called Rampart Row.

Elphinstone Circle lies further back, and is, as its name implies, a circular block of magnificent buildings, containing the places of business of the principal European merchants and various banks. A very complete idea of the native portion of the city is gathered from the appearance presented by Bhendy Bazaar Road, which, with Kalbadarie Road, conveys a fair specimen of the superior portions of the native mercantile quarters; a noticeable feature in these streets being beautiful carvings which adorn the fronts of many of the better class of houses. Passing in this direction we reach Byculla, with its church and schoolbuildings, which, with the jail, lie upon the left-hand, as does also, further back, the range of buildings which composes the Byculla Hotel, near which is a fine work of art known as "Cursetjee Manockjee's Statue." The Victoria Gardens, consisting of an inclosure lying upon the right-hand of Parell Road, therein being contained what was once intended as a museum, a fine building in itself. This almost immediately is faced on the opposite side by the Elphinstone College, the principal of which at present is Mr. Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet of the same name. The "Victoria Gardens" used to contain a zoölogical collection of some value. The animals, however, appear to have had hard times and to have been neglected, but the Town Council of Bombay have recently approved of a proposal to convert the cultivated space into Botanical Gardens, and steps have accordingly been taken for that purpose. Hence a short distance brings us to Parell, where is situated "Government House," a fine building, used as the residence of the Governor of Bombay, above which flies his flag while he is actually

within limits of the island. The suburbs are exceedingly pretty, and are sought by all who can afford it as places for residence, and Malabar Hill, Breach Candy, Serree, Bandora and such spots contain many splendid residences of the wealthy natives and European merchants who reside there during the cold season, and migrate to the Ghauts or Mahableshwur, Matheran, etc., during the hot months. The industries of Bombay are many and varied, consisting of cotton-weaving, silk-working, gold and silver embroidery-work, mosaic or inlaid work, paper, pottery, brass and copperwork, carvings in ivory or wood, gold and silver jewelry works, mattings, rugs, and "coir" work, and such. The American War of 1863 was the direct cause of the rise, and nearly also the fall, of Bombay's prosperity, by causing a sudden demand for Bombay cotton, which enriched some few but eventually produced a financial crisis paralleled only by the Tulipomania, or the South Sea Bubble Schemes, finally culminating in a crash in 1866–67, which truly brought ruin upon thousands of wild speculators. This, coming almost simultaneously with the collapse of the "Back Bay" reclamation scheme, produced a crisis which resulted in leaving commerce in a shattered state for years afterward.

In former years Bombay possessed a large dockyard, in which some of the finest ships that ever floated were built entirely under the superintendence of a Parsee shipwright. The proximity to the teakwood forests was an inducement to this industry, and in 1810 the *Minden* line-of-battle ship, of seventy-four guns, was entirely built here under a Parsee's guidance. To Americans it may be of interest to know that it was on the 'tween decks of this very *Minden* that Francis Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," as she lay at anchor off Fort McHenry. The mill industries of Bombay are of great proportion, but over-production appears to be the prospective rock againsts profits, for we are told that there "are already forty mills in the city which have 30,000 bales of cloth in hand every year without being able to find a market for them." The population of Bombay is quoted at 773,196 souls, this total embracing all races and castes, amongst whom are Hindoos, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jains, Eurasian and other Christians and Parsees, etc.

The Parsees largely represent the wealthy native class, and are an intelligent, interesting people, said to lean greatly toward the side of morality. They were formerly represented by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, whose splendid house, Mazagon Castle, is well worthy of a visit, it being now in possession of younger branches of the family. These Parsees are supposed to have originally come from Bachu or Baku, a city of "Shirran," in Persia, where the country abounds in petroleum which in places constantly emits flame, and it is said that this fact gave rise to the sect of Parsees (Guebres, or Fire-worshipers) who used to resort thither for purposes of devotion. Voltaire, in his tragedy of "Les Guèbres," is assumed to refer to this sect, and Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh," makes frequent mention of the Parsees, or Guebres, in the poem of the "Fire-worshipers." The Parsees are clannish, and support their own poor similar to Jews, and it is a rare sight, therefore, to see a Parsee beggar, however poor they may be. Bombay possesses some fine hotels, notably, Watson's Esplanade, Pallonjee's, the Byculla, Hope Hall, etc. As a rule, tariffs are moderate, servants attentive, and the *cuisine* good. The market is well supplied with fish in season, and oysters are procurable from Mahim at times, but there is one fish especially which is found in the waters round Bombay, and which, in fact, acts as a



STATUE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

scavenger, for its voracity is great, and as such, it is alone of value. The "Bombay Duck," as it is called, is known under the native name as "Bumlow Muchee," and there are few who visit Bombay who will not be introduced to it at almost every meal, hence a description is needless; but suffice it to say that, as Calcutta "Wallahs," as residents of Calcutta are sometimes facetiously termed "Ditchers," or "Qui His," so also are Bombay-ites termed "Ducks." Fruit of all kinds is abundant in season, but there is one in particular for which the island is famous. The Mazagon mango is said to be the finest fruit in the world, and its taste, like that of the Dorian of the Straits, when once acquired, is never lost.

The poet Moore, in his "Vailed Prophet of Khorassan" eulogizes the Mazagon Mango, and mentions the fact that the Emperor Shah Jehan used to keep couriers running between Delhi and the Maharatta coast to keep his table supplied with the delicious fruit. Bombay, like Calcutta, owes a debt of gratitude to the Old American Tudor Ice Company, whose rotunda-shaped store on the "Fort" was a familiar object in bygone years. To those who have never been in the East Indies it is difficult to convey what tepid water is to one's palate on a hot day, and "burruf" (ice) is as needful to every Anglo-Indian's table as are the edibles and drinkables. "Tudor" had his day, and was compelled to withdraw with honor from an unequal fight against machine-made ice, for the manufacture of which several firms now exist. Bombay has some splendid clubs, of which the "Byculla" is chief, and no finer club exists in India. Its members are eligible as honorary members of the "Bengal" and "Madras" clubs, like courtesies being, of course, reciprocated.

A good race meeting takes place yearly in the Byculla Flats, and Western India is well represented at each gathering. Bombay also possesses a yacht club, which of recent years, since the Prince of Wales's visit, has been permitted to assume the title of "Royal."

The visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to Bombay in 1875, did more to popularize that section than any could have foreseen, and the presence of H. M. S. *Serapis* and the royal yacht *Osborne* will long be a cherished reminiscence to the Bombayites as the squadron which conveyed their future sovereign to and from their shore. Bombay possesses some fine docks, of which Prince's Dock is the principal, while the Government and P. and O. have fine drydocks of their own, as also a floating dock or slip, which generally is moored under the lee of Elephanta. The defenses of Bombay are strong, and so far as an attack from seaward goes, comparatively perfect; these consisting of two powerful floating batteries, the *Magdala* and *Abyssinia*, which lie at the harbor entrance during the fine season, but are withdrawn down the harbor during the prevalence of the southwest monsoon. These are supported by strong, heavily armed batteries at the Lighthouse Point, and also upon the Oyster Rock, and at Gibbet Island, and a line of torpedoes from Colabah to the mainland would render any attack from seaward an impossibility. At Panwell, on Salsette side, there are salt pans, from which large quantities of salt are obtained for local and export use. Of recent years great improvements have taken place along the foreshore of Bombay, much land having been reclaimed and improved, and where once mud and offensive smells ruled supreme, now stand some fine buildings and wharves, etc. The Government of Bombay is administered by a "Governor in Council." This consists of a President, who is the Governor, two civil members, and the Commander-in-chief of the Bombay Army; and subordinate to these are minor executive councils.

The Governor's salary is 10,000 rupees per month (or about $50,000). Bombay is the see of a bishop, and has a very fine cathedral-church, as also many other Protestant churches, of which Colabah Memorial Church and Byculla Church are notably the finest.

The Roman Catholics are presided over by the Bishop of Ascalon, who is Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, ancient privileges ceded to the See of Goa interfering now with the erection of new and needed bishoprics. The Catholics have some good schools, such as St. Xavier's College, and others of lesser import.

The Grant Medical College is a fine institution, open to natives of all classes for purposes of study. Close to it stands the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital, founded by the munificent Parsee whose name it bears, and here Jew, Gentile, Christian or Infidel alike are tended, regardless of faith or cost.

There are many places of interest close to Bombay, of which Poona, Kirkee, Surat, Baroda, etc., are all worthy of a visit to such as would see either a military cantonment, as Poona and Kirkee, or native cities, like Baroda, etc., and from hence visits are also practicable to the caves of Elephanta, Ellora, Adjunta, and like objects of ancient art. Poona is especially interesting as being the ancient capital of the Maharatta Peishwa, or former rulers of the Deccan. Poona is now the headquarters of the Bombay Army, as Kirkee is or was, till recently, the head station of the artillery forces.

Living in Bombay is much the same as it is in Calcutta, but, as a rule, not so luxurious, and servants are here what they are all over India, unreliable at best, and taking many to do little; so that even a small family requires a multitude in comparison to other lands, and they are necessary, too, if comfort is looked for. Thus a family living upon an economical scale will perforce want a "khansamah," or butler; a "kitmugar," or head table servant; a "bobajee," or cook; a "mehter," or sweeper; a "mussaljee," or scullion, and knife and fork cleaner, etc.; a "durzee," or tailor; and an "ayah," or lady's maid.

A quiet stroll through Bombay recalls many curious and unique sights, and one may come across a temple or mosque and take a look in undisturbed, and see a "Moulajee" or two chanting and reading the Koran or Shastras—the Scriptures of their faith. Next we may meet a "Bickharree" or Fakir, counting his "roodrack" or rosary; or, mayhap, see one of the degraded "Udasses" or devotees, whose uplifted and withered arm tells that thus for years he has performed what to him was an act of atonement and faith. Now we may meet a "Rajah" or "Nawab," splendidly dressed and gorgeously bedizened with jewels, but often attended by a ragamuffin escort, whose presence lessens admiration considerably. Goldsmiths ("sannar") gold and silver lace embroiderers ("kusseedar"), mosaic and inlaid work makers, all can be see working as one strolls down a street like "Kalladarie"; and the little poky shop of the "banya," or retail grocer, would strike many as a curious contrast to the handsome stores one is used to see in more civilized countries. Let it not, however, be supposed that these are the representative shops of Bombay, for there are some very large well-appointed European establishments, replete with Europe goods of all kinds, fresh by every inward mail from England and other countries. The Strand in Calcutta is paralleled by the Esplanade at Bombay, for here the band plays on certain evenings, and the youth, beauty and fashion disport themselves in their fullest form. Here also "gymkhand" or gatherings for sports, are held at times, when races and games

take place, and at such exhibitions the "great Asiatic unwashed" turn out in full force.

Bombay has of late years undoubtedly become a splendid city, and its progress and advance are no longer matters for surmise. And the spirit which has of recent years animated the Bombayites is one which, if followed as systematically as it has been inaugurated, must earn for Bombay its well founded boast, "*Nulli Secunda.*"

CASALE ROTONDO.*

By B. H. H.

If life indeed were ours,
Well might the heavenly powers
Smile as they watched Man's fruitless struggle here;
We build, and build in vain
Poor ants; the autumnal rain
Drowns all the work, but yet we persevere.

Man's proud achievements fall;
Reft arch or moldering wall,
Where solemn temple stood or palace high,
Tell the old tale anew
Which royal David knew,
The works of Man, as Man himself, must die.

When Scipio beheld
Despairing Carthage, held
By his stern leaguer, girdled round by fire,
Rise into flame at last,
And o'er the dark sea cast
Her dying light like Dido's funeral pyre;

Deeply he sighed, and said,
"Great Babylon is dead,
And Tyre is gone, and Carthage now, and then
Rome, Rome must fall, and we,
The conquerors, conquered be
And taste the doom which tracks the pride of men."

Bare the Campagna round
Circles this lonely mound,
Half tomb, half tower—a dust-heap—type of all
The once triumphant Rome,
Now beneath Peter's dome
Crouched yonder, shrunk within her mighty wall.

Mistress of many lands,
Imperial England stands,
Through East and West by force and law prevailing:
Say! shall we see the fate
Of Rome dissolve her state,
And Albion's star of fame and victory paling?

And we, her sons, who give
Our life that she may live
Beneath Canadian frosts and Indian skies,
"Is this," we cry, "the end
Whither our labors tend,
Is this the balance of our sacrifice?"

If life indeed were ours—
But oh, ye heavenly powers!
Pitying ye look, and know it is not so;
Life is the mystic scroll
God wrote—He reads the whole;
How should the letters His wide meaning know?

*A ruin in the Campagna, about six miles outside Rome, on the Appian Way, is called Casale Rotondo.

THE LOST LADY.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.

Lawrence settled himself further back among the pillows in a vain effort to find an easier position, while Lillie opened the letters.

The letters were not pleasant reading. They were, for the most part, very brief, very pointed, and as pitiless as demands for money always seem to those who, knowing the justice of them, have still no money to pay.

There was, first, the grocer's bill; second, there was the butcher's bill; and again, and again, and again, there were bills—bills—bills—unpaid bills. Little wonder is it that Lillie had hard work to keep the tears back, and that Lawrence nervously twisted himself into a position which made the pain harder to bear than it had been before. "As hard as the mental pain is," he said, with a dreary and despairing pathos in his voice, as his sister laid down some of the unopened letters, and, coming to his side, tenderly lifted him back to comparative bodily ease again.

Then the brave little woman went back to her letters, and his, again.

"From Kate," she said, with a smile, holding up one which had happened to be below the bills in the bundle the postman had left for them.

"From Kate," echoed the suffering man, a faint reflection of his sister's smile flitting across his pale cheek; "if she only knew—if she could only spare a very little money—but, but," with a strangely caressing sort of tenderness settling about his eyes and lips and making him a very handsome man for the time-being, despite the pallor and agony which had set their seal of possession upon his countenance, "but I am glad she don't know."

"And so am I," said Lillie.

And she opened the letter.

She read it through slowly. It needed not the love-sharpened senses of Lawrence Grimshaw to determine that Kate's news was not good news, that her letter was as unsatisfactory in its way as the others had been.

"Read it," he muttered; "I—I think I can bear anything now."

Lillie's eyes overflowed with tears. But she made no moan. She even smiled—for his sake—behind the bitter shower of grief she could not wholly control.

Then she read it:

"The schoolhouse burned last night, and the Board of Education has decided to close some of the schools, mine among the rest, for an indefinite period. So I shall come to you at once. You may expect me almost as soon as the letter. I have made my calculations with the greatest care, and I find I shall have just a dollar left after paying my railroad fare. So prepare to give me a welcome and a home for a long, long time. Your loving sister,

"Kate Grimshaw."

Lawrence turned his face toward the wall; that is, he came as near doing so as his broken leg would permit, and groaned aloud.

"Poor little Kate," he said, brokenly; "poor little Kate! After all our plans for keeping this misfortune from her, she must know it all. And besides, she is

coming for a home and a welcome when we scarcely have bread enough——"

"Don't—don't!" pleaded Lillie, going to his side and kissing his forehead; "there will be some way found out for us out of all this trouble. And dear little Kate will be just as welcome as though we had all that one could wish."

"Of course. I wasn't thinking of ourselves. I was thinking of her."

And at that Lillie kissed her brother again.

HINDOO WOMEN OF BOMBAY.— SEE PAGE 167.

"Isn't there one more?" asked Lawrence.

"I—I think——" began Lillie.

"There is one more," asserted Lawrence, vainly trying to raise himself in bed. "Who sent it?"

"Craft & Quick."

"Ah! And what have they to say?"

"I don't know. I have not opened their letter yet."

"Well, hurry! Let us know what chance I might have had if it hadn't been for this unfortunate accident of mine."

Lillie didn't seem in a hurry, despite his anxiety. Perhaps she knew too well how bitter a thing a proffer of employment would be to the man who could not accept it. And besides that, she had been so glad when her brother had found a position in a bank, only a short year before, in place of the difficult and dangerous employment he had had under Craft & Quick, who were the managers of a famous detective agency and "private inquiry office."

LANDING ICE AT BOMBAY.—SEE PAGE 167.

"Hurry," repeated Lawrence.

And then, with an air of desperation, Lillie opened the letter, and read it aloud:

"OFFICE OF CRAFT & QUICK,
"PRIVATE DETECTIVES,
"NEW YORK, *August* 10*th*, 1885.

"L. E. GRIMSHAW—The inclosed letter will explain itself. We haven't a single man on our force who can be spared just at present, and unless you can go we shall have to decline the work offered us, a thing we greatly dislike having to do. We heard, indirectly, a couple of months ago, that you were out of employment, and, while we should greatly regret learning that such is the fact, it has led us to hope that you may be able and willing to undertake the case. If you can accommodate us, telegraph us, and send message also to B. Vallaire. Very truly yours,

"CRAFT & QUICK."

There were two inclosures in the letter. Lillie picked up one and read it:

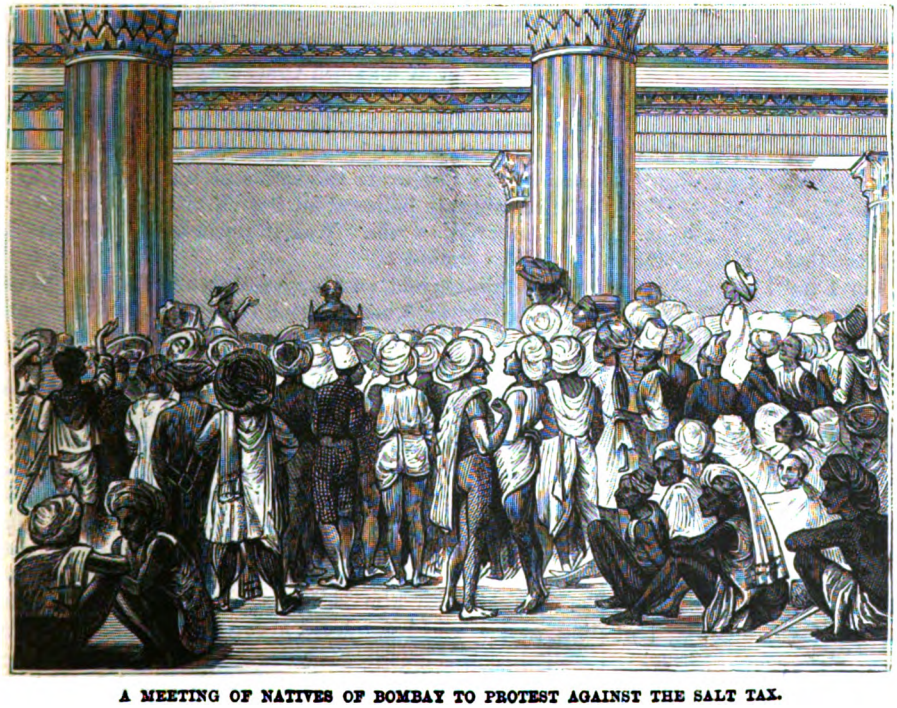
"COPY,
"VALLAIREVILLE, N. Y., *August 7th*, 1885.

"CRAFT & QUICK, NEW YORK CITY, GENTLEMEN—A young lady of my household has mysteriously disappeared. Such search as it has been possible for us to make without professional aid has been utterly unavailing. The girl, for she is scarcely more than a girl in years, went out from the rear door of my house one week ago to-night. The hour was early, scarcely seven o'clock. Since then she has not been seen; beyond the door she has not been traced; and——

"But I will not enlarge upon that.

"I have a *theory*; it may be wrong. I *think* I have something in the way of proofs. But I want the best man on your force; I want him at once; I want him to remain until he has thoroughly sifted this whole unfortunate affair to the bottom, or until he is ready to say that it is beyond his powers — in which latter event I want you to recall him and send another. You may make your own terms; I offer one hundred dollars a month, and all expenses, for the attempt; if that isn't enough, don't hesitate to say so; money is a secondary object. To the one who succeeds I will pay a thousand dollars; I feel so sure that my theory is right that I want expert help, and——

"But this is enough. I don't want to prejudice you or the man you send. I will explain to him, fully, when I meet him face



A MEETING OF NATIVES OF BOMBAY TO PROTEST AGAINST THE SALT TAX.

to face. The one sent is to be allowed to draw on me for necessary expenses, and for a month's salary in advance. Let me hear from you at once, and favorably.

Respectfully yours, B. VALLAIRE."

Having finished the Vallaire letter, the girl read the other inclosure, which proved to be a letter of introduction.

"OFFICE OF CRAFT & QUICK,
"PRIVATE DETECTIVES,
"NEW YORK, *August 10th*, 1885.

"B. VALLAIRE—This will introduce L. E. Grimshaw, a person of rare ability in cases requiring secrecy and discretion, who was formerly in our employ, and who left us, greatly to our regret, only to accept a more congenial situation and at a better salary. It is your good fortune—and ours—to be able to secure the services of this remarkably keen and far-seeing worker because of a temporary period of enforced leisure. We have not a man on our force we can spare. Very truly, CRAFT & QUICK."

"Well," said Lawrence, bitterly, when his sister had finished, "this is worst of all. For three long months I have been out of work, and have searched vainly for employment, while our money has grown less and less and less, and our obligations ever greater and greater. And now, when there is a chance to not only earn a good sum of money but to distinguish myself as well, I am tied down here with this wretched broken leg. I wish that——"

But whatever desperate wish he had in his heart remained unsaid, for Lillie laid her warm, white hand across his lips.

Something in her action, possibly the quicker thrill and beat of the blood in her sensitive fingers, startled Lawrence. He looked quickly into her face—a pale face, but a very pretty one—a face well worth looking into; the face of a very heroine at that moment.

"Well?" he queried, for something in her look puzzled him.

"Lawrence Edward Grimshaw," she said, with a sorry attempt at playfulness, "our parents did better than they guessed when they named you that and called me Lilian Ella, because——"

He shut his eyes and put up his hands imploringly. Perhaps he guessed what was coming.

"*Because I am going out to Vallaireville to trace the lost lady.*"

Lawrence started up in bed.

"Never!" he cried.

Then he sank back among the pillows again, almost faint with pain.

"Yes, I shall," she said; "I have planned it all as I read the letters."

"And—and leave me here alone?"

"Kate is coming, you know."

"Yes, so she is. I had forgotten that. But——"

"And I am L. E. Grimshaw, am I not?"

Lawrence smiled faintly.

"L. E. Grimshaw or a Doña Quixote, but——"

"And Craft & Quick cannot spare a *man*."

"What—what——"

"But can highly recommend a *person*."

"But, my dear, the danger; have you thought of that?"

"Certainly. Didn't you teach me how to shoot your pistol long ago. Besides, I seem to see Mr. B. Vallaire before me at this moment. Let me picture him to you. A middle-aged man, with a good and strong face, stout and well-to-do, the owner (I doubt not) of half of Vallaireville; a kind, fatherly, sympathetic, protecting sort of man. Am I not safe in going?"

"Possibly," said Lawrence, slowly and doubtingly; "but think of the falsity of your position, of the fraud——"

"Nonsense! Who helped you plan the *denouement* of your long investigation in the Brown murder case? Who gave you just the needed hint in the great Jones burglary? Remember, also, that Mr. Vallaire has a theory, and——"

She paused. Some words of a gay song, sung in a clear, sweet voice, came floating up the many flights of stairs which led from the busy street below to the suite of rooms—small ones and only two or three in number—which Lawrence and Lillie called home.

"Poor little Kate," said Lillie; "she wrote that she would be here almost as soon as her letter."

"Yes."

"And she will have to know of your trouble soon enough?"

"Yes."

"Well, remember she mustn't know of this new matter. I go away—on business. Remember our little sister must know no more than that. And remember, too, that words are useless. *I am going to Vallaireville.*"

And Lawrence sank down deeper and deeper into the pile of pillows, proud of the sister who could so bravely take his place in the world's battle, while happy and unknowing little Kate came singing up the stairs.

CHAPTER II.

MISS LILLIE E. GRIMSHAW was a very tired young lady when she left the cars at Vallaireville station—a very tired and somewhat discouraged and disheartened one. It was, as Lawrence had said, a very quixotic expedition upon which she had come, and she also began to feel how weak she would most likely be in the presence of crime and deceit and treachery, and to reproach herself for being the humbug she so certainly was.

She was the only passenger for Vallaireville. The day was hot. The whole surroundings were dirty and repulsive. She choked back a sob. She almost wished she hadn't come.

Then she gave herself a severe mental scolding. Was she not working for those she loved? Were not her wits as keen as those of her brother? Would she not be as able to do good service as he would have been? Was it not likely that in a month Craft & Quick would be willing to give *Miss Lillie E. Grimshaw* as flattering a letter of recommendation as they had given *L. E. Grimshaw* while in utter ignorance of *her* existence? True, pure, modest, womanly in her every thought and instinct, Miss Lillie still thoroughly believed in herself. She meant to win. She deserved to win. Was it remarkable that she believed she should?

The station-agent was busy with some freight. There were two or three ragged and rude-looking boys lounging on the platform. There were no hacks nor omnibuses in waiting. The one long, dusty, unshaded street stretched away from the station in hot and uncompromising emptiness. So this was Vallaireville, was it? And to whom should she apply for the directions necessary to enable her to find Mr. B. Vallaire? That was the question—a serious one to this tired young lady.

The question answered itself. Fate is sometimes kind, or sarcastic! It is hard to say just why the handsomest man in Vallaireville, handsome among so many who were so far away from him in appearance as to be plain-looking, at least, had wandered down to the hot and dirty station on this superlatively torrid and dusty day, unless it was because the largest and coolest and best-shaded

house in the vicinity of the little town was as far from the village on one side as the station was on the other. Choice—disgusted choice—was pulling and urging the handsomest man in Vallaireville to be away. He was as anxious, doubtless, for certain reasons—or uncertain ones—to be out of Vallaireville, if only he might choose the direction of his going, as love-led and duty-driven Lillie Grimshaw was to be within the place.

So he came out to meet her—sent by the mischief-loving Fates, no doubt—well-dressed, amid the ragged boys; cool, when all the rest were hot; clean, aomng the all-pervading dirt—a very oasis of refreshing humanity in the desert of Vallaireville.

He came to meet her, though neither had ever heard of the existence of the other; he, the best-formed and best-featured of all who lived in Vallaireville; he who had been called by his friends "the best man who ever lived." But we shall see about *that*, later.

Mr. Dudley Froisart was polite. Politeness was a part of his nature. Politeness seemed to have been born in him.

He took it upon himself to question the young woman who had alighted from the train instead of waiting for her to question him.

"Pardon me," he said, raising his hat; "but you seem to be a stranger here. Can I serve you in any way?"

"Thank you," said Lillie; "I desire to find the residence of B. Vallaire."

A curious change flashed over the face of Mr. Froisart. His politeness seemed to vanish, and something harsh and hard to take its place. It was hard to tell whether it was hate or fear, or both of them, which gave expression to his features for a few fleeting seconds. Then his other look came back, and he was himself again. But Lillie would have been glad to know, certainly, what it was that he had said, under his breath, of B. Vallaire.

"I will show you the way," he said, courteously. Then, as she was about to object to his taking so much trouble for her, he added, hastily: "I assure you it will be no trouble, for I was about going that way," which was an easily said bit of fiction, praiseworthy or otherwise, according to the point of view from you which regard it.

Mr. Dudley Froisart mentioned his name to our heroine, but she did not respond by giving her own. He asked no questions. He simply took her heavy satchel from her hands, much as a brother might have done—much as Lawrence would have done, so she said to herself—and walked by her side with as much of ease and naturalness as would have been possible had he known her for years.

And she——

She had suddenly discovered that she was glad she came. Vallaireville had grown homelike and inviting. She no longer saw the dusty street, she looked upon the flowers and occasional grassplots instead. A breeze tempered the heat. A filmy cloud shut out something of the glare of the sun. Whatever might be true of her errand here, her half-forgotten errand as she walked by Dudley Froisart's side, she had found a new emotion to stir her heart and change her life. Whatever the lost lady might have to hope from her presence, or wanton wickedness to fear, there can be no denying that her walk through Vallaireville was a dangerous one for her and for her peace of mind.

Up the long street together, he ever kind and considerate, and unmindful of the curious glances which fell upon them from loungers in stores and shops. Away between ripe fields of grain and stretches of grass-land, with confidence deepening and new-born friendship growing strong between them. Out from the village until there was only country around them, and until they had forgotten that they had only known one another for an hour.

Froisart paused at a gate set deeply into a thick and high stone wall. Beyond this barrier one could see a well-kept and well-shaded lawn, with an old-fashioned and comfortable-looking stone house in the distance.

"I can go no further," he said, abruptly and constrainedly, putting her satchel in her hand, "and I may never meet you again. Yonder is the residence for which you inquired. Are you—you—are you a relative?"

"No."

"Ah! Only a friend?"

"Not even that."

"Indeed! I was not aware that mere acquaintances——"

Lillie interrupted him.

"I thank you for your kindness," she said, quietly; "good-day."

And she passed through the gate which he held open for her, and left him to go back as soon or as slowly as he pleased.

The Vallaire residence had appeared to be a long distance from the road. It was a long distance beyond the gate, in very fact. But your experience has not been great, dear reader, if you have not been placed where long distances were too short and long times too fleeting. Lillie was at the steps, at the door, in the parlor, all too soon. She had handed her card, with a brief message of explanation upon it, to the evidently somewhat astonished servant, and was waiting for her strange interview, almost before she could realize that Mr. Dudley Froisart, her friend and companion for an hour, had been left behind—possibly, as he had himself said, for ever.

This was what she had sent to her employer:

> L. E. GRIMSHAW.
>
> *To see B. Vallaire on business.*
>
> *From* CRAFT & QUICK.

She had not long to wait. The door opened. She rose to her feet. She raised her eyes to look at the one who had entered—the "kind, fatherly, sympathetic, protecting sort of man" her fancy had pictured, and this is what she saw: A tall, blonde lady, with a wealth of flaxen hair, a doll-like face, and cruel, blue eyes; a lady whose age was uncertain—the possibilities ranging between twenty and forty; a lady with a magnetic presence, reserve strength, and a will of iron, if our friend Lilian was to be allowed to judge.

With stately dignity she moved into the room.

"I expected to meet L. E. Grimshaw," she said, with chilly politeness.

"I am L. E. Grimshaw—Lilian E.—at your service. May I see Mr. Vallaire?"

"There is no *Mr.* Vallaire. I am *B.* Vallaire, the name my parents gave me (a name which I hate, by-the-way), being Bertha. But I sent for a *man* to assist me."

"Pardon me," said Lillie, her courage and native audacity alike strengthened by the strange turn affairs had taken, "you will see from my letter of recommendation

that my friends, Craft & Quick, could not spare a man. You will see that they do me the honor of speaking very highly of me. Let us proceed to business at once."

"One of the cardinal virtues in a detective is patience," she replied.

"Because I have much to say to you."

THE PICK OF THE LITTER.

Chapter III.

Bertha Vallaire seated herself, and asked her visitor to resume the seat she had occupied.

"You are a patient woman, I trust?" she said.

Lillie smiled.

"Exactly. I am here to listen—to listen and to act."

"To act! Good!" cried the cruel-eyed blonde, her lips drawn back in a tigerish fashion from her white teeth; "I want you to act—act—act. I have a theory, and——"

THE LOST LADY.—"'AND YOUR THEORY IS——' LILLIE PAUSED. MRS. VALLAIRE LEANED TOWARD HER, HER BLUE EYES MORE CRUEL IN THEIR SEEMING THAN EVER, AND HER WHOLE FACE AFLAME. 'MURDER!' SHE ALMOST SCREAMED."

"Pardon me," interrupted Lillie; "I shall desire to make some notes of the matter as we discuss it together. May I trouble you to wait while I make an entry or two in my little book?"

Then she wrote the following, while the keen and cruel eyes watched her all the time—wrote for the sake of the courage it gave her and the time to think that she gained by it:

"Bertha Vallaire is the embodiment of treachery. If the missing girl was in her way, in any sense, *she probably removed her.*"

"I wonder what Lawrence would say to that?" she whispered to herself.

Bertha Vallaire grew impatient. Lillie could not but notice it.

"I am ready now," she said; "will you kindly answer my questions?"

"Questions! questions! I cannot bear questions! Let me tell the story——"

"Excuse me," insisted Lillie, "but I must serve you in my own way if at all."

"Have your way," sullenly assented her employer, "but for Heaven's sake waste no time."

"I will waste no time. Your name you said is——"

"Bertha Vallaire—Mrs. Bertha Vallaire."

"*Mrs.* Vallaire?"

"I said so."

"A widow?"

"You are impertinent. I did not send for you to put me on the witness-stand in this manner."

Lillie rose to her feet and closed her book.

"Very well. I wish you a good-afternoon. I——"

"Don't!" cried Mrs. Vallaire; "don't go. I am not a widow. I am divorced."

"Indeed? What is your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"How long had the missing woman been in your employ?"

"You would have scarcely said she was in my employ at all. She was my companion, my friend, the one for whom I cared most in all the world."

"Indeed? How long had she lived with you?"

"A little over five years. I was abroad at the time. My home was in London. You understand that fully, do you? My home was in London."

"I understand. How came this woman to be your companion?"

"I advertised for a companion. This is my advertisement, cut from the *London Times* of June 6th, 1880."

And Mrs. Vallaire rose, crossed the room, opened a desk, took out a bundle of papers, selected one, and came and laid it on the table close at Lillie's hand.

"I do not think I need this," said Lillie.

"I think you do. Please read it. I insist."

This was what Lillie read:

"COMPANION WANTED—A wealthy American lady, living temporarily in London, while her husband attends to business on the Continent, desires to secure the services of a young lady of culture and refinement. A good reader and musician is desired, and one who will be a *friend* in every sense of the word. Only those who can furnish the very best of references need apply. The most liberal salary will be paid to the right person. Address for one week (until June 13th, 1880), B. V., office of *The Times*."

"I may keep this?" asked Lillie, thoughtfully.

"You may, of course," replied Mrs. Vallaire, herself grown thoughtful, too, and perhaps a little troubled.

"You had many answers, I presume?"

"I did."

"And preserved them?"

"For a time; yes. But I have now only the reply of the person I employed. This is it."

She handed a letter to our friend, who read as follows:

"LONDON, *June 7th*, 1880.

"MRS. B. V.—Your advertisement in yesterday's issue of *The Times* has attracted my notice. I desire to meet you, and, if we mutually suit one another, to secure service with you. I have all the qualifications you desire. No one can furnish better testimonials than I can. Will you kindly make an appointment with me. Respectfully yours, BELLA BARCLAY."

"P. S.—I should not neglect to add that any arrangement between us will be permanent, so far as I am concerned, and can last as long as we both live if you desire. I have had my little love affair; my lover is dead; there is no future lover or love for me. And, so far as I know, I have not a relative in the world.

"B. B."

"A very desirable sort of person, judging from her letter," said Mrs. Vallaire, as Lillie finished the letter and looked up.

"Very. And you secured her?"

"I did."

"And you have no reason for thinking her statements untrue in any sense?"

"No reasons whatever."

"She had no relatives?"

"I never learned of any."

"Nor any lover?"

"No lover."

"You do not think her disappearance a voluntary one, then?"

"Voluntary? No. I think——"

"Wait a moment or two. You have a theory. I have none as yet. To know your ideas, prematurely, might blind my eyes to some item of evidence which should strike and convince me otherwise. You think she had no reason for a voluntary disappearance. I know, of course, of no reason; I cannot say that I suspect there was any reason. Let me question and search, however, as though a reason were possible."

"I consent," said Mrs. Vallaire, with resignation, "for I cannot do otherwise."

"Her testimonials? Who gave them? Do they contain anything which might serve as a clew?"

"I have asked myself that very question," said Mrs. Vallaire; "but I can find no satisfactory answer. Her testimonials were returned to her."

"Did you not retain copies of them?"

"I regret to say that I did not."

"Letters might help. Miss Barclay has probably been away from you for short periods of time. Have you any of her letters? Do they contain no hint of wishes or affections or troubles which may explain?"

"Nothing, I think; but you shall judge for yourself. Here are all the letters she has ever sent me. Read them, please."

They were not many. Despite the five years and more which had elapsed since the date of the advertisement, there were less than a dozen of them. It would seem as though companionship had been friendship indeed in that case.

Lillie read them carefully, read them all, and found absolutely nothing in the way of a clew. She handed them back to Mrs. Vallaire.

"Keep them if you wish," said that lady.

"Thank you, I will," said Lillie.

"To come down to the recent——" began Lillie.

"That's it, to the recent," echoed Mrs. Vallaire."

"And to your theory——"

"And to my theory," she said, savagely.

"You think Miss Barclay did not run away?"

"Pardon me, I *know* she didn't."

"You do not entertain the idea of suicide?"

"Not for a moment. It is too absurd to think of in connection with Bella Barclay."

"You feel that it is not a case of accident, using the word in its ordinary sense?"

"If I had supposed that *possible*, I should never have written to Craft & Quick."

"And your theory—the foundation thought of it is—is——"

Lillie paused. Mrs. Vallaire leaned toward her, her blue eyes more cruel in their seeming than ever, and her whole face aflame with a horrible passion. But she said no word in answer.

"Abduction, perhaps," suggested Lillie.

"No."

"What then?"

"*Murder!*" almost screamed Mrs. Vallaire.

CHAPTER IV.

LILLIE sank back almost breathless. Was it for this she had left her home? Was it for this she had taken a man's place in the world? For a little time she wondered if she should ever find voice to speak with again; wondered whether she should ever see clearly, or whether the sudden darkness which clouded her eyes and pressed upon her brain would haunt and hurt her for evermore.

She came to herself slowly. She was the brave woman she always meant to be, at last.

"And we—we must hunt this murderer out and bring him to justice, must we?" she asked, her voice so steady and sharp and clear that it almost frightened her.

"No," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"You—you mean that *we* are not to do it, but that *I* must?" gasped Lillie, in very truth a sorry sort of detective for a little time.

"No."

"What do you mean, then?"

"That you—or *we*, if that suits you better—are to bring him to justice," she said, a shade of scorn in her voice; "but more than that, nothing. There is no need

to hunt out this murderer, *for I know who he is as well as I know my own existence.*"

"You do?"

"I do."

"Who is he?"

"A cousin of mine."

"And—and—you—propose——"

"I propose to see him hanged for it."

"To see him hanged? And he your kinsman?"

"I said so."

"In God's name, what manner of woman are you?" cried Lillie.

Mrs. Vallaire rose slowly to her feet, and looked down upon Lillie.

"Soft-hearted, you are! Very soft-hearted for a woman whose business it is to hunt criminals. Look at me, Miss Grimshaw, look at me, and guess what manner of woman I am. Weak women do one or the other of two things; the weakest do both. Do I look like one to do either?"

"Either?—what?"

"*Forget—or—or forgive?*"

"No, Mrs. Vallaire, you don't."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Vallaire; "and now let me tell my story."

"Yes; tell it."

"My grandfather willed me this estate, together with a large fortune in stocks and securities. My cousin pretended to love me, but I found out the falsity of his protestations, and that he only loved my fortune. He proposed to me. I repulsed him. I married Mr. Vallaire. My cousin followed us to Europe when we went there on our bridal trip. My husband's jealousy was awakened by my cousin's actions, and he obtained a divorce. I advertised for a companion. I found one. I loved her. I made a will making her my heir. And still my cousin followed and tormented me with his distasteful attentions and his lying words of love. The years went by. I came to America. My cousin found out the nature of my will. Anxious to secure the wealth he coveted—heretofore I have been stating facts; I now come to my theory of the disappearance of Bella Barclay—and, willing to drive me through grief to the grave he was too cowardly to send me to by the hand of an assassin, he plotted to remove from my home, and from the path of his dastardly ambition, the woman to whom my wrecked and wasted life had gone out for comfort. He was safer in that than he would have been in an attack upon me, for she was little known by our neighbors. Besides, killing me would have put the fortune for ever beyond his reach, while with her dead first, he would be the next heir if I died intestate, and would be in a position to break any new will I might make leaving my fortune to a stranger. He was crafty, cruel, but bold. He warned me fully; so fully that I should have understood him—had I not doubted the power of any man to be so thorough a scoundrel as he has proved himself. One week before I wrote to Craft & Quick, he called upon me. 'Be warned in time,' he said, 'for I will not be responsible for my own actions if you refuse me again.' I did refuse him. That night my companion left my house, as I have said. She caught up a light shawl, which she threw over her head. She wore no hat. She took a single glove, leaving its mate lying on my table; I don't think she had it on; I suppose she held it absent-mindedly in her hand. I saw her from my window. She was not a yard from my door. It lacked some minutes of sunset. It was still light in the tangled forest behind the house toward which she was going. But—I turned away my head · and—*I never saw her again!*"

"And what has been found?"

"Scarcely anything. A fragment of her shawl, caught on a thorn; that is all."

"And where—how——"

"Who knows? A mile away in the forest there is a deep gorge in which a tumultuous stream rolls and tosses. If they had sent me a man——"

"It is as well as it is," said Lillie. "I shall search as thoroughly as any man could. If Bella Barclay is there——"

"You'll not find her there. She has been swept away to the lake long ago if she was thrown in there," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"But I may find something," said Lillie.

"Yes, you may find something," agreed Mrs. Vallaire.

"And now, who besides myself has been taken into your confidence?"

"No one but Becky."

"Who is Becky?"

"My old servant. The woman who was my nurse when I was an infant. The only servant I have left since Bella is gone."

"The one who met me at the door?"

"The same."

"And no one else knows your suspicions?"

"I did not say that. I did say that I have not told any one else. I think, however, that my cousin knows that I suspect him.

"And your cousin's name is?"

"*Dudley Froisart,*" said Mrs. Bertha Vallaire.

Chapter V.

It was surely the strangest case there had ever been under the sun—as strange as any case we may expect to read about when "social equality" has had its way and made women as common as men in the ranks of those whose business it is to follow shrewd crime with an equal shrewdness, if not with an equal unscrupulousness, as strange a case as ever fell under the eyes of those who love to read of those who trifle with fate and play with fire.

Lillie was domiciled at Mrs. Vallaire's. It was "generally understood," (a phrase which usually has no better foundation, in fact, than it had in this case) that she was a friend of Mrs. Vallaire's, and that she had come to stay with her until her grief at Bella Barclay's loss had lost something of its poignancy under the healing hand of time. Aside from Mrs. Vallaire and Becky, no one knew the truth regarding Lillie Grimshaw's errand to Vallaireville. If Mr. Dudley Froisart, remembering the close of his first interview with her, had a suspicion of the truth, he made no sign. If, thinking her no more than a passing friend of Mrs. Vallaire's, he first gave himself up to the quiet determination that he would make her believe in him rather than in her hostess, he was soon beyond that stage in the strange affair.

You may call it strange that Lillie Grimshaw cultivated the acquaintance of Dudley Froisart at first; and stranger that she allowed him to cultivate hers later. You may wonder at the frequent meetings between them, in the woods, by the streams, in the village, and at the number of times, within a month, when it became necessary for him to see her in safety to the gate at which he had parted from her at the end of the first walk they had taken together. She told herself that it was entirely a matter of business with her; that she sought Mr. Froisart's

society—or allowed him to seek hers—merely that she might study him; that she had no more interest in him—no favorable and friendly one, I mean—than she had in any other criminal; that she enjoyed her acquaintance with Lawyer Gray quite as well as she did the companionship of Dudley Froisart; and, in fact, several other lies which cheated her brain, but could not deceive her heart.

She told herself, over and over again, that the man who had hunted Bertha Vallaire as he had done—the man who had *dared* to be so friendly and kind to *her* at their first meeting—was only deserving of her hate, and that he had it. It was not the first instance of self-deception, where the brain and the heart were at war; nor will it be the last.

No matter what Froisart said to himself—at first. No matter what he hoped or intended doing in the days of the future which should lie beyond success. No matter.

It was not long until he had sworn softly to himself that he would win the love of Lillie Grimshaw, or die. God help and pity him.

It was not long until he said, and he was no vain boaster of his conquests, even to himself, that he had won. God help her.

And, all this time, she was drawing closer and closer about him a web of evidence which seemed almost beyond the power of man to break.

For there was one place to which they never went together—one place to which Lillie went alone every day—and that was the forest, and stream-cut gorge beyond it, which lay behind Mrs. Vallaire's residence.

PERFECTLY HAPPY.

A wooing, was it? It was as strange and pathetic and pitiful a one as ever the angels wept over.

One day Lillie found the shawl which matched the shred Mrs. Vallaire had rescued from a thorn and saved for her—or for whoever should come to help her. The shawl had been trampled under foot; it had been torn; it had blood upon it. It was that night that Dudley Froisart lay on his back, far away in the woods from human companionship, and looked up toward the stars and God's heaven beyond them, and took the oath of which I told you—the oath that he would win the love of Lillie Grimshaw—win it or die.

Another day she found the mate of the glove Mrs. Vallaire had shown her. It was cut and bloody. It was wedged down between two rocks, not a dozen paces from the edge of the rocky gorge. She found it in the morning. She walked all the long and pleasant Summer afternoon with Dudley Froisart. What could he have been thinking of—or what could she have been doing—that he should go home that night saying to himself that he had won her?

Her life was a hard one. With Dudley, she had no doubts of him. She told herself that there was nothing but truth in his every look and word and action. She said that there was an inherent nobility of soul about him, a wondrous manhood, which she could but feel and know. Apart from him, she doubted him, and almost doubted heaven and God.

LADY BURDETT COUTTS AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE. SEE PAGE 183.

Her search ended one day. She knew that she would never need go near the horrible stream beyond the wood again. She had climbed down the steep bank, almost to the water's edge, and there, in a crevice among the rocks, she found it—a knife, long and keen—a knife with bloody stains upon it which neither the dashing stream nor the dewy night had yet had power to wash away—*a knife with Dudley Froisart's name on the handle.* And that night, that night of all others, when she had proved herself a heroine by seeing him at all, he tried to tell her he loved her, and she broke away from him and ran all the way home—if she could call Mrs. Vallaire's house home for the time being—because she dared not trust herself to answer this man.

She went directly to her room. She threw herself on her bed. She gave herself up to her sorrow. She loved Dudley Froisart—loved him in spite of herself, and in spite of his guilt. And yet, her truth and honor rose above all else in her being. She would give him over to justice, so she said to herself, and then——

She knew she should never smile again.

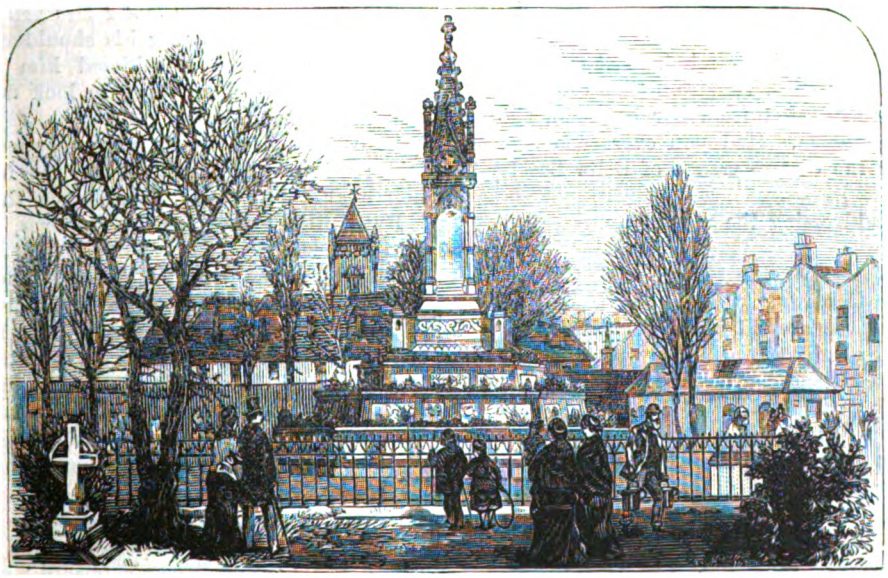
It was late at night when she was roused from her grief by the sound of voices beneath her window. She crept from her bed. She listened breathlessly. It must have been that there was something to comfort her in what she heard, for she smiled.

She drew down her curtain. She lighted her lamp. She sat down to think. When her fate had seemed to have reached its climax, she had been a woman—with tears and despair—now she was a heroine, a woman with quick wits and ready resolution.

She drew one of Bella Barclay's letters toward her. She raised it for a closer scrutiny. She started. She let it fall. She raised it again. She held it near the light. She did the same strange thing with all the rest. And then—— She bowed her head upon the table and cried again.

"Lawrence will be so proud of me," she said, in a faint little voice which seemed to have much happiness in it, "and—and——"

She blushed without finishing the sentence.



THE COUTTS MEMORIAL.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS LILLIE E. GRIMSHAW was at the telegraph office very

early the next morning. It was a curious message she sent. Possibly the station-agent thought she was crazy, though crazy-looking messages are not very rare, and this one was none of the station-agent's business.

Toward noon she got her answer,

"NEW YORK, *September 30th*, 1885.

"L. E. GRIMSHAW, VALLAIREVILLE, N. Y.—No; no; no; no; no; no. L. E. GRIMSHAW,"

which was, perhaps, as crazy a message as hers had been.

Lillie walked up to Mrs. Vallaire's house a couple of hours later.

She went at once to Mrs. Vallaire's room.

"I found this yesterday," she said, quietly, showing Dudley Froisart's knife; "and Mr. Froisart was arrested an hour ago. There will be a sort of preliminary examination, not public nor legal, at the office of Lawyer Gray. This is at my request. The results will make further proceedings easier. Please come at once. And bring your will. And ask Becky to come."

"Becky is gone."

"Gone? Where?"

"I do not know. I had a little trouble with her and she went away this morning."

Mrs. Vallaire stepped into an adjoining room as she finished, perhaps for hat or gloves or parasol, possibly to avoid more questioning. Lillie Grinshaw let her gaze wander over the room in a truly professional way. She was learning to be a detective—learning very fast. A strip of paper on the mantelpiece attracted her attention. She took it, glanced at it, almost shouted with surprise and joy, and put it in her pocket.

Mrs. Vallaire came into the room just then, and announced that she was ready.

It was not a very large gathering which they found in Lawyer Gray's office. There was Lawyer Gray; there was the magistrate who had issued the warrant; there was Mr. Dudley Froisart, and the officer.

Miss Lillie Grimshaw showed Mrs. Vallaire to a seat. She went over near the prisoner herself, but remained standing.

"Of course this investigation is not legal, but delightfully informal and irregular," she said, pleasantly. "I have asked for this meeting because I wish to spare the guilty as much as possible."

"They should not be spared at all," snarled Mrs. Vallaire.

"Do you think so? Never mind. Let me state the case. You all know Mrs. Vallaire. She came here a year ago. Being separated from her husband, she has lived in great seclusion. Had you ever seen her, Mr. Gray, until after the disappearance of Bella Barclay?"

"No."

"Had you?" addressing the magistrate.

"No?"

"Had you?" she asked the officer.

"No," was also his reply.

"It is sad that one should be so completely isolated from friends and neighbors. Had any of you ever had the pleasure of seeing Bella Barclay?"

They all shook their heads.

"Would it be strange if a young creature should seek refuge from such a life in suicide?"

"I will swear she did not kill herself," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"Will you? Thank you. And Becky? Becky was an old woman. She is gone too. Did you, any of you, know this unfortunate and lonely creature?"

The men addressed shook their heads in solemn silence again, and Mrs. Vallaire spoke again.

"I sent Becky away," she said.

"Did you? Thank you. Suspicion has fallen upon Mr. Dudley Froisart. Mrs. Vallaire is your cousin, is she not, Mr. Froisart?"

"She is," he replied, but did not look up.

"I came here as a detective. I found the fragments of a shawl which Bella Barclay was said to have worn. I found a glove she was said to have had in her hand. I found this knife. It is yours, is it not, Mr. Froisart?"

"It is."

"There has been a sort of one-sided love affair between these cousins. Mr. Froisart, will you please tell us about it?"

Froisart looked up with a hot, flushed face.

"I shrink from it," he said, hurriedly; "but I will tell the truth. She fell in love with me. She followed me with requests for my love in return. She has offered me fortune for a return of her passion. She has threatened me in all sorts of ways when I refused. She married her husband in the hope that she could spite me by so doing. She was never true to him in thought or wish, and——"

"Liar!" hissed Bertha Vallaire.

"Let me say what I heard under my window last night," said Lillie; "the very words are burned in on my brain. It was this:

"'You sent for me,' said Mr. Froisart.

"'I did,' replied Mrs. Vallaire.

"'Why?'

"'To offer you freedom from the gallows if you will marry me.'

"'I don't love you.'

"'So you have said a thousand times.'

"'And, at last, I do love another.'

"'Ah! Perhaps it is Miss Grimshaw?'

"'It is.'

"'Fool! She is a detective. She has your case almost ready for the hangman.'

"'I suppose so. I love her all the same.'"

Lillie paused.

"That is utterly and entirely false," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"It—it——" began Dudley Froisart.

"Don't say it," said Lillie; "for it is true. *And I am happy and proud to say that I love you in return.*"

She laid her arm along his shoulders. He looked up then. She stooped and kissed him before them all. He will never find anything to look down for again, as long as life shall last.

"I congratulate you on your conquest," said Mrs. Vallaire; "you will, perhaps, marry this female detective a half hour before death, standing on the gallows!"

But Lillie looked her in the eyes, and she relapsed into silence.

"There is but little left to say. The evidence I have will go into court—if those interested desire. I can make it plain enough, here and now, I think. First, I have here the receipt of Becky Brown to Mrs. Vallaire for ten thousand dollars; it is dated to-day; it could have been no ordinary service which she had done for Mrs. Vallaire—no ordinary knowledge which she shared with her—to make such compensation necessary. Second, I have several letters signed with Bella Barclay's name; some are dated in England; some are dated years ago; but all are written on the same sort of paper as that which holds Becky Brown's receipt; all are written in the same hand as that; and, strangely enough, the water-

mark shows that the paper was all made in this village, *and in* 1885. Lastly, I have here the advertisement in answer to which it is said Bella Barclay made her application. I have had a file of the London *Times* for 1880 examined. I asked by telegraph regarding the insertion of this advertisement, and I let my inquiries cover an entire week; the advertisement was never in the London *Times;* and—Stop that woman!" she cried, suddenly, as Mrs. Vallaire was almost at the door; "you can go on three conditions; failing them, you will be arrested for conspiracy against the life of the man I love."

"And the conditions are——"

"First, that you sign this. It is a deed of gift of the Vallaire estate—so-called since your marriage, but really the Froisart estate—to Dudley Froisart. It retains a life interest for you, and no more."

Mrs. Vallaire took the paper; she took the pen; she put her name where she was asked to put it.

"And the next?"

"That when you go, you never return. Draw your money through lawyer shere, but spend it in Europe."

"You needn't worry about that. I have played out my game—and I've lost. I think I understand that. What else do you wish?"

"The full truth regarding Bella Barclay."

"You shall have it, though *you* have penetrated the secret. *There never was such a person as Bella Barclay!*"

LADY BURDETT COUTTS.

HER RECENT BIRTHDAY—IN GOOD HEALTH AT SEVENTY-TWO—HERSELF AND HER YOUNG HUSBAND.

By Laura C. Holloway.

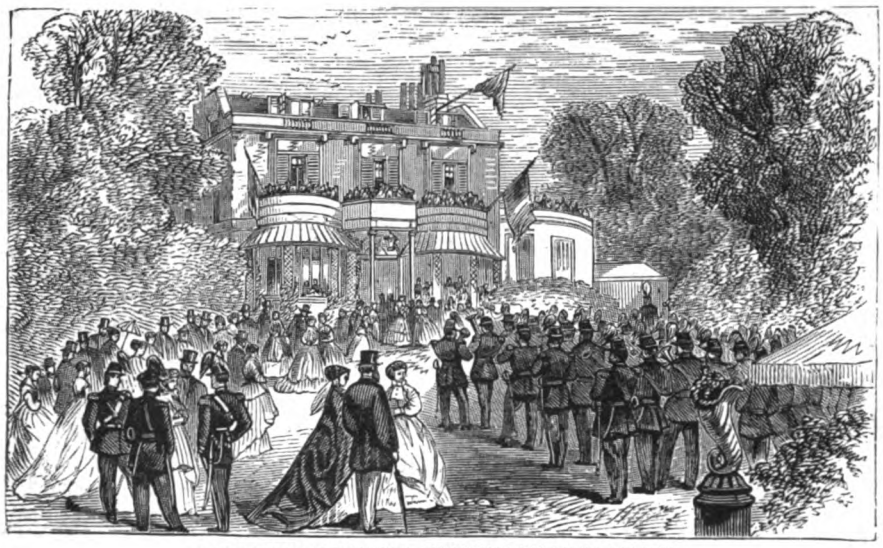
The Baroness Augusta Georgiana Burdett Coutts was seventy-two years of age on the 25th of April last, having been born on that day in 1814. The event is likely to recall her marriage, in the Autumn of 1880, to William Ashmead Bartlett, she being then sixty-six, and he only in his thirtieth year. The marriage has proved a remarkably happy one. Mr. Bartlett became a British subject before his marriage, and soon after it obtained the license of the Crown to take the name of Burdett Coutts. The citizens of London have not forgotten her inexhaustible charities and benefactions to the London poor, and to her influence must be attributed her husband's success in being elected over his Liberal opponent as Member of Parliament for Westminster.

It was in acknowledgment of her benefactions that the Queen, in June, 1871, offered, through the Prime Minister, to make Miss Coutts a peeress of the realm. The offer was accepted, and she became a "right honorable" and a baroness. Her family history, both on the maternal and paternal side, has been remarkable. She was the third daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, who was imprisoned in the Tower of London for his political opinions, which in those days were construed as treason, though they are common enough in the British Parliament of to-day. Through one of the windows of her ladyship's magnificent town mansion in Stratton Street her father was dragged when arrested. Her grandmother, Susan Starkie, was a domestic servant in the family of Thomas Coutts, the banker millionaire of London, who fell in love with her and married her. Her daughters became respectively Countess of Guildford, the Marchioness of Bute and Lady Burdett.

After his first wife's death, Thomas Coutts, at the age of eighty-six, married Miss Mellon, an actress, and at his death bequeathed to her his very large fortune. Her wealth rendered her attractive to the Duke of St. Albans, who married her in his twenty-fifth year, Mrs. Coutts, the bride, being forty-nine.

This lady is believed to be the original of *Mrs. Million* in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey." Through her Lady Coutts inherited her grandfather's wealth, besides a partnership share in the great banking house. About two millions of pounds she received in ready money on the death of the Duchess of St. Albans, who grew flighty in her latter days, and used to see old Mr. Coutts in the form of a bird hovering near her, ready, as she said, to show her the way to the snug nest he had prepared for her in heaven. Lady Coutts also inherited a large fortune from her father, Sir Francis Burdett. It was believed at the time that a large portion of the Coutts estate would be forfeited by her marriage with Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, but this has not been the case. A clause in the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, who died in 1837, prohibited Miss Burdett, as the baroness then was, from marrying an alien, under pain of forfeiting her interest in her maternal grandfather's property and bank. This was done, it is said, to prevent her marrying an *attaché* of the Austrian Legation in London. In that event her share was to pass to a near relative. But the Austrian died long ago, and the relative made no objection to the Bartlett marriage. Indeed, it was stated that in case of her disinheritance the courts would be appealed to, and that undue influence and mental hallucination in the testamentary duchess would upset the obnoxious codicil.

As regards "the claims of long descent," which Tennyson's "grand old gardener and his wife" smiled at so superciliously, the marriage of Lady Burdett Coutts was not so very unequal. On their father's side, the brothers Bartlett—Ellis and William Ashmead Bartlett were both M.P.'s—are of pure English descent; and the Bartletts of Massachusetts were as well known in the United States as any of the old families are in England. The first American ancestor, Captain Bartlett, whose name is variably spelt in public documents as Bartlelot and Bartlelet, as well as in the modern way, was one of the heroic band who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1643, and founded the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. For two and a half centuries his descendants have been in the first rank of lawyers, soldiers and politicians. Among them was that of a Governor of the State of New Hampshire, whose name is affixed to the Declaration of Independence. Two, if not three, General Bartletts distinguished themselves as soldiers of the Union cause during the war. Mr. Bartlett's father was well known for his public spirit and benevolence, as well as his attainments as a linguist and mathematician. On their mother's side they come of a well-known family in Pennsylvania, and she resided in Philadelphia with her boys until she removed with them to England, where they were both educated at the best schools and at the University of Oxford. The Ashmeads of Pennsylvania are only a generation younger than the Bartletts of New England. They, too, were of pure English origin, and migrated with William Penn.



LADY BURDETT COUTTS RECEIVING THE VOLUNTEERS.

in the prize exercises of Highgate School. Holly Lodge, Highgate, is now their delightful suburban villa, and those who have partaken of the baroness's boundless hospitality are not likely to forget her, or her manly, muscular, generous, accomplished and truly gentlemanly husband. Long before she was a baroness, however, or had a husband, Miss Burdett Coutts was famous for her dinner parties; not only in the possession of rare viands and vintages, but in the skill and apparently unconscious *savoir faire* with which she adjusted her numerous guests to each other,

In the old maps of the colony Penn founded, which were traced by himself, a large square of land, which is now part of Philadelphia, is marked as the settlement of the Ashmeads. Mr. John Ashmead, the grandfather of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett Coutts, was eminent for his legal knowledge and his ever-ready philanthropy.

Losing their father while they were children, the Bartlett boys were left motherless also, after their removal to England, before they had attained to manhood. It is said that the attention of Lady Burdett Coutts was first attracted to William Ashmead Bartlett when, as a boy, he recited part of Longfellow's "Hiawatha,"

COLUMBIA MARKET.

LADY BURDETT COUTTS DELIVERING THE MARKET TO THE CITY.

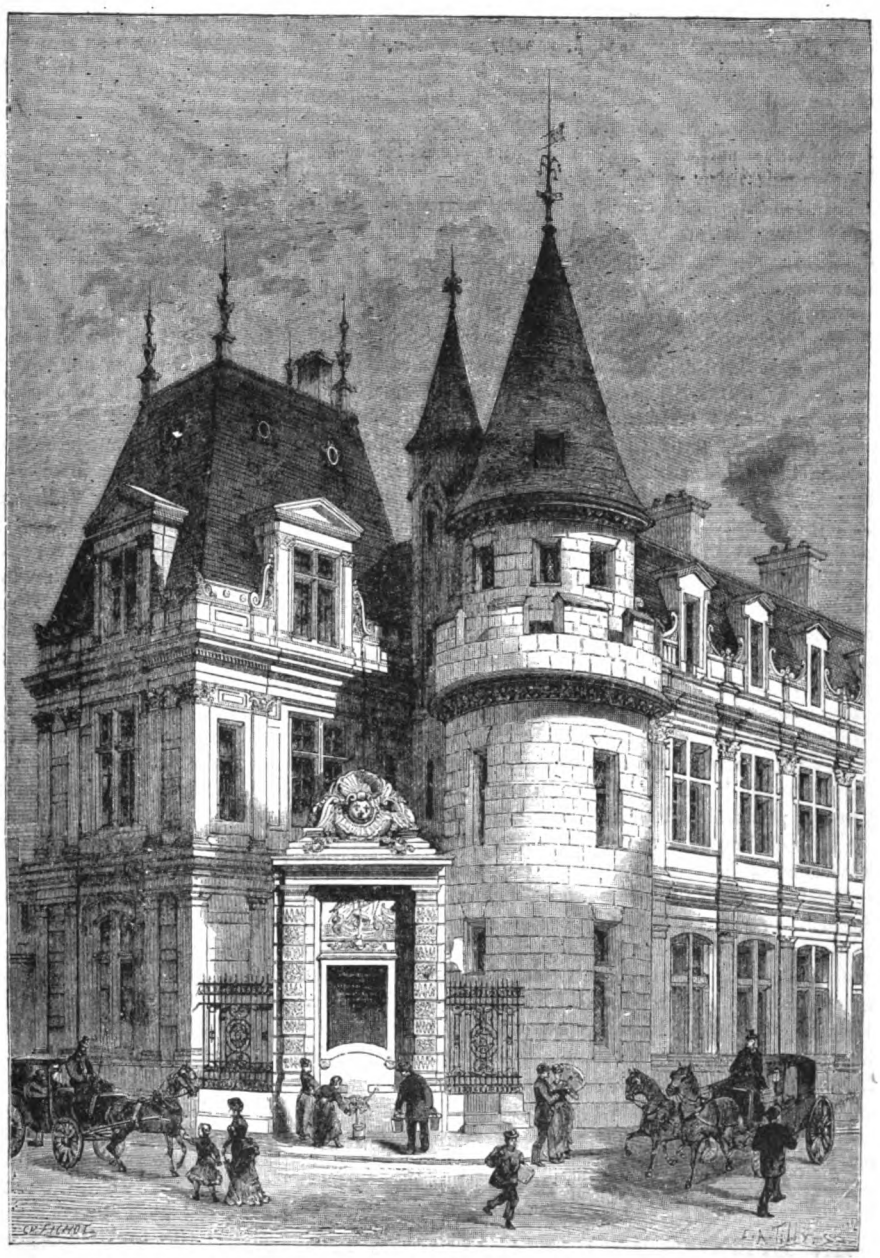
mixing the acids and the alkalies with chemical precision. The good listener was placed beside the good talker, for well she knows how two "too utterly too too" talkative persons would, even on prandial and festive contact, produce an explosion. Two lions, side by side at dinner, would lead to a rivalry in teeth and jaws, but when the lion sits down with the lamb, the king of beasts knows how to be polite and replenish the wineglass of his meek conversational victim. In July, 1867, the baroness, then plain Miss Burdett Coutts, gave at Holly Lodge one of the largest dinner parties on record. Upward of 2,000 Belgian volunteers

were invited to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some five hundred royal and distinguished guests.

When Mr. Bartlett was at Oxford it was believed that she contributed to his expenses, and his vacations were passed at one or other of her houses. During the Turko-Russian war she sent him to look into the condition of the Bulgarian sufferers and to administer relief to them.

On his return he was stricken with illness, and his patroness became his kindly nurse. What wonder if the lad grew to love the gentle hand that soothed his fevered brow and the sympathetic heart that bade him cheer up and get well. If pity is akin to love, kindness, sympathy, encouragement, and admiration of another's personal qualities are also akin to it; and when the little spark is kindled which changes respect into attachment, attachment into affection, and affection into the union of spirit, which is love when it exists between man and woman, there is no reason for explaining such a marriage by any mean, selfish or mercenary motives.

Since this marriage, Mr. William Ashmead Bartlett-Burdett Coutts has not only been an attentive and affectionate husband, but an indefatigable administrator and promoter of his good wife's charitable enterprises. It would take a volume to recount those enterprises in their multitudinous extent. It must suffice to enumerate a few of them: For the fallen of her sex she founded a "home" of reformation and shelter at Shepherd's Bush. Hers was the plan which introduced sewing and household training to the English National Schools. Hers was the Spitalfields Sewing-school, for adult women; not only to be taught, but to be fed and provided with work, for which object Government contracts were undertaken and executed successfully. From this school nurses are supplied to the sick poor, and both medicine and comforts carried to them. Outfits are distributed to poor servants, and clothing to deserving women. In 1859 hundreds of destitute boys were fitted out for the Royal Navy and placed in industrial homes. A shoeblack brigade was established by the baroness as a sort of apprenticeship for service in the Army and Navy, as for other pursuits. In the severe Winter of 1861 the starving tanners of Bermondsey were aided by her, and at the same time she started the East London Weavers' Aid Association, by whose assistance many of the sufferers from decaying trade were enabled to emigrate to Queensland, Australia. One of the worst localities in the northeast end of London used to be called Nova Scotia Gardens, and was infested by bad characters. Lady, then Miss, Burdett Coutts purchased the property and erected upon it the model dwellings called Columbia Square, consisting of separate tenements, let at low weekly rentals to 200 families. Close to it is Columbia Market, one of the finest architectural ornaments of that part of London.



THE WATER-SUPPLY OF PARIS.—FOUNTAIN OF THE ARTS AND TRADES.— SEE PAGE 187.

In Victoria Park, one of the handsomest drinking-fountains in London, and a similar one, for both man and beast, near the entrance to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, as well as the one near Columbia Market, were all erected at her cost. She presented a public fountain, also, to the City of Manchester, at the opening of which a grand reception was given to her by the

Mayor and Corporation. When great distress prevailed in some parts of Scotland, some years ago, the same kind heart and hand gave a large sum to enable the starving families to emigrate to Australia. When the fishermen of Cape Clear, close to Skibbereen, in Ireland, were starving, she relieved them by assisting emigration, by establishing a depot for gratuitous food and clothing, and by a vessel, with the necessary tackle, to enable them to follow their chief means of livelihood, at a cost to her of £2,850. She has expended £100,000 in ameliorating the condition of the fishermen of Great Britain.

Lady Burdett Coutts assisted, most materially, the late Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, in improving the condition of the natives, and a model farm is still entirely supported by her, on which they receive most valuable lessons in agriculture. In 1877, when the Turkish and Bulgarian peasantry were being driven from their homes by the Russians, Lady Burdett Coutts instituted the Turkish Compassionate Fund, by means of which nearly $150,000 in money and stores were forwarded to the British Ambassador for distribution among the homeless and starving.

A sincere member of the State Church of England, Lady Burdett Coutts has built many churches at her sole cost; among them St. Stephen's, Westminster, with its three schools and parsonage, and a church at Carlisle, besides founding, with a liberal endowment for bishops, churches, and clergymen, the Sees of Adelaide, in Australia; Cape Town, in Africa, and British Columbia, on the Pacific Coast. She supplied the cost of Sir Henry James's topographical survey of Jerusalem, and offered to restore the ancient aqueducts of Solomon to supply that city with water; a work which the British Government undertook, but did not perform. As possessor of the great tithes of the parish of old St. Pancras, the baroness, in 1877, laid out the churchyard as a garden for the neighboring poor, besides erecting a memorial sun-dial to its illustrious dead. Herself accomplished in several of the arts, she has been a liberal and discriminating patron of art, and has given generous aid to artists and needy professional and literary persons. Her hospitality is as diffuse as her charity. The beautiful grounds and gardens of her house at Highgate are thrown open constantly to thousands of schoolchildren, to their great delight.

In her physical health there is nothing to forbid the Baroness Burdett Coutts from living another quarter of a century. She is still a splendid horsewoman, a vigorous pedestrian, unvisited, in spite of princely banquets, by "the hag dyspepsia," and has a keen sense of vitality and enjoyment of life. She has not yet commenced to be an "old woman," and her panacea against the inroads of age is an infallible one—that of an unselfish and noble life.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

A SMALL portion of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, set apart by order of Queen Elizabeth, and fitted up as a church for the use of the French Protestants, has been held by them to this day. For the purpose of repair, it recently became necessary to remove a portion of the floor of this little church and make certain excavations. Very soon a large number of pieces of exquisitely carved and molded stonework were brought to light, which once, without a doubt, formed parts of an elaborately executed shrine. They a recolored blue, vermilion and gold, and are finely wrought in the style of the middle of the fourteenth century. Many of the pieces are carved canopy work, very delicately executed, clearly showing that there were many such niches surrounding what must have been a splendid work of art. A small piece of a sculptured robe was found, belonging to an ecclesiastical figure, life-size, and in this a single pearl remains imbedded as one of the ornaments of the robe, showing how rich and elaborate the monument must have been in the days of its glory. From a careful inspection of these fragments, it is believed they agree in character with the remains known as the shrine of St. Dunstan, situated on the south side of the choir.

ECCENTRICITIES OF A GREAT MAN.

BONAPARTE had no faith in medicine. He spoke of it as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrative proofs.

He had little memory for proper names, words or dates; but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I remember that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony (continues M. Bouriennes in his "Memoirs" of the great general). He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre; yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshiped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of "Cinna," he said to me: "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not his poetry that I most admire, it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy."

At St. Helena he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said anything agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens! how red your elbows are!" To another, "What an ugly headdress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest. Do you ever change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!" Bonaparte, after he became emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchesse de Chevreuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries: "Ah! that's droll enough; your hair—your hair is red!" "Perhaps it is, sire," replied the lady; "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Chevreuse—whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blonde—was shortly after exiled to Tours for having declined the office of maid of honor to the Queen of Spain.

He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on those points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first he looked to elegance above all things; at a later period he admired luxury and splendor; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-

necked dresses which were so very much in fashion at the beginning of the Consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dullness of the drawing-room either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleasant, for he usually spoke to everybody, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt—as, for example, Monge and Berthollet, and with Lemercier, the author of "Agamemnon."

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied: "So much the better; it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that."

THE WATER-SUPPLY OF PARIS.

By Lucy H. Hooper.

The return of the cholera has called the attention of the world at large to sanitary arrangements. The City of Paris found various defects in the almost perfect organization of that municipality. As far as cleaning, lighting and guarding the streets are concerned, the official arrangements are all admirable. So, too, has been considered the system for supplying the city with water, and many articles have been written in praise of this portion of the municipal administration of the French capital. One hot Summer availed to show defects in this vaunted organization. When the weather was at its hottest, when the streets were thick with dust, when the sewers and the gutters exhaled noisome odors under the scorching rays of a sun of tropical intensity—in a word, at the very moment when the parched and suffering city cried out for copious libations of water, the water-supply suddenly ran short. The gutters, no longer purified by plenteous streams, became choked and foul. The mouth of every sewer was as the unbarred opening of a den wherein there lurked a foe worse than a wild beast—namely, malaria.

The Bois de Boulogne, usually the refuge for thousands of the Parisians during the warm weather, became totally unbearable, so thick and dense were the clouds of dust raised by the wheels of the carriages, and even by the feet of pedestrians. Pavement, or, rather, courtyard, washing was totally prohibited, and all persons were officially warned that unless great economy was displayed in the use of water, measures would be taken to allowance every individual to a certain fixed quantity of the precious fluid. These threats, and this alarm respecting the failure of the water-supply, have led people to look more carefully than they have heretofore done into the details of the water-service of Paris.

Now the Parisians are by no means wasteful of water as are the denizens of our American cities. They have not, it is true, as much opportunity, since their supply yields only an average of 150 quarts per inhabitant against 500 quarts, which is the New York average. But an average Parisian household does not consume one-third the amount of water that a New York, Philadelphia or Boston one of an equal social standing would consider indispensable. In the first place, Parisian houses contain no bathroom, if we may except those lordly hotels and splendid suites of apartments which are built for the accommodation of Parisian bankers and American millionaires; secondly, nobody drinks water who can possibly drink wine or beer; thirdly, by far the greater part of the laundry-work of the city is done on the banks of the Seine, or on those of some small suburban stream, so that the reservoirs of the city are not taxed to supply the water therefor. It is true that there are sixty-one fountains in the city, but none of these play continuously, and some of them, such as the great plume-like fountain at the Barrière du Trône, only send out their sparkling waters on *fête* days.

The watering of the streets is, indeed, an important and heavy tax on the city's resources. It is performed by the city water-carts, and by a series of odd little machines called "lances," each consisting of a series of sections of iron pipe, mounted on wheels, which serves as a hose. There are 300 of these lances in use for watering the streets. For the turf and flowers of the parks, gardens and avenues similar pipes are used, with their sides pierced with numerous small holes, so that the water issues forth, not in a drenching, crushing jet, as from the mouth of a hose, but in a fine spray. The water-carts supplement the good offices of the lances, and usually the fashionable quarters of Paris are as carefully swept and sprinkled as are the boards of the Grand Opéra on a ballet night.

There is a general impression amongst the strangers who visit Paris that all the water used in the city comes from the Seine, and that it is impure and pernicious to a frightful degree. This is a mistake. Only a small part of the water used for household purposes comes from that river. This is furnished by a steam-pump established at Chaillot. But the waters of distant rivers, rivulets and springs are brought to the city by aqueducts, and feed sixteen reservoirs, wherein the water is, so to speak, centralized before taking its definite departure through Paris. The principal rivers that supply these reservoirs are the Marne, the Ourcq, the Vanne, and the Dhuis. Two of the aqueducts (namely, those of Menilmontant and Arcueil) are marvels of constructive skill. These reservoirs are two stories in height, each story giving passage to the waters of a different river. That at Arcueil is the ancestor (or rather the senior) of all similar constructions in or near Paris. An aqueduct was originally constructed there by the Emperor Julian, to supply the baths in the Palace of Thermes, now the Hôtel Cluny, and some remains of the antique edifice are still standing. The present structure was built by Solomon de Brosse, by order of Marie de Medicis. It is in perfect preservation, and furnishes a million quarts of water daily. On some of its huge stones are still visible the figures engraved thereon by the workmen: a mallet, a chisel, a compass, the signatures, probably, of men who did not know how to write.

It must be confessed that some of the water supplied to Paris fully justifies the prejudices of the inhabitants against that fluid for drinking purposes. For instance, the waters of the Ourcq are brought into the city at La Villette. Before it enters its reserved channel, it is forced to pass through a grating of iron wire, a sort of gigantic strainer, fitting closely to the entrance of the canal. By this means the water is freed from the grosser forms of filth, such as dead animals, decayed vegetable matter, etc. In ordinary seasons these gratings are changed three times a day, but in the Autumn,

when the leaves are falling, bands of workmen are stationed night and day to watch them, for they must be changed every half-hour, else the strong iron meshes would be swept away like a spider's web under the pressure of the ever-increasing accumulation. Nor is this all. The water, after passing through this canal, is accumulated in two great reservoirs at the angle of the Rue du Rocher and the Boulevard des Batignolles. These reservoirs are uncovered, and the near neighborhood of a railway station causes the surface of the water to be coated with a stratum of coal-dust and soot. Green scum also forms quickly there, and, in fact, so impure are the contents of these reservoirs that it is only by dint of emptying them and giving them a thorough cleansing once every three months that they are kept in anything like a decent condition. The water brought by steam-pumps from the Seine is so bad that more than one *savant* ascribes to its use the outbreaks of cholera that have so often brought death and terror to the city.

In 1858 the cleansings of the cesspools were emptied into the Seine, the proportion of filth to the water pumped up for use being something over two per cent.

The waters of the Prés St. Gervais, which, in the reign of Louis XIII., formed the principal supply of the inhabitants of Paris, and which are derived from the springs and rivulets that lie to the north of the city, are now deemed unfit for household use, and are employed for the fountains and water-carts. The artesian wells give forth a pure, soft and palatable water, but nearly all the small wells of the city, of which there exist some thirty thousand, produce a water so impregnated with chalk and limestone as to be practically useless. During the siege of Paris two-thirds of these wells were cleaned out and put in order, in anticipation of the destruction of the chief aqueducts by the Prussians, but that threatened contingency never arrived.

One often sees appended to advertisements of apartments to let, the notification, "Water and gas on every floor." In any large city of the United States such an announcement would be wholly unnecessary. The advertiser might as well say that the house he had to let was furnished with a convenient staircase, and with its proper complement of windows and doors. But such is not the case in this city of luxury. Fully one-third of all its houses are without water. I do not mean by this assertion to convey the idea that are there merely no water-pipes to convey the useful fluid to the upper floors I mean that, literally and simply, there are no water-pipes in the house at all. I live in such a house, and have been deterred from having water introduced into the suite of apartments I occupy by the expense of causing it to be brought from the street-main into the building. The water-supply for all the inhabitants of this mansion is derived from a hydrant in the courtyard. I pay my *concierge* $2.50 per month to carry up the water for our household uses. This is stored in a large, zinc-lined, upright chest, placed against the wall of our kitchen, and provided with an inside filter and two spigots. This may seem to be a very primitive method of proceeding, but in view of the fact that French plumbing is of the most wretched description possible, and that bursting pipes and leaky cisterns are of daily occurrence in the houses that do rejoice in the introduction of water, I am more than reconciled to the absence of what, in the United

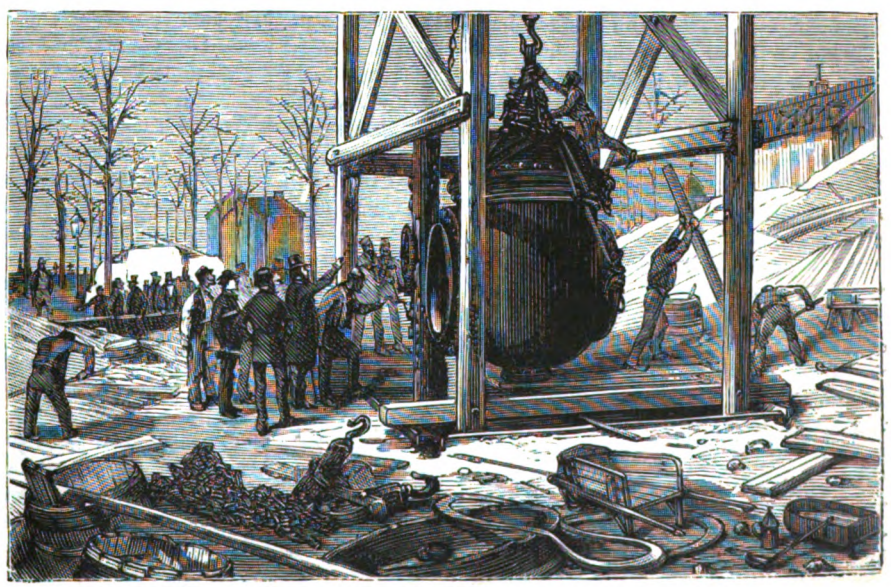
RUINS OF ROMAN THERMÆ AT PARIS.

GREAT PUMP AT CHAILLOT.

States, I had deemed a matter of prime necessity. Moreover, during the recent severe Winters, the water-pipes froze and burst in the good, genuine home style, and my friends who rejoiced in the presence of water in their apartments were without any for weeks, while my patient *concierge* kept our household supplied just as usual. I would put up with any amount of trouble and inconvenience, and go to any expense possible, to enjoy the luxury of a bathroom as of yore, but such an installation would be impossible in the apartments that I at present inhabit. And for all other purposes our present source of supply is amply sufficient.

The poor of Paris are but ill provided for. There are only 208 public hydrants in the whole city, of which 170 are in the annexed zone and 38 in the city proper. Sir Richard Wallace bestowed on Paris the inestimable boon of 50 public fountains in bronze, each supplied with an iron goblet for drinking. In the first three months after their installation the number of goblets stolen amounted to 63! The city hydrants, used for the purposes of street watering and washing, used to send out a rushing stream for a certain space of time daily, and were much resorted to by the poor in quest of a supply of water. These hydrants have been replaced by simple orifices in the pavements, which, when not in use, are covered with a flat iron plate. The water escaping from these mouths necessarily becomes sullied and foul at once, by flowing over the pavement to the gutter; but it is no uncommon sight to see men and children bathing their heads and hands in the gutter itself, so soon as the flow has rendered this foul channel comparatively clean, and even women are to be seen there with pitchers, dipping up an unclean and precarious supply for household purposes.

At the commencement of the present century, the water subscriptions of the City of Paris amounted to $77. Five years later the sum paid in was $920, and in 1810 it



NEW MACHINERY AT CHAILLOT.

had risen to $46,000. At present the product of these subscriptions amounts to $2,000,000. The city now imposes the condition of a water-concession on all those speculators who erect houses on bonds sold by the municipal authorities. Moreover, the exigencies of the American tenants, who occupy many of the costlier hôtels and apartments in the fashionable quarters of the city, have done much to popularize the introduction of water into these newly erected and sumptuous residences. The average Parisian landlord is the most avaricious and unaccommodating of created beings; but if he finds that water and gas are essential adjuncts to his new mansions, if he wishes to secure desirable tenants therefor, he will put them in. But in fact, as regards such familiar household arrangements seemingly so necessary for us, Paris would be a good abode for that pensive humorist who declared, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with its necessaries."

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?—
To gladfully, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Oh, Ellery Vane! you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you
After the sun has dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

THE FAKEER'S CURSE.

BY B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

"You may talk till the Greek Kalends, Pullan, and you will get no other answer from me. I don't like the notion, and that's all about it!"

"And why, may I ask once more, my dear Harvey? For really you have not given us a single tangible reason as yet for your sudden objection."

"Well, you see, when we originated the scheme I agreed to leave all details to you and Sinclair—partly because you are older hands and know the ways of the country better, and partly, I honestly confess, to save myself bother. Then you came to me, both of you, with glowing descriptions of the capital site you have secured for the house, and it all sounded rosy enough; but hang it all, old man, you never told me till to-day that we had to pull down a tomb before we could dig the foundations! That's the idea that has set me against the whole thing, and I don't believe Sinclair more than half likes it, though the choice was partly his. Come now, Sinclair, confess!"

"It's maybe a thought uncanny, the breaking in upon a man's eternal rest," answered the young officer thus adjured, "but I'm not afraid of the spirits that walk in darkness, for my own part; and, if the worst come to the worst, we'll just lay them with a Gaelic curse or two. I'll go bail no heathen saint of them all would stand that, dead or living!"

"And after all," resumed Captain Pullan, "the whole thing is based upon the merest wild assumption—to wit, that a dirty old fakeer may, for once in his objectionable existence, have told the truth, in saying that the miserable mud hut is the tomb of some great Mohammedan saint. The fact is that old Sindbad, or whatever his name is, has got into the habit of wasting part of his time there every day, under pretense of doing *pooja*, and, as the old women say at home, "can't abide to be put about"—so he gets up this preposterous story, and immediately Harvey shies at the ghost."

"I don't fancy I care much more about ghosts than other fellows, if it comes to that," answered Lieutenant Harvey, reddening, but that's beside the question; what I dislike is moving dead men's bones in this happy-go-lucky sort of way. Come, Pullan, how would you like it, if a railway company were to cut through the mausoleum in your governor's park at Errington, and scatter the ashes of your ancestors to the four winds, because they wanted the place for a refreshment-room?"

"Oh, hang it all, you know, that's quite another thing! You can't compare a rubbishy Mohammedan tomb to an English gentleman's vault! Christian burial, you know, sanctity of the grave—all that sort of thing!"

"I fancy human beings have much the same feelings all the world over," answered Harvey, quietly.

"It isn't as if the apocryphal miracle-monger had people living about here whose feelings one could hurt," said the captain, rather testily. "So far as I can learn, nobody ever heard of him except old Mumbo Jumbo there. And I must say, old fellow, that it doesn't look very nice, your backing out of the affair, after letting Sinclair and me take all the trouble. Think it over again, and I'm sure you will see that we ask nothing but reason."

The scene of this conversation was a pleasantly lighted, cool room in a bungalow near Omarabad on the Ganges, the property at present of Dr. Sinclair of the 150th Hussars. The interlocutors were the doctor himself—a quiet, good-looking Scotchman of about six-and-thirty, not

much given to talking; Captain Pullan, of the Bengal Cavalry, about the same age, and a fair specimen of the ordinary English gentleman; and Lieutenant Harvey—a fresh-looking fellow under thirty, in the same regiment as Pullan, with whom, as being both Dorsetshire men, he had contracted a strong friendship. The subject of their discussion may have been partly gathered from what has been recorded, but the plain facts were as follows:

Some little time before, Dr. Sinclair, taking some objection to his actual residence, had determined on leaving it, and the idea had been broached among the three allies that it would be a good plan to join forces and build a house of their own; this was agreed to *nem. con.* The only difficulty was the site, and to obviate this it was agreed that the captain and the doctor should look about for an eligible place, their younger comrade having, in a manner, undertaken to abide by their decision. After some little time the pair announced that they had discovered an almost ideal site; a plot of ground near the river, well furnished with fruit-trees, of fertile soil, and, although with a slope to the water which insured a wide and agreeable prospect, sufficiently high up to insure also immunity—except under almost miraculous circumstances—from any danger arising out of the sudden floods to which the Ganges is liable at certain seasons of the year. But there was one peculiarity about this newly discovered land of promise, which might be considered by some to constitute a somewhat ominous drawback. Nearly in the centre of the plot stood a tumble-down mud building little better than a hovel, to which there yet attached a certain amount of superstitious reverence amongst the surrounding native population, inasmuch as it marked, according to some dim, half-forgotten tradition, the last resting-place of a Moslem *santon*, or holy man, of former days. It is true that the peasants paid but little attention to the rickety shrine beyond judiciously shunning it after nightfall, because of the evil djinns who might reasonably be supposed to affect such a spot—but still they, in a conventional way, spoke of it as something out of the common. But if the mass of the neighbors slighted the sacred hovel, there was one, at least, who paid it a reverence almost equal to that with which he regarded the far-away, but sacred, places of Arabia—not an influential person, by any means, only an old fakeer.

He was a very old man; indeed, if you believed all that the peasants said—an act of credulity which would have justified your relations in instituting proceedings *de lunatico*—he might have fought under the standard of Beebee Chand herself. This fact, combined with a personal appearance which, if filth were a voucher for piety, might have authorized the canonization of an average English pig, together with habits of chronic mendicity and of rapt, immovable meditation, had surrounded the fakeer, in the eyes of the simple villagers, with a certain halo of awe and mystery. Nobody knew his name; he probably had at one time acknowledged a patronymic of some kind, but it had long since been lost amidst a crowd of appellations, reverently expressive of his saintly attributes. In appearance he was singularly like an elderly baboon, with a dry, withered, puckered face, out of which two piercing black eyes looked so cunningly, his long, lean, sinewy arms, and his shambling gait. Apparently he would have been a man of great and commanding stature if he had stood upright—but he never did.

Now, the news of the proposed sale had, in the course of events, come to this worthy, and he was understood to have darkly hinted at the probable occurrence of unpleasant consequences to the intending purchasers, in the event of the transaction being completed. So to return to our story.

The further discussion proposed by Captain Pullan took place, and, as might almost have been foretold with safety, Harvey consented to waive his scruples, partly from a chivalrous feeling of disinclination to wound the susceptibilities of his more energetic friends, partly from a strange sense of fatality for which he himself found it impossible to account. He would have shrunk like a schoolboy from exposing his superstition—if you please to call it so; it was before the days of *Karma*—to the good-natured raillery of Pullan, but confided to the more amenable Scotsman that he felt as if the hand of destiny were on them. Whereat Dr. Sinclair looked graver for a moment, muttered something in Gaelic, and then broke, rather boisterously, into the opening verse of "The Stewarts' March."

So, in the early part of the year 187-, the bargain was struck, and the new proprietors of the ground lost no time in carrying out their prospective arrangements. The foundations were begun at once, and, in due course, the workmen arrived at the dilapidated shrine and proceeded to level it with the ground. Nothing worse was found in it than a few bewildered bats, and a couple of particularly malignant-looking cobras, who were promptly joined in the lasting bonds of death. The digging began, whilst Pullan, Sinclair, and Harvey superintended the proceedings—not without a certain uncomfortable feeling now that the thing was actually done. The required depth had been nearly reached, when one of the excavators struck his mattock against something, and, stooping down to remove the obstacle with his hands, rose up with a face of blank dismay and handed the treasure-trove up to his employers.

It was a human skull.

Pullan, more than half in bravado, caught it, and was just beginning a burlesque of *Hamlet* with the skull of *Yorick*, when the whole party were electrified to silence by a sonorous voice behind them, exclaiming in the native tongue—"Hold!"

Instinctively all turned round, where, to their amazement, stood the fakeer, drawn up to the full height of his stature, his white hair and beard floating, and fury blazing in his eyes, as he stretched out one lean arm in denunciation, and spoke in the cold, measured tones of concentrated passion:

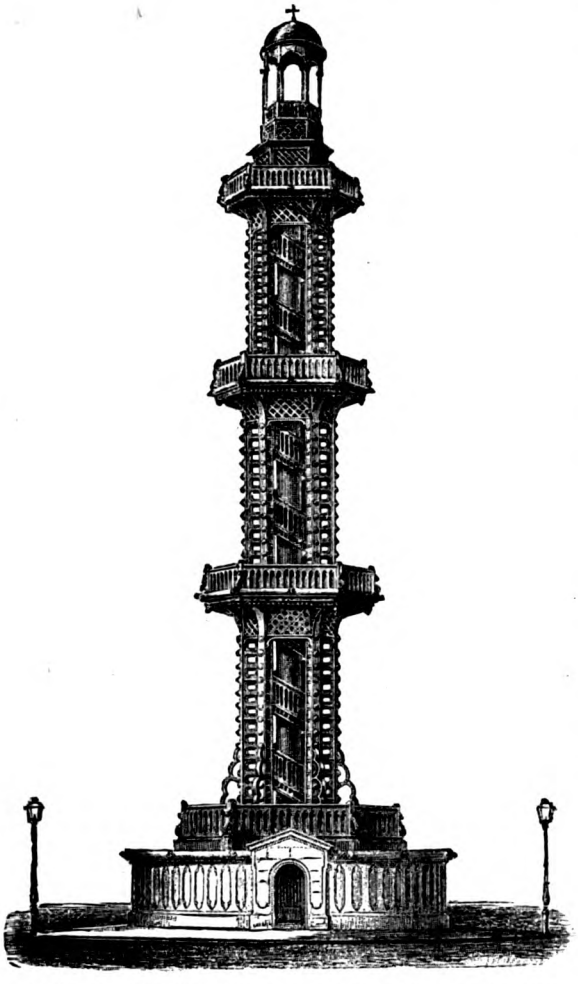
"So, children of Sheitan! ye have done the deed—the grave of the holy is defiled, and infidels make a mock at his bones! Go on then, build your house of Eblis, eat, drink and be merry; but know that both you and your house are accursed! From the day the last stone is laid there shall not twelve moons wax and wane before each one of you shall meet suddenly with his end; and on the day when the last of you gasps out his breath the house in which you boasted shall be destroyed, even as the tree that the lightning shatters!"

With that he snatched the skull from Pullan's hold, and stalked off, leaving his hearers sorely amazed, and, if truth must be told, not a little disturbed in mind.

However, the building went steadily on, and by the time the house was ready for their occupation all three were prepared to enjoy its comforts, and remembered the old fakeer's curse—if they ever thought of it at all—only to smile at its impotent fury.

* * * * * *

Nine months had passed since the trio had entered upon their new abode.



THE WATER-SUPPLY OF PARIS.—TOWER OF THE ARTESIAN WELL, GRENELLE.—SEE PAGE 187.

"Have you fellows heard about poor Harvey?" breathlessly inquired Captain Jones, bursting in upon a convivial party. "Killed at polo this afternoon—pony fell with him, and kicked him in the head trying to get up. Only lived about an hour, I hear."

"Good God!" exclaimed one of the guests. "What will Pullan say when he comes back from leave?"

"Pullan will say nothing," said a quiet, dark-faced man. "Harvey has told him by this time, if the *padres* are to be believed. I heard this morning from his brother that he broke his neck, out pig-sticking, ten days ago."

"Poor Sinclair!" said somebody, and the party soon broke up.

There is little more to add.

Within six weeks from that day, Dr. Sinclair, whilst bathing in the Ganges, was seized with cramp, and drowned before anybody could come to his aid. And on the very night of his death there burst over the province such a storm as even the tropics but rarely witness—a storm which sent the most thoughtless and reckless to their prayers, as they listened trembling to the crash of the elements. And ever, above the howling of the wind and the hiss of the rain, they heard between the thunder-peals a low angry roar that told how the mighty Ganges was rising in its fury, to burst its banks and spread desolation far and wide.

When the blue, serene morning after the tempest broke upon the scene, the river showed one wide, lake-like expanse, though the waters were subsiding almost as fast as they had risen. But of the house which the fakeer had cursed, no minutest trace remained—all was swept away by the conquering stream.

People generally to whose ears the story came said that it was "a curious coincidence."

A FRENCH authority gives the following recipe for transparent cement. The advantage claimed is absence of the slightest yellow tinge, so that the addition of the cement is imperceptible, while it possesses an extreme degree of tenacity: Mix in a well-stoppered bottle ten drachms of chloroform with twelve and one-half drachms of non-vulcanized caoutchouc in small pieces. The solution is easily effected, and when finished add two and one-half drachms of mastic, and let the whole macerate from eight to ten days, shaking the mixture from time to time, but without heat. A perfectly white and very adhesive cement is thus produced.

THE word "spinster" has not always been confined in its application to unmarried women, as is generally taught in grammars. In the time of Elizabeth the term was applied, in addition to their married style, to wives and widows. A charge of non-attendance at church is reported to have been brought against the Catholic wife of Mr. Petre, of Thorndon Hall, and she is referred to in the indictment as "Maria Domina Petre, spinster, alias dicta Maria Domina Petre, uxor Johannes Petre." It would seem that the word formed a convenient designation for all women who occupied their time with domestic avocations.

DRINKING-FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PARIS BY SIR RICHARD WALLACE.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED).

LISPENARD had been greatly agitated in the last few hours. Now the solitary silence of his drawing-room oppressed him heavily. The log fire, snapping under the oak mantel, shone on the placques of Kashee ware, and the vases wrought in open designs of brass, that filled a niche in the oak.

Lispenard sat down with his feet in a Kurdistân rug, and his great shoulders outlined against a splendid piece of Florentine embroidery that was carelessly flung upon the carved back of his chair. He looked pale and worn, and unspeakably dejected. Even his grand piano could not charm him to-night.

"I know what is keeping you at the Dale; it is that girl Mignon!"

Nina Berkely's jealous words still sounded in his ears, and sent the blood plunging in great painful throbs through his heart. Alas! his miserable secret was not his own. To be near her, to breathe the same air that she breathed, to look at the spot where she dwelt, to catch far-off glimpses of her across the intervening river, even though he no longer dared to trust himself in her presence, others beside himself knew that these things now constituted the sum total of Abel Lispenard's earthly happiness.

A French clock on the mantel ticked the moments away. A burnt brand fell, with a thud, to the hearth. As he sat in deep thought, with gaze fixed on the fire, a velvet *portière* near him was pushed suddenly back, and there, on his threshold—could he believe his own eyes?—like a bird blown in by some fierce tempest, stood Mignon herself, colorless as if in great distress, yellow hair in disorder, brown eyes filled with terror and dismay. Yes, Mignon there, at that hour, and all alone!

Lispenard started to his feet. An involuntary cry broke from his lips.

"*You!*"

She came straight into the room, breathless as a hunted creature.

"Oh, Mr. Lispenard, save me!" she implored.

It was not a time for many words. He drew her down to a seat.

"Try to tell me what has happened," he said.

She told him, looking the while fearfully over her shoulder, as though she expected to see her unworthy kinsman following in pursuit.

"To whom could I come but to you?" shivered the fugitive. "They are *afraid* of you; you have power over them; you can hold them at bay. And you are good and noble. Aunt Elinor esteemed and trusted you above all men." She made a pitiful attempt to smile. "Could any one be in a worse plight? I have no friends, no refuge, and sooner than return to Rookwood, I will leap into the river."

She had cast herself upon his protection. He leaned silently against the oak mantel. A terrible temptation assailed the man. His great chest heaved to the mad throbs of his heart. He turned and looked at her in her maddening young beauty.

"I can save you from your kindred, Mignon; I can legally protect you, but only in one way," he said.

"And that?" wildly.

"Is—marriage. Your uncle claims you as his ward. He has not gone so far but that the news of your flight will overtake him, and bring him immediately back to Rookwood. It is quite true—they fear me over there, and, in one sense, I have them in my power. Take my name, Mignon—become my wife! In no other way can I shelter you here—surely you see this yourself—in no other way can I baffle your enemies."

He expected to see her shrink in terror; but she did nothing of the kind. He was trembling through all his strong, misshapen body, but she sat white and still as a marble creature. Only her brown eyes assumed a curious, wondering look. There was a moment of silence; then she arose, tall and beautiful, on the Kurdistân rug.

"You ask me to become your wife?" she said, calmly.

"Yes; immediately—this very night—this very hour! There is not a moment to lose."

"Very well," answered Mignon Vye; "I will marry you, Mr. Lispenard, at any time!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW THEY MET.

In a dejected frame of mind Esther pursued her long and wearisome journey westward. Her heart misgave her when she thought of her father. There was no mutual love betwixt the two. How would Gilbert Vye receive her at Happy Valley? Not with pleasure, surely, unless the sealed message which Aunt Deb had intrusted to her care should have some soothing effect upon his temper. When Esther considered that he had never attempted to find her after her flight from Rookwood, or to hold any communication with her, her spirits fell. She began to distrust Aunt Deb's judgment, and the wisdom of the mysterious errand upon which she had been sent.

She had taken the precaution to write to Gilbert Vye in advance, and beg him to meet her at Diamond City, the railway terminus, forty miles from Happy Valley. Would he heed the request?

Throughout her journey she was haunted by lively apprehensions on this subject, and when she reached the terminus she found they had not been in vain. No Gilbert Vye was there.

It was a dreary Autumn day. Esther took refuge in the Diamond Hotel, an ugly frame building, with a bar that seemed to be ceaselessly patronized by the male element of this rough mining town. She inquired of the landlord if there was a gentleman named Vye among his guests.

"No, miss," answered the man, "never heard of such a party."

"He is my father. I had hoped to find him waiting for me here," explained Esther. "He lives on a ranch in the township of Happy Valley."

"You don't say! I'm something of a stranger in these parts myself—come from Vermont. Haven't been at the mines but a few weeks. I'm blessed if I know where Happy Valley is. Your dad hasn't shown himself yet; but you'd better wait a spell. He'll be sure to turn up."

The rain poured in torrents, the mud was deep in the miserable streets of Diamond City. Esther concluded to wait that day at the hotel, and if Gilbert Vye failed to appear to go on alone to Happy Valley by the stage that left Diamond City just before nightfall. Thus far no one had molested her on her journey or made her afraid.

She spent the dreary day in fruitless waiting. From the window of the hotel she looked out on a street filled with log huts, canvas tents and board shanties. Every other door seemed to open into a saloon. As the dark drew on, sooty oil-lamps began to flare weakly out in the reeking barrooms. There was one across the way in which dice were rattling. She could even hear the call of the dealers. A brawl was going on there, too, and shots were flying across the billiard-tables. Pack mules and Mexican donkeys, laden with tools and provisions for distant mining camps, passed along the street. A swart rider, in flannel clothes and battered sombrero, with a bright-barreled Winchester swung across his high-pommeled saddle, rode by through the wet. After him came a miner on a shaggy burro, so small that the man's heels almost touched the ground.

Oh, where was Gilbert Vye? Plainly he did not mean to meet her! She summoned the landlord at last, and bade him secure a seat for her in the evening stage for Happy Valley.

The sitting-room of the hotel had been given over to the exclusive use of the handsome young lady from the East. An hour before starting-time, as Esther sat before the fire taking a solitary cup of tea, the landlord tapped at the door.

"There's a gent outside who has come to the terminus to meet a lady from the East," he announced. "It ain't your father, miss," with a broad grin; "but maybe it's somebody he's sent."

"Will you ask him to come in?" said Esther, with a throb of painful suspense. She arose in haste to receive her visitor.

He entered—his handsome figure splashed with the mud of a long, hard ride, his military overcoat dripping with wet. It was Victor Shirlaw.

Both stood petrified with amazement; then Shirlaw reeled back a step.

"*Esther!*"

She grew rigid and forbidding.

"It is not possible that *you* have been sent to meet me?" she said, sharply.

He grew red, then pale.

"Certainly not," he stammered; "this is some mistake of the landlord. I came to meet my sister, who is to spend the Winter with me at my frontier post. She wrote that she would probably arrive in Diamond City to-day. But you—what has brought you to Colorado, Esther?"

"Pardon me, if I decline to enter into explanations," answered Esther, coldly.

The light of the oil lamp shone on them both. He looked older, graver than when she had last seen him at Rookwood. She stood up splendid, repellent, unapproachable. Some sudden panic seemed to seize Shirlaw.

"I understand!" he stammered; "you have come out here to join your father—you expect him to meet you at this place! Yes, it must be so! Lispenard wrote me that Gilvert Vye had—ah—returned West. Oh, this is frightful!"

She stared in cold surprise.

"You agitate yourself needlessly, Captain Shirlaw. My plans, present or future, cannot concern you in the least."

The alarm in his bonny face did not subside.

"True—too true!" he answered, bitterly, "and yet I cannot refrain from warning you, when I find you in danger. That day, when I saved you from self-destruction at Rookwood, you vowed to hate me always, Esther—how well you have kept your word! If you *have* come West to seek a home with your father, take my advice—the advice of one who has your safety close at heart, and turn back without delay—turn back, before you either see Gilbert Vye, or hear of him!"

He was laboring under a great disadvantage, and he knew it. By the flash in her eyes, by the curl of her lip, he saw that she resented his interference.

"Don't be angry with me, Esther—Miss Vye," he entreated, humbly, "and do believe that I am not prying into your affairs—that it is not curiosity which urges me to question you. You are alone in a strange place. You may be rushing unconsciously into great danger—be warned in time."

She smiled, ironically. Time had not softened her heart toward Mignon's false lover.

"You evidently are no friend of my father. Perhaps your heartless desertion of Mignon put enmity betwixt you two."

"It was better to desert Mignon than to marry her without love," replied Shirlaw, gloomily, evasively. "How can I frame my fears in proper and effective words, Esther? It is not *safe* for you to put yourself in your father's care—you cannot trust your father! Don't look at me like that. You see he is not here to meet you to-day—he dare not show himself in Diamond City. Both you and Mignon are ignorant of many, many things in Gilbert Vye's life. I beg—I entreat you to be careful what you do, Esther!"

"I cannot trust my father!" she echoed, indignantly. "He dare not meet me at Diamond City! These are strange charges! Pray, what has he done?"

"It is quite impossible for me to tell you!" groaned Shirlaw.

"You are vague and incoherent!" she sneered. "Can I trust *you?*—I think not! I have not come to seek a home in the West, but simply to accomplish a mission for another party. When that is done, I shall return to Massachusetts—more than this, I decline to say."

He looked relieved, but unsatisfied.

"You repulse my attempts to win your confidence," he sighed. "You will not allow me to befriend you. I see that you are implacable. You have been cherishing anger against me since that unhappy night at Rookwood."

"On the contrary," she answered, with cold indifference, "I have not given you a single thought."

He colored with pain and mortification. They stood in that bare room, she pale and disdainful, he flushed and shaken; his cap in his hand, the wet dripping off his military cloak, and making tiny pools on the bare boards of the floor. On his long ride through silver-blue sagebrush, and swirling yellow streams, and the deep, tenacious mud of the wide trail, Victor Shirlaw had little dreamed that he was hastening to meet again this woman, whose fatal beauty still overpowered him like a delirium—this woman whom he had never thought to see more. And the unexpected interview seemed likely to be a most unpleasant one.

"You have not given me a thought?" he repeated; "cruel words, Esther, for your image, from the hour of our wretched parting, has never been absent from my eyes, nor your memory from my mind."

She made an impatient gesture.

"Then it is time for you to cease from such folly, Captain Shirlaw—it offends me deeply; I have neither pity nor respect for it."

"I do not seek your pity, Esther! I know beyond a doubt that you are not for me; but," defiantly, "you cannot hinder me from loving you till I die!"

She leaned against the table, thrilling with despair and shame.

"Oh," she cried, "this is an insult greater than I can bear!"

"Is it an insult," he answered, indignantly, "for a man to ask the love of a woman? to offer her all that is best and noblest in himself? to love her faithfully, and with all the strength and power of his being?"

"Yes," she answered, "the deadliest of insults, when the woman is already married."

He staggered back, and stared blankly.

"You force me to tell you my secret," she cried. "I am a wife—I was a wife when I first saw you at Rookwood!"

There was a moment of silence. She would not look at him. She felt, rather than saw, that his handsome face had grown gray and strange.

"And did you love your husband then?" he asked, at last.

"Yes."

"Do you love him still?"

"More than my own soul, Captain Shirlaw!"

"I see now why you were so cold," he muttered; "so insensible to all my passion. I also see that your marriage must have been a most unhappy one."

She was silent, but her face told him that he had guessed well.

"Married or single, it is the same, after all," he continued, sadly. "You are as far from me, in either case, as pole from pole. A fact that might be an insuperable barrier to happy love, cannot affect a passion that has

grown only in the atmosphere of discouragement and despair."

"Now that you know the truth, Captain Shirlaw," said Esther, "I beg you will leave me, and come near me no more."

"Leave you in this place—*alone?*" he cried. "There is a love that serves for selfish reward—there is another that can serve for love's sake only; believe me, mine is of the latter kind. May I not offer, and can you not accept, my help, my protection, Esther?"

"No," she answered, firmly; "I need neither. I must repeat the request that I have already made—leave me!"

He retreated toward the door.

"Heaven forbid that I should, in any place, or under any circumstances, disregard a known wish of yours! Since you will have it so—farewell!"

He made her a deep bow, and went out, closing the door after him.

In a state of sore perplexity Esther stood in the meagre sitting-room. Shirlaw's words concerning Gilbert Vye disturbed her greatly. Should she heed his warning, and return at once to Aunt Deb—return, with her errand undone? No, that could not be. The stage had already appeared at the door of the hotel—a hundred protesting voices could not hold her back from Happy Valley now. She paid her bill and made ready to depart. Shirlaw had vanished. The good-natured landlord escorted her to the coach-door, and held it open for her to enter.

"I wish you a safe journey, miss," he said; "you are going in good company."

She looked around and saw that she had the whole vehicle to herself.

"Am I to be the sole passenger on this night-ride?" she asked.

"Oh, no, miss," said the landlord, with a grin; "there are others bound the same way, and I reckon they'll be able to keep you from harm."

The driver came stalking out of the bar-room, smacking his lips, significantly. He was covered with oilskin to protect him from the wet. He climbed to his seat and gathered up the reins, but the horses remained motionless. From the bar-room a voice called after him, derisively:

"Look out for your dust to-night, pard. Black Dave's been heard of along your road, and he shows no mercy to drivers."

Jehu gave a chuckling laugh.

"Black Dave!" he answered, there above Esther's head, "I'm blessed if he ain't the very chap I'm hoping to see to-night! I'd rather meet him than my own father."

A moment after a man entered the stage and took a seat beside Esther. Another and another followed, and still others, silently, unobtrusively, until the coach was entirely filled. They were quiet-looking fellows, dressed very much alike in rough coats and well-worn sombreros. As the last of the number stepped into the vehicle, his rough coat accidentally blew back, and under it Esther saw a belt stuck with a bowie-knife and a pair of six-shooters.

It was for these men that Jehu had been waiting. He now cracked his whip, and off started the horses through the mud and wet on the long journey of forty miles south.

A pang of misgiving thrilled through Esther, as she glanced around the stage. In this company of strange, armed men, with none of her own sex by, she was to travel to Happy Valley. At the corner of the muddy, twilight street, a group of idlers stood in some sort of consultation. As the stage rattled by, they lifted their voices, and called after it:

"The road-agents are out again. Keep a right smart grip on your buckskin wallets, gentlemen! You'll be shorn like sheep if Dave crosses your way to-night!"

The men inside the coach exchanged glances, and the one nearest Esther said to her, quietly:

"Beg pardon, ma'am—it's a pity you're aboard this stage. But don't you be afraid—we'll do the best we can to take care of you!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT THE TOWER.

"I PRONOUNCE you man and wife! What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Mignon heard the voice of the clergyman as one hears sounds in a dream. It was over; she was the wife of Abel Lispenard.

All had been done—license procured and clergyman summoned with the utmost dispatch. The French clock on the mantel was now pointing to the hour of one, and the sleepy, wondering divine, who had been called from his bed to tie the matrimonial knot, bestowed his blessing on this new union of Beauty and the Beast and departed, a sadly mystified and perplexed man.

Abel Lispenard looked at his bride.

"At least, I have saved you from the Vyes," he said.

Her hand slipped from his hold.

"Yes," she answered. Then something within her seemed suddenly to give way. The strain on her physical strength had been great. She groped toward the nearest chair and fell into it, half unconscious.

The next that she knew Lispenard was holding a glass of wine to her lips.

"My poor child!" she heard him sigh; "my poor, poor child!"

Then he stepped forward and rang the bell. A middle-aged servant answered it.

"Molly, take care of your new mistress," he said, shortly, "she is quite worn out."

Mignon arose, with the woman's assistance, and went away to a chamber in the tower.

"Let me rest—only let me rest," she sobbed, and she cast herself down upon the luxurious bed, and, utterly exhausted, fell into a deep sleep.

And in the room below, where the log fire had grown dull under the oak mantel, Abel Lispenard sat, till morning turned the East ruddy, and the hearth became a gray cavern of ashes. Haggard, silent and absorbed, the bridegroom sat there, while in the chamber overhead his bride slept on as unconscious as the dead.

Had he acted wisely? Had he taken any undue advantage of the girl's forlorn condition? It was too late to ask such questions now. She was his wife—won unfairly, perhaps—won without even the mention of such a word as love; but still his wife, to have and to keep, till death should part them!

He went through the form of breakfast alone, conscious that his servants were watching him curiously, then he descended to his frosty garden, and rowed across the river to Rookwood.

The door of the old house was opened to him by Philip Vye himself—Philip Vye, who had arrived on the first train from town, and who looked greatly ruffled and alarmed.

"I bring you news of your niece," said Lispenard, as he followed the lawyer to his library.

Vye turned sharply upon him. "Ha!"

AMONG THE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

"You will find her at my tower just across the river. She was married to me last night, after her flight from Rookwood."

If a bomb had burst in the room Philip Vye could not have been more astounded. It was some minutes before he regained his speech.

"I am gratified that my niece has made so brilliant a match." He then stammered: "I congratulate you—I congratulate Mignon! I need not speak of the extreme fitness of the marriage"—with an ironical smile—"everybody must see that at once."

The hot blood flew into Lispenard's face and out again. He was dumb.

"Mignon is only seventeen, and handsome as a picture," continued Philip Vye; "but never mind. You have money, and that is all-sufficient. I have nothing more to say—indeed, it is little that I *can* say under present circumstances—you are the master of the situation," biting his lips. "I will see that Mrs. Lispenard's possessions are sent across the river without delay."

"Doubtless you know the outrageous circumstances which forced your niece to leave Rookwood," said Lispenard, sternly. "Your son has probably told you all that."

Philip Vye coughed in a confused way.

"Yes, and I confess that Cyril's unlucky passion for his cousin has led him into some very gross errors of judgment."

"Errors of judgment!" echoed Lispenard, in a withering tone; "is that the term you apply to his conduct? One word about yourself, Philip Vye! You have lent a passive aid to Cyril's infamous plots against Mignon; you have withheld the protection which you should, in common decency, have given to your brother's daughter, and you are, like your son, a contemptible scoundrel!"

The lawyer's cold, gray face became suddenly suffused, but he choked down his temper as best he could.

"I dare not quarrel with you, Lispenard. Plainly my niece has found that which she may have lacked before—a zealous protector."

"She has, indeed!"

"And," with an apprehensive ring in his voice, "perhaps an avenger also. You mean mischief?"

"Precisely!"

"Ha! am I to receive no further consideration at your hands?"

"None. I tell you frankly that I shall press my claims upon you—and you know what they are!—immediately, and to the utmost!"

"Would you ruin me, Lispenard—me, whose firm friend you have been till this hour?"

Lispenard's eyes glowed fiercely.

"There can be no further talk of friendship betwixt you and me, Philip Vye."

The lawyer fell into the nearest chair.

"Spare me!"

"It is too late. Did you spare Mignon?"

"That jade! She has transformed my chief friend into a determined enemy, then? I am entirely in your power, but you have always been the most generous of men—do not let me ask your pity in vain."

"Did you pity Mignon?"

Philip Vye dashed his hand violently down on the library-table.

"I wish to Heaven the girl had drowned while she was crossing the river to your tower last night! Ah, Cyril's wretched blunders have destroyed us both! All my life I have lived like a rich man, Lispenard; bear in mind that you are now making me a beggar."

"You made yourself a beggar months ago," replied Lispenard, stern as rock. "I give you and your son just four-and-twenty hours in which to leave Rookwood."

"Let me see Mignon herself—let me plead with *her*!" cried the now thoroughly frightened and humiliated man.

"You shall never see Mignon again, with my consent," answered Lispenard; "you shall annoy her with no appeals! The same measure of mercy which you meted out to her, I will now mete out to you."

Then he shook the dust of Rookwood from his feet, and went back across the river.

* * * * * * *

In her tower-chamber Mignon slept on.

In dreams she was riding through green forest glades with Victor Shirlaw. She was listening to his low love-words. She was looking into the bonny gray eyes that had once been her paradise. The sun was high in heaven when she awoke to an imperfect, confused sense of her changed condition, and to the knowledge that she was Abel Lispenard's wife.

On her hand she saw a strange band of gold glittering. It was the wedding-ring of Lispenard's mother, and he had placed it there at the ceremony of the preceding night. She grew hot, then cold at the sight. Her first movement brought in from some neighboring waiting-place the servant-woman, Molly.

"Master went away an hour ago," said the latter, before her new mistress could utter a word. "He left a message for you, ma'am."

And she gave Mignon a slip of paper, penciled with these lines: "I have seen your Uncle Philip—he will leave Rookwood immediately. Fear nothing more from that quarter. Gustave Laurent, the husband of my sister—for I have learned, thank God! that Lilian was a lawful wife!—is lying very ill at St. Margaret's Home. He has sent for me, and I must go to him without delay. There was a child, Lilian's rightful heir, lost many years ago, and upon me devolves the task of finding it. Should you at any time wish to see me, a dispatch, addressed to the Home, will reach me at once."

That was all the bridegroom had to say to his bride. There had been no wooing previous to the marriage, and none seemed likely to follow it. It would have been impossible for Mignon at this time to connect any idea of Love with the curious union she had made. The Frog-man had never uttered such a word to her. He had saved her from her arch-enemies, the Vyes; he was forcing them to leave Rookwood—as yet these two supreme facts absorbed all her thoughts.

She descended to the breakfast-room—to a table sparkling with crystal and china and a coffee-set of silver filigree, spread for herself alone. The room was full of warmth and hothouse flowers and—silence. A fugitive last night, this morning she found herself a sovereign lady. Lispenard's servants had been carefully instructed to anticipate her wishes and obey her slightest behests. His dogs followed her about, fawning upon her and mutely beseeching her notice. All things in the tower of the Beast had been made subservient to Beauty.

For the first day or two she was too dazed and bewildered to think much about her marriage. A nervous terror of the Vyes still held possession of her. On the third morning a wedding-gift arrived from Abel Lispenard—nothing less than the deeds conveying to Mignon herself all right and title to the whole estate of Rookwood. The home of her ancestors belonged unreservedly now to Lispenard's wife.

"Your uncle and his son have left the place," the

Frog-man wrote, ' and the house will be closed till you, its owner, order otherwise."

He had put her enemies under her feet.

Mignon went to a window of the tower and looked across the river. Yes, silence and loneliness reigned there. The shutters of the old mansion were closed, and the grounds wore a deserted air.

"In spite of all that has passed, uncle Philip," sighed Mignon, "I pity you now !"

Then she wrote a little letter of thanks, that seemed, somehow, very stiff and formal, and sent it to the man at St. Margaret's Home.

At the end of a week she began to adapt herself to her new conditions. She caressed his fawning dogs ; she sat down to his piano and struck a few notes, but the sound frightened her—Lispenard seemed standing at her very side—so she rose hurriedly and closed the instrument.

She went to his library and spent long hours among the priceless *bric-à-brac* there, and the wealth of books gathered from every country. As if under a spell she wandered through the grandeur of his marvelous rooms, and the bloom and fragrance of his great conservatories, where a tropic Summer reigned, in vivid contrast to the wintry New England landscape outside.

She would stand before her mirror and say to the pale, beautiful image reflected in it, "You are Mignon Vye no longer. You have married that strange man, Abel Lispenard ; do you not know ?" But the words always had an odd ring in her ears, and brought sometimes a smile, sometimes a shudder with them.

One day she opened a drawer in his library table, and came upon a photograph of Victor Shirlaw. Handsome, *débonnaire*, the life-like face of the brown captain looked, as of old, upon his jilted love. Long and wistfully Mignon gazed upon it. She did not weep, she did not even sigh. She was amazed at her own lack of emotion.

"He is nothing to me now," she murmured, drearily. "I am but seventeen, and yet it seems that I have already outlived love. He is as dead to me as though he lay under the graveyard sod."

And then she put the photograph back in the drawer, and turned the key upon it.

Regularly each day a message arrived from Lispenard —brief, but always kind and full of solicitude for her comfort. Was she well ? Did she lack anything ? Had she any ungratified wishes ? As for himself, he was still at the Home, comforting Laurent in his last hours, and following through trusty agents the clew to Lilian's lost child. So many years had passed since its disappearance that he found the search beset with great difficulties.

At first Mignon read these messages listlessly ; then with growing interest. In her enchanted tower the girl-bride began to feel a lively concern in the fate of Lilian Lispenard's child. Sometimes, of windy nights, she fancied the ghost of the dead beauty walked in the fast-closed chamber at the end of the corridor. She seemed to hear her sighs and fleeting footsteps. Perhaps the spectral creature was likewise looking for the baby lost on that sorrowful return from France, long years before. Lispenard entered into no details. Mignon vaguely wondered what clew he had obtained, and how long his quest would continue ; but she had no opportunity to ask these questions, for she did not answer any of his daily messages—indeed, he had not requested her to do so.

And did Beauty in the tower of the Beast never think of her father ? Often, and with anxious yearning. In the queer, enchanted sort of existence which she now led, the thought of Gilbert Vye intruded constantly. Where was he ? Why did he not write to her ? Sometimes she would sit before the log-fire in the drawing-room, with Lispenard's dogs around her, and weep wildly at the remembrance of her childhood's idol. Sometimes she would stand for hours in some window and strain her great brown eyes into the distance, praying passionately for him to come back to her, or, if that might not be, for some news of his fate. Mignon's heart was still as true as steel to the father who had vanished so mysteriously out of her life—vanished, never more to return.

It was a chilly Winter day. Mignon dined early, and then went out into the grounds with the dogs and wandered about there for a long time, seeking rest and finding none.

There was no snow on the earth, save pallid heaps, dwindling here and there in low hollows. The level sun sank red and low behind the brown lawns ; the winds were all at rest. That oppressive stillness which is known only to a Winter landscape, brooded over everything. Mignon was dawdling about Lilian Lispenard's garden, watching the sparrows picking up the scattered seeds, when, of a sudden, she heard a footstep, the soft swish of a woman's garments. She looked up and saw advancing down the path, all in sealskin and velvet, that vivacious brunette, Nina Berkely.

The two girls surveyed each other in silence for a moment.

"Did you marry him for his money ?" said Miss Berkely," dryly.

A streak of color shot into Mignon's rose-leaf cheek.

"Certainly not," she answered.

"For his social position ?"

"No," with cold scorn ; "a thousand times no !"

"For what, then ?"

"I married him because I could not help it," said Mignon.

"A novel reason, truly !"

"And oh !"—with a real concern in her voice—"I quite forgot, till this moment, Miss Berkely, that you loved him !"

"You delightful simpleton ! He sent me here to-day."

"Indeed !"

"To see how you were getting on—if you had grown lonely and all that !"

"It was very kind of him."

Nina Berkeley laughed, but in a very hysterical way. Lispenard's bride, standing there, with the setting sun shining on her dazzling tints, filled the poetess with raging despair.

"It is the old story !" she said, bitterly ; "he flings his grand heart away on a pink and white face and some yellow hair !"

Mignon was not the simpleton which the poetess supposed her to be.

"You err," she answered with dignity ; "he married me because he pitied me, and for no other reason—because I stood alone and undefended. My kindred across the river had treated me very badly—I was forced to fly from them—forced to appeal to Abel Lispenard for help. Then he asked me to be his wife, and, under the circumstances," naïvely, "I could not refuse."

Nina lifted her eyebrows.

"Is this a true version of the story ?" she asked, dryly. "Lispenard himself would tell me nothing. Do men marry for such reasons ?"

"Generous, kind-hearted men—why not ?"

"Could he not have defended you in some other way?"

"He said no, he could not ; and he is truth itself."

"And he left you as soon as the ceremony was performed ! No, you need not explain. I am aware that he

is at St. Margaret's Home, with his dying brother-in-law. It seems that poor Lilian Lispenard was married to her French adventurer, after all. Are you quite contented here at the tower?"

"Yes."

"Do you miss Lispenard?"

"Certainly not."

Nina Berkely laughed again, but not in a mirthful way.

"Oh, this is unique! You blind, foolish girl! You remind me of some pretty, untutored savage who finds a jewel worth a kingdom, and does not even *dream* of its value. In some other sphere of being, Lispenard and I will meet again. There, I shall triumph—not you. There, mind will conquer—not matter. Well, your husband asked me, as a personal favor, to come to you, and, in case I should find you pining here, to take you back to town with me. My carriage is at the door. Pray consent to become my guest for awhile. I am sure you look bored and lonely."

Perhaps the girl of seventeen was growing somewhat tired of Lispenard's great, silent house. Her face betrayed her pleasure.

"I am not bored, I am not lonely, Miss Berkely," she protested; "but, all the same, I shall be delighted to go with you."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HIS LAST SHOT.

INSIDE the stage utter silence reigned. The men in the rough coats and sombreros sat like so many wooden figures. Yet they were not sleeping. The steady light of their eyes under their wide hats seemed almost uncanny. Their presence grew strangely oppressive to Esther. She shrank closer into her own corner, and, with difficulty, resigned herself to the prospect of a long and lonely night-ride in this mute, mysterious company.

The mining town was soon left behind. Darkness fell on the foothills and the great ranges, crowding peak upon peak, rank behind rank, along the horizon. The smell of resinous spruce filled the wind. The lumbering coach passed hill-sides, where campers and prospectors had built evening fires and were boiling coffee and cooking rashers of bacon. Wilder and lonelier grew the road. After awhile the rain ceased, the clouds broke and the moon shone over a distant ridge.

On and on went the stage. The armed men inside began to grow impatient—they were waiting for something that did not come.

"Has the derned coyote given us the slip?" muttered one, breaking the long silence, at last.

"'Twouldn't be surprisin'," answered another; "but keep cool. There's but one thing sure about luck, as the Leadville miners say, and that is—it's bound to change!"

Presently the stage entered a lonely piece of pine-wood. Jehu, overhead, was whistling merrily to his horses, and Esther, in her corner, sat occupied with conjectures as to what her reception at Happy Valley was to be, when, of a sudden, there was a loud tramp of hoofs in the road, the jingle of stirrups and bridles, a confused murmur, and then a voice, like a trumpet.

"*Halt!*" it cried.

The stage came to an abrupt stand. An electric thrill seemed to pass through the men inside. As if by magic every hand instantly held a six-shooter.

"Black Dave and his road-agents are upon us, miss," said he who sat nearest to Esther. "Keep in the stage and don't disturb yourself, whatever happens."

Even as he spoke the coach-door flew open, and a face looked into the vehicle.

"'Light, gents and ladies!" cried a voice that was strangely familiar to Esther's ears.

She saw a figure in a deerskin shirt and embroidered jacket holding a revolver with the muzzle pointing into the coach. She saw a face — unmasked this night—brown, handsome, glowing with evil fire under a broad sombrero, and with an amazed cry she recognized it:

"*Father!*"

He heard her—surely he heard her, for the muzzle of the revolver fell, and he made an involuntary step backward. At the same instant a grim voice inside the stage called out:

"We thought you wouldn't disappoint us this time, Dave! We've been on your trail a right smart while, you know!"

"Vigilants, by Heaven!" cried Dave, hoarsely.

The moon was shining straight down through the tree-tops. In the twinkling of an eye every man was out of the stage and in the road. There was a terrific yell from the road-agents—the cry of desperate, savage men in a hand-to-hand struggle for life — a deafening crack of revolvers, and Esther, frantic with terror, and quite unmindful of personal danger, sprang from the stage into the midst of the *mêlée*.

"*Father! Father!*"

Her distracted voice, piercing sharply through the uproar, must have stabbed Gilbert Vye's bold, bad heart like a knife. His child there, and calling him by name! Perhaps her presence unnerved his hand and weakened his courage.

By the light of the moon this daughter of Cain saw her father standing at bay in the midst of the vigilants. It was his last fight, and he knew it. His back was to a tree, his blood-stained face, for he was already wounded, to the foe.

Where were his men? Either dead in the road or prisoners in the hands of the vigilants.

Alone, unsupported, Gilbert Vye stood there confronting his doom, in full view of the unhappy girl who had traveled so many weary miles to see him once more.

"Don't shoot him!" shouted an ominous voice; "take him alive!"

Some one with unerring aim threw a lariat. It had been determined long before what death the king of the road-agents was to die. One fearful scream broke from Esther, and then, swift as lightning, a hand from behind seized her, and pressed a handkerchief to her eyes.

"Come away!" cried the agitated voice of Victor Shirlaw; "come away, Esther—this sight will kill you!"

He had just swung himself out of the saddle. He was white and breathless with a long, hard gallop, and he had no thought for the desperate struggle in the road save as it concerned that horrified girl. She tried to free herself from him, but he held her fast.

"My father! Oh, it is my father!" she cried.

"Yes," he answered, "God help you! I knew him at Rookwood. Do you understand my warnings *now?*"

She was past reply. A curtain of darkness dropped mercifully upon her. She fell forward on Shirlaw's arm without breath or motion.

It was a half-hour before she awoke to consciousness again. Then she found herself lying on a hard dirt floor, with Shirlaw's cloak spread under her, and Shirlaw himself kneeling by her side trying to force a few drops of brandy down her throat. She was in the log cabin of a miner, on a hillside rising just above that pine wood where the fight betwixt the vigilants and road-agents had been.

HOLDING THE SKEIN.— BY BRENDAMOUR.

In the rude stone fireplace crackled a brisk flame, but the owner of the abode had considerately taken himself out of the way. The moment Esther regained her senses Shirlaw moved quietly back from her. She staggered to her feet; she spoke no word, but her eyes sought his in wild inquiry. He saw that it was best to tell her all, and at once.

"He is dead!" he said, turning his face aside.

"They hung him?"

"No. He had left one charge in his revolver. As the lariat touched his neck, he sent that last bullet through his own heart."

She wrung her hands in dumb anguish.

"For many weeks past," continued Shirlaw, in a low voice, "Black Dave has not been heard of in the West. Credulous people thought him dead, possibly, reformed. You and I know wherehe was passing that time! But a few days ago another daring robbery proved that Dave was still alive, and at his old business. The exasperated vigilants sent scouts out, and gathered information which made them confident that he would attack the stage to-night. I did not learn this fact till after your departure from Diamond City. I mounted a fresh horse at once, and followed the coach, but failed to overtake it, as you know, till the fight was in progress."

She leaned helplessly against the rude logs of the cabin. The misery, the shame, the horror of it all overpowered her. Victor Shirlaw seemed to comprehend something of what was passing in her heart. He waited for her to speak.

"Was it known at Rookwood who and what my father was?" she shuddered, at last.

"Cyril Vye knew; I knew, for I had once encountered him in the West. Your Uncle Philip had also strong suspicions of the truth. Yes, I may say, the Vyes were well aware that Happy Valley ranch was no longer in Gilbert's possession, and that the calling he pursued in the West was robbery and murder."

"Then my cousin Cyril deceived me purposely."

"Without doubt. It is his nature to deceive."

"And my sister—Mignon?"

He winced.

"She was as ignorant as yourself of the truth."

"And this is why you ceased to love her!"

"No," corrected Shirlaw, sadly. "I acknowledge that the thought of any marriage connection with Gilbert Vye was most distasteful to me, but—I ceased to love Mignon, because I began to love *you!*"

"How can you talk like this?" she cried, wildly. "Was I not his daughter as well as Mignon—equally disgraced, equally tainted? If you shrank from her, because of her father, why did you not, for the same reason, turn from me?"

"Because you were Esther! I can offer no other explanation," he groaned.

She ran suddenly toward the cabin-door. He guessed her purpose, and seized a torch from the rude stone hearth.

"Wait!" he cried, "let me go with you, Esther." And together they stepped forth into the night—the night of a Western wilderness. Vast, silent, oppressive, and bright with the rays of a moon shining over far, lonely heights. The air was full of the odor of pine-needles, and the noise of a swollen water-course plunging through some ravine near by.

By a narrow footpath Shirlaw and his companion swiftly descended the hill to the scene of the fight.

They found Gilbert Vye stretched in an open space by the roadside, with the moonlight falling on his upturned face. His Derringer lay at his side. The murmur of the pines was the only sound that broke the silence. The stage had vanished, the vigilants had vanished. Esther made no cry or moan. She knelt quietly and wiped the blood-stains from his face.

"Are you sure that he is dead?" she said to Shirlaw.

He put a hand on Gilbert Vye's heart.

"Yes," he answered. "I have bargained with the miners at the cabin to bury him decently. For your sake, he shall not be left to the gray wolves. There is something in this breast-pocket. Do you wish to know what it is?"

She made a gesture of assent, and Shirlaw, from Gilbert Vye's deerskin jacket drew a leather case made for holding letters and photographs, and stamped on one side with a man's name. He gave this to Esther. She took it, shuddering, looked—read, then uttered a wild cry, for the name shining in gilt there on the case and fully revealed by Shirlaw's torch, was that of her husband, "*Guy Fleetwood!*"

This, the only part of Fleetwood's stolen possessions which the road-agent had retained, at the time of that night-attack long months before, now passed, strange to say, into the hands of Fleetwood's wife from the lifeless body of her wretched, her criminal father.

"Guy Fleetwood!" Esther repeated the name like one in a dream. "Oh, what can this mean?" she sobbed.

Inside the leather case were the last letters which Mignon had written to her father in the past happy Summer; also, a cabinet photograph, scribbled on the back with these words:

"DEAREST COUSIN GUY—Behold me and my bosom friend, Mignon Vye, posing in our latest school *tableau*. I am sure you will admire us both. MAUD."

From the card two faces looked up—Mignon as *Amy Robsart*, and Maud Loftus in the dress of *Queen Elizabeth*—both lovely, gay, lifelike. Wrested from Fleetwood on the night of the stage robbery, that picture had saved the Canadian's life, and ever since lain against the wild, wicked heart of Gilbert Vye—the shadow of the fair, innocent daughter, whose love for him was the most precious and potent thing in his reckless existence.

By the light of Shirlaw's torch, Esther looked long and silently at the photograph. She recognized both Mignon and Maud Loftus. So did Shirlaw, but neither spoke. Kneeling by Gilbert Vye's dead body, under the black pines and the white moon, the girl's mind was busy.

She remembered that Fleetwood had visited Colorado before her fateful acquaintance with him began. As a flash of lightning breaks on a black cloud, so did a full comprehension of her husband's desertion burst on Esther at last. He had discovered that she was the daughter of Black Dave and fled from her in horror.

She hid the leather case and its contents in her dress, and arose blindly to her feet.

"I have come a long way," she said, bitterly, "to learn some terrible things! We are both accursed—Mignon and I. Oh, *she* must never know his fate—it would kill her! She loved him—I did not."

"She need not know," muttered Shirlaw, "even though his death gets into all the newspapers of the country; for probably there is no person west of the Mississippi to-night, save ourselves, who has the smallest suspicion that Black Dave and Gilbert Vye were one and the same person."

She stood looking sadly down on the stark body at her feet.

"I, more than Mignon, am the daughter of this man," she shuddered, "for I have inherited his nature! Once,

at Cinderville, he told me that his seal was upon me. Oh, I see his evil in myself now, and I see myself with abhorrent eyes! Do not stare, Victor Shirlaw, but rejoice that your lot and mine are for ever separate!"

He made no reply. He thought her distracted with the events of the night. The miners came down the hillside path and began to dig a grave under the pines. The sound rent Esther's heart, for, in spite of his crimes, known and unknown, he was her father—he was Mignon's father. She crossed his hands decently on his breast, sobbed out a prayer for mercy on his guilty soul and then Shirlaw led her back to the cabin, and all that was left of Gilbert Vye, gentleman, and Black Dave, road-agent, was a heap of fresh earth under the pines, in the wood, where the stage full of vigilants had been stopped that night.

Up in the hillside cabin Esther drew from her pocket Aunt Deb's message, which she had come so far to deliver to Gilbert Vye, and dropped it, unopened, into the fire.

"He is dead!" she thought, "and surely I have no right to pry into Aunt Deb's secrets!"

So the words of mysterious importance, written by the old woman's half-paralyzed hand in the Charlestown cottage, were burned, unread, on a miner's hearth among the far Colorado foothills.

"There is nothing left for me to do," said Esther to Shirlaw, "but to return East immediately."

"Allow me to take you back to Diamond City," he pleaded, "and see you safely started on your homeward journey. You cannot deny me this favor, Esther. It is the last, the only one, that I will ever ask of you."

"No," she answered, with tear-wet eyes; "I shall be only too glad to accept your kindness. Till I die, Captain Shirlaw, I will remember gratefully all that you have done for me this night."

She had thought him weak and fickle, as, indeed he was. But natures like Shirlaw's sometimes develop an odd vein of fidelity.

Long months after, in a dreary cañon, the bullet of a hostile Apache cut short that gallant young life, and in dying one word fell from Victor Shirlaw's lips, and was distinctly heard and remembered by a brother-officer who supported his fallen comrade. It was a woman's name—"*Esther!*"

The one supreme and hopeless passion of Shirlaw's life he cherished to its end.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CYRIL VYE'S REVENGE.

From the tower of the Beast, by the quiet Charles, Nina Berkely carried Beauty away to town.

Since her hopeless passion for Lispenard was to be reciprocated in some future sphere of being, she felt, perhaps, that she could afford; on this terrestrial ball, to be kind to his earthly bride. The remainder of the Berkely tribe, including bilious, crow-like Reginald, gave Mignon a warm welcome.

"You must remain with us for the present," said Nina. "Society, you know, has been wild to catch a glimpse of you since your sudden marriage with Abel Lispenard."

Youth shuns shadow and loves sunshine as naturally as the flowers of the field.

Mignon had been sorrowful and sorely tried for many weeks—with the elasticity of her years she seemed to rise now and cast off her burdens.

Her odd marriage with the rich dwarf had thrown a glamour of romance over her beauty. The world of wealth and fashion, so far as it found opportunity, regarded her as a sort of nine days' wonder.

"Strange that a grand fellow like Lispenard should throw himself away on such a piece of pink and white prettiness," remarked one critic.

"Odd that a girl with the face of an angel should marry a deformed creature like Lispenard," said another.

Not unfrequently these frank comments reached the ears of Mignon herself, but neither by word nor look did she betray that she heard them. Nina Berkely used to wonder what could be passing in the girl's heart at such moments, but the passionate poetess never found out.

"I have sent word to Lispenard that you are here," she said to Mignon, "and that I mean to keep you indefinitely. Of course he will call at once."

But he did not. A week passed, and the bridegroom had not sought his bride, and, in spite of the closest scrutiny, Nina Berkely was unable to discover any evidence that Mignon either waited or wished for him.

She was seen only at what little Nina called little family affairs—that is, dinners and receptions at the Berkely's Back Bay house. Everywhere, and at all times, the poetess treated her successful rival with great kindness.

"I really enjoy to see people admire you," she confessed. "I am not without magnanimity, as I mean to show Lispenard," with a heavy sigh. "For his sake, I shall always be your friend."

One night, at a reception, under brilliant gas-jets, in the midst of flowers and perfumes and gleaming tissues, with Reginald Berkely bending over her chair, holding her bouquet, Mignon heard a masculine voice, near at hand, say, guardedly:

"In heaven's name, how could a mortal man marry her, and then leave her? It is incredible!"

"Lispenard is an odd fellow," answered another voice, "full of inexplicable freaks. No end of money, though, and deuced generous with it! Women love money, so, I daresay, the two will get on together."

"Caliban and a new Miranda!"

"Well, I am reminded more of the story of Proserpine, the beautiful daughter of Ceres and Jupiter, who gathered flowers in the Vale of Tempe, and was seen, and carried off, by Pluto the infernal."

"Ha! ha! I notice that all the young, susceptible men call Lispenard hard names! It looks as though he was rather neglecting her, though. I wonder he isn't here to-night."

The two speakers moved on.

Reginald Berkely began to tear Mignon's bouquet with ruthless fingers.

"You hear what people say of your marriage," he muttered, gloomily.

She raised a cold, disdainful face.

"Such talk is like the hissing of silly geese; yes, I hear—do you think I *care?*"

"It's true," he groaned; "Lispenard does neglect you.'

"I am not aware of it. To me it seems right and proper that he should remain at the Home with that dying man."

"By Jove! were I in his place, all my kindred might die together, and such an event wouldn't keep me a moment from your side."

She smothered a yawn behind her finger-tips.

"Oh, but you are not in the least like Abel Lispenard, you know."

"I hope not, I'm sure," he answered, drawing up his figure, which looked as black and thin as an exclamation-point. "Bless my soul! why didn't you leave the fellow to my sister Nina, who calls him Adonis, instead of Caliban, and who has been in love with him for years? She'll

wear the willow now till the end of her days—'pon honor she will! Alas! blighted affection seems to run in the family of Berkely."

"When any absurd party dares to call Abel Lispenard a Caliban," said Mignon, steadily, "it is because that person is too blind to see that there is not a man in this room who would not suffer by personal comparison with him."

Reginald stared, then grinned in a sardonic way.

"Women say strange things when they are angry."

"I am not in the least angry," she declared, with great serenity.

"By Jove! I hope I'm not expected to believe——"

"Ah! Nina is beckoning—I must go!" she interrupted, and arose like a queen, and swept away, with an odd little smile on her lips.

Another and another day passed, then something happened.

It was opera night at the Boston Theatre. The Berkely family occupied a box, and Mignon in their midst shone like a star. An immense audience crowded the house. On the stage a famous prima donna sang. The opera was Verdi's "Trovatore."

As usual, Reginald Berkely hung, like a gloomy shadow, over Mignon's chair. A sort of sepulchral gayety possessed him to-night. He seemed actually striving to chat and laugh like other people. Nina leaned, pensive and full of sighs, on the red plush railing of the box, and mused on the mysteries of human life and the plurality of worlds; and Mignon, with her dazzling face, and hair like yellow silk, sat looking out on the audience, seemingly unconscious that she was the cynosure of half the male eyes in the house.

"Perdition!" chafed Reginald Berkely, "how people stare at you to-night! Against this background of crimson curtain, you look like something in alabaster—don't you know? Ha! what is the matter?"

The smile died on Mignon's lips. Her roving glance was suddenly arrested and held by an uplifted face in one of the orchestra chairs.

"There—yonder!" she gasped, shrinking back; "that man, looking up at us!"

"It is your Cousin Cyril," said Nina Berkely; "of course you are not afraid of him *now*."

Yes, it was indeed Cyril Vye, and he was gazing fixedly, balefully at Mignon. A cold wind seemed blowing upon the girl, but before she could look again the door behind her chair opened and Abel Lispenard stepped into the box.

Here, at this crowded opera, in the glare of lights and with scores of curious eyes upon them, husband and wife met for the first time since their marriage-night. They greeted each other in a very quiet, commonplace fashion. If Abel Lispenard felt annoyed at the sight of a former lover leaning devotedly over the chair of his bride, his face betrayed nothing. It was grave and careworn, but that was all.

"Are you well and happy?" he said, looking straight into Mignon's eyes.

"I am well," she answered, "and I was happy, until a moment ago, when I espied Cyril Vye in the orchestra yonder."

He turned quickly.

"I do not see him."

"He was in the last seat of the row. Ah!"—drawing a quick breath—"the place is empty, he is gone!"

"Do not let such a matter annoy you," said Lispenard; "do not give him a thought. You have nothing further to fear from *him*. Gustave Laurent died to-day at St. Margaret's—he breathed his last in my arms."

The music was ringing out gloriously from the stage, but Mignon, deaf to the sound, turned an eager face toward Lispenard.

"And your sister's child—have you yet found it?" she said.

He shook his head.

"Would it be too much to ask you to tell me the whole story?"

He briefly related all that he had heard from Gustave Laurent. Nina Berkely, leaning on the plush railing, eyed the two askance.

"Was there ever, since Time began, such a singular pair as this?" thought she.

Mignon was listening in an absorbed way, unmindful of stage, or music, or crowd.

"And have you discovered nothing as yet?" she said.

"Yes; I know that the ship in which my sister sailed from Havre was lost at sea ten years ago. I know that the captain who commanded her on that voyage, and the first officer, also, perished at an earlier date, of yellow fever, in the West Indies. I have also found out that the ship was built in an obscure Maine port, whither I shall go, to pursue further inquiries, as soon as Laurent is laid by the side of poor Lilian."

"I hope, indeed I hope that you may be successful in your search," said Mignon, earnestly.

The music died away, the curtain fell on the last scene, the audience began to move out. Lispenard conducted his wife to the Berkely carriage, handed her in, then moved back with a grave bow and vanished in the crowd.

About noon on the following day a man ascended the steps of the Black Bay townhouse of the Berkelys, and rang the bell for admittance. It chanced that both Nina and her mother had gone to the Art Club, and Mignon was alone, sitting at a piano in the quiet music-room turning over some new songs. A servant opened the door and announced:

"A gentleman to see Mrs. Lispenard."

Mignon arose from the instrument and found herself face to face with Cyril Vye.

"How d'ye do, Mignon?" he said, with great *sang froid*. "I thought it time to make you a cousinly call. You are surprised, I dare say, to see me."

"I am, indeed!" she answered, sternly; "how dare you enter my presence again?"

"Well, the fact is, cousin," he answered, sinking with perfect freedom into a deep gulf of a chair, "I have received news—profoundly interesting news—and I bring the same to you."

"News of whom?" demanded Mignon, with her heart rising in her throat.

"Of your dear father, Gilbert Vye."

A foreboding of evil seized Mignon.

"What is it?" she said, quickly; tell me at once."

But he was in no haste. He twirled his red mustache and looked at her from head to foot.

"Handsomer than ever, and far more stylish," he commented, "you are fast developing into an ultra-fine lady. My plans concerning you went all awry; but what I lost Lispenard gained. And he avenged you famously, too—turned us out, neck and heels, there at Rookwood. Who'd have thought that Lispenard would have stooped to such a marriage? He knew how to cherish the grand passion in secret, eh? You sold yourself at a high figure, my beauty! Couldn't have done better, so far as money goes. *En passant*, where is your delicate monster passing his honeymoon? Not with his bride, it seems. That

TITIAN'S "FLORA," IN THE UFFIZI, FLORENCE.

is deuced queer. But to return to your father, Gilbert Vye. You had better sit down, it is a long story."

Mechanically Mignon sank into a seat with that choking lump still in her throat, and her gaze fixed on Cyril Vye in a sort of fearful fascination.

An ugly demon sparkled in his pale eyes. He had missed his vengeance in one way, but he would now have it in another.

The sight of Lispenard's wife, sitting there before him in her maddening beauty, but no longer within his reach, filled him with fury.

"This little narrative, *belle cousine*, should have been told you at the time of your father's disappearance," he said; "but my silly mother bribed me to keep silent by paying my debts. Luckily she is not here to stop my mouth a second time."

Then, with a brutal fidelity to facts, Cyril Vye related the story of his Uncle Gilbert's career in the West, the crimes he had perpetrated, the infamous notoriety he had gained. Everything was told, and all the while Mignon sat looking him full in his wicked face, speechless, stunned, yet drinking in every word.

"I meant to bring our king of the road-agents to justice," said Cyril, "that very night when I returned with you from New York. I had telegraphed for officers of the law to come to Rookwood and secure him. They came, but the bird had flown.

"We searched Rookwood over for our man, but in vain. Then we crossed the river to Lispenard's house. He allowed us to look about the place—led the way, in fact, through all the rooms till he came to that chamber where his crazy sister was once kept. There he stopped—wouldn't let us inside, you know—swore nobody was there. He's a gentleman. The officers knew him and believed him. They were satisfied, *I* was not! As sure as I sit here your father was at Lispenard's tower that night, concealed, with Lispenard's consent, in the chamber of his crazy sister, and he lied to the sheriff—did our aristocrat—lied for your sweet sake, and for your sweet sake he hid the outlaw and helped him safely off. Think of a man like Lispenard stooping to do such work as that, and all because of a pretty face! He knew your father's story, too. Shirlaw, without doubt, had told him that. Our gallant captain, you know, recognized the road-agent who had once tried to rob him, and he couldn't swallow that sort of a father-in-law. So he cut and run. Well, Gilbert Vye got off, as I said before, thanks to Lispenard, and went back to the West, and to his old profession, as Lispenard must have known he *would* do when he helped him to escape from me."

Still she kept that frozen silence—that stunned and dreadful silence, her eyes never wavering from Cyril Vye's face.

"I hear," continued the lawyer, "that for awhile he did nothing. Perhaps it was a season of remorse and repentance with my dear kinsman; perhaps he really tried to give up his old vocation; but the lull in business was brief. He gathered his gang and took to the road again, and one night last Autumn he stopped a stage full of armed vigilants, and, according to the local Western papers, from which I obtained my news, one of the most desperate fights on record followed. The vigilants were bound to hang him, but he refused to be taken alive. He shot himself with his own revolver, and fell dead in the midst of them. The newspapers state further that a daughter of the outlaw was in the stage and witnessed the whole tragedy. That must have been your sister Esther. She came to my law-office in the Autumn and made minute inquiries about the route to Happy Valley. Here is the account of Black Dave's death," drawing some papers from his pocket; "perhaps you would like to read it for yourself. Now, to sum up the whole matter, Mignon, you have been clothed, fed, educated for years, on the spoils of robbery and murder. The garments that made your beautiful body more beautiful, the luxuries that nourished it, the accomplishments that enhanced your charms, were all bought with blood-money—the rifled pockets of dead men paid for it all. You used to think yourself an heiress, and so you are—joint heiress with that high and mighty Esther, to the blackest and foulest of names, and to the memory of a father who had to kill himself, at last, to save his neck from that doom he so richly deserved—the rope!"

With a heart-rending scream, she started to her feet. She was not looking at Cyril Vye, but over and beyond him, to a door which had opened suddenly on the other side of the room. On its threshold stood her husband, Abel Lispenard.

He stood there only for a moment; then, with a most unwonted exhibition of his great strength, he seized Cyril Vye, and whirled him out of his chair.

"You scoundrel! How dared you intrude here!" he thundered, and flung the lawyer straight through the door, and headlong down the wide stair into the hall below. "Go!" he cried, in a terrible voice. "Go, before I kill you!"

Vye's senses were completely knocked out of him. He lay for some moments like a dead man; then he hastily gathered himself up from the floor, and fled, without word or sound, from the house.

And in the room above, Mignon stood confronting her husband.

"He is dead!" she cried, wildly; "my poor, wretched, sinful father!—look! read!"

She snatched up the papers that Cyril Vye had dropped, but Lispenard took them firmly from her hand.

"You must not!" he said, in a tone of ineffable pity. "I see that he has told you everything. Mignon, Mignon! in spite of all my efforts, I could not save you from hearing this story, at last!"

"All the soft lines of her face had grown stony and strange.

"Is it true," she said, "that you concealed him?"

"Yes."

"And helped him to escape?"

"Yes."

"And all the time you knew how wicked he was?"

"I did it for your sake, not his!"

She sank suddenly to the floor, and lay there face downward, a palpitating heap of white flesh and golden hair and long, shining draperies. Lispenard tried to raise her, but she pushed him away.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she moaned; "he was so kind, so good to me! How *could* he be a robber and a murderer? Must I believe it—oh, *must* I?"

"You must, indeed!" said Lispenard, despairingly. "Surely, it is useless to attempt further concealment of the truth."

"I shall bless you all my life," she sobbed, "for saving him from Cyril Vye—saving him, at the utter sacrifice of all your own ideas of right. I did not know that such generosity could be found outside of books, or such pity as you showed to me, his child, when you gave me your own good name, with which to cover my soiled and disgraced one! *Now* I understand why you left your home when I entered it. Even you, good and noble as you were, could not bear to breathe the same air with the daughter of that man!"

He knelt by her prostrate body, but he did not attempt to touch her.

"Mignon," he answered, "you drive me wild! What put such ideas in your mind? I did not marry you from pity—that sentiment had no part in the matter, and I did not leave you for any such reasons as you mention—my poor little girl, you don't know what you say!—I went, simply because I could not—I *dared* not remain longer at the Dale!"

He spoke in a pained, unsteady voice, as though the words were wrung from him; but she seemed not to hear or comprehend.

"Mignon," he pleaded, hoarsely, "listen to me. Cannot you see that I am neither good nor noble? The same motive that led me to shelter Gilbert Vye tempted me also to take advantage of your friendless condition and unite your perfect beauty to my gross deformity. Do not call it generosity—you shame me by that word! It was only a selfish, greedy love, born the moment I first saw you in Philip Vye's library at Rookwood, and nourished in secret and silence, against all laws of fitness, against every chance of earthly peace and happiness. I care not who or what your father was—how can such a matter affect innocence like yours?—I care not what crimes he committed. He is dead, let his deeds be buried with him. I would have married you gladly had he been a thousand times worse than he was. Ah, poor child, I had not meant to say such things to you. I know how hopeless my passion is, and must ever be, but these wretched circumstances tear my secret from against my will!"

Still she groveled in the dust. There is nothing more selfish than grief. He could not tell whether she heard me him or not.

"Mignon," he implored again, "try to comprehend what I say. I shall inform the Berkelys of your father's death, but they must never know under what circumstances he died. Cyril Vye has gratified his malice—he will now be glad to consign his uncle to oblivion. Gilbert Vye had two distinct names and characters. The world will never dream that the two were but one."

Still she answered nothing. Her rigid and helpless look frightened him. He sprang to the bell-rope, but before he could reach it Nina Berkely's step was heard on the stair. She entered like a brisk wind.

"Oh, what is the matter here?" she cried, aghast at sight of the prostrate girl on the floor, and Abel Lispenard looking as haggard as a wraith.

"Mignon has just received news of her father's death in the West," he answered, with composure. "She is entirely overcome. May I ask you to remain with her while I call a doctor?"

In a half-unconscious state Mignon was conveyed at once to her own chamber, and Nina sat down to watch beside her. When the physician arrived he looked grave but not alarmed.

"She has received some severe mental shock," he said. "She must be kept perfectly quiet. Do not let her be disturbed in any way."

Lispenard made no attempt to see his wife. He had a bitter consciousness that others could comfort her better than he. Cruel as the blow had been, she would yet recover from it, for she was young, and youth cannot always mourn. So he went back to St. Margaret's Home and waited there. *(To be continued.)*

In man's darkest hour succor oft dawns from Heaven.

ONCE, AMID THE ROSES.

A Song of Love and Grief.

Once, amid the roses bright,
Ruby red, honey sweet,
You and I, in laughing weather,
Sang a lay of love together;
Petals falling on our feet.
When shall Summer be so light?
Never more!
Oh, never more!

Once, beside the snowdrops, dear,
Waxen pale, wintry cold,
Grief and I, in wailing weather,
Sang a dirge of tears together;
Raindrops dripping on the mold.
When shall Winter be so drear?
Never more!
Ah, never more!

EMBROIDERY.

In ancient times, the art of embroidery was held in high repute. Richard I.'s wife was a famous embroiderer, and Henry III. had many embroidered vestments made by one Mable, of Worcester. It is a mistake, however, to give credit to the ladies for all the old embroideries; men attempted to vie with them; and the profession of embroidery was commonly pursued by men. The prices they got for their works were enormous. One vestment for the Bishop of Hereford cost £300, and Henry III. gave for a bishop's mitre £1,200. There were various kinds of work, and each varied from age to age. The tissues taken from the coffin of St. Cuthbert, fifty-five years ago, were of Eastern origin, but we cannot hazard a guess as to the age. There is no other example of the same kind in England; but in France and Germany there are several. The probability is that many of these tissues were brought back by the Crusaders from the East. They were used for inclosing the bodies of distinguished men, when buried, or as vails on either side of the altar. Those found in St. Cuthbert's coffin were so much decayed, and so rotten, that they could not be exhibited. The duty of their guardians was not to allow them to be handled by any one. They are now rolled together, and must suffer every time they are rolled and unrolled.

The Making of Gold Lace.—One of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable is the making of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he beats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold-leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. The rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver, at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness; that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold-leaf.

Curious Oath.—The following curious oath used to be administered in the Isle of Man: "By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought, in heaven above and in the earth beneath, in six days and seven nights, I, A, B, do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly betwixt our sovereign lord, the King, and his subjects within this isle, and between party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish."

The taking of a name signifying the son of a certain father, which is common everywhere in the beginning of social order, is curiously contradicted among the Indians of Northeastern Colombia, where parents are commonly known as the father or mother of certain children. This is accomplished by a prefix to the name of the child. Thus, the father of Juan is called *Nushijuan*, and of Juana, *Shushijuana;* while the mother correspondingly becomes *Nijuan* and *Shijuana.*

The Sleep of Fish.—An experiment was tried at the recent Inventions Exhibition Aquarium, London, in order to discover how far fish are prone to sleep. After close examination it was found that among freshwater fishes, the roach, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow and catfish sleep periodically in common with terrestrial animals. The same instincts were found to actuate marine fish, of which the following were observed to be equally influenced by somnolence, viz.: the wrasse, conger-eel, dory, dogfish, wrasse-bass, and all species of flat fish. It is stated that, so far as can be discovered, the goldfish, pike, and angler fish never sleep, but rest periodically. Desire for sleep amongst fish varies according to meteorological conditions. Fish do not necessarily select night-time for repose.

ONCE AMID THE ROSES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 207.

It is found that the antlers of the British deer are growing smaller, owing to the practice of killing the finest specimens, so that even a stag of ten is rarely found, although on the Continent sixty branches are often seen on antlers.

AN UNKNOWN NAME.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

"My son, whereabouts are you?"

"I am here, mother."

"That is right. That is enough."

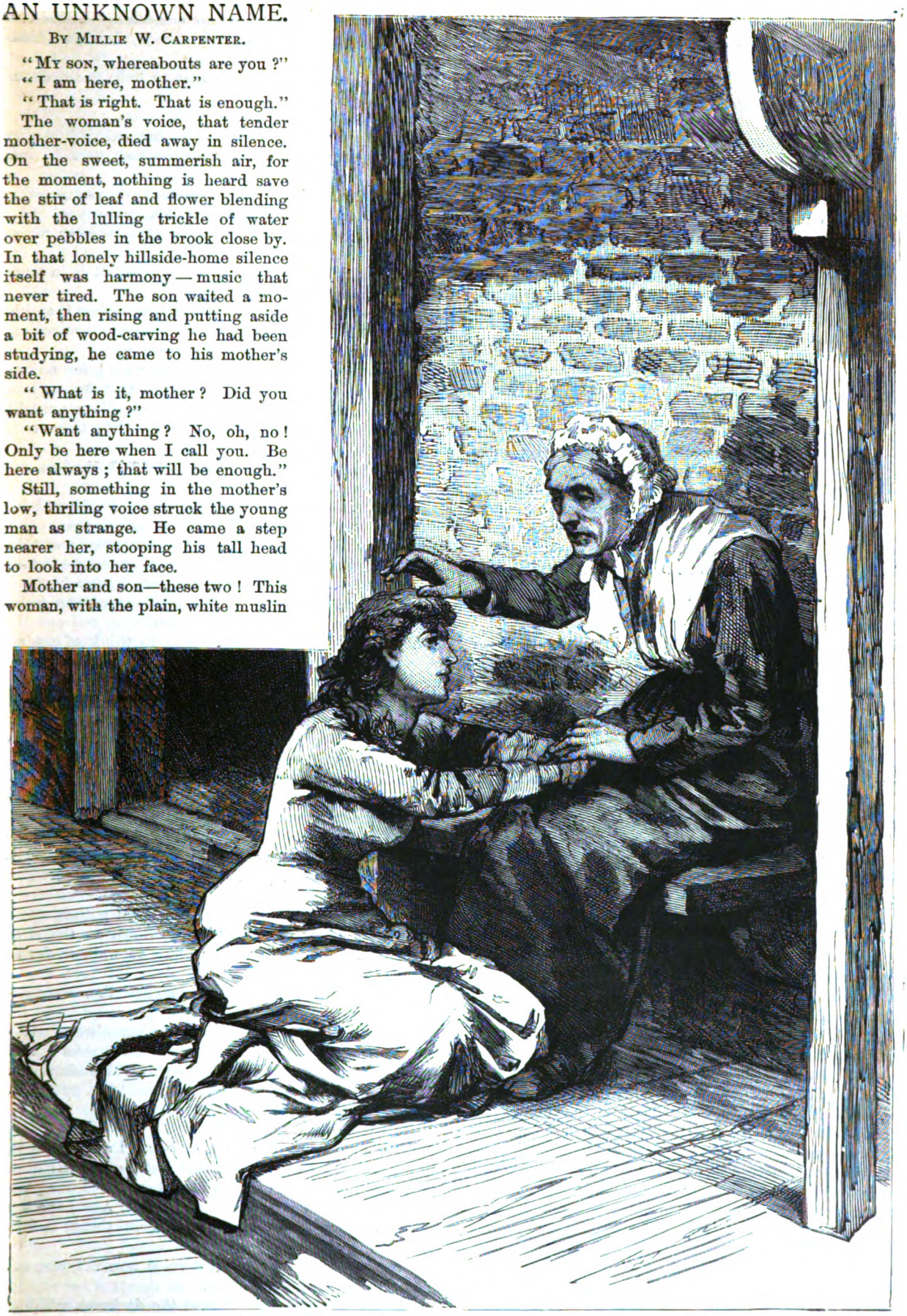
The woman's voice, that tender mother-voice, died away in silence. On the sweet, summerish air, for the moment, nothing is heard save the stir of leaf and flower blending with the lulling trickle of water over pebbles in the brook close by. In that lonely hillside-home silence itself was harmony — music that never tired. The son waited a moment, then rising and putting aside a bit of wood-carving he had been studying, he came to his mother's side.

"What is it, mother? Did you want anything?"

"Want anything? No, oh, no! Only be here when I call you. Be here always; that will be enough."

Still, something in the mother's low, thriling voice struck the young man as strange. He came a step nearer her, stooping his tall head to look into her face.

Mother and son—these two! This woman, with the plain, white muslin



AN UNKNOWN NAME.—"THE YOUNG GIRL—HIS VIOLET—WAS KNEELING ON THE STEPS BEFORE HIS MOTHER."

kerchief of extreme age folded on her bowed shoulders, her snow-white hair drawn smoothly back beneath a plain widow's cap, her wrinkled hands crossed on the head of the oak staff on which she leaned—could she be the mother of this lad with the sunshine of just twenty years in his eyes and in his handsome, happy face?

How strong he looked in his brave, bright youth, and yet, as the pale, shadowy mother stirred and looked up at him, *was* she so old? The lad put his hand on her shoulder—a strong hand, made to help, to hold.

"Are you dreaming, mother? Where did you think I should be when you want me now, save here, with you?" The mother shivered.

"You have been away from me so long that I forget. But I am not dreaming—no. Time has been when I fancied myself in a dream—an awful dream—and I would strive to wake out of it. But not now! I am not dreaming now."

Then she put out her hand and touched a book lying on the bench by her side.

"This book you left with me—you remember it—you recall the story—the theme?"

"Yes," he answered, wondering. "It is my copy of 'Alcestis.' You have been reading it."

"No; do I need to do that—*I?* Only when I chanced to open it just now I saw this line—this passage where she moans out:

> 'Oh, me, the bitterness of God and fate!
> A little time ago we two were one.'

You remember it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, mother!"

He wondered more and more what change was this coming over her—his pale and silent mother.

"It is so dreadfully human and real. She said it mourning, yet giving up her life for *him*. I said it too. *I!* Oh me! only *I* was young, young, young!"

"You, mother!"

"Ay. I too. I died long years ago. Oh, how long ago the time seems if I dare to look back; how long I have been dead—dead in my youth and beauty. I—Alcestis!"

She wrung her hands together.

"Admetus," she said, in a loud whisper—"Admetus, where are you? Do you know the truth now?"

"Mother,"—with a violent effort of his will, Gabriel broke through the trance of surprised horror that seemed to be making him numb and cold—"mother, wake up! What ails you? I won't have you talking like that. Wake up! Why, you are dreaming, surely, now!"

He shook her roughly.

She lifted her head, and then, in a bewildered way, put her hands up to her eyes.

"It was that book which troubled me. Take it away, Gabriel. There is no need that I should read the story written in it. Take it."

When he came back, he sat down on the low wooden bench under the vines at his mother's feet.

"You have been too much alone here, mother. I am afraid I have neglected you too much, thinking of myself—of my work. You need a change. We will go away somewhere."

The mother smiled faintly, but a little cloudy, as she answered him:

"Nay, nay, my son! I need no change. I was shaken a little, for I am old now; but it is over—everything is over; and Time—oh, me! Time sweetens all things for us, if we have faith—faith! I am glad I had that."

Again that loud whisper, that strange fixing of the eyes, as if she were speaking to something—some one looming up, shadow-like, out of a far-off, dim, past time of agony.

"Faith! Yea, God gave me that to help me endure. With that I was strong."

Gabriel looked uneasy.

What change was this coming over her, making her so wild and strange, unlike anything he had seen in her before!

But now his mother, lifting herself slowly and passing her hand over her face, smiled in his grave eyes. She shivered, too, either with emotion or some sudden sense of cold.

"Will you fetch me my shawl, Gabriel? It is in your room—the inner room, I think."

He went obediently. But once there, seeing that his papers were scattered from the wind blowing through an open blind, he stopped to gather them up.

There was a delicate piece of ivory carving lying on the table, and he must needs stop to put that lovingly in safety. He had been gone away from his mountain home so long, he loved just to touch softly these old, familiar things.

It was like touching gladly the hand of some lost, recovered friend in greeting.

So some minutes—more than he thought—slipped by before he returned with the shawl to his mother.

She was still on the piazza, but what voice was that speaking? Who was that with her now, or was he listening again to a voice heard often in his dreams?

Gabriel stopped short in the shadows of the inner room. His mother was speaking now.

"My dear child, it is good of you to think of me, an old woman. I am not used to being remembered, except by my son. How shall I thank you?"

"Dear Mrs. Arnold, as if I wanted any thanks!"

Oh, that voice! Gabriel sank into a seat, and slowly dropped his face forward on his hands. Great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I was only too glad to fetch them," the voice continued; "and, to tell you the truth, I wanted an excuse for coming again before I go away."

"You are going away, then?"—the elder woman's voice grew infinitely sad. "I am sorry for that—I guessed it somehow from—from your look and your dress. You are going at once—to-day?"

"Yes; papa is coming after me. I am getting quite strong again now. He will take me down on the river to-night. I told him I should like to walk as far as here."

The sweet voice paused a moment and then went impetuously on.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Arnold, you are like a mother to me—you have grown to be one in these few weeks I have known you, and you are a woman—you will understand. Papa will not listen—will not understand; but you know the story I told you."

"Child—yes."

"Well, I am going in search of *him*. Day and night, night and day, I seem to feel that last look of his eyes. I hear that dreadful music the band beyond us was playing, 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.' And papa was in such a rage—he was saying such awful things to him—wild things, rude things."

There were tears in the sweet voice now. Tears, and a young girl's sobbing misery.

Gabriel drew further away into the darkness within.

"He must have thought then, hearing *that*, that I had

deceived him; but oh, if my beloved ever hears that music now, he must believe in me, he must feel my truth." She stopped short again here. Then: "You must give me your blessing now; kiss me and bid me god-speed till I find him. For I shall find him—I shall wander till I do."

"Oh, dear child—dear Violet, how can my blessing help you? I am an old woman. I have seen much of life; it is only sorrow, long waiting, and long grief for us women."

The young girl shivered; there was a hushed stillness in the lonely house. Gabriel stood up, but his hand on the back of the chair shook like the palsied hand of an old, helpless man; should he go out to her—should he cry, in the midst of the doubt and trouble,

"Oh, my darling! I am here—I am close by; but I must not touch you, I must not speak to you, for I gave my word of honor, I swore it! But oh, Violet! if I had known—if I had known that you loved me like this, we could have gone together—we could have braved everything together. Ah, it's not too late! what is an oath? what is a promise? and such a promise, so wrung from me then, in that hour of agony!"

Hush! Again she was speaking. Should he look, one last, long, farewell glance.

The young girl—his Violet—was kneeling on the steps before his mother. Her dark-gray beaver hat had fallen back on her shoulders, her golden hair lay in yellow waves—dear, golden hair, his kiss was on it once—all soft and bright about her clear, broad brows, and on her rounded, rose-fair cheek. Her lovely deep-blue eyes were gazing in his mother's face.

It was her good-by.

"And now, dear Mrs. Arnold, give me a tender parting word to think of by-and-by. I am glad your son is with you. I know he is a good son, yours." Gabriel shrank back, flushing hotly. "You will not be quite alone. Now I must go; papa will be hurrying after me. Good-by!"

The elder woman laid her hands on the girl's pale, lifted forehead. Her sight seemed dim and far away.

"God's blessing go with thee always! Ay, it will—it will!"

She paused a moment. Something like a moan came from the inner room. But perhaps some cricket's loud, shrill chirp, or the brook's joyous prattle, caught and bore it away from listening ears that might have heard—and remembered.

"Be true," a moment later she spoke. "Happiness is not for women, but as years go on you will not mind that. Only be loyal and true to your sense of right. Do right, and, oh! my dear, you will find that peace and a great content are sure to come at last. That will suffice. And now Good-by!"

That was the end—she was gone. For even at the last, when Gabriel's foot was on the threshold, that strange, sad adjuration of his mother, "Do right," had turned him back. He felt awed and afraid.

So he staid within till by-and-by she called him, faintly:

"Gabriel!"

"Yes, mother."

He hurried out and put the shawl about her, folding it with careful touch.

"You were a long time?" she said, questioningly.

"Yes. I—I found some things scattered, and staid to arrange them."

He strove to speak as usual, but something hard and dry in his voice touched the mother's quick ear.

She turned and looked at him. How pale he was!—how drawn about the lips! And what gave his eyes that sombre flame?

"Gabriel, what is it? You saw——"

She stopped. Her heart was beating fast.

"Yes. Oh, mother, I saw her!"

He kneeled down at her feet—down where Violet had slipped those sad few moments before.

"And—and—oh, Gabriel, I was afraid—even then I was afraid! Tell me it is not she—not she whom you loved? Tell me I am only weak and foolish in my fears?"

She pushed him away from her, and then drew him close and held him so, fast against her loving mother-heart, and wept over him. She read it in his face.

"Oh, mother, it was she! It was Violet—my Violet!"

She was silent.

"She spoke only the sweet truth," he began, trying to hold back the dry sobs beating in his throat. "We had lived lived such a soft, idyllic Summer life down there. I might have been a prince and she a princess born, for all we knew of each other. We just drifted with our happy days. We talked of such things as we loved together—books, brave men and women, art and toil. I was copying some wonderful carved work in the old church down there, and she looked on and praised me. I never dreamed who she was till that night her father came."

He stopped, white and fierce.

"I believe he literally tore us apart. We were on the lawn together. The band was playing 'Douglas.' Oh, it is all she said it was! A girl's voice up above was singing the words:

'My eyes were blinded, your words were few,'

and then her father came."

Gabriel stopped a moment here. He put up one hand over his eyes, and began to cry, silently.

"I don't know quite what he said. He raged. I—a poor, nameless wood-carver!" The mother's pale cheek burned with a proud fire, hotter than any rage of youth. "It was all so horrible that I threw it back in his face. I renounced her. *There* is the pain. If I had known *she* cared so much! But I did not know it then. And then to be taunted so with seeking her for wealth—I, a poor unknown, nameless! What was I to her, the great man's daughter?"

"Hush!" said his mother, sternly, putting him from her and rising, grave and stern and tall. "Hush! You are setting your foot on sacred graves now, when you say that!"

She paused; her dim eyes opened with proud fire.

"Nameless!" she said, in a loud whisper. "No, not nameless!"

And now as she stood thus, her hands folded on her stick, her face with its bands of white hair circling the drawn brows, bravely lifted as though fronting a world, what was it she saw that made her shiver and cry out sharply and fall back stricken on her chair.

Only a man, tall, noble of look and air, white of hair and heavy beard, with costly sable furs wrapping him even in that warm air, coming slowly up the path, his eye fixed curiously on her.

The stranger lifted his cap.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a clear, rich voice, "but my daughter told me——"

He stopped here, his face changing as he still looked in that other haggard woman's face.

"Laura!"—he putting out his shaking hand—"Laura! Oh, my God! Still living here!"

"She did not answer; her lips stirred once, but no sound came.

"Laura!" The stranger looked at Gabriel, who stood mute with surprise at this unexpected scene. "Living here, and so! And this boy?"

"My place is here, mother, with you," he answered. "If there is any trouble for you to bear, brought by this stranger, it is for me to keep by your side and help you bear it."

The mother face glowed with a proud light.

TOWARD SUNSET.

He would have touched Gabriel, but now the mother rose.

"Stand back!" she said, firmly. "This is my home. I am mistress here." She turned to Gabriel. "Go, my son," she said to him. "Leave us two for a while to speak to each other alone, here." Gabriel stood still.

"Nay," she said, softly. "There is no need of that. This battle is already won by me years ago. Besides"—she added, with a grave and native courtesy—"our visitor is a gentleman. We have naught to fear from him."

"For God's sake, Laura!" exclaimed the intruder, stretching out a pleading hand.

CHINESE EDIBLE DOG.— SEE PAGE 215.

But the woman drew proudly back.

"Be silent," she said; "the woman you speak of is dead." She paused here, drawing in her breath. "Long years ago I died—do not call me back to life now."

He stood gazing at her, speechless.

"To-day, but an hour ago," she went on, "I told my son of that old legend of Alcestis, of her who gave her life to save life to another. Well, I did more than that. I gave my life and my youth and my happiness. But I am dead—dead! Your daughter, too, came to me to-day, and I told her she must sacrifice all for simple right's sake, and in the end peace must come—peace, which is greater than happiness!"

Still he had no words. She turned to Gabriel.

"Go now," she said, softly, and she pointed down the walk.

Very loath to obey, yet feeling irresistibly compelled, Gabriel turned to go.

As he went down the walk, the stranger eyed him closely; and—was it fancy, or did the man stretch out a hand and touch him on the shoulder—touch him softly, lightly, as one might a thing he loved—in blessing, in farewell, or in greeting?

He went down the narrow, rough, elm-bordered road. He could not have told how long he had been there, pacing up and down—not out of sight, but out of hearing—when, of a sudden, turning, they met almost face to face. The stranger was walking hurriedly. Had he been weeping?

He looked at the young fellow standing there, strong and brave and handsome with the bright handsomeness of untried youth; something irate shone through the tossed passion in his eyes.

Gabriel noticed that with one hand he grasped the heavy, carved head of the staff he carried with nervous force.

Gabriel took off his cap as the stranger went quickly past. He was still standing there, wondering if he might not turn and look, when his shoulder was grasped from behind with a force that sent him staggering roughly backward.

The man stood there, his brows drawn in a fierce frown, his eyes red with angry fire.

"Boy!" he exclaimed, and his rude grasp had not relaxed on Gabriel's shoulder—"boy, do you know your life was in my hands just now—your very life?"

Gabriel stood speechless, facing the angry speaker. He had no words with which to answer then.

"Ay," continued the other, "your very life. Do you see this?"

He lowered the staff, and, pressing a finger with strong touch on the carved head, it slid quickly out like a handle, and brought to view a thin, sharp thread of steel, gleaming in the light like a poisonous thread of strong blue flame.

"Look! With this I could have taken your life. Who was to see me? Who was to hinder me?"

He swept a lightning glance about on the wild, lonely country in which they stood.

"It was my gain—you are in my way. What saved you?"

Was he mad?

Gabriel, rallying a little from the shock, pulled himself together.

"God," was his slow answer—"God is here. He saved me."

The strange man pushed him rudely away.

"Who are you?" he said, slowly—"who and what are you, that you should rise suddenly up in my path, take my name, my work, my very place in the world—be all that I am, all that I have been? Is it just? Is it right that I am to fall out of a high place that you may fill it?"

"You are mistaken," was Gabriel's answer, when he could speak for his amazement. "I shall fill no man's place in this world but my own. Your name, your place, is yours—not mine. Keep it—keep them!"

"Fool—fool!" exclaimed the other, fiercely. "You do your mother's mad work over again. Fool!"

"Stop!" said Gabriel, fiercely. "You go too far."

"She, too, gave up all for nothing. Your father left her to perdition—he lifted not a hand to save her. But I—I—— Boy! boy!"

He turned quickly, as if wrenching himself away.

"Farewell!" he whispered, and then, with a slight wave of his gloved hand, he walked rapidly away, adown the long, steep, hillside road.

Nor ever once looked back, although Gabriel stood and watched him, a curious dull feeling of pity in his heart.

CHINESE EDIBLE DOG.

Then he, too, hurried away, back to his lonely mother—back, to find his mother sitting in the restful silence, all about her, cold and pale and dead!

Dead! no more of tender greeting for him who came to her and called her name so loudly; no more of tender touches from the thin, outstretched hands; darkness in the eyes now, silence on the lips of that poor martyr mother. In the first shock of awful loneliness, of dreadful desolation, the son knelt down by the side of the dead shape lying there; he touched her hand, her cheek, her chill, pale forehead.

"Mother! mother!" he whispered.

No answer! No answer now, poor boy! And oh, when do the dead ever give back sign of sense or hearing to our wild and troubled calls to them, our cries of longing and despair? When? Ah, never, never, in this world.

And yet, what were those tender words he had heard her repeating softly to herself only a little time before this swift, appalling going forth of hers into an unknown life? These: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

She who had averred that she was dead—that she had died long years ago, she had repeated reverently these words, and then again: "Peace I leave with you—My peace I give unto you."

He would remember that. He would gain peace even as she had taught it to him, by that long life of white self-abnegation. And his wrong-doers should walk, as ever, unharmed and unmolested of him.

But whom were they? Violet and her father had disappeared. Gabriel did not hear from them again as he half-dreaded, half-hoped he might.

Would it have been a triumph or a pain to him could he have known that the strong man, too, was stricken down in his proud strength, his life—his great, proud life poisoned from some unseen wound, and wasting slowly and surely, day by day, away?

Violet watched by him, not knowing what his trouble was, but puzzled and sore afraid.

Sometimes he mourned like a feeble child; sometimes, in a fiercer mood, he raved and cried out, horribly:

"A broken man—a broken man. I! Oh, my good name!—oh, my good name! Laura, Laura! give it back to me—give it back! Then, in a lower, sweeter voice: "I loved you, Laura! Where are you? Come back to me! Help me!"

That pain was spared him—at least the pain of knowing that Laura was lying dead among the far-off hillside shadows, the ferns growing tall and sweet about her, the pines stretching up to clasp cool, green arms above her grave. The mountain brook rushed swiftly past her as she slept there, not heeding; the Summer blossoms came and went, and the beechnuts in their time dropped, browned by Autumn sunshine, upon the low-down folded hands which might not ever again stir to take them up, a part of Winter's store.

Dead, surely dead, now! When they had touched hands at parting that day, she had told him she was dead; she would not accept that which he proffered as her right, for she was dead.

"But your son lives after you!" he had cried out hotly in his rage.

"My son, too, will refuse," was this dead woman's cold answer. "He will refuse even as I have done. He will not take the shame his mother scorned."

Sometimes he would call Violet to him, and ask her to read some tender theme—something that might woo him to forget. And he would look at her, with lovely face downbent, and listen to the gracious voice, and muse, and drift away, and forget, and then remember. And then across the young girl's happy tones would ring out the burdened cry: "A broken name! a broken name! Laura! Laura! Laura!"

At last for him also the end came, and peace—the cold, white peace of death!

Not even to Violet had he told his pain. If she guessed it, the knowledge was only a vailed guessing at a hidden grief he carried on with him to the tomb. His innocent wrong-doing had been its own avenger, and only in a few brief written words left behind him was his will and wish conveyed to her of all she was to do when he was gone.

And Gabriel?

He, too, had gone his way, a sad and solitary man. Long time it might have been said of him that "he goeth heavily, as one that mourneth." Yet time has strong powers of healing; he was young, and healthful youth takes, for the most part, deep roots in life. So a year went by, and then another, and found him not quite unhappy.

He drifted back in time to the South. Southern suns are keen to cure, and Southern airs are sweet to comfort. He was lying one day—thinking of this—on the warm sands where the Gulf water beats the Texan coast, when he heard his name called.

"Gabriel!"

He stirred and half-rose, wondering who and what had spoken thus choicely low and sweet, as his name had, he remembered, been spoken in other happy days.

He saw close by him, and yet with something in her poise that suggested distant fright, a young girl, all in black, flowing, gauzy drapery, standing like Thetis where his boat lay. While he looked she shyly drew near.

"Gabriel!" and then he knew.

"Violet!" he answered.

To speak each the other's name was all they could do, as, forgetting and remembering, they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes. Then, bending forward, they kissed each other tenderly—even as friends or lovers might.

"My father is dead," Violet told him, when she could speak for her quick tears. "All that was his is yours now. It was his dying wish that I should find you; that I should lead you back to take the place *he* filled—the place that ought to have been yours long ago."

Gabriel was silent.

"This tells you all," Violet went on, taking a letter from her bosom. "It is your mother's legacy through him. He unwittingly wronged both you and her. He was deceived, but this *atones*. All the last, dark days of his life were an atonement, Gabriel."

Gabriel took the letter. His face was drawn and changed and old.

"Violet," he said, "if I take this, if I go back there to my place—*his* place—what will become of you?"

She shrank back.

"I? Ah, Gabriel, old friend, my place will be out in the wide world, among the forlorn ones, working! *This*, which makes you, is my undoing, Gabriel."

His haggard face grew warm and sweet and light once more.

"Violet," he said, "let us toss this secret to the waves yonder. Stay here and be my wife, Violet. For us the world waits, wide and filled with fruitful hopes."

She could scarcely speak now in answer.

"But your mother, think of her—her wish."

"Hush!" he exclaimed, sternly. "All this gold lies heavy on my mother's grave. What *she* so proudly

nounced we can do without also. Stay with me, Violet." Violet put her hand in his.

"If you wish it, Gabriel."

He tore the letter into fragments and tossed them on the far waves of the sea.

"Die, thou mystery!" he said. "Die there, unknown, uncared-for, forgotten!" He took Violet in his arms.

"My mother loved you," he whispered. "We have all God's sunshine before us; our love, my wife, shall make clear sunshine of the shadows for ever and ever."

"Sunshine! Oh, love!" she smiled at him. "Why, love itself is sunshine. The very sunshine of God."

So they went forth for life, hand-in-hand together.

A LYRIC FROM THE GERMAN.

By Herman Merivale.

My heart—my thought revealing,
Say, how can Love be known?
"Love is two souls—one feeling;
Two hearts—one pulse alone."

Then tell me how Love grew, heart?
"She comes—and is in man."
How can Love leave the true heart?
"She is not Love—that can."

And when is Love the purest?
"Where Self no place can fill."
Where her foundations surest?
"When they are very still."

When are Love's riches greatest?
"When her gifts freest prove."
What language is Love's latest?
"She has none. She is Love."

THE WORD "CAMELLIA."

Ferdinand VI. of Spain, while suffering under the hereditary melancholy from which he subsequently died, was pacing to and fro one December day in the year 1739 in his bedroom in the Palais Royal at Madrid. He was interrupted by the entrance of Maria Theresa, his Queen, who bounded gayly into the room. In her hand she held a flower of dazzling whiteness, which she presented to her husband.

"A beautiful flower, but scentless," exclaimed the King, folding in his arms the wife whom he loved.

"It is the new flower of the Philippines," said the Queen. "I have kept the best for you."

The flower which Maria Theresa brought to her husband a century and a half ago had been presented to her the previous day by a Jesuit missionary just returned from the Indies. Craving an audience from his sovereign, he brought his offering, a small shrub with glossy, green leaves, on which blossomed two magnificent white flowers, and which he had brought from the Island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group. It was about three feet in height, and grew in a vase of mother-o'-pearl. The Jesuit donor was named Camellia.

A NOBLE ENGINEER.

It is said that there are few better amateur mechanical engineers than Lord Rosse. There is a good story told of his visiting a large factory in the North of England some years ago, when one of the partners in the concern, passing through the works, was struck by the remarks made to the foreman by the not particularly striking-looking visitor. Entering into conversation himself with the young man, he was so impressed by the intimate knowledge displayed of the mechanical details of the business that he exclaimed:

"You are just the man I want! If you are out of a job, I will give you a first-rate billet here; and, at all events, leave me your name and address, in case of your being at liberty on some future occasion."

"Thank you-er; I am-er the Earl of Rosse, and I am not-er seeking employment-er just at present," was the characteristic reply, in Lord Rosse's usual dry, hesitating manner.

THE KING AND THE DOCTORS.

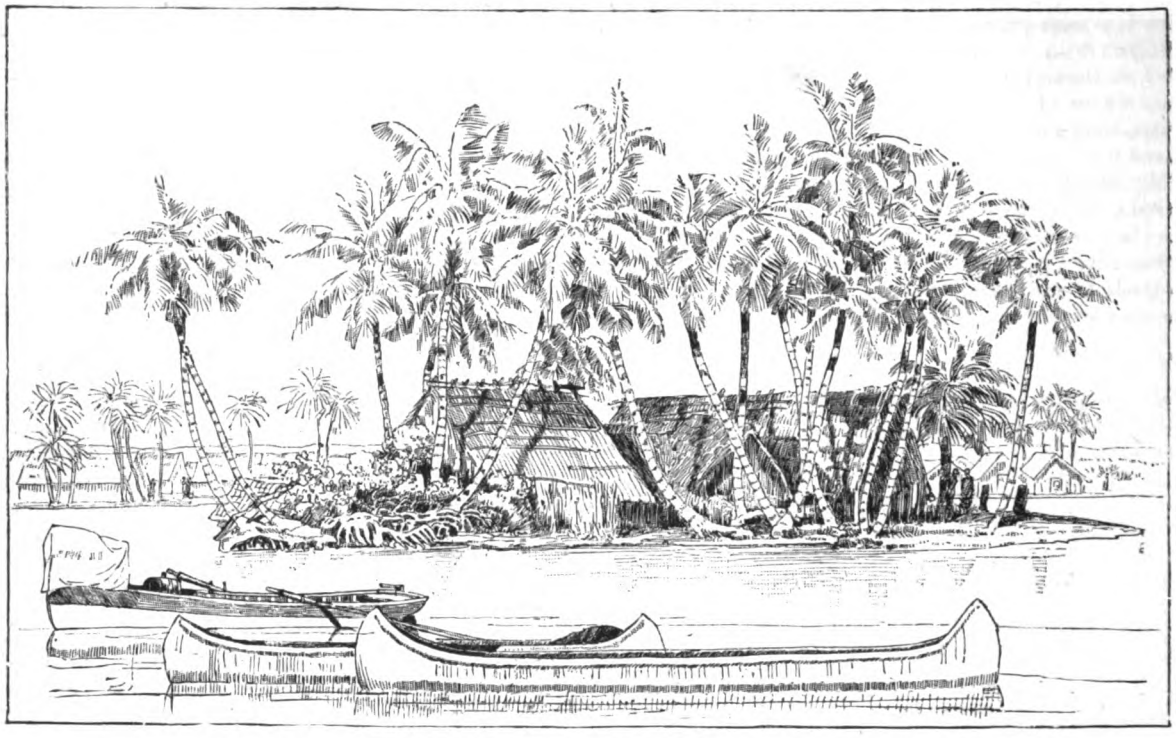
The late King Ernest of Hanover was very abstemious, and usually had the best of health; but if, on occasion, his doctors prescribed medicine, "Put it in the cupboard!" was the order when the physic came. Once His Majesty was really ill for several weeks. As any bottle or powder was brought, relates the Rev. C. A. Wilkinson, the King's chaplain, His Majesty said, "Put it in the cupboard!" and again and again it was "Put it in the cupboard!" Not one drop was touched. Starving and patience were the only remedies resorted to.

At last His Majesty got his good turn, and began to feel he could eat again with a relish; and by degrees nature flung off the disorder, whatever it was, which had run its course. His Majesty was up and dressed early, and at business. "Get all those bottles, powders, and pill-boxes out of the cupboards," he said, "and range them in a row round the room." It was a very small room, and they almost made a circle round the walls. The doctors came in, smirking and smiling, and congratulated the King upon being up again and looking so well. "Yes, doctors," said His Majesty, "thank God it is so! But look there—count it up! Don't you think, if I had drunk all that infernal stuff, I should have been dead long ago?"

CHINESE EDIBLE DOGS.

At a Dog Show in London, a few years since, there was a class of "Chinese Chow-Chow," in which four male dogs and five females were entered. Two of the females, Papoose and Peridot, owned by Lady M. O. Gore, were offered for sale at $2,500 each. The two females represented in our illustrations on page 213 are a black and a red animal, named respectively Chow III. and Chow IV. The former, owned by Mr. C. F. M. Cleverly, is two years and a half old; the latter was born in 1877, and belongs to Mrs. F. Porter. These won the first and the second prize in their class.

We have no precise information concerning the rule by which Chinese gastronomy is directed in selecting for human food certain varieties of dog, and rejecting others; but it is supposed that many of the lower class of people in China will readily eat any flesh of that kind. The name of "chow-chow" seems fearfully significant, but it really has a different meaning. Stews and broths are the chief culinary preparations, for which any flesh may be used, with rice. The gelatinous parts of fish, such as the fins of sharks and the maws of other species of fish, are in much request to thicken and flavor the Chinaman's soup; but a still greater dainty is the *bêche-de-mer*, procured from Torres Strait, and the most highly esteemed of all is the nest of the sea-swallow, which is composed of a mucilaginous seaweed found on the coasts of Java and the Malay Archipelago.



ISLAND IN THE LAKE AT THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-RAILWAY.

A SHIP-PORTAGE FROM SEA TO SEA.

NEAR the southern boundary of Mexico lies a narrow neck of land, known as the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which is now attracting considerable attention both in this country and in Europe, for it has been selected as the route by which ships are to be carried overland from ocean to ocean.

It is a region of wonderful beauty and fertility, such as only those of our readers who are familiar with tropical countries can well picture to themselves. Magnificent forests cover its hills and valleys, where—mingling with the larger growths—one finds luxuriant banana-trees, with their long, silky, green leaves; a great variety of stately, waving palms, and an infinite diversity of foliage, flowers and ferns. No description could convey a faithful idea of the beauty of these tropical forests—the harmonious blending of a hundred tints of green, blue, purple and gold—and, towering above all, are the graceful palms, with their crowns of broad and glittering leaves. One of these Isthmian palms is the species which furnishes the "palm-leaf fans," so common among us in Summer. This palm is a real treasure to the inhabitants of the tropics, and derives its various names from the different uses to which it is put. Thus, by the planters it is called the "thatch-palm," because they employ its broad leaves in thatching the roofs of their houses. To hat-makers it is known as the "hat-palm," and by travelers it is almost invariably called the "fan-palm."

NATIVE HUT ON THE COATZACOALCOS.

The idea of transporting vessels across Tehuantepec is by no means one of recent origin. While the events were taking place that resulted finally in the subjugation of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, the Spaniard Cortez conceived the project of extending his conquest to Peru. When the result of a search for a *strait* had put an end to all hope of discovering a natural channel, he resolved to dismantle his ships and transport them overland across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Pacific—an idea which, although never carried out, may have been suggested to his enterprising spirit by observing that the natives, as they retreated before the victorious Spaniards, carried with them their fleets of war-canoes.

From that time until the present the strip of land which connects the two great continents of America has been regarded as one of the greatest obstacles that stand in the way of the world's progress and enterprise. "Is the transportation of ships across the Isthmus practicable?" was the question which long occupied the minds of statesmen, of engineers, and of merchants engaged in ocean commerce.

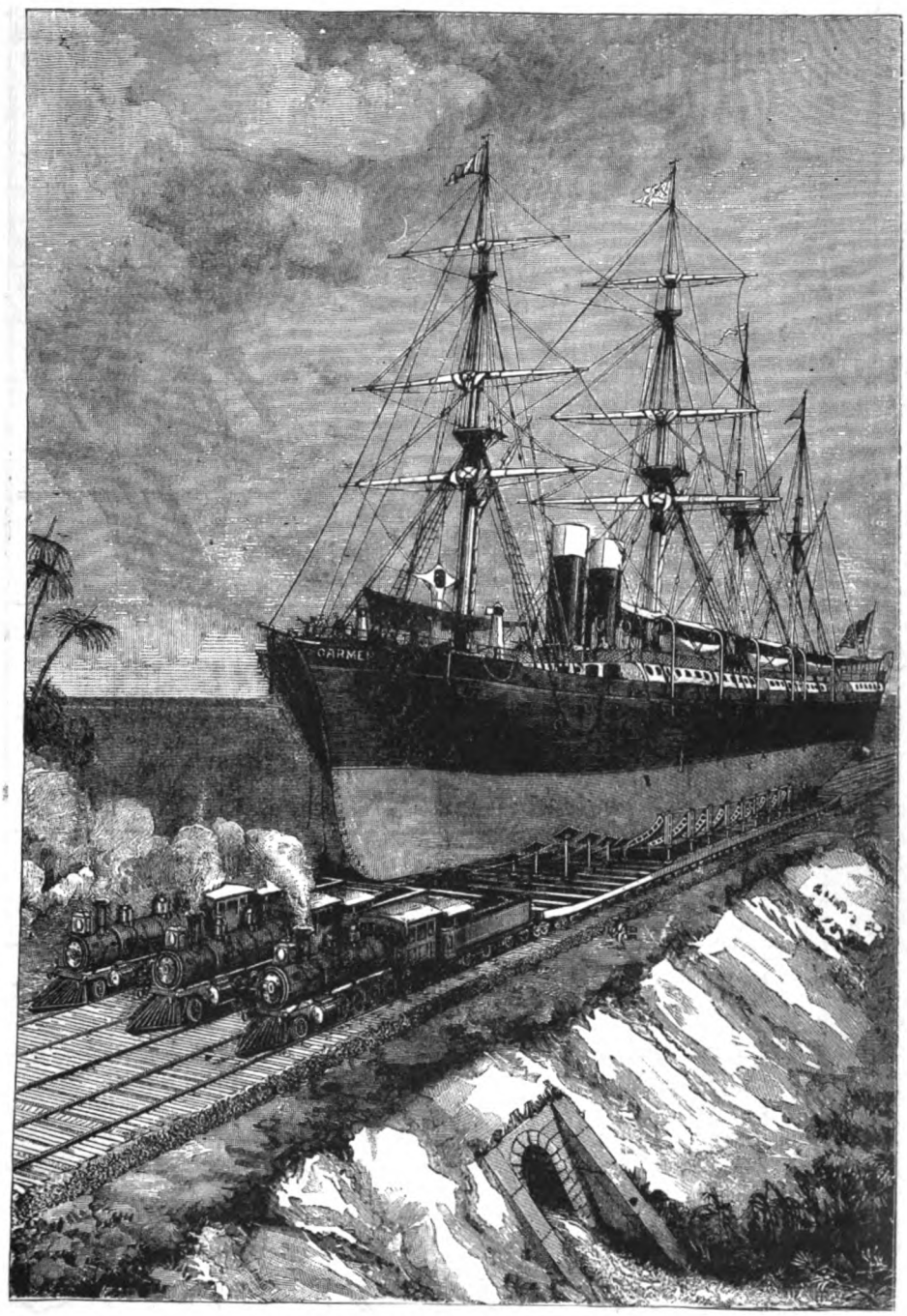
To settle this question, surveying and exploring parties under able and experienced engineers have been sent out at different times by half a dozen dif-

ferent countries, by mercantile corporations, and even by private individuals. Every narrow part of the Isthmus has been closely examined. More than twenty routes have been projected, each of which has its advocates and its detractors, many influenced more or less by personal interest or by a desire to render the line of transit especially advantageous to their own country. But all have united upon one important point, viz.: *That the natural obstacles opposed to the passage of ships across the American Isthmus are not insurmountable.*

Of the various proposed routes for an Isthmian ship-canal, five have met with especial favor. They are:

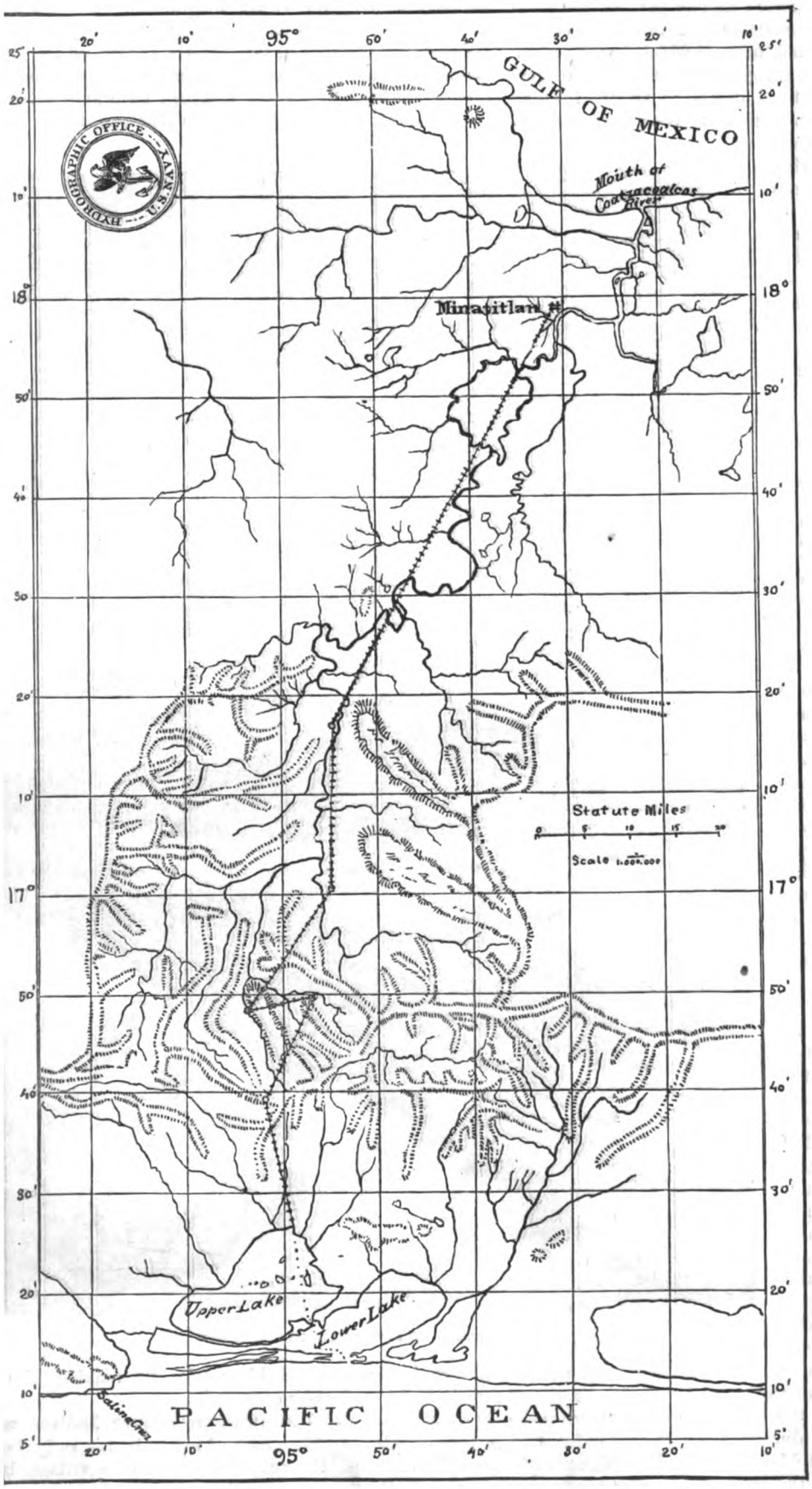
1. By the Isthmus of Panama.
2. By the Isthmus of Darien.
3. By the Lake and Isthmus of Nicaragua.
4. By the River Atrato from the Gulf of Darien, running south through Choco until it reaches the River San Juan, which empties into the Pacific at the Port of Carambiro; and
5. By the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The work of constructing a canal by the first of these routes, as is well known, has been already commenced by a French company under M. de Lesseps; and the present state of that enterprise, its future prospects and relative advantages and disadvantages, as compared with other favorite lines, have been described in the pages of this magazine (March, 1886). But, hitherto, in the consideration of this so-called "Inter-oceanic Problem," the question of its solution has been confined almost exclusively to the cutting of a ship-canal. Recently, however, an eminent American engineer has proposed a method of transporting ships overland, which is now attracting universal attention. This new method involves the construction of a ship-railway upon principles developed by Captain James B. Eads. Captain Eads is no stranger to the people of this country, or to engineers and scientific men throughout the world. His name is familiar to every American as the builder of the "hundred days" gunboats, which did such effective service on the Mississippi during the late war; as the designer and constructing engineer of the great bridge over the Mississippi, at St. Louis, where it was necessary to penetrate through more than a hundred feet of shifting quicksand before finding the solid rock foundation for the piers of masonry which support the magnificent structure; and as the builder of the famous "jetties" for opening and maintaining the ship-channel at the mouth of the Mississippi. Other countries, too, appreciate his services and ability, for both Brazil and England have sought his aid in surmounting engineering difficulties, and the latter country has recognized his merits by making him a member of her Society of Arts.



A STEAMER IN TRANSIT ON THE RAILROAD.

Captain Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and is now about sixty-five years of age. In his early boyhood he attended the school of his native village, but when only thirteen years old the financial misfortunes of his parents forced him to withdraw from school and work his own way in the world.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-RAILWAY.

He took passage in a steamer for St. Louis, Mo., but on the way a fire occurred in the vessel at night, destroying nearly all of his meagre stock of clothing, and he landed barefooted and coatless on the very spot where now stands one of the piers of that magnificent monument to his genius and skill—the St. Louis Bridge.

He engaged successively at St. Louis in the occupations of selling apples on the street, of serving as a clerk in a mercantile house, and as purser of a Mississippi steamer.

Though necessarily deprived of the advantages of school, he employed his leisure moments in the acquirement of knowledge, giving especial attention to studies bearing upon the subjects of civil and mechanical engineering.

By the great fire at St. Louis in 1849, twenty-nine steamers were sunk at their wharves. Captain Eads's inventive faculties were now for the first time called into play. He devised a pontoon-boat for raising the wrecks of these vessels, which proved so successful that he soon acquired a high local reputation as a mechanical engineer. His subsequent successes have extended that reputation to every part of the civilized globe.

As the crowning feature of his remarkable achievements, he now proposes to take from the water the heaviest merchant vessels, to transport them across the land by

rail, and to lower them again into the water at their destination, and to do all this safely and expeditiously.

The vastness of such an undertaking makes it at first appear chimerical. But a careful study of the plans by which it is to be accomplished has convinced some of the most distinguished engineers of the world that such a feat is not only possible, but eminently practicable. Captain Eads has selected for the location of this ship-railway nearly the identical route suggested by Cortez—that by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. First among the considerations that led to its adoption is the patriotic one that Tehuantepec lies nearest to the United States, and hence would afford greater benefits to our commerce than would any other of the proposed routes.

Its nautical advantages are superior to those of the more southern routes, from the fact, well known to seafaring men, that a region of "calms, light, baffling breezes, and of storms of wind and rain" surrounds the American Isthmus, south of the Peninsula of Yucatan, on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and renders the navigation of the adjacent waters by sailing-vessels peculiarly tedious and dangerous; a consideration that assumes its rightful degree of importance when it is borne in mind that even at the present day, in this age of steam, *five-sixths* of the total tonnage of vessels employed in ocean traffic is made up of sailing-ships.

The distances of our principal cities from the most important seaports of the world are much less by way of Tehuantepec than by other lines, as will be observed by a glance at the following table:

COMPARATIVE DISTANCES IN STATUTE MILES.

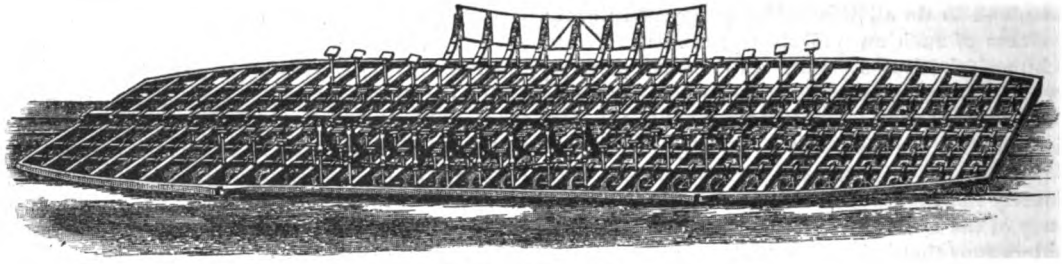
	Total Distance. Miles.	*Miles saved by Tehuantepec Route.*
From New York to China (Hong Kong):		
Viâ Cape Horn	20,379	8,777
" Cape of Good Hope	16,945	5,343
" Suez Canal	13,596	1,994
" Panama Route	12,953	1,351
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec	11,602	——
New York to Japan (Yokohama):		
Viâ Cape Horn	19,802	9,796
" Cape of Good Hope	18,085	8,079
" Suez Canal	15,527	5,521
" Panama Route	11,256	1,250
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec	10,006	——
New York to Australia (Melbourne):		
Viâ Cape Horn	15,215	4,150
" Suez Canal	15,171	4,106
" Cape of Good Hope	15,019	3,954
" Panama Route	11,826	761
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec	11,065	——
New York to Sandwich Isl'ds (Honolulu):		
Viâ Cape Horn	15,826	9,163
" Panama Route	7,939	1,276
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec	6,663	——
New York to San Francisco:		
Viâ Cape Horn	15,687	10,797
" Panama Route	6,063	1,173
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec	4,890	——

Great as these distances are in favor of the Tehuantepec route as compared with those of the projected Panama Canal, its most probable competitor, they, doubtless, will be made much greater in the near future by cutting a canal across the Peninsula of Florida. Although the ship-railway and the Florida Canal are separate and distinct enterprises, when both are completed, each would naturally become the complement of the other. "The country through which the line passes," writes Mr. Martin Van Bracklin, Resident Engineer of the Ship-railway Company, who has spent three years on the Isthmus, "has a fine, salubrious climate, with the exception of the immediate valley of Coatzacoalcos River, where malarial fevers are prevalent for a portion of the year. By reason of the peculiar topographical formation of the Isthmus, there is an almost constant interchange of air-currents between the two oceans. The inhabitants are a robust and healthful people." In the recent survey made for the Ship-railway Company, the surveying party was composed mostly of men unaccustomed to a tropical climate. They reached the Isthmus in the month of March, at the beginning of the wet season—always regarded as the least healthful period of the year—and remained during seventeen consecutive months engaged in the survey. It had been feared that the hardships and exposures incident to such a work would affect the health of the party; but, "no case of sickness occurred among them," continues the engineer before quoted, "and they returned to the United States, after completing their labors, in robust health."

In the important matter of harbors for the reception and protection of ships at the terminal points of the line, Tehuantepec is peculiarly favored by nature. It needs but a casual inspection of the map on page 218 to show that, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, there is an excellent land-locked harbor just within the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River. Its entrance is protected from the sea by a bar, through which a ship-channel can easily be made of any desired depth; and once inside the bar, vessels find themselves in a broad harbor, thirty to forty feet deep, and thoroughly sheltered from even the most violent gales. On the Pacific Coast, the railway will terminate on the shore of a little lake, which connects with the ocean by a narrow channel, and furnishes for vessels every harbor facility that could be desired.

The total length of the railway will be 134 miles. It begins at the town of Minatitlan, on the Coatzacoalcos River, 25 miles from its mouth. The lower portion of the river, from Minatitlan to the Gulf of Mexico, can be made, with little trouble or expense, navigable for vessels drawing as much as 28 feet of water. From the town, where a bend in the river forms a natural basin for the lifting-dock, which will be required to raise the vessels from the water to the level of the railway, the line of the road runs for 35 miles through a nearly level plain which furnishes a solid foundation for the road-bed. The surrounding country remains almost untouched by the hand of man; but where any attempt has been made to till the soil it yields an excellent quality of tobacco, rice, cotton, coffee, cocoa, and other valuable articles of commerce; while oranges, bananas, guavas, and in fact most of the delicious fruits peculiar to the tropics, grow in profusion without the aid of cultivation. Much of this alluvial plain is covered by thick woods, the trees, often five or six feet in diameter, comprising several species of the oak, and other excellent building timbers, in addition to a great variety of the more costly woods, such as lignum-vitæ, mahogany, acacia, and the *Siphonica elastica*, or "india-rubber tree."

Though apparently level, the plain really rises along the line of the railway by a grade of 10 to 20 feet per mile. Leaving this fertile region, the road follows the valley of the Coatzacoalcos for 20 miles, then branches off into a succession of broad valleys inclosed by ranges of hills and mountains. By a gentle and imperceptible grade the line rises to the summit-plain of Tarifa, 736 feet above the mean level of the sea. Crossing this plain, it enters the Cordilleras by the Tarifa Pass, the lowest depression

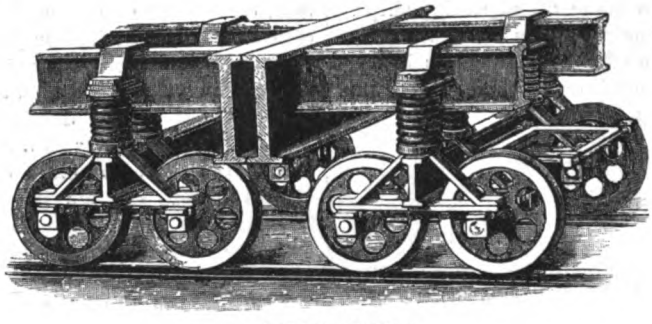


FRAME OF THE CAR.

on the Isthmus, and located at precisely the point most convenient for the railway, as if nature itself had sought to encourage the enterprise of man.

Emerging from the Pass, the railway traverses a series of narrow valleys, descending by an easy grade of 1 per cent., or 52 and 8-10 feet per mile, until it reaches the Pacific plains, whence, without encountering any serious obstacles to its construction, it continues on to its terminus on one of the small lakes connecting with the ocean. The accompanying map, on page 218, though necessarily greatly reduced in size from the original, is the result of the recent survey of the route made for the Ship-railway Company, and will give the reader a clear idea of the general course and location of the line.

The roadbed or foundation for the railway will be nearly fifty feet wide, or five times that of an ordinary railroad. It will be built in the most substantial manner, and ballasted with a thick layer of stone or concrete. Upon the surface will be laid six rails, 4 feet 8½ inches apart, so that the two outside rails will be separated from each other by a distance of 29 feet, and the railway will have the appearance of three ordinary railroads side by side. The rails will be twice the size of those used in an ordinary railroad, and will be securely bolted to broad steel sleepers or "ties," extending under the whole six and projecting several feet beyond the outside rail on each side. These wide sleepers present a large bearing-surface to the roadbed, and in some places, if found necessary, additional support will be obtained by securing them to heavy longitudinal timbers.

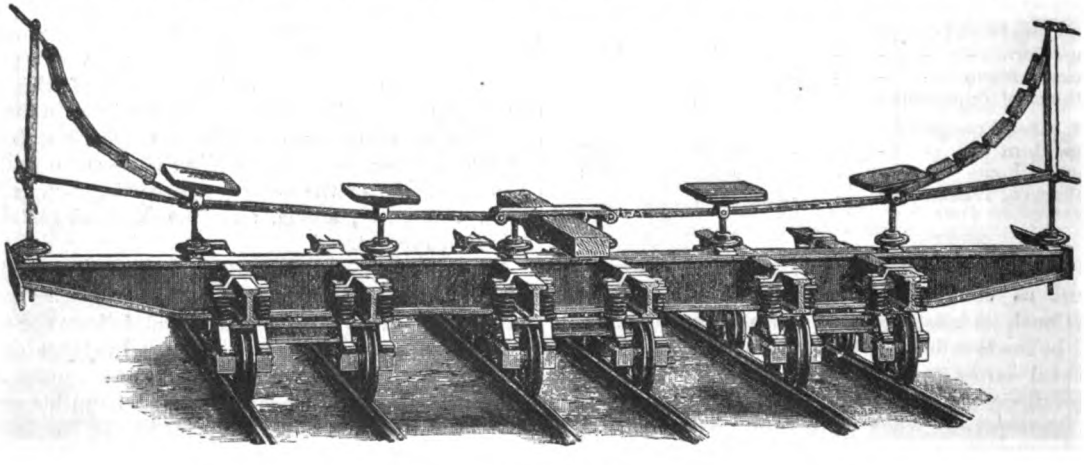


WHEELS OF CAR.

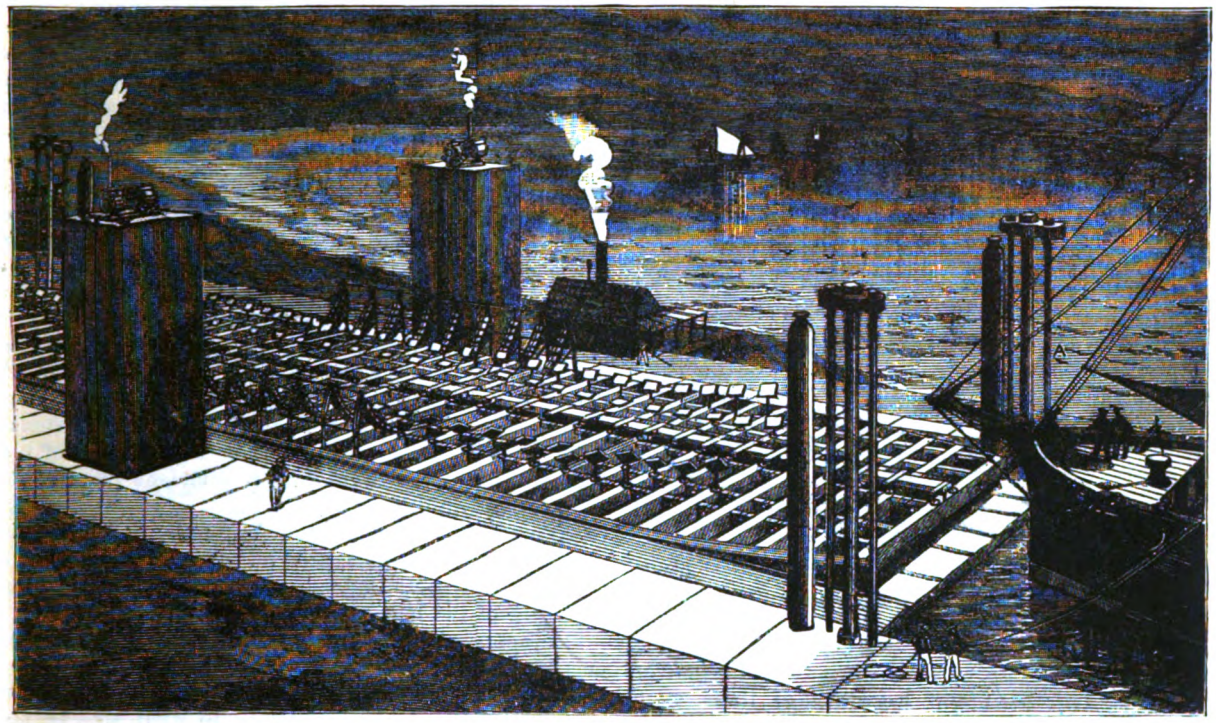
The car or "cradle," upon which the vessel will rest in its transit over the railway, will be built wholly of steel. An inspection of the illustrations on this page will convey to the reader a good idea of its general appearance and the details of its construction.

The whole number of wheels under the car will be about 500, and the blocks or supports under the vessel's bottom are arranged so as to bring the weight of the vessel directly upon the trucks. At each terminus of the railway, at Minatitlan on the Atlantic side, and at the lake on the Pacific coast, a rectangular stone basin will be built, one end of which will be left open to the surrounding waters. Within this basin will be placed the lifting-dock or pontoon, for raising the vessel to the level of the railway. The lifting-dock will be about 450 feet long, 75 feet wide, and from 12 to 15 feet deep. It will be virtually an immense air-tight caisson or pontoon, built of steel plates, and divided into water-tight compartments. On the upper surface or deck of the dock six rails will be laid, corresponding to those of the railway.

In the process of transferring a vessel from the water to the railway, ready to start on its overland trip, the car or cradle will be run from the railway to its place on the deck of the dock. The valves of the dock will then be opened, and the compartments filling with water, the dock sinks to the bottom of the basin. The ship is then



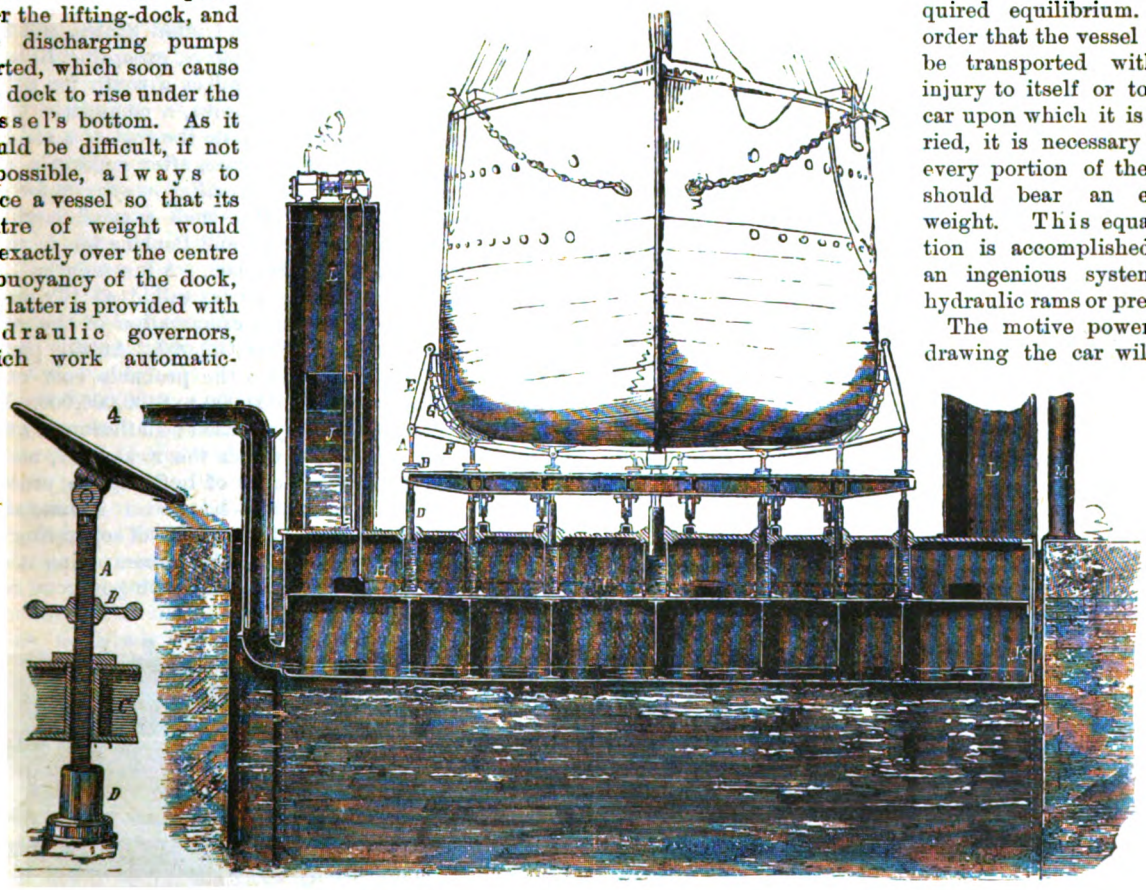
CAR ON THE RAILS.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE DOCK AND CAR.

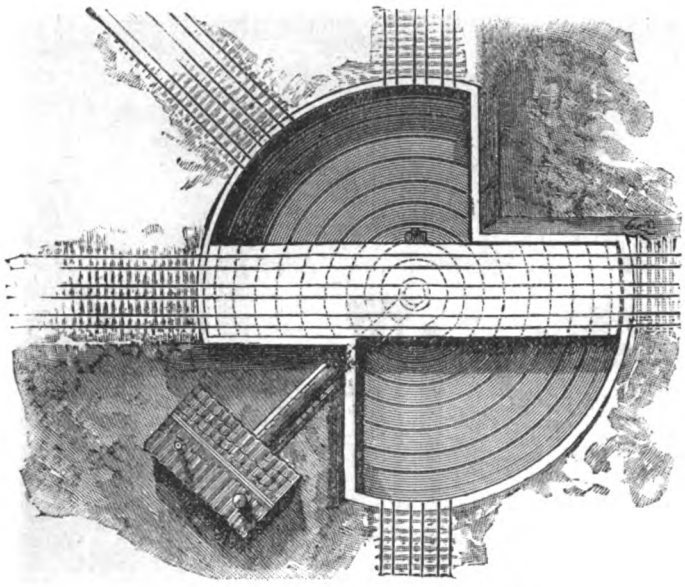
floated into its place over the lifting-dock, and the discharging pumps started, which soon cause the dock to rise under the vessel's bottom. As it would be difficult, if not impossible, always to place a vessel so that its centre of weight would be exactly over the centre of buoyancy of the dock, the latter is provided with hydraulic governors, which work automatically, and preserve the required equilibrium. In order that the vessel may be transported without injury to itself or to the car upon which it is carried, it is necessary that every portion of the car should bear an equal weight. This equalization is accomplished by an ingenious system of hydraulic rams or presses.

The motive power for drawing the car will be



Cross-section of the pontoon, towers and carriage. *A* is a side support; *E*, *G*, *F*, the adjustable hinged girth; *D*, the ram; *L*, *L*, the towers for the pressure pumps which are on the top of the towers; *I* is the pipe through which the water is withdrawn from the pontoon by the centrifugal pump; *J* is the reservoir from which the water is taken to force a pressure through the pipes to the rams; *K* is one of the cylinders for the hydraulic governors.

THE LIFTING-DOCK.



FLOATING TURNTABLE—VERTICAL VIEW.

furnished by locomotives of the ordinary type, but much larger and more powerful than those in common use on our railroads; and as many of these giant engines as may be found necessary will be employed, some in front and others in rear of the car.

Nature has divided the length of the railway into six sections, each of which is practically a straight line. At the ends of the sections the required change in direction will be made by the use of floating turntables. These turntables are in themselves not the least ingenious mechanical feature of the railway. They consist of a segmental excavation or basin, walled and floored with masonry, partially filled with water. Inside the basin there will be a pontoon or caisson somewhat similar to the lifting-dock, arranged so that it may be revolved around a central column. An inspection of the illustrations will show clearly the manner in which they are used.

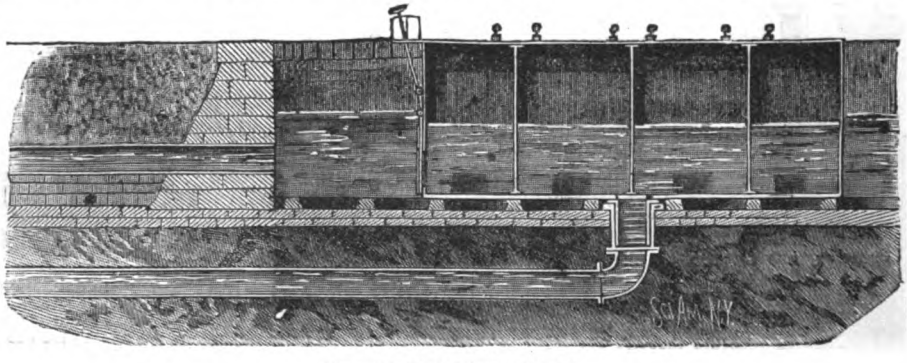
The turntables serve also as passing-points for vessels going in opposite directions, one of the ships being run out on a short track radiating from the turntable, while the other passes along the main line. Upon reaching the end of its overland journey the vessel is lowered into the water by reversing the process employed in raising it.

Opponents of the ship-railway have asserted that the project is new and untried, and, hence, that there is a reasonable doubt of its practicability; that, as no such railway has been built, the estimates of its cost must be purely theoretical; and that the expense of keeping in good order such a road would be greater than that required for the maintenance of a canal.

While it must be admitted that no ship-railway on a scale such as that contemplated at Tehuantepec has been yet built, the idea of transporting vessels by rail is no new one to the scientific world. Before work was begun on the Suez Canal, English engineers of high standing advocated the building of a ship-railway in its stead. In 1874 an eminent engineer made plans for a railway to transport steamers around the first cataract of the Nile; and at the present time a similar railway, to carry ships of 2,000 tons, is being constructed across the Isthmus of Chignecto, which separates the Bay of Fundy from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Though built by private capital, the Chignecto Ship-railway is under the patronage of the Canadian Government, which guarantees to the stockholders, for a period of twenty years, an annual profit of seven per centum on their investments. The railway is but seventeen miles in length, yet it saves a dangerous voyage of 600 miles. At the head of the Railway Company is Sir John Fowler, one of England's most distinguished engineers, whose name alone, as the advocate of the enterprise, would be a sufficient proof of its feasibility.

The plan of the Tehuantepec Railway is on a scale much larger than that of the Chignecto line, and contemplates the handling of the heaviest merchant ships.

It is not possible for even the ablest and most experienced engineers to determine in advance the cost of vast enterprises like the Ship-railway. The best estimates can scarcely be called approximations to what will be the actual expense of construction. A good example of this is shown in the experience of the Panama Canal Company. When the "International Scientific Congress"—consisting of delegates from the United States, and from all the prominent European Powers, excepting Russia—met in Paris, in May, 1879, to select a route for a Ship Canal across the American Isthmus, a committee of engineers was appointed to calculate the cost of a sea-level canal at Panama. The committee, after making a most careful detailed estimate, and *adding one-fourth* for contingent expenses, reported that such a canal could be constructed between Aspinwall and Panama for, in round numbers, the sum of $144,000,000. A few months later, a committee of engineer-experts, called a "Technical Commission," after a personal examination of the route, increased the amount to $166,000,000. At the present day the best authorities place the probable cost of the Panama Canal at from $250,000,000 to $400,000,000. That of building the Ship-railway—based on a thorough knowledge of the ground over which the road runs, and on the known (approximate) cost of building an ordinary railroad over such a route — has been estimated at $75,000,000. Some idea of the cost of operating the Ship-railway may be obtained, also, by comparing it with an ordinary road. The estimates of keeping in good order



THE FLOATING TURNTABLE.

a first-class double track railroad—including switches, yards, buildings, etc.—is in this country about $1,700 per annum for each mile of its length. On the Ship-railway the speed of the rolling stock will be slower, and hence the wear of the rails will be less, while none of the heavy expenses ordinarily resulting from snow and freezing will be incurred; but there will be greater rainfall at certain seasons of the year, and, probably, a more rapid decay of all wooden structures, and also three tracks instead of two. It has been considered a fair estimate to place the expense of keeping the Ship-railway in good order at $2,500 per mile. We will then have:

First.—Cost of maintenance (134 miles) at $2,500 per mile	$335,000
Second.—The cost of operating the terminals, from a careful detailed statement of cost of labor, materials and repairs, will be $350 per day, or for 365 days, $127,750; and for two terminals, per annum	255,500
Third.—The cost of operating the five ship-railway turntables, at $300 per day	109,500
Fourth.—The motive power for hauling vessels, per annum	278,720
Fifth.—Telegraph expenses	20,000
Sixth.—Incidentals	40,000
Seventh.—General expenses	50,000
Total annual expense	$1,088,720

In contrast with this sum, the estimate for maintenance and operating the Panama Canal is $2,000,000 per annum. In point of fact, the amount that will be required is likely to be much greater. We have not the figures for more recent years, but in 1883 the cost of keeping in repair and working the Suez Canal was $2,784,869; and the annual expenditure at Panama will be greatly in excess of that at Suez, on account of the heavy rainfall (averaging 120 inches per year) to which the former place is subjected. Flood-like rain showers occur at Panama daily, and almost hourly, during the wet season; and the filling-in effect of these violent, torrential rains, on the high, sloping, clay-banks of the canal, would be certainly very great.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, however, is comparatively free from these tropical inundations; and the road-bed of the Ship-railway is everywhere above the high-water level of the streams.

Great interest in the Ship-railway has been recently manifested throughout this country—especially in St. Louis and New Orleans, where public meetings have been held and resolutions passed to adopt every means for the encouragement of the enterprise.

That ships, sooner or later, will cross the Isthmus, every thinking man now fully believes. The Tehuantepec route is essentially the American one; and every citizen of the United States must feel that the honor of first uniting the two great oceans should belong to America. Our people are at last beginning to realize that a European company is already at work on the American Isthmus, and that the coveted honor may be wrested from us.

From whatever point of view the Ship-railway may be considered, it must be regarded as in a great degree a national enterprise.

It is proposed to build it wholly by private capital. But in order to encourage capitalists to invest their means, the Governments of the United States and Mexico have been asked—*provided that when the railway shall have been built, it shall prove to be a practical success*—to guarantee to the investors an annual profit of five per cent. on the estimated cost, for a period of fifteen years. Should the net revenues of the railway fall below this amount, one-third of the deficiency is to be made up by Mexico, and the remaining two-thirds by the United States. Mexico has already accepted the proposition, and, in addition, has granted the Ship-railway Company the "right of way," and a belt of land, nearly a half mile wide, across the Isthmus. That part of the proposition which relates to the United States is now under the consideration of Congress.

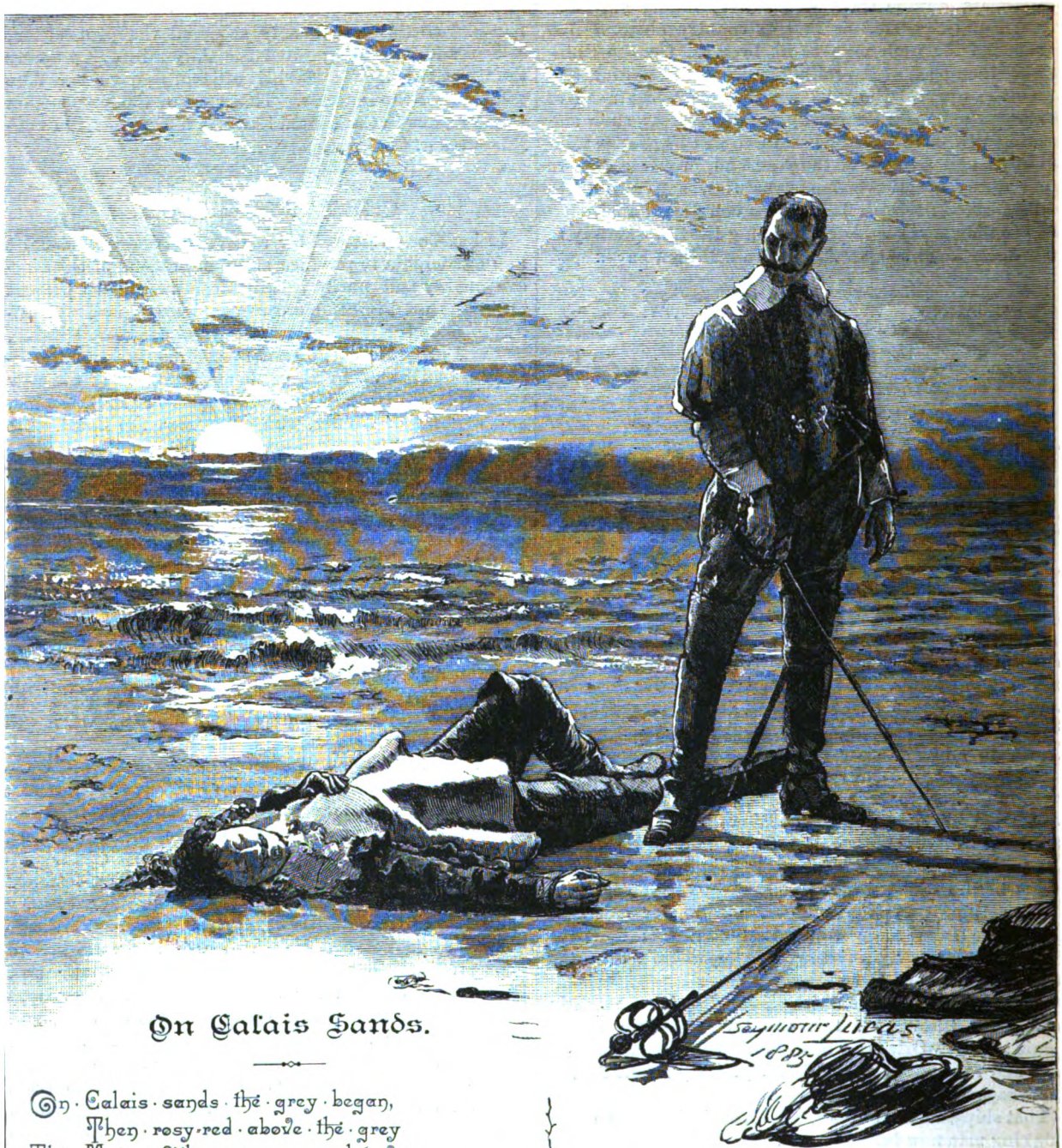
CHEAP ALUMINIUM.

It has been reserved for a German-American chemist in Philadelphia to produce aluminium metal of the average quality and purity usually dealt in and at present ordinarily used in commerce, in sufficiently large quantities to make the new process of general commercial value, and at a probable cost of not over $1.25 per pound, one-twelfth of that now ruling. The discoverer of the new process is William Frishmuth, a chemist of Philadelphia, and a pupil of Wohler, who discovered the metal. He has been working for twenty-eight years to solve the problem of making cheap aluminium in commercial quantities.

Aluminium is made only from its oxide, alumina. This is found everywhere, there being more in the ground than there is of iron. The French clay, bauxite, and the English and Irish alum clays, all existing in inexhaustible quantities, contain very high percentages of alumina, which can be extracted at a very low cost. Bauxite contains sixty per cent. of alumina, and can be laid down in New York at $8 per ton.

The uses of the metal are almost illimitable. Being only about one-quarter the weight of other metals, it will be substituted for these in countless ways. For lightning rods, telegraph and electric light wires it will come into use, as, with the exception of silver, it is the best conductor of electricity known. Already, notwithstanding its cost, it is adopted for the metal buttons, buckles, and, in fact, all the accoutrements of the uniform of the soldier, the weight of these being lessened so greatly that he is enabled to carry from thirty to forty additional cartridges without increasing the load hitherto borne. It is non-corrosive, and will not tarnish, and must eventually supplant other metals for domestic uses. It will also be used for subsidiary coins. Specimens after handling for months show no signs of wear, and are as bright as the day they were struck. As an alloy, however, it will prove of the greatest value, especially when combined with silver and copper; giving to these metals its non-corrosive and non-tarnishing qualities, and greatly increasing their tensile strength. Aluminium bronze, which is made from ninety parts of copper and ten parts of aluminium, has a tensile strength of three tons per square inch more than Bessemer steel.

A Parrot Story.—A clergyman says: "A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, boys, cheer.' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and got as far as the door with him when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke.' The overpowering effect on the assembly may be more easily imagined than described."



On Calais Sands.

On Calais sands the grey began,
Then rosy-red above the grey
The Morn with many a scarlet van
Leaped, and the world was glad with May.
The little waves along the bay
Broke white upon the shelving strands;
The sea-mews flitted white as they
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands must man with man
Wash honour clean in blood to-day;
On spaces wet from waters wan
How white the flashing rapiers play,—
Parry, riposte, and lunge! The fray
Shifts for a while, then mournful stands
The victor; life ebbs fast away
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands a little span
Of silence, then the plash and spray,
The sound of eager waves that ran
To kiss the perfumed locks astray,
To touch the lips that ne'er said "nay,"
To dally with the helpless hands;
Till the deep sea in silence lay
On Calais sands!

ENVOY.

Between the lilac and the May
She waits her Love from alien lands;
Her Love is colder than the clay
On Calais sands!

ATALANTA.—"NAN TOOK THE BUNDLE OF LOOSE PAPERS AND FLUNG THEM ON THE BLAZING COALS IN THE OPEN GRATE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

ATALANTA.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

"Don't you think I might go, David?"

"The morning is too dark, sir, and gusty. I think you had better not try it."

"Ah, well then, I will not."

An outer door, opened from beyond, somewhere, lets in a gust of misty, moaning air. Wide hall and narrow passage are filled with the cold sound; doors start ajar, windows rattle, and a wild flare of smoke and flame whirls up the chimney.

Herrick Bell's pale, thin face flushes slightly, as he draws a step nearer to the fire.

"A bad day! I should think so. And it gets worse, doesn't it? Well,"—his clear, low-toned voice showing an inner revolt—"there's no help for it. You will have to go in my place, David."

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir, in the village?" asked David, while he buttoned his fur collar tighter about his throat, and drew his cap closer over his brows.

"No, nothing," said Herrick, slowly.

He was watching the other man, so strong and firm and reliant—a man not lettered like himself, ignorant of Greek or Hebrew lore, ignorant of Southern song and Eastern art, study a sealed book to him, save as Nature taught; yet, on the other hand, a study in himself—so blue and clear his eyes, so fresh his laugh, a quick, glad health stirring every pulse within him.

"No, there's nothing," he said. "Only be sure and bring my cousin safe with you. She'll think me a poor creature," he said, in a different voice.

"Miss Herbert will know you could not go out such a day," was the sturdy reply to this, as David went his way.

When he was left to himself, Rick sat by the fire and dreamed some pleasant dreams. After all, perhaps, he had done well—better than he knew. For when he wrote to a far, dying kinsman, "Send your sister to me. I will be a brother to her now; and as I deal by her, God deal so by me, and more," he felt a dim recognition of the fact that he was putting his name to a bond of whose utmost purport he knew nothing.

Visions of a gentle shape near, of a voice that echoed his thoughts, of eyes that smiled and wept as his eyes would, of they two reading the same page, bending cheek by cheek over the words he had written. What could be more innocent than these.

He was scarcely conscious of the waning day till, of a sudden, the door burst open, and something like a brisk current of southwest wind, strong and sweet, blew through his airy dreams.

"Oh, you are in here!" This was not the voice of a virago exactly, but there was the stamp of the foot in it. "Do you know there were two children out there—a brute of a big boy who was teasing a little crying child that had stumbled and broken her milk-pitcher?"

Rick rose from his seat in bewilderment. Here before him was a vision of a girl, tall and straight, with rose-flushes in her round cheeks, and soft, fawn-like eyes, and with the sunlight in the splendid mass of her glowing ruddy hair.

He had seen something like her before, but where? "Oh, indeed!" was all he could say in his wonder.

"It was a fine performance, oh, yes! but I don't think he will try it again." And she laughed, triumphantly. "He must have thought a whirlwind was after him. I shook life enough out of him to keep him still for a week," she affirmed, gravely.

Then the door behind her opened, David appeared.

"Oh, here you are, safe!" David glanced at Herrick with a hidden laughter in his face. "I beg your pardon. I only came to see if you were safe."

When he had shut the door again, the girl turned to Herrick with some abashment in her manner.

"It is I who ought to beg pardon for coming in this way. But I jumped from the wagon and left him." Then she continued, shyly: "I am Nan, and—you—you must be Rick—my cousin Herrick."

She never forgot the gentle courtesy with which this man with the scholarly face took her hand, saying:

"Yes, I am Rick. I am glad the old homestead is going to be a home for both of us now. Welcome home, dear Nan!"

That was all; and Nan was home.

It was after she had rested and taken some supper that she began to look about her.

"So many books!" she said, with those fawn-like eyes wide open. "My brother used to say you were a poet. You—you did not write them *all?*"

"No," said Rick, laughing. "You have much too grand an opinion of me. These are my friends, my comforters and teachers."

He drew Nan's arm in his, and leading her up, laid her hand upon a range of books against the wall.

"Love them, Nan; be very good friends with them, for my sake."

"Yes," she said, awed by his solemn tone, "I will try for your sake, dear Rick. You must teach me."

She took a small copy in Parian marble of "Atalanta"—Rinehart's "Atalanta"—standing with free, wind-stirred hair and wind-blown skirt, every limb alert with strong, untutored mountain grace, eager for the race.

Rick started, glancing from the lovely thing cut in stone to the one who held it.

"Ah," he cried, "I was wondering all this time where I had seen you before, Nan! There it is, there you are—you and your ancestress!"

"This?" cried Nan. "Did you know her? Is it—is it—who is she?"

Rick's face flushed.

"It is Atalanta!" was his answer. Then, more gayly: "The first Nan Herbert."

"Am I like her?" Nan went on, innocently. "I should like to run a race with her! And her dress—I like that!" She put the figure down, looking at Herrick with rather a puzzled air.

"Yes," said Rick, recovering his temper, and inwardly hoping that Nan would not try any innovation of costume there. "It most likely suited the conditions of life in those days."

And then he was silent, standing with bent brows frowning by the fire.

Truly, this was a strange wildwood note, coming fresh from furzy dell and cold hilltops, brightening with its clear sound the student's recluse life. Sometimes in listening to the voice he forgot the words it framed, and so was compelled to ask the question it had asked.

That, too, was a fresh delight, and there were many questions; for, to Nan, the old house, with its buried treasures, was a mine to be explored from the top to the bottom.

One day, rummaging a fragrant closet, sweet with stored boxes of forgotten relics, she brought out a—what was it?"

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Rick, what is this?"

Herrick glanced over his shoulder.

"Ah, my beech bowl! Is it there?" He came and stood at her side. "I had forgotten it. Pan used to drink out of it."

"But what is it for? Why is it hidden in here?"

Miss Pan examined the thing curiously. Just an antique wooden bowl carved from beech, and, when it was new, sweet, no doubt, with young spring-juice and bud-breath. Time had now touched it with a soft, gold-brown tinge; it was hard and smooth-polished, while about the edge was cut, with a not wholly unromantic hand, a wreath of vine and beech-leaves, making it seem fit for meadow waters.

"It is my beech bowl—my bowl of inspiration," said Herrick, smiling a little.

"But it's empty," quoth Miss Nan, tapping it with her soft, white fingers.

"Yes, it is empty. Time emptied it long ago."

Rick's pale forehead showed a passing flush. He took the bowl from Nan and stood looking into it. Empty!

"It hath a story," he said, rousing himself a bit. "Once on a time an aunt, or grandcousin of mine——"

"Pan's daughter?" asked Nan, interrupting just because she liked exact reporting.

Herrick glanced at her, but her face was innocent.

"She was old Pandrake Bell's daughter—a girl of ten or twelve—and fond of following her brothers in the wood. They drew the life-blood of the trees in those days, making every springtime vast quantities of maple-sugar and syrup, and the girl was fond of drinking the fresh dripping juice; so, one day, old Pan, her father, cut this bowl for her use. The work was all his, done with his knife while he watched the boiling liquid in the night."

"Yes," said Nan, breathlessly. "Oh, why was I not there!"

She clasped her hands together in fierce excitement.

"Maybe you *were* there!" said Rick, looking at her.

He gave the bowl back to her.

"How fond they were in those old times of Nature's nourishment! The water drawn from birch and maple, that strange drink termed metheglin, made from honey, with a sting in its sweetness—my grandmother used to make gallons of it. Men and women drank the very life of Nature then, fresh from her strong veins."

He was growing pallid with his sad fervor. Nan drew her arm in his.

"I love the bowl, too. See, I'll put it up here, and I will keep it always filled with leaves and berries and fragrant sprigs from the wood, just to tell you of that beautiful wild world out there. Oh, Rick, dear Rick, I love you! I wish I could be like you! Help you—help you to *enjoy* life!"

Her arms were round his neck, her tears falling as she turned her cheek away.

Rick gently unloosed her hold.

"See," he said, with his gentle smile, pointing to the bottom of the bowl where a drop of water shone. "You said the bowl was empty, dear Nan, but to me it will always be full after this—always filled to the brim with that dear tear-drop."

* * * * * *

"I am a Shade!"

If Herrick Bell's eyes sought ofttimes than was usual that picture hung above his desk—a picture of Life half emerging from, half fading into, vaporous mist—it might not have been that his thoughts were more than usually sombre.

Still, he did dream of his work. His consolation had ever been that nothing which held the seed of life in it should die. Why, then, this picture?

"I am a Shade—a Shadow thou!" If life was truly a shade, what was love, or fame, or happiness, more than a shadow that the shade pursued?

The next day he was working feverishly at his desk, when he heard Nan's merry voice without. He pushed his manuscript sheets aside, and, going to the window, stood and watched her. How filled with joyous health she was!

The sunlight stirred all the glancing light in her yellow hair. Her cheeks glowed; her eyes flashed, as with lifted arms she caught the great bunches of mountain-ashberries David was breaking.

Something in the look, the manner of these two in the sunshine in their glad, strong grace, touched the ire of the pale student. His face grew dark.

"David is one of Nature's true born sons," he said to himself. "He is a wooer, and he speaks in the old-time simple words; the true note rings in them. Most likely he will win her—she likes dumb things. But what am I, to interfere?"

He pushed the window open and stepped out, strolling, with careless feet, over the smooth, hard ground.

The air smelled sweet, the sunlight had drawn a few bees from the hives under a group of pine-trees.

As he approached, the young people turned, David with pleased eyes leaping from his perch aloft.

"Sha'n't I get you your wraps, sir?" he said to Herrick. "It's rather cutting when you have been out here a while."

Rick turned his shoulder.

"Let me alone," he said, roughly. "I'll take care of myself."

David stood still a moment, not stirring from sheer surprise; then he moved off, his cheek burning.

Nan, with alarmed looks, began gathering up her treasures, wondering what had happened.

But Herrick had been too sure of his footing. There was a cry. David turned and saw his master wavering, his face white, the cold air sending the chilled blood backward in its warm courses, leaving him helpless. In a second David was by his side, with strong arms supporting him.

Rick made a last effort.

"Leave me alone!" he cried, writhing away from the other's grasp. "I tell you I can take care of myself. I don't want your help."

Then David carried him in. It was over in a few minutes—nothing but a chill, a sudden faintness, leaving perhaps a hollow under the eyes, a painful blue spot in the cheeks; it was nothing.

Mrs. Blair, bustling about with flannels, camphor, hot brandy, was laughed at and sent away. It was nothing.

And then Nan stole in, subdued and pale.

"I am sorry you are ill, dear Rick."

She knelt by his chair on the hearth, stretching out two pink hands to the blaze.

"Oh, I'm not ill." Herrick moved impatiently. "It was only a faintness. I slipped on the ice. But I don't believe I can write any more to-day. I am sorry for that." He glanced at his desk.

"Oh, Rick, let the writing go. Try to get well." She took in her own cool grasp his hand, so feverish. "Don't study so much. Play more—do!"

"If you would only study a little more, Nan," was Rick's gentle answer.

"I! For what? There is too much of studying—there are too many books in the world. What good could they do me?"

He moved uneasily, his face flushing warmly, but with a curious tenacity he held to the subject.

"You think the world would be better without books, then?"

"Ah, yes; there would be too many if half of them were thrown into the sea and no more written. I wonder why people go on writing—what more is there to say? But, oh, to live one day of my life, to run and sing, to feel the blood warm in your body, to drink the chill wind and watch the birds and boughs, oh, Rick! write a book like that, and the world will be better for it."

"Come in," a voice called, and Rick went in.

Some one stirred in bed in the darkness.

"David!"

"Yes. Am I wanted?"

"David, I came to say I am sorry. Forgive me."

The two men clasped hands, silent.

* * * * * *

The next day Herrick took care to say to Nan, in his ordinary, indifferent manner:

"If I were to be called away, you would stay here and look after things for me?"

"Yes, Rick," she said, with some wonder. "Of course I would do that! But are you going away?"

"It seems probable. Yesterday—last evening—I got a message . . . but I could leave you—and David; you two would take care of things."

FOUND AT LAST.

Harsh cure, bitter and black to the taste of the sick man; but how unconscious she was of hurting him.

"Yes, dear Nan, in another world—in another life," was his answer, gentle as ever.

Then the girl became conscious of what she had done.

"Oh, Rick! dear Rick! what have I said to you—to you of all beings in the world? Oh, how could I? What must you think of me?"

He put his thin hand on her bowed head, just touching the bright, ruffled hair.

"Physician," he said, softly, "why should you not cure me?"

A sudden violent fit of coughing seized him; later a drop of blood fell on his hand, and he bent to the light, examining it. Arterial blood!

* * * * * *

He had not spoken with David since the morning, when rough words passed, of which we know.

He left his room and went along to a certain door, where he knocked.

His face was turned away, but she fancied his tone was sad. Most likely, he not being strong, the very thought of a journey was distasteful to him.

"Of course, Rick, we will do everything; but you had much better take David with you. He can be of use to you, and I could manage here well enough," she urged.

"We will see when the time comes."

The subject dropped here; but Rick had smiled on her with these last words, and Nan's heart felt warmer for the smile.

And now, how was she to know the struggle through which he passed, the ambition that beset him, the doubt, the lifting toward light, the downward plunge into despair.

Writ in water, writ in water!

Many times he opened and read from a letter he had recently received.

"We will most gladly accept the task of carrying out your posthumous wishes. As you have planned the work, the expense will be no inconsiderable item. But

AMONG THE MISSING.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANGLEY.

you have no one besides yourself to provide for, and can doubtless afford it. For ourselves, we promise to do all in our power."

Then Herrick would fold the letter up, frowning and heavy-hearted.

"No one but himself."

And there was Nan—homeless, penniless, but for him. And his writing, his beloved poems, the pages where he had writ his soul out in his very life's blood!

Writ in water, were they now?

In these days his Bible was by his side, in his hand. He opens it now and reads. Oh, awful mandate for the weak, earth-fettered soul: "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*" Thy neighbor! That to Herrick meant—*Nan!*

And she was such a gentle nurse in these sick days of his. She was so watchful and tender, this young Atalanta whose laugh was so quick and speech so fearless, whose footsteps were so soft and whose limbs so strong to run upon the hilltops.

He must love her even as he loved himself—this sweet young handmaid who was his neighbor.

"Nan, are you there?" he said, in the dusk.

"Yes, Rick. Can I do anything for you?"

"Here are some papers that have been littering my desk. They are useless. Will you throw them in the fire for me?"

Nan took the bundle of loose papers and flung them on the blazing coals in the open grate. The fierce flame caught at them and licked them up—a moment and nothing but soft gray dust was left.

Writ in water.

"What were the papers, Rick?" asked Nan, turning her fascinated eyes from the sight. "The fire seemed to moan as it took them up."

There was no answer to this question, and going up to him, she found him lying back in his chair, his eyes half-shut, his forehead cold, no consciousness left in him now of this cruel thing that had been done.

With a loud cry she sprang to the door, flinging it open.

"David! David!" she called, and when David came hurrying with his mother they thought, too, with Nan, that Rick was dead.

It was a long time before he recovered from that death-like swoon, and the first movement he in his consciousness made was to turn with a sick shudder from the warm light of the fire on the hearth.

"Monster!" he whispered, fiercely.

Nan knelt by him with streaming eyes. He turned his look on her in affectionate intent.

"Tell them," he said, faintly, "it was writ in water."

"What! Oh, Rick, dear Rick! What do you mean?"

"My name, my work. All—all, was writ in water?"

Nan gazed at David with a terrified inquiry in her look.

"Dear," continued Rick, "you remember the other day I told you I had a message—that I was going away." He paused. He stretched out a thin hand for David to take in his strong, life-giving clasp. "Dear friends, I think I am going soon—*now.*"

It was strange how, after that, in those last pale, fading days of his, he fancied the sound of running water all about him.

The soft, unceasing murmur of the wind among the boughs outside his window, the low whisper of the flame upon the hearth, the stir of birds pecking in the sheaf of grain David had bound above the porch roof—all took one melancholy meaning to his tired sense.

"The water is always running," he would say, in weariness; it is always running—it never stops. It will wash everything out. My name, my work—all will soon be washed away!"

He turned, always with that same sick impatience, from the fire.

"Put it out! Hide me from it!" was his prayer. "There is nothing so cruel as flame—nothing! See how ravenously it crawls and eats all things that it can find! There is no harvest for what is sown there—no reaping of sweet grain from the seed given to it. David, David, see—see how it eats up my toil, my youth, my tears—all my very life's blood! It has no mercy."

David, the sad tears streaming from his eyes, took his beloved master's wasted hand in his.

"No seed—no seed," continued the very sick man; "nothing but dead, gray ashes on the hearth!"

David glanced at Nan uneasily.

"She, too, was hearing these words with scared eyes.

"What does he mean?" he asked.

"I don't know. He has been like that since the night I burned the papers for him—the night he fainted. He talked like this for the first time after that."

A curious pallor grew on David's face. He looked steadily for a moment at Nan's unconscious face.

"Papers! What papers? You had no right to burn papers without others knowing it. Why did you?"

"He asked me to burn them. He said that they were almost useless," said Fan, a little frightened.

David turned roughly away, his teeth pressed hard on his under-lip, that he might not speak the angry words rising tumultuously within him.

After all, the girl was innocent of doing harm. If she had really destroyed what was dearer than life to Herrick—as he half-guessed she had done—she did it, "not knowing."

Not knowing! Why, *his* keen love for the sick man, even were it asleep or dead, would have taught him better!

Herrick touched his hand.

"Do you remember," he said, slowly, "how fine we thought that phrase was about insect labor—how strange it was to do the insect labor—

——'While the throng
Of gods and men wrought deeds that poets wrought in song.'

You remember it, David?"

"Yes," was David's answer, stifled, but given with a soothing affection in the tone.

Herrick was silent for a moment; then suddenly he sat up, stretching his long, thin arms upward over his head.

"Great heaven! what throng of pale spirits was it stood by and saw me do *that* deed? No poet—no poet, I; but I wrought the deed. Remember, it, angels!"

He lay back, breathless, on his pillows. The fatigue of that pang of fierce, inward agony left him panting.

Then he slowly lifted one pallid hand and pointed to the western heavens, down which a rain of golden glory washed from the sinking sun.

"Writ in water, writ in water! But life is a plant of wandering seeds."

He paused for strength to whisper a last few words to those who listened there.

"It shall live, O David, my brother—it shall live! Life is eternal."

All were silent, awe-struck by these sad, parting gasps of wandering thought. Only David buried his face in the pillows by that other blonde face, and sobbed:

"Why did you do it? Oh, my master, why—why did you do it?"

It seemed strange to Nan after that, in the days and years coming long after that, that David should be so changed.

Sad and stern and silent—not harsh to *her*, his always loved and loving wife—oh, no! but sad and moody, doing his work well, and cherishing, with a fierce, grudging remorse and tenderness, all things Herrick had left.

Sometimes, even, when it occurred to Nan that the little child, Anne, who had come to them, might with propriety be given this or that of the dead man's treasures, David would speak wild and bitter words.

These he would atone for by some later deed of gift and tenderness. But it was always the same.

Still, he was changed—sadly changed, she thought.

Once she recalled to her mind, not easy to imagine things, a print she had somewhere seen—a sketch of a scene where two old people look toward the sky, and try to find a human form amid the glory of the setting sun. It seemed to her that David was like that now, trying to find some shape he watched for for ever in the passing clouds of heaven.

But at last a little boy was given them—a child with large, sweet, gem-like eyes and face of seraphic beauty.

When this son grew old enough, David took him into that inner room where Rick had lived and done his work.

This boy stretched out his arms toward the books and the shrouded desk, and made sweet, cooing sounds that seemed song-like to the father's ears.

David fell on his knees. Tears washed that long look of fixed sadness from his face.

"Oh, my master!" he sobbed, "will it atone—will it atone? You shall live again in *him*. *Your* name shall be his, and he shall do *your* work for you again!"

And the "Atalanta" stood there, hearing, smiling still.

THE MOCKING-BIRD'S SONG.

Most Southern people are familiar with the habits of these birds, but it will be news to many to be told, as in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that they go to New England in the Summer to breed and return in the Fall. Audubon's statement was that some of them "go north," and this term, applied to the migration of birds, means with him northward.

In Maryland and Virginia the bird can be found in Summer, but he comes southward in the Autumn. I am inclined to think that some pass us and go to Florida in very cold weather. I have seen them late in the Autumn flying southward, high in air, and northward early in the Spring. Audubon says that the stay-at-home birds of the family fight these migratory birds upon their return.

Mocking-birds can be taught almost anything in the way of tunes. Macon used to boast of a bird that whistled "Dixie," and years ago a Frenchman traveled about the country playing airs upon the piano which his bird would follow accurately. At the Pulaski House, in Savannah, a negro used to keep a bird that would whistle a good alto to tunes his master whistled.

One of the most popular errors concerning the mocking-bird is the belief that he has no song of his own; that he adapts and blends only the notes of other birds into a song. This is pure nonsense. The young mocking-birds reared in the garrets of great cities and beyond the reach of the songs of others sing as do the natives in their freedom, though not as strongly, since they lack the inspiration of mates, the mellow sunlight and liberty. Their song is, in fact, a number of songs, but entirely original. No man ever heard the divisions of the mocking-bird's song in any forest. That he intersperses them with catcalls, the hawk's screech, the whirr of the bull-bat, and chicken's melancholy "peep," and notes from other birds is true, but these are only characters in his recitative ballad, features in the romance of his Summers. That he sings his parts backward and forward and combines them anew is also true. The mocking-bird's song is to the ear what the kaleidoscope is to the eye, and the combinations of his songs are as endless as the glass forms in the toy. But the song-notes are the same.

This bird is probably the most continuous singer in the world, but there are two weeks out of every fifty-two when nothing can tempt him to sing, and that is when he is molting. At such times he may be found moping in a secluded spot, lost in rayless melancholy. He looks then hot and sick, and the only note he utters is a short, low whistle, not unlike that which the fat man makes as he removes his hat and mops his brow. Perhaps during this season the bird lays aside mockery, repents and makes good resolutions.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

Tangled ivy creeps and twines
  Where once bloomed my Lady's flowers;
And the twisting wild woodbines
  Weave o'er all their clustering bowers;
And the fruit-trees from the wall
  Droop forgotten and forlorn,
And the rose-trees, thick and tall,
  From their trellis-work are torn.
Dewy paths—once velvet-smooth
For the dainty steps of youth—
Weedy now, and overgrown
With the rank grass all unmown.

Here and there, amid confusion,
  Gleams a berry, scarlet-hued,
And pale bindweed in profusion
  (By the Summer breezes wooed),
Creeps, where once verbenas grew,
  Or the myrtle flowered so fair
  In the warm and scented air;
And the speedwell—deepest blue—
  Shakes its frail flowers everywhere.

So, amid these paths—all haunted,
  By the memory of old flowers—
Grow these wild-wood blooms undaunted,
  Through the glowing Autumn hours.
Ah! how long ago it seems
  Since bright faces glowed and smiled
In this garden of our dreams,
  Now so desolate and wild!
They will come again no more,
And no time shall e'er restore
Golden days and fairy flowers
To these wearied hearts of ours.

Comstock Underground Forests.—No person unfamiliar with mining on a large scale can form an idea of the amount of lumber daily consumed in timbering on the Comstock. The interior of the Consolidated Virginia hoisting works resembles a lumber yard in the morning, before the timbers are sent below. At least 10,000 feet are piled around the shaft, ready framed for lowering. The present daily consumption of lumber used in timbering in the various mines on the lode exceeds 100,000 feet, and requires the destruction annually of a small forest for that purpose; to say nothing of the vast amount consumed for fuel in driving the hoist and pumping engines.

CENTRAL AMERICAN WOMEN.

By Ferd. C. Valentine.

Just within the courtyard of a white marble palace, in the leafy shade of a mango grove, hangs a silken hammock lined with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds. In it reclines a creature whom to call divine would be base flattery to the gods. Note the classical features, the delicate, very light olive tint of her skin; see the long, black, silken tresses, in which an immense diamond-headed pin holds a rose; see the long lashes, half shading those lustrous orbs, which give forth all the varieties of expression of refined thought as she listens to her maid's reading from Espronceda's poems. Her shoulders, arms and bust are covered, but not concealed, by the finest of lace, and a long white skirt trails the ground, but allows one microscopical foot to peer forth, just enough to show the point of a gold-embroidered slipper. The gentle breeze gives ever so slight a motion to the hammock, and each little movement of its ravishingly beautiful occupant reveals thousands of new charms. What wonder that men, especially those possessed by a tropically inflammable temperament, become inspired with the divine afflatus—sing of her, rave about her—ay, kill for her?

AN IDEAL CENTRAL AMERICAN SCENE.

The traveler from the cold North who has visited the tropics, upon reading the preceding lines, will continue the perusal of this sketch, to ascertain how outrageously I can disregard truth; for the foregoing imagery can be found only in ideal descriptions of Central American women: the real ones are of a far different type. But they certainly merit a description, for the status of woman is the unequivocal key to the social status of a country.

I may be pardoned if I adopt the trick of many describers—that of classification—under the pretext of making the subject-matter more clearly comprehensible; while, in reality, it frequently is only a convenience for the writer. Yet, as I purpose to spare the reader the invention of erudite terms, she or he will not be inconvenienced thereby. If I require a justification for this course, it will be found in the fact that Central American society divides itself into *los Indios*, the Indians who are not savages; *la gente del pueblo*, composed of artisans and petty traders, and *gente decente*, or society people.

The lowest type of the Central American human female, "la India," is a barefooted drudge, wrapped from her waist to a little below her knees in a coarse native cloth in lieu of a skirt,* and a sort of short sheet, with a large hole in it, through which the head is passed, and then it is folded down the front and back of the body and held fast at the waist by a belt of similar material. Not even a pin is added to these garments. As simple as her vestment is her mind. She is barren of ideas—knows nothing except how to make *tortillas*—the principal food of all classes—and to practice a sort of routine which constitutes her religious observance. She has numerous children, and no hopes or aspirations save to see her family increase. She rarely smiles and never dances. Her only diversions consist of occasional visits to the nearest town, and if she is at all susceptible to agreeable impressions, then she manifests a little less of her placid

* Several tribes distinguish the married women from the single ones by means of this garment. The unmarried ones wear it short, covering only the upper half of the thighs, while upon marriage it is lengthened to reach half-way between the knees and the feet or down to the feet.

stoicism, especially when on her way home; for then her pack is lighter and her system has been stimulated by the flowing bowl—probably "chicha" in her case.

At home in her "choza" (generally a tumble-down reed hut, indifferently thatched with palm-leaves), she is, as everywhere else, her husband's slave, making his *tortillas*, toasting his bananas while he basks in the sunlight, or lies in the shade if the day be warm. Still more frequently he is found sleeping off a debauch, the liquor for which he bought with the fruit of her labor, and in gratitude for which he recompensed her with cruel blows.

It is only when on the road that a semblance to humanity spreads over her ugly face, as, heavily-laden with a bag of corn and a sort of wooden cage (called "kekéshke"), which contains live chickens, turkeys and eggs, all the result of her care and labor, she trots at the side of her husband, who, empty-handed, is mounted on

AN UPPER-CLASS INDIAN WOMAN.

a horse or mule, and vouchsafes her no look or word. When their wares are sold, and he begins to feel the enlivening effects of the first few drinks of "chicha" (a fermented drink, composed of spoiled fruit, apple, potato, pineapple and mango-peelings, with water and pieces of sugar-cane), he gives her drink also, which perhaps obtunds her senses in a measure by the time her lord and master gets thoroughly drunk. Then he beats her unmercifully. This is the only exertion he ever makes.

These delicate attentions, like her maternities, she seems to consider the natural consequences of marriage. Coupled with her lack of ideas, instruction and hopes, she has but a vague comprehension of virtue. She will readily sell her daughter for a trifle to any stranger, and will part with her without a tear. She will give her husband the blood-money thus obtained, which he will spend for liquor, except the few coins which she will steal back from him. These she invests in a candle and burns it before some saint, to be rid of some present or future bodily ill.

And yet she is not absolutely the lowest type of

GOING INTO TOWN.

Central American humanity. Her sister of the Lacandones, or Lacantunes, as partly described by Professor Edwin Rockstroh, limits her garments to a breech-clout at most, and practices polyandry—that is to say, she will have as many husbands as she can support in idleness.

A higher type of the Indian woman is found among

DRYGOODS MERCHANT.

the tribes which have come in contact with civilization. She speaks a little Spanish; she is sometimes bright intellectually; her "*güipil*" (skirt) is clean and in good

repair, and she attempts some personal ornamentation; yet her general habiliments are similar to those of her lower sister, except that her sheet-like bodice has wide sleeves, her hair has a vari-colored strip of cloth braided into it, and she aspires to jewelry, generally not less than eight or nine finger-rings, huge earrings, and a shell or coral necklace is used to suspend an immense cross of copper, and among the rich tribes sometimes silver, or even gold. She has no vices, and rises to the dignity of being her husband's helpmeet. He is to her a sort of deity, and, no matter how badly he treats her morally and physically, she saves the best morsels of their food for him, and the lighter tasks are his.

Another step upward, and we have the female servant in towns and cities. As her duties, mode of life and other special characteristics form an essential part of Central American existence, she is entitled to a detailed discussion in a paper on servants. For the present it will suffice to say that the female servant of Central America is rarely of pure Indian blood, and, if her origin is doubtful, so too is her moral position. She is almost invariably a good, loving mother, but very, very rarely a wife. Seldom can two children of a servant boast that they are full brothers or sisters, and the majority of servants feel no shame in speaking of the different surnames of their ten or twelve children. Worse than all—because in it lies the cause of this sad state of affairs—the men upon whom the charge should rest incur no moral, and barely a financial, responsibility, unless they take the trouble legally to adopt their offspring. This is done by a limited number of men, who vaunt their morality, but they are either laughed at as fools or admired as shining examples of virtue.

In adopting his own flesh and blood, a man takes care so to arrange matters that the child shall henceforth be removed from the corrupting influences which surround the mother, who then becomes a stranger to her child except when her extraordinary good conduct is such as to merit respect. She is then permitted to visit her child occasionally, and is treated with the grateful kindness which we, in the North, are apt to bestow upon the nurse of our childhood, whose kindness has caused us to bear her a sort of affection through which with times he has assumed a petty authority over us. This never inconveniences, because it is not obtrusive; nor does it ever become disagreeable, because she knows her station, and does not go beyond its limits.

A case in point will serve to illustrate this: The first female servant I employed in Central America was Jesús (pronounced Hay-soos in Spanish, and then does not sound sacrilegious); a not ugly half-breed, perhaps thirty-five years of age, a most able cook, and an extraordinarily well-behaved and intelligent woman for one of her class.

Shortly after she had assumed authority in my bachelor household I was invited to a party at the house of one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the town and state. As I was about to go to the entertainment my cook wished that I would enjoy myself very much, and requested that I should not neglect to dance with her daughter. I did not heed the remark, as I considered it one of those little impudences which in these countries employers allow their servants.

Early in the evening my host introduced me to his daughter, just arrived from Paris, where she had been educated. She consented to waltz with me, and after a few general remarks, she asked me, in excellent French, to repeat my name, "as papa is so indistinct in his introductions." Upon my telling her, she said: "Why certainly, Don Fernando, I should have known you by my mother's description of you and her many praises of your kindness to her."

"Madame votre mère, mademoiselle?" I asked, in surprise; "I have not the honor——"

"Of course you know her, Monsieur le Docteur; she is your cook."

To confound me still more, my entertainer interrupted us, and before I could employ the least tact to cover my confusion, the young lady said: "Just think, papa, is it not odd that the first gentleman who asked me to dance, is my mother's patrón (employer)!"

"Indeed?" said Don Juan de Dios, with nothing more expressed in his tone than in his words: "You can rely upon it, doctor, she is a very good woman. But pray pardon me; I have neglected to introduce you to my wife."

During the general conversation that followed, the accomplished young girl again referred to the matter, and her *step*-mother showed not the least annoyance. While I felt ever safe in asking about one's father afterward, I thought it was wise to refrain from speaking of mothers. Was not I right?

The cause of this state of affairs can be partly explained by the poverty in which, formerly, continued political revolutions kept the country, and the great expense then attendant upon ecclesiastical marriages; but it seems as if the main explanation lies in the almost entire lack of education under which women were allowed to grow up.

Let a vail be drawn over the proximate past, and let us console ourselves with the reflection that the public schools, which are extending their usefulness even to the female sex, will eventually reach women and elevate them above their present position.

The seamstresses may be next considered. Many of them can write their names; some can even indite a letter which would fall far below the efforts of a child of six years in the United States when viewed from an epistolary or chirographical aspect; yet the ability to write at all, and the financial justification which this class finds for indulging in the luxury of wearing shoes, form their distinctive characteristics. I have never met a married seamstress, yet all of their children bear the same surname, and are all adopted in legal form by one man as soon as they are old enough no longer to require a mother's care.

The market-women, female street peddlers, keepers of small stores and bar-rooms occupy an intermediate position between the two preceding classes, except that their morality is perhaps superior to that of the former, while their education and intelligence are inferior to that of the latter.

We now have to consider a type of woman whose characteristics can be discussed with greater freedom. This is the wife of the mechanic and smaller tradesman. She is invariably a wife and often a shrew. A model mother, a careful housekeeper, she is wofully ignorant, but she is inflexibly virtuous. A study of the home revelations of this, which might be called the middle class, would show that the husband's conduct is not such as would be an incentive to his wife's good traits; yet when such a woman marries she views her husband, with all his faults, as a sort of demi-god, whom it is her duty to follow and care for uncomplainingly, even if his steps lead into crime, or he requires care as the result of his debaucheries. She certainly manifests the purest, most disinterested love for her lord and master—for this the Central American husband always is—and pardons his occasional

digressions, although her forgiveness is never asked. Among these women, no matter how white they may be, the peculiar Indian expression is habitual. However, to guard myself against the charge of excessive sentimentality, I will modify this by calling their usual expression an appearance of sadness. They are patient sufferers, and usually, as age creeps on, they become fat, but never jolly. The only song I heard among this class was a monotonous lullaby, which, I daresay, was as satisfactory to the babe as could be any civilized air.

Their education is limited to an ability to read, or, perhaps, recite from memory, their only book—the well-thumbed prayer-book. Some can sign their names mechanically. Their sole amusements consist in witnessing an occasional Sunday afternoon bullfight, and their daily meetings at early Mass.

Their characteristic dress—and in no republican country are garments as distinctive of "caste" as in this—is usually a very stiffly starched, highly colored, plainly cut calico, with an immense train. A sack of a dull, dark color, with large buttons, the buttonholes, as a rule, well frayed. The sleeves of this sacque are generally long and very wide. No cuffs or collars set off this upper garment. Bracelets are quite rare, but earrings, breast-pins, and seldom less than fourteen finger-rings, all of them of a colossal size and of antique and tawdry type, are the rule. The sacque is usually cut very low, and whenever the large, highly colored silk kerchief which covers the neck and chest is thrown aside, the inevitable rosary and scapulary, variously soiled from long wear, are brought to view.

The women never wear hats except when they work in the sun, and then they cover the head with a man's hat. Their home-dress, when they leave their homes, is amplified by covering themselves entirely with highly-colored, and sometimes quite expensive, silk shawls, the heavy fringes of which trail on the ground.

Their names also are peculiar. The ordinary designations are frequently masculine: thus, she who was baptized Juana (Joan), calls herself Juan; Pedrona (female Peter), mentions her name as Pedro; Tomasa (Thomasine) says she is called Tomás; Jorja (Georgine) speaks of herself as Jorge, etc., etc. Still more frequent are names, which to the Anglo-Saxon ear would, if translated, sound extremely ridiculous and even sacrilegious; some are Eucarista, Tránsita, Dolores, Redención, Concepción, Trinidád, Candelária, Cruz, Circuncisión, Jesús, etc.

Men of this middle class grandiloquently speak of their wives as "mi Señora," while the women address each other by prefixing Señora (Mrs.) to their baptismal names. Among the higher classes, the custom is to address a lady, no matter what her age or social condition, as "Niña" (a female child, colloquially Miss), except in cases where the person spoken to is one of great importance, or merits marked respect, then the term used is Doña. Señora and Señorita (Miss) are only used in addressing letters, or when at all in a conversation, only to emphasize, or when the name is not expressed. Gentlemen of the higher classes rarely speak of "mi esposa" (my wife), but say "*la* Teresa," "*la* Epifánia," "*la* Antonia," etc.

The highest social grade of women in Central America affords far more pleasant food for discussion than their humbler sisters, yet in many ways suffers much by the contrast when compared with women of other countries.

Those who take a delight in railing against modern institutions (I beg pardon, ladies, for classing all of you among them) assert that the women of to-day indulge only in "twaddle" in lieu of conversation. This "twaddle," if such it be purely, is interlarded with bright and sometimes brilliant repartee, with classical quotations, with citations from the fair "twaddler's" reading and references to a clear insight in life. Would the railer, forsooth, have his fair partner in the "lancers" delight him with a dissertation on precession of the equinox, so as to bridge over the intervals of rest in a manner suitable to his high taste and culture?

The society woman of Central America is quite a different being. At a "sociable" or any other reunion for amusement, she says—nothing, simply nothing. She does not even disparage her dearest friend's dress. She does not smile until several glasses of wine have asserted their influence, and then she becomes almost hilarious.

It has often afforded me amusement to hear recent arrivals of the "stronger" sex speak of the conquests made at a ball. They soon learned that they had only conquered wine. The free use of wine at all entertainments has its result on the weak little heads. They flirt mildly at other times, but when "the wit's out," and they dance, they cling to their partners, almost embrace them, and whisper protestations of affection, which may be summed up in, "Oh, why did we not meet before I married?" (Note: There are no divorce laws in Central America) or "God forgive me for loving you, knowing that you are not a Christian!" In these, as in parts of our own country, only communicants of the prevailing creed are called Christians.

The following day Romeo seeks his Juliet at the place appointed by her, but she appears not. If, some time later, they should meet, his very marked bow is answered by a cold, expressionless, yet graceful courtesy and a very calm and undemonstrative "Adios, caballero," (good-day, sir).

Her erratic conduct at the ball can be explained by the fact that it is when a woman is dancing that she enjoys her only liberty. At all other times her every glance and gesture are watched with a suspicion which, to the purest and best, is almost an incitement to abuse of privilege when the opportunity occurs.

Unfortunately, nearly every Central American will confess that he trusts no woman. What a sad commentary upon Central American education!

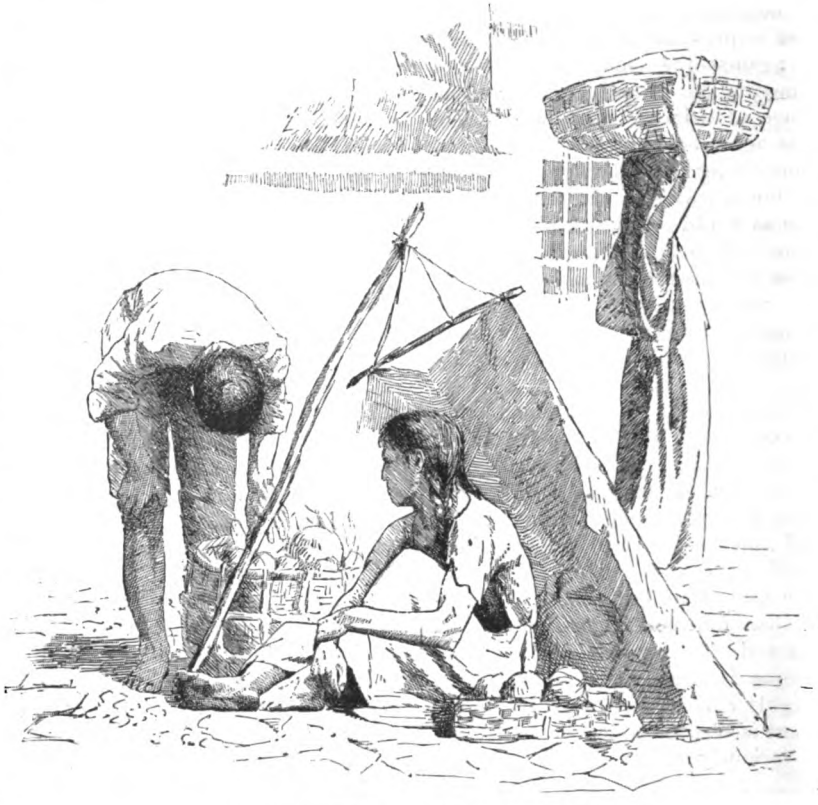
The lot of a young woman of to-day is scarcely an enviable one. From earliest childhood she has daily been told that life in a cloister is vastly preferable to matrimony. Her education is limited, though superficially it is of an exquisite polish. Her gestures and general behavior are extremely courteous, but her grammar is often woful, and her few epistles, though frequently chirographically beautiful, are labored and hideously unorthographical. She sometimes becomes a brilliant but unfeeling performer on the piano, and her song "before company" is, as a rule, but a poor performance.

They, withal, make most excellent wives for selfish men, and if suspicion were removed from them, and they were treated with confidence and respect, they could be trusted.

Sanitary statistics are not kept in Central America, and therefore I cannot quote figures any further than those furnished by my own "case-book," and from what other physicians have told me.

Suicide by women is extremely rare, and then only provoked by religious mania, while in men *felo de se* is common, and "because of unrequited love" occupies the first place numerically.

Men and women agree that the latter are socially and intellectually inferior, and thus it is that, until recently, the girl's education has been more limited than that of her brothers. This idea of inferiority finds one good exemplification in their post-nuptial designations. Anita Plumas, when she marries Pantaleon Tintero, does not become Mrs. Anita or Mrs. Pantaleon Tintero, but henceforth she is known as Anita Plumas *de* Tintero, that is, Anita Plumas (the property) *of* Tintero! And when he speaks of her as "*la* Anita," he means *his* Annie, as he would say *his* plantation, *his* horse, his umbrella or any other chattel.



FRUIT-SELLERS AND STREET PEDDLER.

Courtship—all the world over a mark for the shafts of wit—is certainly most amusing in Central America, except to the parties interested, and they follow out their ridiculous method, as did their forefathers, apparently unconscious that they are at all observed.

A young gentleman never visits young ladies, but manages to pass the residence of the object of his affections shortly after nightfall. She, by intuition, appointment or a smuggled letter conveyed by a suborned servant or other intermediary, is "watching the southern cross," although she has but a faint idea of astronomy, as she leans from her heavily barred window, which looks like a small balcony, and there is no light in her room. In the finest Summer nights, as in the most severe Winter rains, Juan stretches his little body so that he may hold Margarita's not unwilling hand, or finger, if the bars be too inconveniently close together; and as he whispers sweet nothings the hours slip away, and only the chanticleer's

A SON AND HEIR.

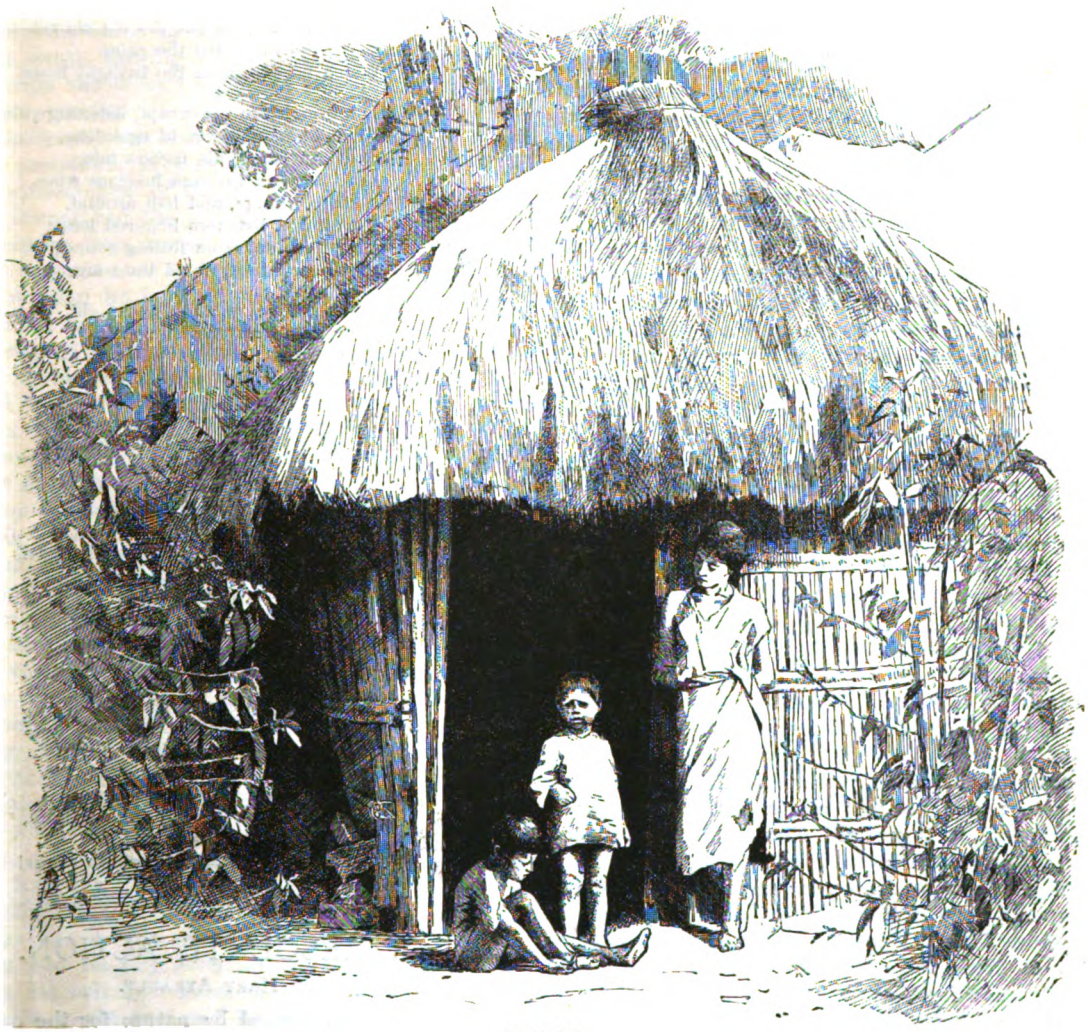
A SEAMSTRESS.

early crow, which she assures him is the nightingale, warns him that he should be gone.

Although the parents of the young lady and gentleman cordially approve of the match, he is never admitted to the house, except on rare occasions, and then only with a large number of other guests, to whom all attention must be shown. The feint of surreptitiousness is kept up, although all the town knows of the courtship. Foreigners call this the "iron-chewing period," perhaps because of the bars against which lovers may have been seen to press their faces. During this period, which undoubtedly is fraught with interest and catarrhs to the young people, the parents do not hesitate to insult their daughter by double-locking, barring and chaining up all possible entrances to their house. Is it not almost natural that a girl whose contact with the men has ever been suspiciously watched should sometimes become a party to the manufacture of false keys, which burglars in Central America as yet rarely use? This lack of confidence goes even to the extent of opening the lover's letters, if, during courtship, he should be called away. Only the least lover-like ones are given the young lady. Yet, if it be remembered that in most parts of Central America it is nothing unusual to open a suspected person's correspondence, this is not so suprising, especially when the suspicion with which lovers are viewed is considered. The adored one rarely, if ever, answers her future husband's letters.

A week, or at most a month before marriage, all romance ceases. The friends of the family receive cards in which the parents announce that their daughter is soon to marry Mr. ———. After this he visits his affianced bride, but never is left alone with her for an instant.

In due time marriage, with all possible and frequently bankrupting pomp, occurs, and henceforth real marital happiness is the exception. A peculiar feature in Central American marriages is that the groom provides the entire trousseau, even to the minor details. Marriage for a woman means that she has only her husband to watch her suspiciously, and the consoling consciousness that as soon as age and ugliness relieve her of attractiveness she is her own mistress. Her independence comes early, as these tropical flowers fade very soon.



AT HOME.

And this brings me to speak to young ladies of other lands in response to the natural question, What do our Central American sisters wear?

Ma chere (pardon the familiarity of an old physician of not yet forty), have you a sister or friend who is somewhat taller than you, yet whose waist is shorter? Has she preserved a dress which was fashionable two years ago, when it was made by a wholesale modiste in Paris? Have you stays (the English word sounds nicer) which

you dislike because they do not fit you comfortably? Have you gilt, bronzed, red or blue slippers, with immense heels which project downward and forward toward the toes, and are they cut so very low as to fully display embroidered or highly colored silk stockings? Then dress yourself in these things, put on slightly specked kid gloves, which neither match your dress nor fit you well, partly cover your badly arranged hair with a large, flaring hat, and then in the mirror you may have the Central American señorita in her promenade and visiting costume. The hat is an innovation which has become universal during the last three years. The first few who cast off the pañolón (shawl) on dress occasions were superciliously designated as "extrangeras hechizas," which cannot be translated otherwise than by the slang term, "snide foreigners."

But, as you value your good name, do not go out unaccompanied by a female servant—better yet, persuade mamma to go with you, and she, too, must dress for the occasion. Braid her hair into one or two switches, which you must tie with a string or dark ribbon; with bandoline remove any suspicion of those curls which it may yet possess, and which, before you were born, drove papa into writing silly verses and singing ridiculous love songs, in which he accompanied himself with a guitar; remove all restraints with which she would modify her *embonpoint;* put on her a dark dress—preferably of a dull black, with a very long train. By the way, neither mamma nor you must lift the trains of your dresses, but must drag them through the muddiest streets if you walk. A large shawl with a long fringe must be worn by mamma, in somewhat of the manner in which she draped herself when she was as young and graceful as you are now. Comfortable but shapeless slippers or gaiters, several large rings on her fingers, jewels in her ears, and a painted miniature of papa in her huge breastpin, and then both of you are ready for your promenade or visit.

Yet one thing I forgot. Unless your complexion is very good, you must thoroughly kalsomine your face, but mamma must not, under any circumstance, "improve" hers, be it ever so blotched and freckled. Your picture of "Style in Central America in 1882" is now complete.

Is it not odd that when you are in the street, or are listening to really excellent music in the park, he will be there? And, stranger still, if, when mamma is profoundly interested in some local gossip, you should *accidentally* happen to drop your handkerchief, he will pick it up and hand it to you with inimitable grace and *such* a melting look? But what change has occurred in the fabric? When it *slipped* from your hand it was soft and pliable—now it seems to have been stiffly and awkwardly starched. Do not examine it now, but, when you are secure from observation, take it forth and remove from it a piece of paper. Let us read it, for it contains no address nor signature, yet you have seen that writing before. "Divine idol of my soul! Have you no pity, sweet angel of my existence? Why must I suffer the torture of not being allow to embrace you? Oh, cruel, cruel fate! I will pass your house at half-past seven. If I cannot see you then, my cold corpse will, before morning, cry to Heaven for the life you have ruined of him who adores you!"

"What a remarkable document!" you say, and you wonder how it came among the folds of your handkerchief!

In the preceding lines I may appear unjust to some, and lest all of the women of Central America be classed alike by those of my readers who do not know them, I must add that there, as in all other lands, women are found who combine intelligence, education and brilliancy with all of those charms which make women the link that binds men to the angels, yet are human enough to dress in exquisite taste in the style of to-day, as well and as elegantly as their American and European sisters of the highest social ranks.

A BIRD'S SONG.

The sinking sun had streaked the west
With flecks of gold and crimson bars;
The wandering wind had sunk to rest,
And in the cold east rose the stars.
The evening chimes, like gladsome psalm,
Pealed loud from out the old church-tower;
And o'er the valley fell the calm
Which broods upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, listening vale
From humble bower of eglantine,
A blackbird trilled his mellow tale,
As if he sang through luscious wine.
By cottage, grange, and hall around,
Enraptured listeners lingered long;
All heard the selfsame fluting sound,
While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce three years old,
In wonder woke to visions dim
Of crowns and dulcimers of gold,
And surging strains of holy hymn,
In that sweet land that's brighter far
Than shining shores in emerald seas,
Where glows the lustrous evening star
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well
Beside her pitcher lingered long,
Her soul inthralled with the strange spell
Contained within that mystic song.
For oh! to her it ever sings
Of love which all her being fills,
And of the lad the twilight brings
From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair,
That bird made glad the closing day;
But dame and sire with silvered hair
Drew sorrow from its roundelay.
All filtered through the years of woe
On their hearts fell the mellow strain,
Waking the songs of long ago,
And made them sigh for youth again!

A RESOLUTE ACTION.

By Hart Ayrault.

Some men seem formed by nature for the out-of-the-way modes of making money. Such a one was John Dudley, who chose the calling of diver, where perilous situations are bravely faced for the sake of higher remuneration.

A bright, honest, and brave young man, his sense of fear seemed entirely blunted by constant companionship with danger, and in any undertaking of unusual importance one was sure to find that he led the van.

The adventure I am about to narrate took place some years ago, when a large vessel, laden with a valuable cargo from a South American port, struck on a sunken reef off the dangerous coast of Florida, and was completely wrecked, although her passengers and crew were fortunate enough to escape in the boats.

The owners lived in New York, and wishing to secure any part of her cargo that the salt water had not damaged

—much of it being in specie—they fitted out a large yacht, and engaging the services of two divers, one being John Dudley, to whom they promised gain only on condition of success, they set sail for the scene of the wreck.

Dudley, with his usual adventurous disposition, was prompted to hazard the speculation, but another man equally brave—or equally reckless—was not soon found.

At last, however, Dick Turner, a diver, whose bad character was fully borne out by his villainous person, was induced to take the risk, sign the articles, and ship himself.

He was a coarse, brutal, drunken rascal, as great a contrast as could be found to Dudley's frank, clear, honest nature, and cool determination, and from the moment they saw each other an antipathy seemed to spring up between them, causing the younger man, Dudley, to shrink from the other's society as though he were some loathsome reptile.

This antipathy was shared by all the yacht's crew, and seemed justifiable in view of the physical as well as moral repulsiveness of the subject.

This Turner had the jaw and profile of a baboon; his eyes, peering from under his heavy brows, seemed to look all ways at once and twinkle with satanic wickedness, and when he laughed his satanic majesty himself might have envied his ugly and cunning grin.

The voyage was fine, and the part off the coast of Florida where the wreck lay was soon reached. There it could be dimly seen, far down in the depths of the blue sea, over which sharks and strange-looking monster fishes pursued each other in lack of better prey. No pleasant sight for the divers.

Dudley faced it with his calm strength and resolute will, that knew no flinching in the face of duty, while the other, uttering fearful curses, took many a long pull at his brandy-flask; muttering that he had been swindled and would "pay off that other —— land-shark when he caught him alone."

This threat certainly did not tend to increase the younger man's confidence in his companion; but, knowing there was no help for it, he encouraged himself by thinking "the more danger the more money," and busied himself in preparing his things for the attack on the sunken vessel.

After about two days' cruising, the spot was chosen and the yacht anchored. The bell was swung for the plunge, and the two divers went below to dress for their descent.

Turner was in his usual evil mood, swearing and drinking and lunging about with a huge knife that he stuck in his belt for "water-sharks or *land* ones, either, as the case might be," said he, with an evil leer at his companion.

This conduct caused Dudley some suspicions that all was not right; so, providing himself with a sharp knife, he stuck it unobserved down his long leathern boot, at the same time resolving never for a moment to be off his guard.

With such reflections he took his place in the bell, and, amidst the hurrahs of the crew and the general excitement, they dipped into the sea.

Common life had passed away, and beneath the blue wave a new life and fresh scenes, ever-changing and novel, opened to the two men. The coral-reefs, like grand architectural structures, covered with beautiful weeds, and various and gorgeous shells of every possible variety of color clinging to them, rose on every side, while fish, great and small, of curious shapes, flew at the approach of the bell as before the sweep of the sharks—those monsters of the deep, who seemed to grin with their long jaws at the prospect of a feast on man.

Down, down, down, till the light was dim and uncertain, and then they struck the wreck. Armed with crowbars, sharp at one end to repulse the sharks, the two men quitted the bell and separated.

Turner burst open the cabin door, while Dudley went in another direction, though never losing sight of his companion for a moment. And so they spent their first journey, and, after lading the bell, gave the signal and were hauled on deck.

The sailors crowded around and various things were discussed and gloated over; many having been attached to ropes were hauled up afterward, and the success was so good that all were exultant over the possible money-prize to each, the master dreaming of a princely independence.

Several days passed over, and the greater part of the cargo, uninjured by salt water, had been hauled on deck, till the schooner was pretty heavily laden. The last day of working arrived, and the two divers were down in the wreck for the last time. Turner again wended his way toward the cabin, and Dudley—although by this time his suspicions regarding the evil intentions of his companion were quieted—still kept him in view. About half an hour's groping about and then Dudley plainly saw the other shuffling something beneath his diver's clothes, which he guessed to be a bag of money. He quietly asked Turner what it was.

"What is it? Why, nothin'! What in the deuce have ye to do with it, anyway?" growled the thief.

"Well," remarked Dudley, keeping himself as quiet as possible. "You must tell me what it is!"

"The deuce I will!" shouted Turner, savagely.

"Then you shall be forced to when we get on deck," replied the other, resolutely.

"Ha! ha! Forced, did you say?" sneered the villain, as, with a cunning, wicked look, he drew his long knife.

Quick as thought Dudley's was out of his boot, and he stood on the defensive.

The other scowled heavily, but, nothing daunted, answered Dudley's quiet "Now, you must tell me what it is!" with a "I'll see you dead first!"

The young man recognized the mighty strength and desperate recklessness of his antagonist, but he relied on his sense of what was right in face of all danger, and thought if worse came to worse, he was the more skillful and agile of the two.

Presently Turner said, in a confidential, wheedling way, his whole demeanor changing:

"Say, mate, this 'ere is a bag of gold I found in yon cabin, and if ye'll hold yer jaw I shall gi'e ye one-third o' it."

"Never!" answered Dudley, resolutely. "You'll never tempt me to be dishonest."

Let the reader imagine the scene, in a bell fathoms deep under water, where it would take at least twenty minutes to pull up. A fierce fight might end in death. Suspicion could be hushed by flinging the body to the ravenous sharks, and the murderer get off scot free.

But the younger man never flinched. The two stood eyeing each other, the one for attack, the other for resistance. Once Dudley offered to pull the alarm-bell, but Turner clutched it from him.

After a pause, which seemed a century to Dudley, the other said:

"Will ye go shares?"

"Never!" was the firm reply.

"Perhaps it's not large enough. I'll gi'e ye half."

"The whole of it is too small."

"Ye won't gi'e in?"

"Not an inch."

"Then to death and —— !" screamed Turner, springing at his courageous adversary.

Quick as thought Dudley caught at the upraised arm, poised in the air for a shot, at the same moment making a lunge at the other, his blood boiling with indignation at the fiendish attempt on his life.

The lunge was parried by Turner and caught on his shoulders, foam bursting from his bloodless lips, and his face black with evil passions.

Amid oaths and curses he attempted to free his arm, held as in a vise by the younger man; but he could not. And so they wrenched and swayed, facing each other, neither giving an inch, and no sound save the muttered curses of the one and the panting of both, as their excited chests heaved and swelled with deadly intent.

At last Dudley succeeded in loosing the other's grasp and stabbing him in the hand. The villain's knife fell, but, with a yell, he grasped the younger man in his gigantic clasp, and, struggling and shifting against the bars of wood, they gave way, while, locked in a deadly grip, the two divers plunged into the sea beneath.

A RESOLUTE ACTION.—"QUICK AS THOUGHT DUDLEY CAUGHT AT THE UPRAISED ARM, AT THE SAME MOMENT MAKING A LUNGE WITH THE OTHER."

Down, down, they sank, no effort being made by either to loosen the hold on the other. Tighter and tighter they gripped, till they fell on a coral reef.

Death seemed but a trifle where passion and hate were the consummation of both hearts; and, under the influence of the demoniacal struggle, the strength of a Hercules was exerted on either side.

But the want of air began to make itself felt. Dudley heard a roaring and surging, as of a mighty cataract in his ears; fires flashed before his eyes; the disk of unconsciousness crept over him; and, as his antagonist loosened his hold, his nerveless fingers also unclasped themselves, and he had but the one thought—that of reaching the surface.

With a dying effort he struck out, being a splendid swimmer. He was choking, stifling strangling.

The water whizzed past him, and, reaching the surface, he gasped in the revivifying air, and, shrieking, "Help! help!" fainted away.

It was several days before he regained consciousness, after having been rescued and tenderly cared for by his companions aboard the yacht; then he asked for Turner.

He had been drawn up in the bell, but too far gone to resuscitate. He was found lying against the bars, grasping the bag of gold in both hands—the ill-gotten wealth that had proved the cause of his death.

* * * * * *

John Dudley was handsomely paid for his honest toil, and further remunerated and commended for his honest resistance; but he never forgot the struggle that so nearly cost him his life beneath the blue waves of the coral-formed shores of Florida.

A Cereal Story.—The wheat-plant is one of the oldest in cultivation. The Chinese recorded its culture as early as 2,700 B.C., and it is one of the prehistoric plants, remains of wheat seeds being found in the ruins of the houses of the lake-dwellers. While there are several races of wheat, and while these have been crossed, producing hybrids, it has retained its true character, and been entirely independent of other plants since its culture began. Compared with wheat, rye is a modern plant. It is not figured on any Egyptian monuments, and seems to have been first cultivated in the Roman Empire about the beginning of the Christian era, though it may have been known somewhat earlier in Russia and Tartary. While these two commercial plants have been cultivated side by side for centuries, the first plant appearing to be a true hybrid between them has borne seeds in the United States. Wheat and rye may have been crossed before, yet there appears to be no record of anything like the results here obtained.

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.—"HE PULLED OUT OF HIS POCKET THE WORN SCRAP OF PAPER AND SHOWED IT TO BELLE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

TAKE THY LETTERS BACK AGAIN.

GIVE back thy letters? Take them—there,
I've done with them, and thee!
They're hollow as the empty air,
And worthless now to me.

I prized them only while I deemed
Thy heart was in each line;
I worshiped truth, and never dreamed
I bowed at falsehood's shrine.

Ah, life's illusions are so sweet,
An age in them are told;
Years are outstripped by visions fleet,
Which pass and leave us old.

Like rose-leaves scattered on the wine,
The poisoned draught to hide,
So did each written page of thine
Conceal deception's tide.

Then take thy letters back again,
And read them if thou wilt;
And let them shame the treacherous pen
Which love's false fabric built.

Take back the memory of the past—
I have abolished all;
'Tis sealed within thy packet fast,
That thou might it recall.

I cast it from me, and am free,
For now I know thee not!
Unasked, I find thou art not she
Whom I had ne'er forgot!

The semblance only dost thou wear;
The intellectual face
From nature stolen, or elsewhere
It must have found its place.

And thou dost ask thy letters now,
The missives of thy art!
A scornful frown is on my brow,
And lightness in my heart.

Take back, take back thy written words,
They have no power for me;
Truth only has the power that girds
A lasting memory.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

CHAPTER I.

THAT Frank Parker, junior partner of the firm of C. C. Carter & Co., Dress Goods, Worth Street, should ride down-town that morning in an omnibus was itself remarkable. He had a low opinion of that old-fashioned means of conveyance, and expressed himself concerning it with his customary vehemence.

"A stage," he would say to his usual table-companion at his noonday meal in the restaurant—"a stage, Jack, is the most ingenious contrivance of the Evil One. It is as difficult to get on board of as an ocean steamer, and as dangerous to get out of as a theatre in a panic. If you sit toward the front, you knock your head against the cash-box, and have to act as conductor to pass the fares of all the passengers. If you sit near the door, you are trod on by every one who comes in, and are liable to be pitched out of the door any minute. If you sit in the middle, you have to act as conductor for half the passengers, and doormat for the other half. If you stand, you crush your hat against the top, and poke your cane in some one's eye while you try to get your fare out of your pocket. The stage is as cold as a horse car, and as damp as an oyster."

And so he would go on with his tirade, while John Hatton, across the table, would smile and eat his lamb-chop in silence, until Frank's stream of eloquence had fairly run dry. Having this prejudice against an omnibus, the young man was accustomed every morning to walk from his apartments in Thirty-fourth Street to the nearest station of the elevated railroad. But on this particular Spring morning, having left his umbrella at home, just as he was crossing Fifth Avenue, a sudden sunshower began to descend, and threatened damage to his neatly brushed silk hat; and a stage passing by just then, and the jolly driver looking at him expectantly, as if to say, "I am sure you must want to ride with me," Frank nodded, and almost before he knew it found himself the sole occupant of an omnibus.

He had ridden but two or three blocks when the stage stopped again, and a neatly dressed young lady climbed in as gracefully as it is possible to do an ungraceful thing. And just here—even in front of the lady—comes in another of Frank's theories, and on which he would dilate when in a sentimental mood.

"True love," he would say, "must be love at first sight. Second love is like skimmed milk; and as for what is called love after long acquaintance, it is like milk that has grown sour from long standing. If I meet a man in business, it does not require more than one interview for me to tell whether I like him or not. When I meet *her*, as I shall some day, I shall know *her* among a thousand; I shall recognize *her* at a glance. And if we should not see each other again for years, we will yet at some time surely come together; she will be my wife. I may meet *her* but for a moment on the street, but I shall never forget *her*, and will love no other."

Meanwhile, the young lady, whom we left mounting the steps of the stage, had accomplished that feat, and seated herself on the opposite side from the young man.

She wore, to protect her from the shower, which was now at its height, a waterproof, which, being open at the throat, showed a bit of lace and a gold pin. A blue vail wrapped around her hat partly concealed her white forehead.

Her hands were neatly gloved, and as she unbuttoned her cloak to get out her purse, a well-fitting street costume became visible. Finding in her purse only coins of larger value than the required fare, she rose in an independent way to get the change from the driver.

Frank, who was watching for an opportunity of assisting her, rising at the same time, and both being a little quick in their movements, their heads came in contact for a moment, and both sat down again.

The young lady blushed and smiled a little, showing pretty teeth; and Frank, much embarrassed, begged her pardon, and, receiving the coin from her hand, proceeded to obtain the change.

Now, whether it was the young lady's blush or her smile, or the touch of her gloved hand, or the hearty way in which she said "Thank you!" or whether it was really the inspiration which Frank had expected at the

proper time, certain it is that no sooner had he taken his seat than the conviction came to him that this was *she* whom he had hoped to find.

He looked at her again, and, if the truth must be told, quite stared her into blushing again and looking out of the opposite window. As he looked he imagined himself more and more in love, and had already gone through the several stages of courtship in an omnibus, had visited at her home, had proposed and been accepted, and was just leading her, blushing deeper than ever, through a church full of admiring friends to the white-robed clergyman at the altar, when he was startled from his reverie by seeing his companion rise again, this time too quick for interruption, pull the signal-strap, alight from the stage and pass from his sight.

He attempted to follow her movements with his eyes, but she was quickly lost down a side street.

He was dismayed for the moment at this sudden ending of his dream of an acquaintance with the fair stranger. His gaze settled on the place where she had lately been, and then wandered to the spot where her feet—he had noticed they were small and prettily arched—had rested, and there he saw a folded piece of paper that had evidently dropped from the young lady's purse.

"Surely," thought our friend, "the god who favors first love must have interposed in my behalf, and given me some chance of meeting *her* again!"

He picked up the paper, and found it to be a scrap torn from a sheet of fine note-paper. As he opened it, a piece of brown silk dropped out, and on the inside was a simple memorandum:

"Three and a half yards silk, this shade. Choose trimmings to match."

On the other side of the paper was a name and address:

"*Miss Belle Duncan,*
"No. — Fifth Avenue."

The writer of the memorandum had, as Frank saw at once, picked up a part of a note addressed to herself to write some memoranda for her guidance, and so her identity was revealed.

A less romantic man might have returned the paper to the writer, by mail, or, had he been very bold, might have written a note that would have required some acknowledgment. But the present finder, who loved mystery after a fashion, and was too bashful to make his name known in so irregular a manner, after puzzling his brains awhile, decided on a course of action, which he carried out after reaching his store.

He selected a piece of brown silk of the required shade, and then picked out trimmings such as he found most in fashion, and, doing them up in a bundle, directed it to the address he had found, and sent it off by one of the clerks, telling him to say nothing, but to leave the parcel at the place indicated.

That day at lunch Jack Hatton's ears were fairly wearied with the most extravagant and eloquent discourse on the theory of love at first sight, with eulogies on female loveliness, and even descriptions of newly discovered advantages in stage-riding.

Frank related enough of his morning adventure to let his friend understand the cause of his outburst, but said nothing about the scrap of paper or the lady's name.

For some weeks he kept up his enthusiasm, and took many furtive glances at the house in which the young lady lived, and took occasional stage rides up and down that part of the avenue in the hope of seeing her again.

But he found his efforts useless, and being a busy man, with much to carry on his mind, I am afraid he began, after a few months, to think less frequently, though not, perhaps, less earnestly, about his first love.

When he passed the house on Fifth Avenue he would still look up expectantly, and when he came across the bit of paper which he kept in his private desk at home, he would sigh and pity his hard fortune, though he never despaired entirely.

Having only seen the lady on one occasion, and not having been so much impressed by particular features as by an indistinct impression of her good looks, he did not retain, as several months and then a year went by, a very clear idea of her appearance, and at the times when she was recalled to his memory, he would say:

"How beautiful were her eyes—of blue, were they, or were they brown? I really forget—and her nose, I particularly noticed her nose was beautiful, but I don't seem to recollect its shape either. I think she was rather tall, though, as she was seated most of the time, I couldn't exactly tell, of course; but any way she was the only woman I can ever love, and I wait for Fate to bring us together."

Chapter II.

An event that occurred nearly a year after his adventure in the omnibus caused Frank Parker a little uneasiness. His friend, John Hatton, was married, and, as they had been accustomed to pass many of their evenings together, Frank feared their intimacy would be brought to an end.

The worst of it was, John had married, in direct contradiction of his friend's theory, a girl—Ida Gilmore—whom he had known all his life, and had never thought of falling in love with until she had come back the Autumn before from a Summer in Europe, when, going one night to call on her, he happened to see that she was pretty and attractive, and, she not objecting, in a few months had her for his wife.

Frank refused altogether to understand such a procedure on the part of his friend, protesting vigorously that if she possessed all the good qualities that were claimed for her, they must have been apparent before; that he knew Jack was not blind, and ought to have been able to tell immediately whether the young lady were suitable for him, and he very much feared that policy and not true love had caused the marriage. So, when Jack, who took all his comment in good part, invited him to come home with him one evening shortly after the marriage, Jack at first demurred—being also, as I have said, rather bashful—but at last consented and went.

He found Mrs. Hatton rather plain-looking, in his eyes, except that she had a pleasant smile. She was a small woman, with brown hair and bright eyes, and very pleasant and sociable, as Frank had to confess, though he was prejudiced against her.

I, who know his faults as well as his virtues, am willing to acknowledge that this young man was very obstinate in his opinion, and apt to like or dislike without reason, and sometimes far from agreeable with his outspoken opinions and forcible expressions, though as honest a fellow as ever lived and as good-natured.

He went to his friend's house several times after that, and found his visits always pleasant, though he persisted that Jack's wife was very, very different from the one he would choose, or, rather, from the *one* he had chosen if he could ever find her.

One evening, when it had been arranged that Frank was to come to the house in the evening, his host told him that there was in the parlor a former schoolmate of

his wife's, who had come to spend some weeks at her friend's home.

Frank noticed, as he came into the room, a young lady talking to Mrs. Hatton, whose appearance impressed him at once.

She was tall and almost stately, with a wealth of light hair, and eyes a darker blue than most blondes have.

"Belle," he heard Mrs. Hatton say, "here comes Mr. Parker." And then, "Mr. Parker, my friend, Miss Duncan. Mr. Parker is a great friend of Jack's, you know."

Frank was fairly bewildered when he heard the name, which he recognized as that which he had on the slip of paper in his desk at home.

He was sure, however, he told Jack afterward, that he would have known her any way, for the very first look he gave her had made him conscious that his chosen one was there.

Fortunately his embarrassment was not noticed, and the evening passed pleasantly, with music and conversation.

Frank went home at the close of the evening with his mind fully taken up with thoughts of the fair Belle Duncan. He took from his desk the paper containing her name and looked at it for a long time, musing over the strange chance that had brought him for the second time into her company. He did not wonder that she had forgotten his face, having no clew to his name, and yet he wished she might remember that former meeting.

A THRIFTY THOUGHT.

Aunt—"AND HOW WELL YOU HAVE KEPT THE DOLL'S HOUSE YOUR UNCLE GAVE YOU!"
Niece (who has taken to story-books lately)—"OH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE; BUT I HAVE LET THE APARTMENTS, FURNISHED, TO MABEL AND GERARD FOR TEN CENTS A WEEK!"

Before he went to bed he had persuaded himself, if he needed any persuasion, that they were formed for each other.

The next day at dinner he was more quiet than Jack had seen him for a long time, but made a few inquiries about Miss Duncan that soon brought from his friend all the facts he had about his wife's acquaintance with her. She was a Hartford girl, and had attended the same school with Ida, Jack's wife, in New Haven, and they had there formed a schoolgirl intimacy, rooming together, and sharing all each other's secrets. John remembered that she had friends living on Fifth Avenue whom she had visited a year ago, just before she and Ida went with a party on a tour through Europe. He believed she was going to visit these friends after she had finished her stay with Ida, and so she might be two or three months in the city.

He thought her a very pleasant girl, and hoped Frank liked her.

Yes, Frank found her quite agreeable—though, to be sure, he never had thought much of young ladies' company. And, so saying, he thought he had shown great diplomacy in hiding the real state of his feelings. But if ever a man in love succeeded ill in concealing that fact the man was Frank.

The most mysterious bouquets that could have come from nowhere else were left for Miss Duncan.

He, who had never had a free pass in his life, began to

NESTLING AMONG THE FLOWERS.

have the greatest number of visionary friends who were fairly throwing at him boxes for the opera and theatre, and he would feel so much obliged if they would only make up a little party just to have the box occupied.

Miss Duncan being an Episcopalian, he bought a prayer-book and studied up all the order of service overnight, so that he might creditably deport himself in accompanying her to church.

He found a large number of places which it was absolutely necessary she should see, and neglected his business with all the cheerfulness in the world that he might show them to her.

In all this companionship he found her to develop more and more attractive traits of character.

He had thought her difficult of approach at first, but as they became better acquainted, she was at times friendly and even confidential in her manner.

At other times she would appear to treat him coldly, and he, with an ingenuity of self-torture common to modest-minded lovers, would construe ill to himself out of either course of conduct.

If she were friendly, it was evident that, while she might be able to look on him as an agreeable companion, she could never have thought of him in the light of a lover. If she received him without warmth of manner, it was apparent that she could think little of him.

I should be sorry to say how many sleepless nights Frank passed during this period, and how many business mistakes he made in consequence.

He took much melancholy pleasure in taking out continually the bit of paper that reminded him of his morning ride in the omnibus, so that, with folding and unfolding, the paper became quite worn.

It was at this time, too, that Frank lost much of his obstinacy of character, as well as some of his flesh, and became quite meek and gentle, and so quiet that Jack missed his daily lecture at the lunch-table, and had to do most of the talking himself.

But he stood a firm friend to Frank all the time, and frequently of an evening—those were red-letter days to Frank—Ida or Jack would be taken with a convenient headache, and both would remain at home, while they would insist upon the others going out together to some entertainment.

And then Frank would be fairly overcome, now with pride and now with humility, at having alone in his care so precious a charge.

But after this kind of pleasant companionship had gone on for some weeks, Belle left Jack's house to visit her friends in Fifth Avenue, going to the very house Frank had often watched.

And now Frank saw how much he had been favored before, finding that he could meet Miss Duncan only in a formal way, and much less frequently.

While he had not been happy before, he was completely miserable now, even torturing himself with the thought that she could not love him now, and he would have no opportunity to win her love in the future.

But his despair had at least the good effect of making him bold enough to determine to bring to an end his suspense and discover the real state of her feelings toward him.

Chapter III.

"Would you like to go with us to-morrow on a sort of family picnic?" said Jack Hatton to his friend, one day.

But Frank—who was in a rather savage humor, and had, besides, decided opinions, which he frequently expressed with emphasis, on the subject of picnics in general—began to talk about "hornet pie" and "spiders in the butter," and "rheumatism," and absolutely refused to consider the invitation, until Jack said:

"All right. I am sorry, though, for, you see, Ida and I thought we would take a little excursion up the river, going in the morning, so that nobody would disturb us, and coming back before the crowd began to gather. We only invited Belle to come with us, and thought you might like to go, too."

Then Frank, regretting his too great haste, protested that he desired above all things to be permitted to go, and became as humble as he had been disdainful.

So they took the trip, going up the grandest of rivers, past the heights of Mount Washington on the one side, and then by the overhanging Palisades on the other, to a pretty little island much frequented on Summer afternoons.

There were but few parties on the boat that morning, one of which, consisting of a mother, a child about four years old and a nurse, occupied with our friends the upper rear deck of the river steamboat.

The mother, a languid-looking woman, reclined in a steamer-chair, reading a novel, while the restless child, but carelessly watched by the nurse, played about the deck, climbed upon the seats, and then looked through the railing.

The two young men and their companions chatted gayly, now looking on the noble scenery through which they passed, and now watching the child.

When the boats had proceeded two or three miles up the river, they were startled in the midst of an animated discussion by a cry of horror from the nurse, and, looking up, they were witnesses of a terrible spectacle.

The child had wandered from its nurse's side, and, getting on to the seat that ran around the side of the deck, had climbed over the railing, and then, terrified by its own boldness, had let go its hold and was rolling toward the edge of the deck.

The startled mother and the frightened nurse ran to the railing and endeavored to catch the child, while both the young men sprang over the railing.

But it was too late.

The child, without time even to utter a cry, rolled over the edge and fell toward the muddy waters beneath.

But the anxious eyes looking over the side of the steamer saw that a hook projecting from the railing of the lower deck had caught the dress of the child, and retarded for a minute its fall into the water.

There was no one visible on the lower deck, and the child's dress appeared as if it might any moment give way.

The waters, dashed into foam by the steamer's wheels, flung themselves up expectantly for their prey.

There seemed no hope for the child and its agonized mother, except one which, to a trained athlete, might not have been difficult, but to any one else was hazardous in the extreme.

This method, which presented itself at the same time to the minds of both the young men, was to swing from the edge of the upper deck, endeavoring to fall inside the railing of the lower deck.

Jack started to attempt the experiment, but his wife clung to him, and would not let him go, while Frank, with but one glance upward at eyes which he hoped were looking at him, threw himself over the side of the steamer, and, clinging to the edge, made the very dangerous leap.

He landed inside, the impulse carrying him against the side of the steamer. Instantly recovering his footing, he

reached over the railing and grasped the child just as the dress gave way.

He took the child to its mother, who now refused to let any one but herself care for it, and almost overwhelmed with thanks its preserver.

As for Frank, he was happy—not, I fear, alone because he had made the mother happy, or because he had accomplished well a very difficult undertaking, but for an entirely different reason.

I have said that he gave a glance upward as he threw himself over the side of the steamer, and it was what that glance had taught him that made him happy.

He saw in that moment by the look in the eyes of the one he loved that the life he risked was more precious to her than that of an ordinary friend — that mingled with admiration of his bravery was an affectionate regard which rendered him certain of her love.

He could scarcely wait till their destination was reached, and then, when they had wandered apart into one of the paths in the grove of the almost deserted island, he told her of his love, and received the sweet assurances of its return. Had Frank known that on the same bench on which they sat Tom Burton, the porter of his Worth Street store, had whispered, the Sunday afternoon before, words of love to his sweetheart Mary, a pretty girl out at service, I think the young man had so much of the common pride that he would doubtless have been quite offended at the thought.

And yet, true love is the same everywhere, and for my own part, I believe just as much of pure affection and just as good a promise of happy lives might be found in the hearts of Tom and Mary as in those of Frank Parker and Belle Duncan, though this latter couple was very simple and heartfelt in affection for each other.

Frank, especially, beamed all over with joy and pride, and was fairly exultant when he took his friend Jack aside to tell him of his good fortune, while the girls exchanged like confidences.

On the return trip down the river the boat had still but few passengers, and the two lovers sat in an out-of-the-way corner on the front deck.

Their conversation turned naturally to the time when they had first known each other, and Frank exultingly declared that his love had begun long before their introduction to each other.

So saying, he pulled out of his pocket the worn scrap of paper and showed it to Belle, who soon remembered it and asked how he got it.

Then he told her how he had met her one morning in the stage, and had been attracted by her, had sent her the package she had so mysteriously received, and had ever since loved her alone.

"And are you sure," she said, slowly, looking at him in what he thought a strange way, "that you have always loved the one you met that morning?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"And always will?"

"And always will."

"Oh, Frank!—I mean Mr. Parker—you cruel man to tell me this!" said Belle, hiding her face in her hands and speaking in a choking voice, "I must say good-by to you for ever; and, besides, I really think I ought to tell Mr. Hatton."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?"

"I'm not your dear," she answered, still trembling. "To tell me that you love another woman and that woman your friend's wife!"

"What do you mean?" cried he.

Then he set to work to comfort her, assuring her that he loved her only, and never had and never could love any one else.

But Belle pretended to be mightily offended, although, in my opinion, she was laughing all the time, and refused for a long while to be persuaded to say anything more. It came out finally that the young lady who rode in the stage that morning, and who had dropped the bit of paper was no other than Jack's wife, who had called to go out shopping with Belle, and the latter, not feeling well, had undertaken to order some goods for her friend. And Frank, who had really forgotten the features of the stranger, had been deceived by the name into fancying that the one to whom he had declared his love was the one whom he had met before.

Belle forgave the mistake and they were married; but, having visited at their home many times, I am decidedly of the opinion that Frank's wife rather rules her husband. And especially when he begins to declaim with much emphasis some favorite theory of his, I have seen his wife quiet him with a look. For he first learned his wife's name in an omnibus, his first love proved to be no love at all, and a picnic was the occasion of his crowning happiness.

THE CASE OF PIERRE DUBOIS.

THE case of Pierre Dubois is a shocking, deplorable one. Madame Féron was the aged, miserly relict of a prosperous farmer, living alone at a solitary farmhouse about three leagues distant from Rennes. A charwoman came for an hour or two daily to do the scrubbing and coarse work of the house.

Madame Féron was not only known to be possessed of a considerable annual income, but of a large sum in *rouleaux* of Napoleons, which she kept under lock and key in the house.

This last fact was at least known to Jeannette Morlaix and Pierre Dubois, an itinerant clockmaker, whose poor home and shop were at Rennes.

He was given to tattle when in the least excited by drink, and had been more than once heard to gleefully relate how frightened Madame Féron looked when he, one day entering her house suddenly, without knocking, surprised her kneeling before an open chest, gloating over her golden treasure.

It was Pierre's custom to call at Madame Féron's regularly, when returning from his rounds, on the first Monday in every alternate month, to see to the correct time-keeping of her clock. Now, early on the day following the Monday in August, when he should have called at Madame Féron's—did in fact call, it was asserted and fully believed — the aged lady was found stark-dead! — murdered — and mangled in a dreadful manner.

Though considerably above sixty, she was a strong-limbed, powerful, courageous woman, and had, it was evident, struggled fiercely for her life. The chest was plundered of the *rouleaux* of gold, and some silver spoons and other articles of plate were missing. The alarm was given, a commissary of police arrived, and a vigorous investigation of all the circumstances was commenced on the spot.

Jeannette Morlaix deposed that soon after Madame Féron returned from church, late in the afternoon—she had been to vespers—it being the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin—she, Jeannette, left the house and proceeded homeward. Her dwelling was about half a league distant from Madame Féron's.

A YOUNG BAYARD.

She had not proceeded very far, about ten minutes' distance, perhaps, when she saw Pierre Dubois walking toward the house. He did not pass near to her, and from the direction in which he came she did not see his full face, but she was positive it was he. He was dressed as usual, and carried under his arm a tinkling German clock, as he always did. Jeannette also saw him lift the doorlatch and pass into the house. That was all she knew.

In reply to the questions of the commissary, she said that Pierre Dubois usually arrived at about the same hour. Madame Féron's place was the last in his day's round, and when Dubois left he went straight away toward Rennes.

For Rennes the commissary and his men forthwith galloped off, and learned that Pierre Dubois had not been home all night; that his half-distracted wife had not seen nor heard of him since he left early the previous day to proceed on his accustomed round.

Leaving two gendarmes in the place to secure Dubois if he should make his appearance, and meanwhile to prevent the wife or either of the children from holding communication with any one, the commissary hurried away to organize a hunt after the absconded assassin and robber.

THE CASE OF PIERRE DUBOIS.—"MONSIEUR SAINT FOIN DISMOUNTED, AND VAINLY ENDEAVORED TO AWAKEN HIM."

The search, though vigorously pressed, proved fruitless; no tidings could be heard of the clockmaker, and it was beginning to be feared he might have succeeded in escaping from France with his booty, when, late in the evening, who should walk into the house but the culprit himself! His clothes were torn, dirty, stained with blood in more than one place—he himself seeming to be half-stupefied, like a person just recovering from a long-continued debauch. He was, of course, instantly taken into custody and hurried off to jail. No gold or silver was found upon him; but in one of his pockets several torn fragments of *rouleaux* paper were found.

When questioned the next day by a Juge d'Instruction, he delivered himself of a cock-and-bull story, in effect and substance as follows:

About noon on the day on which he left home he was on his return toward Madame Féron's, when, at about a couple of leagues from her house, two men in blouses came up with him in a solitary part of the road. They were riding, and offered to take him up. The day was sultry; he was tired, and gladly accepted the invitation. He was thirsty, too—his own flask of thin wine was nearly empty—and he almost emptied at a draught that which one of the men offered him.

An irresistible drowsiness almost immediately seized him; he lay down in the bottom of the *charette*, and remembered nothing more till, awakening to confused consciousness, he found himself lying on the grass in a place he could not recognize, with the moon and stars shining brilliantly overhead. He had a blouse on, and he could nowhere see his clock.

He had a dim recollection of some one trying, by shaking and shouting in his ear, to rouse him—vainly so. His throat was parched, and, feeling for his flask, he found it much fuller than he had supposed it to be, took a long pull thereat, and again fell into a sudden slumber.

When he next awoke the sun was high in the heavens; he had his own clothes on again—no blouse; but the clock and what silver money he had were certainly gone. The flask, too, was empty, and he was fain to slake his thirst at a rivulet close by.

Rousing himself by a great effort, making inquiry as he came along the road to Rennes, he managed at last to reach his home as before stated. He denied, with the most natural assumption of truthfulness, that he had been at Madame Féron's house on the Monday afternoon, or at any hour of the day, and when confronted with Jeannette Morlaix—whom he knew to be a singularly truthful, honest person, and who persisted she *had* seen him go into the house with the tinkling German clock under his arm—he affected to be altogether confounded, and assumed a manner and expression as if he bewilderedly half-believed that he must have been walking, talking—murdering folk, during a delirious drunken dream.

As to the spots of blood upon his clothes, that circumstance he could not in any way account for. Of course such a jumble of absurdities did not obtain a moment's credence. The general belief appears to have been that, after murdering Madame Féron and possessing himself of the *rouleaux* and plate—the German clock, I should have mentioned, was found in the room where the murder had been committed—he started across the country by unfrequented paths, intending to escape from France; that he had drank himself dead drunk with brandy, taken, as was known, from Madame Féron's, and in that state had himself been robbed of every valuable about him. Recovered from his debauch—finding himself stripped of everything, destitute of the means of escape—he had determined to boldly face accusation with those transparent lies in his mouth.

The result was Pierre Dubois's conviction, by a unanimous jury, of willful homicide and robbery, his condemnation to death by the guillotine, and the execution of the sentence.

* * * * * *

The following Summer, Monsieur Saint Foin, a highly respectable citizen at Rennes, returned from Martinique, to which island he had hastily departed in August of the previous year. Pierre Dubois had been well known to him—had for years regulated Monsieur Saint Foin's clocks; and no sooner did that gentleman hear the story and tragic fate of the poor clockmaker, than he hurried away to the Procureur-Général.

Dubois had himself been murdered—judicially; there could be no doubt of the terrible fact. On the 15th of August, the grand Catholic festival, as previously stated, Monsieur Saint Foin, a bachelor gentleman, after attending High Mass in the cathedral, had left Rennes on horseback, his immediate destination being a friend's house about ten leagues distant.

He intended to remain there for the night, and early on the following day proceed by railway to Paris, thence to Havre de Grace, from which port he should sail for Martinique, where his only brother, also a bachelor, had recently died, and bequeathed to him, Monsieur Saint Foin, the whole of a considerable property.

He took a short cut, being in haste, to his friend's house, and at an out-of-the-way place, as described by poor Dubois, about seven leagues from Rennes and perhaps over that distance from Madame Féron's habitation, saw Dubois lying on the grass dead drunk, as it seemed. He had on a blouse, and neither the peculiar cap he was accustomed to wear, nor the German clock he usually carried about with him, were to be seen. A wine-flask nearly full was lying close beside him.

Monsieur Saint Foin dismounted, and vainly endeavored, by rudely shaking and bawling at the drowsy drunkard to awaken him. He was at a loss what to do—for he had a regard for honest Dubois—when fortunately a man of the laboring class and wearing a blouse of the same color as that which Dubois had on, came to view, walking toward them.

Monsieur Saint Foin asked him if he would, for a sufficent recompense, wait by the sleeping man till he should wake, and, if it was necessary to do so, see him safely to Rennes. The man willingly agreed. Monsieur Saint Foin presented him with a five-franc piece, remounted his horse, and proceeded on his journey. He had no correspondents except in Paris, and had not read or heard anything of the Pierre Dubois affair till his return that day to Rennes.

The time at which Monsieur Saint Foin had so fallen in with the sleeping Dubois was, as nearly as might be, upon the stroke of the hour when Jeannette Morlaix swore—honestly swore, no doubt—that she had seen him enter Madame Féron's house. The explanation of the mystery seems clear enough. The two fellows in the *charette*, whom Dubois had met with, were villains who had made themselves acquainted with the clockmaker's habits, opportunities and where he might be met with at about that time. The wine given to and left with him was no doubt drugged.

One of the fellows had exchanged his blouse for the clockmaker's coat, and, further disguised by Dubois's peculiar cap and the tinkling German clock, had proceeded to Madame Féron's, leaving his comrade in crime near Dubois to watch events.

It was to this fellow, no question, that Monsieur Saint Foin gave the five-franc piece. The actual murderer must have returned with the plunder; and as it was desirable to effectually put justice on the wrong scent, Dubois's coat and cap were restored, and the scraps of *rouleaux* paper placed in the unfortunate man's pocket. The incredible story he would have to tell would be, they well knew, treated with scoffing unbelief.

It proved so; everything turning out just as they had planned. Justice was betrayed, and to this day no clew to the discovery of the murderers of Madame Féron—and, indirectly, of Pierre Dubois—has been found.

A MARKET FOR WIVES.

A REMARKABLE custom exists among the Roumanians living in the westerly Carpathians. Every year, at the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gaina, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers and various other female friends contribute to the dowry, and this completed, it is carried to the market on the Gaina, in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees and other household requisites are also added to the dowry. On the Gaina every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited, and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess, and each, most particularly, comes with a girdle of gold or silver. After the brides are chosen the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautiful embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged; but the ceremony must be gone through with all the same. If a girl goes to the market, knowing beforehand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still she must take her dowry and occupy her tent and place herself on view like the rest.

THE Aztec word consisting of thirty-two letters, "Amatlacuilolitquitcatlaxlahuilli," means "payment received for having been bearer of a paper with writing on it." But this is exceeded in length by a word even more portentous from the Cherokee language. This is "Winitawtgeginaliskawlungtanawnelitisesti," which means, "They will by that time have nearly done granting (favors) from a distance to them and to me."

FRESH AIR AND FOUL AIR.

By Professor F. R. Eaton Lowe.

Fresh air is an element upon which everybody professes to set a high value; yet we frequently meet with people who, by dint of green-baizing the doors, sand-bagging the windows, stuffing up unused chimneys, pertinaciously closing the windows of a railway-carriage during the two hours' journey in July, and other similar expedients, endeavor to exclude the pure breath of heaven as they would so much choke-damp or sewage fumes.

In these days of scientific progress it is surprising that so much ignorance exists on the subject of ventilation; for, while the terms "oxygen" and "carbonic acid" are familiar to everybody, most of us are still in the dark as to the best means to be adopted for securing the one and getting rid of the other. Those who take so much trouble in stopping up every crevice, to prevent, as they say, the ingress of "draughts," never dream that they are at the same time taking every precaution against the escape of poisonous gases, the inhalation of which must ultimately produce a train of disorders, the mere catalogue of which would fill a page of a large-sized medical treatise.

Ventilation, as it is understood by such persons, includes amongst its happy effects, cold in the head, sore throat, toothache and *tic-douloureux*, all of which may certainly be produced by draughts; but this is not ventilation. Much of this misconception is due to the ignorance of builders, who appear to think that ventilation is altogether out of their line, and consequently make no provision for it. In large public buildings—as schools, churches and clubs—some attempt is usually made to keep the contained air pure; but in ordinary dwelling-houses there is nothing for it but to open the windows, at the risk of entailing upon delicate or non-acclimatized inmates the painful disorders just alluded to. It is far more important to secure a constant supply of pure air in rooms we ordinarily inhabit, than in public rooms only occasionally visited; and architects as well as builders have much to answer for in ignoring this consideration in the construction of their plans.

Before this subject can be thoroughly understood, it will be necessary to get a clear view of the function of respiration. We all of us are familiar with the appearance of the lungs of animals, from the specimens hung up in the butchers' shops. An examination of the lungs of a sheep will answer our purpose quite as well as if we had the corresponding organs of the human body before us (Fig. 1). They consist of two lobes of spongy, cellular matter—the spongy character being due to millions of minute bag-like air-cells communicating with fine tubes, the diameter of which gradually increases till they finally converge into the windpipe. The small air-cells are surrounded by meshes of delicate blood-vessels, still more minute, which bring the dark venous blood to the lungs to be oxygenated or purified, whence it is collected by the pulmonary artery and distributed to every part of the system. It may be asked, How is this oxygenation or aëration effected? Does the blood enter the air-cells, and come into actual contact with the contained air? Certainly not, or otherwise the blood would find its way into the windpipe, and be coughed up. This bleeding from the lungs, or hemorrhage, as it is termed, actually occurs in certain diseases, as in pulmonary consumption, and is a symptom of a very serious character. Instead of the blood finding its way into the lungs, the air permeates through the thin walls of the cells and comes in contact with the blood in the microscopic veins. Here important chemical changes take place, and both the air and the blood become entirely altered in character and composition. The dark appearance of venous blood (blood from the veins as distinguished from arterial blood) is due to excess of carbonaceous matter; the oxygen of the air unites with the carbon and becomes carbonic-acid gas, which is exhaled, and cannot again be respired with safety, while the color of the blood is changed to a bright red, indicative of its healthy character and fitness for all the purposes of nutrition. The number of respirations per minute varies from fifteen to twenty-one, according to age and constitution, and the quantity of air taken in at each inhalation is about twenty cubic inches. The carbonic acid comes off from the lungs in company with watery vapor, particles of effete or worn-out matter, nitrogen and other gases. Bad breath is attributable in some cases to caries or decayed teeth; in others, to the condition of the stomach; but in many instances it may be traced to the presence of fetid vapors in the expired air. We are in a condition of constant decay, or rather disintegration; worn-out particles are momentarily being cast off, and their places supplied by new matter; and while some of these particles of decayed matter escape through the skin and other channels, more or less of them are eliminated through the lungs, and find their way into the air.

Let us now examine the carbonic-acid gas, which—"carbon dioxide" of modern chemists—forms about one-thirtieth of the volume of air exhaled. The poisonous nature of this gas is pretty well understood, although its presence in our bedrooms and sitting-rooms is little guarded against. It forms the choke-damp of coal-mines and deep wells, and, breathed in a state of purity, causes death in a few minutes by suffocation. It is a non-supporter of combustion; and flame is extinguished by it as completely as by the employment of so much water. Advantage is taken of this property of the gas to detect its presence in deep wells which have to be descended for the purpose of repairs.

A candle is let down, and if it goes out it is at once concluded that it would be unsafe to allow men to descend. From the absence of this simple precaution men are frequently brought up from deep wells in a state of insensibility; and colliers are often exposed to similar risk from a sudden rush of large volumes of choke damp from the workings.

Another peculiar property of the gas is its weight. It is half as heavy again as air; the specific gravity of the latter being taken as 1, that of carbonic-acid gas is 1.5. On this account it can be poured out of one vessel into another like a liquid, so that by its weight it will cause a scale to ascend, though no cause is seen (Fig. 2). A row of lighted candles may be extinguished one after another by pouring upon each some carbonic-acid gas; and as the gas is invisible, the experiment savors very much of the magical in the eyes of those unacquainted with chemistry (Fig. 3).

The process of preparing this gas for experiment is very simple, and the necessary apparatus can be made from a couple of bottles and a glass tube. Take a wide-mouthed bottle fitted with a cork, and into the cork

FRESH AIR AND FOUL AIR.—IGNITING THE FIRE-DAMP IN A MINE.

insert a glass tube, bent twice, at right angles, one limb of the tube being much longer than the other. Into the bottle put some hydrochloric (muriatic) acid, diluted with a similar quantity of water, and into the mixture drop a few pieces of chalk, or limestone. A brisk effervescence will ensue, caused by the escape of the carbonic acid in bubbles from the chalk. The long end of the tube is inserted into another bottle, which will soon be filled with the gas. To ascertain whether the bottle is filled, put in a lighted match or taper, which will be extinguished as soon as it reaches the surface of the gas.

By this experiment the chalk or limestone is decomposed, and carbonic acid set free ; but by a very simple process we may cause the carbonic acid to unite with lime, and thus form carbonate of lime or chalk. This is the reverse of *analysis*, and hence termed *synthesis*. Nothing more is necessary than to fill a tumbler with lime-water—which can be procured at any druggist's shop for a trifle—and to blow into it through a tube, when a milky cloud will be immediately observed owing to the formation of a white precipitate of carbonate of lime. This results from the union of the carbonic acid in the breath with the lime held in solution, and proves beyond question the existence of carbonic acid gas in the exhalation from the lungs.

Besides being a product of respiration, carbonic-acid is also a product of combustion. The materials we usually employ for the purpose of illumination — as gas, tallow, oil and coal — owe their inflammability to the presence of hydrogen. As this gas is in a state of combination with carbon, these bodies are known as *hydrocarbons*, and during combustion they undergo decomposition. The carbon unites with the oxygen of the air to form carbonic acid, and the hydrogen unites with another portion of oxygen to form water, which exists as steam or vapor in the air of every room in which flame of any kind is burning. To prove that the formation of watery vapor is one of the results of combustion, we have only to invert a tumbler over the flame of a candle, when the inside will soon become moist from the condensation of the resulting steam.

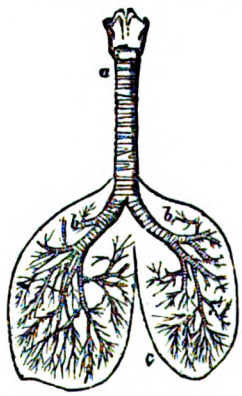


FIG. 1.—LUNGS OF A SHEEP.

It thus appears that the two processes of respiration and combustion are strictly analogous, so far as chemical change is concerned, and it follows that the air of a room is as much vitiated by the burning of a jet of gas or an oil-lamp, as it is by the breathing of an occupant. A flame cannot live without a renewed supply of fresh air, any more than an animal. Put an inverted tumbler over a taper, and in a few moments the flame will be extinguished. Effectually exclude the admission of air into a room, and the fire in it will first begin to get dull, and ultimately go out altogether. What is fatal to combustion is also fatal to human life ; for respiration is a species of combustion, attended with the usual phenomenon of heat, and requiring for its support constant supplies of good

fuel. The greater the proportion of fuel — that is, fresh air — consumed by the lungs in a given time, the more rapid is the respiration, and the greater is the heat developed. We are all of us familiar with these phenomena as the results of vigorous exercise in the open air. The glow in the cheek, and increased appetite, and the general exhilaration, are so many signs

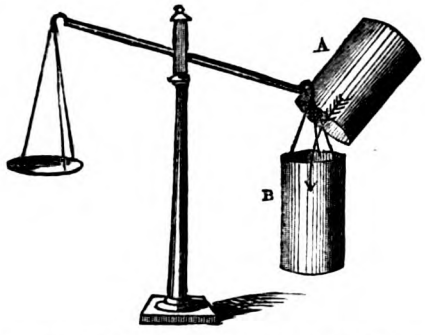


FIG. 2.— CARBONIC-ACID GAS POURED FROM A TO B, AND CAUSING SCALE TO DESCEND.

of intensified chemical action and increased vitality. Diminish the supply of fuel, or deteriorate its quality by constantly breathing the atmosphere of some close room or stuffy office in a back street for eight or ten hours daily, and the respiration will become slower, the heat of the fire will diminish, the color will leave the cheek, the appetite will fall off, and the system generally will become debilitated.

We have said enough of the properties of carbonic acid to convince any one of the danger of breathing it, even in the diluted condition in which it exists in an ill-ventilated apartment. The question now is, How are we to avoid it? To escape from an enemy, we must know exactly the position it occupies. It has been stated that carbonic acid is a very heavy gas; and it might be supposed that it would fall to the floor as it is generated

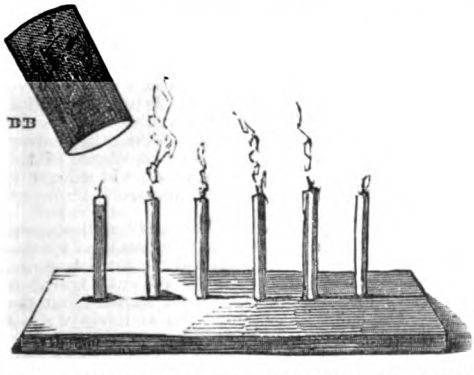


FIG. 3.— ROW OF CANDLES EXTINGUISHED BY CARBONIC-ACID GAS.

from the gas-burners and the lungs of individuals. Immediately on its formation, however, it is in a heated state, and, in accordance with the universal law of heat, becomes much expanded, and rises to the ceiling. Should there be no means of escape in that direction, the gas will, on cooling, descend along the walls of the apartment, as shown by the arrows in the annexed diagram (Fig. 4), representing the atmospheric currents in a room lighted by three gas-jets and warmed by a fire in an ordinary grate.

The horizontal arrows at the base of the diagram represent the currents of air proceeding from the doors D D toward the fire. It will be seen that the cooled carbonic-acid gas as it descends along the walls is similarly drawn to the fire, and escapes up the chimney in company with the smoke and other products of combustion. Had a grating or ventilator been placed at the top of one of the walls, as at A, the deleterious exhalations would have escaped, and the air been preserved in a fit state for respiration.

A fire is an excellent missionary in the cause of ventilation, especially in a room where the green-baize and sand-bag processes have not been adopted to ward off the hated "draughts." The air withdrawn from the room to feed the column constantly rising above the fire, must have its place supplied by fresh air from without; which accordingly works its way through every crevice and

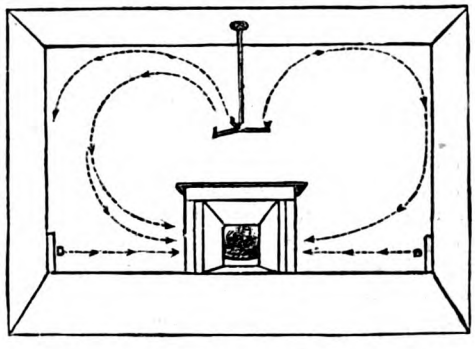


FIG. 4.— ATMOSPHERIC CURRENTS IN A ROOM.

opening, and makes at once for the heated laboratory where its decomposition is effected. A glance at the diagram will make it plain that if there is no ventilator near, the carbonic acid must be respired in its progress toward the fire by persons sitting in the room, unless their dimensions are so Liliputian that their heads are below the level of the grate. In the absence of any proper provision for ventilation, our only resource is to open the windows an inch or two at the top. This will effectually get rid of poisonous exhalations, without subjecting any one not sitting immediately beneath to the risk of "catching cold."

In bedrooms, where we remain eight or ten hours at a time, it is most important that the escape of vitiated air should be provided for. On the assumption that the sleeping-apartment is occupied by only one person, who requires twenty cubic inches of fresh air at each respiration,

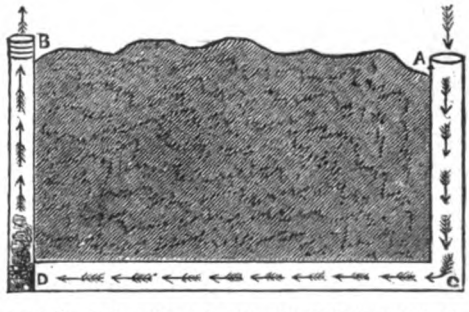


FIG. 5.— VENTILATION OF A MINE BY A FURNACE.

or, on an average, four hundred per minute, in ten hours he would consume more that one hundred and thirty cubic feet of air—that is, if he could get it. But how? There is no ventilator; the door is kept shut all night; and as for opening the window but a single inch at the top—the very thought is enough to produce a shudder. Let any one who has been out in the open air enter a bedroom

from which the sleepers have just emerged. The oppressive, not to say sickening, character of the atmosphere will at once make itself apparent. And yet people in general do not know to what cause to attribute their morning headache, their lassitude and debility, their loss of appetite, and the impurity of their blood, so plainly evinced by numerous pimples and blotches. As a rule, our sleeping-chambers are much too small; ten feet square is not an uncommon size for one of these rooms in a house letting at $200 a year. The air of such a room, having its doors and windows closed, and occupied by one person, would become unfit for respiration in four hours. In the case of two occupants, that time would, of course, be reduced to two hours.

It is to be feared that we shall never be able to secure rooms of much larger dimensions, especially in the houses of great cities; it is, therefore, of the highest importance that the introduction of ventilation by builders should be made compulsory. In the meantime, it is easy to improvise a remedy against the atmospheric stagnation and pollution so common in our dwellings. Keep the doors of the rooms partly open, and let down the windows about an inch at the top. There is very little risk in such a procedure, even in tempestuous weather, except to persons who are so frightened at contact with cold, fresh air that they are accustomed to wrap themselves up like a Greenlander whenever they are unfortunate enough to be compelled to leave their almost hermetically sealed abodes.

From what has been already said, it will be gathered that a room cannot be properly ventilated by opening a window at the bottom; and to sit for any length of time near a window opened in this way is not unattended with danger. The expense of inserting a ventilator in the upper part of the wall of a room would not be great, and the money would certainly not be thrown away. It should be constructed with oblique bars placed in such a way that the currents of air would enter the room in an upward direction, and no draught would be occasioned. In theatres and other public buildings of a circular, oval, or horseshoe form, a central ventilating shaft answers very well. In oblong buildings a shaft at each end is necessary. Fresh air must be admitted through gratings at the bottom of the walls, as it is highly dangerous to open windows or doors where there are crowded assemblies.

In concluding this paper, a reference to the ventilation of mines may not be out of place. The *modus operandi* of a fire in setting up atmospheric currents has already been explained. The accompanying diagram (Fig. 5) shows the method of ventilating a mine by means of a furnace placed at the bottom of a shaft at D. The air is drawn into the mine in the direction of the arrows down the shaft A, and, becoming heated in its passage over the furnace, escapes from the mine up the shaft B. The "drawing in" of the air in such cases is simply an effect of pressure. Air is a fluid, and if any portion of it be displaced, as by heat, the surrounding portions must simultaneously fall in to supply the loss. The ascending column of hot air wil carry with it all noxious gases and exhalations, and the atmosphere of the mine will be preserved fit for respiration. In spite of this precaution, however, miners are exposed to much risk from the sudden evolution of carbonic acid and carbureted hydrogen gases from the workings. The latter is the well-known "fire-damp," and inflames with explosive violence when a light is brought into contact with it. The "Davy" lamp is a sufficient protection against this formidable enemy; and its invention has saved the lives of thousands. The safety-lamp, however, will not render the fire-damp respirable; when its existence is indicated, an escape must be effected with all possible expedition. The same course must be followed in the case of "choke-damp," or suffocation will speedily ensue. The aim of colliery proprietors should be to provide ready means for the elimination of these terrible scourges of the pit. If the distance of the ventilating-shaft from the workings is too great, the draught becomes so sluggish that the gases cannot be carried away. Additional air-shafts ought then to be constructed; and although the expense would doubtless be heavy, the safety of men engaged in so hazardous an employment ought to be the first consideration.

The subject of ventilation, altogether, is one which deserves more of the attention of social economists than it has hitherto received; for, while we can scarcely attach too much importance to questions relating to cottage architecture, water-supply, and general drainage, it must not be forgotten that there is such a thing as atmospheric drainage, which is none the less important because unseen, and due provision for which is one of the requirements for the maintenance of the public health most essential.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EVERY one interested in natural history, and glad to see the attention of intelligent people turned more and more to the study of outdoor matters, must rejoice at such books as those which Mr. John Burroughs has been giving us during the last ten years. Of them all, perhaps the latest, "Signs and Seasons," issued recently from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the best. In "Wake Robin," the first of Burroughs's books, we had the charm of bird life chiefly set before us. In "Winter Sunshine" came a naturalist's experiences of European sights and sounds. In "Pefracton," and "Locusts and Wild Honey," and "Birds and Poets," mingled criticism and poetry in its relation to woodland and farming life, together with much observation of natural history for the sake of the facts, as well as that subtle teaching which Mr. Burroughs has ears to hear so well, and a pen to interpret so trenchantly. In this last book, the naturalist is again foremost, and the list of chapters alone is appetizing to one who delights in the fields and the forest. He points out what it is possible to see day by day in our own door-yards in his chapter "A Sharp Look-out." "A Spray of Pine," and "A Taste of Maine Birch" are essays upon the two trees which distinctly belong to our own Northern States and New England sentiments. "The Tragedies of the Nests," and "Bird Enemies" show how the tenderest and gentlest of creatures have to struggle for life like coarser animals. "Phases of Farm-life" and "Roof-tree" picture with keen and loving pencil the poetry and good of rural life, and give some hint of why the best blood of the world is grown upon the farm, and how the charm of rural life, lingering in the memory and imagination, always allures the city man as to a vision of peace. It is the great advantage of such books as these that they show to the reader not only the external beauty and excellence of the nature close about us, but open its suggestiveness and feed our imagination as well as merely inform our intellects.

AN article in the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives an account of the wonderful training of the eye and hand among the Japanese. The Japanese mechanic, it is stated, can reduce wood to squares and levels without the use of measures. He will cut a board or a stick a given number of feet, using his eye for determining the length and breadth. Every Japanese boy who is fairly well educated draws with just about as much facility as he writes. He figures everything which he wants to illustrate. The writer having occasion once to ask a Japanese student something about methods of warfare in that country (he had been a soldier attached to one of the great Damios), he immediately figured his explanation in a neat drawing on paper. He could not command enough English words to make his meaning clear, but he could make it clear by a sketch with his pencil."

THE discovery of petroleum wells on the west coast of the Red Sea is both interesting and full of promise for a country such as Egypt, whose finances have for so long been in a deplorable condition. The yield of oil is at present but insignificant when compared with the enormous quantities which gush forth at Baku, and with the amount tapped from the American wells. But there is every indication that the yield will increase to a great deal more than two tons a day, the present output. There is little doubt that petroleum will form the fuel of the future for our steamships; and a station so near the great international highway of Suez, where that fuel can be readily obtained, cannot fail to become a place of great importance. Already the oil is being used by certain ships instead of coal.

AMERICA has long enjoyed the advantages of seashore stations, where the marine life between tide-marks may be studied under

its natural conditions. Thus only, in fact, is it possible to acquire accurate and intimate knowledge of a very large part of the oceanic life which forms the subsistence of the fishes and marine mammals available to us as food or otherwise. Not only is the extreme minuteness of most of these tide-water animals an obstacle to their study, but they are so delicate and so susceptible to injurious changes in their environment, that it is almost impossible to carry them away to a laboratory, or breed them in an aquarium. Moreover, the most practical results following their study come from a knowledge of their habit of life, times of occurrence, disappearance, breeding and other phases, which can only be properly investigated under natural conditions. Until now, however, England, which of all countries contains the greatest number of naturalists devoted to the study of marine animals, has had no seaside station of this sort. Under the impulse of the Fisheries Exhibition and the interest in fisheries matters following it, which has culminated in the appointment of a Governmental commission devoted to the matter, this want has been supplied. A central laboratory has been erected upon Plymouth Sound, which is endowed to a small extent by the Government and will be open to students. While much purely scientific work will be done here, an eye will steadily be kept on the practical value of every investigation toward the increase and preservation of the food fishes in English waters.

THE United States Minister at Bogota gives some interesting news as to the manufacturing interests of the United States of Colombia. "The great need of the country," he tells us, "is railroads, as the mines and most productive regions are in the interior, and as the roads are poor it costs about 4 cents per pound to get the freight to Bogota. From the mouth of the Magdalena River to the rapids, a distance of 600 miles, steel boats are run. A railroad runs around the rapids, after which, by 40 miles on mule back and 30 miles in carriage, Bogota is reached. The reason why we have not more trade with your country is that Spanish, French, English and German steamships come regularly to our ports, while all trade with the United States must be carried on through foreign lines. A blast furnace and a rolling mill have been built at Bogota recently, and it cost more to get the machinery from the steamers to its position than the purchase money and freight from Wilmington, Del., where it was made, to the Magdalena River. The recent revolution has nearly stopped all business, but it will pick up again soon."

ONCE again has truth outrun fiction, for the camera in the hands of MM. Henry of Paris has accomplished a feat which no romance-writer would have dared to imagine. Most persons know by sight that beautiful group of stars called the Pleiades, and most people know, too, that this group attracted the attention of star-gazers in very early times. It is mentioned in the book of Job, and profane authors have also weaved many a pretty legend concerning this group of distant suns. In November last, the Messrs. Henry photographed the Pleiades; and the picture showed the presence of a nebula of spiral form which no human eye had before seen. Another photograph taken in this country showed the same appearance, though the largest telescopes in the Paris Observatory gave no evidence to corroborate the photographic appearances. But at the observatory of Pultova, where a gigantic instrument, possessing an object-glass thirty inches in diameter, has lately been erected, the nebula has been detected by the eye of M. Struve.

THE estimation in which the work of Pasteur toward the elucidation and cure of hydrophobia is held by scientific men, is shown by the fact that learned commissions have been sent to Paris to examine into the methods followed by him. That appointed by the English Government contains some of the most eminent men in the kingdom: Sir James Paget, T. Lauder Brunton, Sir Henry Roscoe, and Burdon Sanderson. Names like these assure us that caution will be exercised in the inquiry, and, furthermore, that men of experience and good judgment believe that Pasteur is, at least, upon the right track. Germany sends the great biologist Virchow, with Dr. Koch, whose eminence in cholera investigations is well known. The Academy of Medicine of Rome has sent delegates for the same purpose, while from Bavaria the Archduke Charles, himself a physician, goes to Paris to make an investigation on his own account, as well as in the interest of his subjects.

AT a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, Professor Angelo Heilprin described the remains of prehistoric man, recently discovered on the shore of Sarasota Bay. These remains consisted of some vertebræ only, but the skull is said to have been seen by people of the neighborhood. The remains were embedded in a semi-compact sandstone, and the bones were converted into a yellow oxide of iron. They are probably more entirely fossilized than any human remains heretofore described. The deposit containing the bones is supposed to be of post-pliocene time, though the scarcity of fossils precludes certainty in this respect at the present time. Their great antiquity, however, is undoubted, since it is evident that they had not been disturbed in their original resting-place until brought to view by the washing of the sea.

THE substitution of glass plates instead of copper-sheathing on the bottom of a ship has been tried in Italy. It is believed that the freedom from rust and from incrustation, not to speak of the reduction of friction, will prove highly advantageous. The plates of glass are cast to fit the hull and riveted on.

TO RENDER paper suitable for wrapping up silver and delicate metallic polished articles, the following preparation is recommended: Six parts of caustic soda are dissolved in water until the hydrometer shows 20 degrees B. To this solution are added four parts of oxide of zinc and boiled until dissolved. Sufficient water must next be added to reduce the solution to 10 degrees B. Next dip paper or calico into this solution and dry. This wrapping will effectually preserve silver articles from being blackened by the sulphureted hydrogen which abounds in the atmosphere of all large cities, and is largely due to derivatives of coal combustion.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHY is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane? Because it hurts the pupil.

WHICH is the fruit of which the most delicate may eat without risk. The fruit of his own industry.

A BEATITUDE is not very happy when the bee attitude happens to be on your hand, with the sting ready for business.

A LITTLE girl who saw a snake for the first time graphically described it to her mother as "nothing with a tail to it"!

THOUGH experience keeps an expensive school,
He's the only master for a fool.

A MAN who had been waiting a long time for something to turn up stepped on a barrel-hoop. It turned up with celerity.

"WHAT part do you perform in the great drama of life?" asked a wit of a peasant. "I mind my own business!" was the reply.

"HAVE you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied; "but I've a father in jail."

A BOY who was kept after school for very bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.

TWO FARMERS had a dispute about the boundary lines of their farms. Their dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—on their farms.

THE young lady who had a poor partner in the waltz changed him for a more skillful one, because, she said, she believed in the better whirled.

PROFESSOR (to class in mineralogy): "Can you recall a mineral occurring in the liquid form?" *Philosophical Student:* "Milk, because it comes in quartz."

A SAILOR, on the way to his ship met a boy on his way to a circus. "I am going to sea," said the sailor. "I am going to see, too," responded the boy.

"HAVE you heard of the man who got shot?" said one fellow to another. "Got shot? No," exclaimed the other. "How did he get shot?" "He bought 'em!"

THERE was an old doctor, who when asked what was good for moths, wrote back, "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what is the matter with the moths?"

"YOURS is a very expensive school," said papa, with a long face and a short purse. "Very sorry, dad," replied young Hopeful, "but I don't learn more than I can help."

AN ill-natured man being seen to blush, it was asked what the cause was. "Oh," said a witty lady, "the cross old creature happened to smile, and he feels ashamed of it."

"A CASE of female cowhiding!" is the startling title of an article in a country paper. We know all about it. The woman concealed the cow when she saw the assessor coming.

PATIENT endurance, which Longfellow says is even god-like, frequently shows greater self-sacrifice and greater heroism than many an act of bravery done on the impulse of the moment.

PHYSICIAN: "I will give you a larger dose after this; take a teaspoon every hour." *Lady Patient:* "What! a teaspoon every hour? At that rate my supply of silverware will soon give out."

A SCHOOLMASTER, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."

TEACHER: "John, what are your boots made of?" *Boy:* "Of leather, sir." *Teacher:* "Where does the leather come from?" *Boy:* "From the hide of the ox." *Teacher:* "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes, and gives you meat to eat?" *Boy:* "My father."

"UNCLE JAMES," said a Boston young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James; "he's a Leghorn." "Why, of course, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD *Julie* (thoughtfully): "Do you know what makes the trees sigh sometimes?" *Mother:* "It's only the breeze, dearie." *Julie:* "Oh, no, mamma, that's not it." *Mother:* "Not the breeze?" *Julie:* "No, mamma; it's because the trees are lonesome for the birds to come home."

A DRESDEN PAINTER'S MODEL.— DRAWN BY PROFESSOR J. SCHOLZ.

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PARNELL.

BY NORTON RICHARDSON.

THE month of roses, the June of 1846, presented to "Ould Ireland," and to the world, Charles Stewart Parnell. The babe that was destined within so short a space of time to convulse an empire upon which the sun never sets, and to give hope-throbbings to millions of warmest hearts, was born at Avondale, in one of the loveliest valleys in the beautiful County of Wicklow, a very garden in Erin. Avondale is a four hours' journey from dear dirty Dublin, and is reached by railway—one of the most picturesque excursions in the wide world. The pilgrim who would visit this Mecca takes the train at Westland Row Depot for Rathdrum. He passes along the coast, and close to the sad sea waves, by Sandymount and Booterstown, Blackrock and Salthill, to Kingstown. On his left lies the North Wall and the Pigeon House Fort, wherein, in the days of Parnell's grandfather, travelers desirous of crossing to England were detained for weeks by adverse winds; the packet-boats of those days differing rather materially from the ocean palaces of this year of grace. Poolbeg Lighthouse marks the mouth of the River Liffey where it debouches into Dublin Bay, and seven miles away, across the blue waters, stands the Hill of Howth, "eternal Howth," exquisitely green, if not adorned in its Summer and Autumnal robe of imperial purple heather. Sandymount is the paradise of clerks on $500 per annum; Booterstown claims the knights of the desk at $1,500; Blackrock aspires to $2,500; and Salthill goes into the four figures. Terraces and cottages and villas line the railway, and, in the distance, the

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Dublin Mountains, from the Three Rocks to Montpelier, present the most charming of backgrounds. Kingstown being the mail-packet station, and having two piers, three club-houses, and a town-hall, is a very pretentious place, but it is not good style, and is wofully snubbed by Salthill and by Killiney. From Kingstown to Dalkey the pilgrim is borne through deep cutting and into a tunnel, from whence he emerges to be greeted with so much beauty of hill and dale, and valley and mist, and sea and shore, as to call forth a mental exclamation of rapture and delight. Away to the right, the eye passing over a sea of softest greenery, are the Wicklow Mountains, with Djouce standing as an outpost, and the Sugar Loaves, like two sentinels, guarding the passes into the Glen of the Downs; Killiney Hill, dappled with picturesque villas peeping coquettishly from out blazing tufts of "blossoming furze unprofitably gay," shields the Vale of Shanganah, nestling in keenest, fullest verdure; and the eye, following the scimitar shaped coast, dwells upon frowning Bray Head and the bright-looking little town of Bray. The railway runs through Bray Head, and on the verge of giddy precipices and sheer and gruesome depths, striking Greystones, and the town of Wicklow, the green velvet sod of whose Murrough is as famous as that of the Curragh of Kildare. Running close to the Devil's Glen, "that the devil ne'er was in, or anything like sin," and through a most enchantingly picturesque country, the iron horse deposits the pilgrim at Rathdrum, where a jarvey of the good "ould anshint patthern" awaits him, and offers to "rowl his body to Avondale and his sowl to glory."

"Is it Avondale, avic, the place where our great Misther Parnell was born? Be the hole in me coat, it's the celebratetest mansi'n in the whole world now, more nor the Castle av Dublin, the curse o' Cromwell on it, or the Four Coorts aither. Faix, yer sittin' on the sate our darlint sat on last Monda' was a fortnight, an' he wid the weight of the Parli'mint on his showldhers, he says to me, says he, 'Ned,' says he, 'is this the little mare that done the rood from Glenmalure to Glendalough inside of the fringe of an hour wid Misther Corbet and me?' says he. 'Thrue for ye, Misther Parnell,' says I. 'Then,' says me jewel, says he, 'I'll pay double fare any day for to sit behind her'—and that's the very baste that's rowlin' ye over to Avondale this blessed minit."

The road to the residence of Mr. Parnell is literally embowered in foliage, the interlacing of the trees overhead producing a refreshing shade, while the hedges and banks on either side are luminous with ferns and lichens and mosses.

The entrance to Avondale, as will be seen in our illustration, is of the old-fashioned style—great stone pillars, with plain iron gates, seldom if ever closed. The lodge is picturesque, and under the protecting boughs of enormous trees. The drive up to the house is partly beneath densest foliage. The home of Ireland's uncrowned king is a massive structure, and of a style of architecture to be found all over the Emerald Isle: an oblong square, with some little attempt at ornamentation on the façade, in the form of portico and entablature. It is essentially a snug residence, more than an imposing one; although, viewing it from the river, as in our illustration, it stands out boldly, if not handsomely, backed by extensive woods. In this river "Charlie" Parnell learned to snare his first trout, and in the grove behind the house he fired his first shot. Apropos of shooting, Mr. Parnell is a devoted sportsman, and the 12th of August would find him on the Wicklow Hills after the grouse, did the exigencies of Parliament permit. As it is, he rushes off to Aughavana with his devoted friend and adherent, Mr. William Corbet, senior Member of Parliament for the County of Wicklow, to a shooting-box owned by Mr. Corbet, where the two bag grouse and talk over Ireland a Nation. Mr. Corbet is the proud possessor of the finest breed of Irish red setter in the wide world, and his beautiful seat, Spring Farm, has a reputation for hospitality nobly won, and as nobly maintained.

Ere we enter the halls of Avondale, let us briefly see who Mr. Parnell is? The family of Parnell comes from Congleton, in Cheshire, and it is from this town that one branch, raised to the peerage, has taken its title. Thomas Parnell, the poet, was one of the family. The Parliamentary distinction dates, in the Parnell family, from the early part of the last century. John Parnell was Member for Maryborough in the Irish House of Commons, one hundred and fifty years ago. He was son of a Judge of the Queen's Bench. He died in 1782, and was immediately succeeded by his son John, afterward Sir John. In 1787, Sir John was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. John Henry Parnell, who was grandson of Sir John Parnell, and nephew of the first Lord Congleton, married an American lady, Miss Stewart, daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, whose name, it will be seen, was bestowed upon the present Irish leader. Born in Avondale, in June, 1846, Mr. Parnell has just turned his fortieth year. Curiously enough, nearly the whole of his early life was passed in England, in entirely English surroundings. He went to school first in Yeovil. Hence the complete absence of brogue from Mr. Parnell's delivery, which is surely the most English of any Irishman's, being icily calm and cool and deliberate, the honorable member never, or scarcely ever, saying a single word more than he intends. It is probably the marvelous *sang froid* of Mr. Parnell, coupled with an iron will, that enabled him to secure and retain the leadership of so excitable a body of men.

Mr. Parnell's success in organizing a strong and formidable Irish Home Rule party is unquestionably one of the most remarkable achievements in Parliamentary history. By indomitable determination and ceaseless working, the still comparatively young Home Ruler has gained for Ireland a triumph Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt labored in vain to win.

Offering the greatest possible contrast physically to his white-haired *bon vivant* leader (Mr. Butt), Parnell, slender, fair and full-bearded, had scarcely entered the House when he gave promise that his coolness, reserve, and inflexible resolution would prove of far greater service to his cause than the flowery oratory of Isaac Butt. This, however, shall be tested later on, and we will now, with our Parnell pilgrim, enter the halls of Avondale.

Mr. Parnell's library is a veritable workshop. None of your gilded touch-me-if-you-dare volumes grace his shelves. Each and every book looks as though it had, to use a nautical metaphor, to work its passage, and seems ready to go into action at the word of command. Poor, genial, learned, light-hearted John Cornelius O'Callaghan's labored, but trustworthy, "History of the Irish Brigade" stands prominently forth, flanked by the "Speeches of Burke and Grattan." It was at the residence of Mr. Corbet, Mr. Parnell being a guest, that O'Callaghan told the story of having come to a dead halt in his history of the Brigade, and being driven to despair for the want of the commission of a certain captain who led in the famous charge at Fontenoy. One day, while crossing the River Shannon in a skiff, known as a "pram," Mr. O'Callaghan was wrecked, and had to swim ashore. Repairing to the home of a poor farmer, he

was compelled to lie in a loft up to his chin in hay, while his garments were being dried at the only available fire. The couch was not of crumpled rose-leaves, and a portion of it was so hard that the historian, in energetically shifting his quarters, displaced a worm-eaten parchment document. With a yell of delight, Mr. O'Callaghan recognized the commission, signed by King James, of the very officer whose name, rank and pedigree became so vitally important to the progress of the "History of the Irish Brigade." Every table in the library is piled with books, while Parliamentary Reports and "Blue-books" litter the floor. Mr. Parnell works in a snug corner, the window giving upon as fair a scene as beautiful Wicklow affords. The next apartment of importance used by the Irish leader is the billiard-room, a very fine, lofty room, with an intense air of snugness about it. A billiard-room in Great Britain must needs be spacious, for a full-sized billiard-table is 12x6 feet, and ample elbow-room is absolutely necessary to the players. Mr. Parnell's table is full-sized, and a very "lively" one to boot. Over a quaintly carved table is the antlered skull of a stag of ten tyne, shot by Mr. Parnell's father, while surmounting a doorway is a smaller trophy that fell to the "bow and spear" of "Masther Charlie," as the natives around Avondale love to call their cherished chieftain. On the table are specimens of ore and old iron instruments. A pair of Canadian snowshoes, a couple of otter-spears, and a brace of brushes once adorning the hindquarters of two luckless foxes, hang gracefully from the wall. Over the mantel hangs a valuable engraving, and beside it an illuminated address in a glistening frame. It is to this apartment that the visitors at Avondale repair after dinner and a bottle of one of the Châteaux, there to play billiards, smoke, tap some real John Jameson, and interchange racy stories of the House of Commons, or the election platform. To spend a night at Avondale is something to remember, for an "Irishman all in his glory is there."

Mr. Parnell is the very perfection of a host, allowing his guests to do exactly as they please; so much so that one of them, an Englishman, tight-laced and starchy, after a visit to Avondale, observed to a friend: "By Jove! I imagined all the time that I was host, and Parnell my guest."

In the drawing-room, one night, at Avondale, some years ago, a lady asked young Parnell to read to her. He was home for his vacation from the University of Cambridge. She imagined that he would drone out "Locksley Hall," or something from one of the fleshly poets. The lad sought for a book and returned with it. This book was Sir Jonah Barrington's "Memoirs," and the chapter selected for reading was the last scene in the last night in the Irish House of Commons. This historical and thrilling episode in the history of Ireland a Nation will bear appropriate repetition here: "The Commons House of Parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of a fine, independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a State, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her Parliament to vote away the Constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connection. They were employed to cancel the Royal Charter of the Irish Nation, guaranteed by the British Government, sanctioned by the British Legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the Great Seal of their monarch.

"The situation of the Speaker on that night was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence and his eloquence. It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance; and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

"The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches; scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members; nobody seemed at ease; no cheerfulness was apparent; and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

"At length, the expected moment arrived. The order of the day for the third reading of the Bill for a "Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland" was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips, and, as a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

"At that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat with the utmost composure and indifference.

"Confused murmurs again ran through the House; it was visibly affected. Every character in a moment seemed involuntarily rushing to its index—some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not dispatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The Speaker rose slowly from the chair which had been the proud source of his honor and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the Bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him in the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone: 'As many as are of opinion that *this Bill* do pass, say Ay.'

"The affirmative was languid, but indisputable; another momentary pause ensued; again his lips seemed to decline their office; at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, 'The Ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced; for an instant he stood statue-like; then, indignantly and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit.

"An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was thus extinguished."

One can almost fancy Mr. Parnell reading this wondrous bit of descriptive at this crisis in the fate of Ireland; ay, and reading it with enchaining dramatic effect.

* * * * * *

Charlie Parnell at school was a quiet, thoughtful, say-nothing-to-anybody sort of boy, who, however, would stand no nonsense, and was ready to do battle for old Ireland upon all and every occasion. He was a dangerous lad to tackle, for he was so "gamy" as to stick to his opponent when another boy would have thrown up the sponge. He was eighteen years of age when he

DISTANT VIEW OF AVONDALE.

"went up" to Cambridge, where he remained for two years. He did not graduate, and *Alma Mater* possessed no charms for him. His vacations were always spent at Avondale, to the great disadvantage of the trout in all the neighboring streams, and his favorite haunt was at "The Meeting of the Waters," in the Vale of Avoca, about three miles from his home. There *is* not in this wide world a valley so sweet as that to be viewed from the Wooden Bridge Hotel, a hostelry famed for its trout, boiled chicken and bacon, roast leg of lamb and peas—*such* peas—and red-currant tart. Hither the famous Judge Keogh—"Billy Keogh"—was wont to repair and crack a bottle of port with some *viveur* of the Bench or Bar. How often—oh, how often!—has young Parnell passed this house of entertainment for man and beast, his fishing *impedimenta* on his back, little imagining that one day he would play the chief *rôle* in the thrilling drama of "Ireland a Nation"? He cannot pass to-day without a hundred "God speed ye's!" while every tourist rushes outdoors to obtain a glimpse of the famous Parnell. A young American lady, last Autumn, naïvely exclaimed, as the uncrowned king strode past the inn: "Oh, my, but isn't he quite too lovely for anything, in his knickerbockers!"

Mr. Parnell came over to this country on leaving Cambridge, in company with his elder brother, John H. Parnell, who is as famous for his peaches as is Charles for his patriotism. He made a tour of the United States, and then returned to farm in Wicklow, and led the humdrum life of an Irish county gentleman, which meant, for him, hunting with the Wicklow harriers, fishing in every available stream, shooting grouse in Autumn, repairing to Wicklow town for the Assizes—running up to Dublin for the levees and carpet dances at the Castle, and a little loo at the Kildare Street or Stephen's Green clubs, with an occasional dash by the "Wild Irishman" up to London, ten and a half hours from Dublin.

The year 1874 altered Parnell's career. In that year the Home Rulers, then a select few led by Isaac Butt, and Professor Galbraith, a Fellow of Trinity College, resolved upon breaking up that Orange phalanx known as "the Dublin Six." In other words, Dublin City returned two Conservatives; Dublin County, two more; and

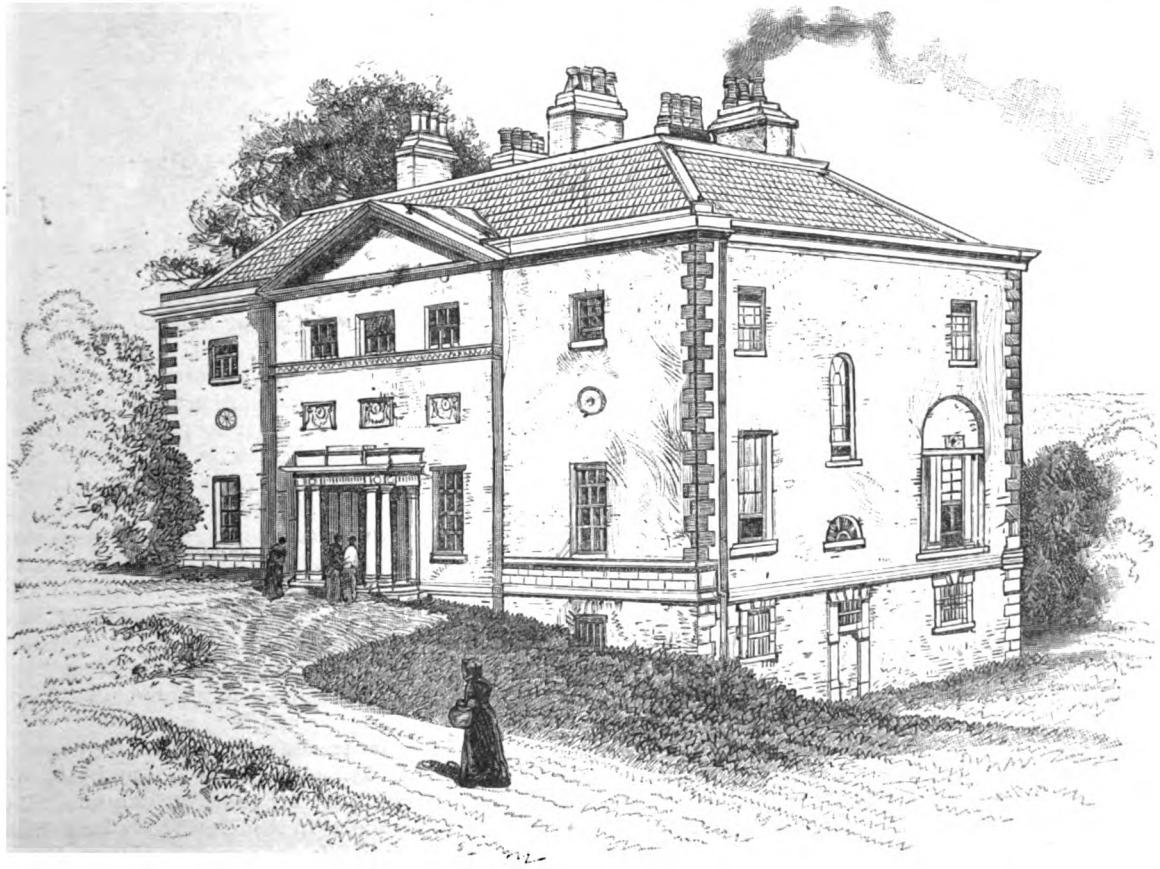
Trinity College, founded by Good Queen Bess, another brace. A famous demagogue, John Reynolds, had forced the pass a few years earlier in the city, but the county was simply impregnable, and in the pockets of Colonel Taylor and his son Frank Hamilton. The case was desperate. It was a forlorn hope, and Charles Stewart Parnell led the storming party into "the imminent deadly breach." In his address to the voters of this constituency, which may be accepted as his first public utterance or enunciation of his principles, he pledged himself to "by all means seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament." Mr. Parnell was badly beaten, and the impression made upon the minds of the men who put him forward on account of his honored name was in no way one of color.

The year 1875 beheld John Mitchel stand for the County Tipperary. Mr. Parnell wrote to the public Press, with a check for $125, backing the National candidate, who was elected by a majority that spoke trumpet-tongued. All this time Mr. Parnell was performing the duties of a county gentleman, going to tennis parties, attending picnics at the Devil's Glen, the Vartry Waterworks, the Seven Churches, Luggelaw, the Dargle and Powerscourt Waterfall. He played cricket at Coolattin Park, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, and performed his magisterial duties on a Bench which gleefully boasted that "not a single Papist was in the Commission of the Peace for the County."

The maidens of Wicklow are as beautiful and as bewitching as the scenery of this lovely county, and of these Charlie Parnell had to run the gantlet. To use the words of the immortal Sairey Gamp, "there's no a-tellin' wot might 'ave 'appened" had not two vacancies occurred in the Home Rule party by the deaths of John Mitchel and honest John Martin, leaving two seats vacant, Tipperary and Meath. One of these was due to Mr. Parnell, who had so pluckily dashed into the breach in the election for the County Dublin. Mr. Butt selected him to stand for Royal Meath, and on the 19th of April, 1875, Charles Stewart Parnell was enabled to write M.P. after his name.

On the 22d of April, 1875, Mr. Parnell entered the House of Commons as a member of that illustrious chamber, and his first experience was a four-hour speech from Mr. Biggar, a protest against coercion.

Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar is a Belfast man, and was educated at the Belfast Academy. He gained his knowledge of business in the provision trade. Since his first election as Member for Cavan, in 1874, Mr. Biggar has been one of the most familiar figures in the House. Fiercely though Parliamentary storms raged around him, Mr. Biggar has ever preserved the even tenor of his way; and the smile that wreathed his homely face was doubtless the indication of that natural sweetness of disposition which (according to Mr. T. P. O'Connor) has endeared him to one and all of his colleagues—so much so that Mr. Biggar is the favorite toast of their festive gatherings. Although Mr. Biggar remains one of the stoutest pillars of the Home Rule party, it will be remembered that on one occasion he honored home rule more in the "breach" than in the observance, a lapse for which he was duly fined, however, by Cupid in Court. Mr. Biggar it was who electrified the House of Commons by "espying strangers" in the House. It was the right of any Member to rise in his place and exclaim, "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers in the House!" Whereupon the Speaker's duty was forthwith to order the Sergeant-at-arms to clear the House of every human being save its



THE HOME OF PARNELL AT AVONDALE.

Members and privileged officers. One day came to the House the Prince of Wales and a lot of swells, to hear a brother-swell, Mr. Chaplin, make a horsy speech. H. R. H. and party occupied the gallery reserved for High Mightinesses. Mr. Biggar, who had vainly endeavored to obtain a hearing on the subject of Home Rule, was ruthlessly shoved aside to give a clear stage to the pet of the Prince. Mr. Chaplin was about to catch the Speaker's eye, when Mr. Biggar suddenly cried, "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers!" gazing sternly as he spoke in the direction of the gallery, where sat the smiling heir to the throne. The House was electrified. The Speaker rose, aghast. "Do I understand the honorable Member aright?" he gasped. "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers!" responded the daring and imperturbable Member for Cavan. There was a howl of impotent rage from the Court hangers-on as the Sergeant-at-arms proceeded to fulfill the order of Parliament, and to clear the House of even the heir to the throne. The best abused man in Great Britain was Biggar, and the time-honored rule, after a keen debate, was subsequently altered so as to prevent Biggar and company from turning high and mighty personages into the street at will. To this hour Mr. Chaplin apostrophizes the Member for Cavan in the most sulphurous language. The speech which he had so carefully prepared for the delectation of a contingent from the Marlborough Club fell as flat as a flounder, Mr. Biggar's simple sentence having annihilated it.

Mr. Biggar at once took to Parnell, and became, as it were, his "coach" or guide in the House of Commons, and in the Home Rule party. "This party," says Mr. J. S. Mahoney, "had been returned to Parliament at the general election of 1874 with a nominal membership of more than sixty, but many of the men so returned could not be depended upon. Some of the members had done faithful service in the cause of Ireland, but there were not a few others—expectant lawyers and worn-out office-seekers—who had taken up the cry of Home Rule from selfish motives, and who, having been borne into office on the popular wave, now snapped their fingers at their constituencies, ignored or neglected the duties devolving upon them, and intrigued only to secure their own advancement in the good graces of the Government. And the Government was not slow to hold out bait for them to catch at.

The Irish leader at this time was Isaac Butt, a most sincere, excellent and able man, but one scarcely fitted, either by training or temperament, for the trying position of leader of an independent party in the House of Commons. In his earlier years he had been the champion of the Protestant ascendency in the Dublin municipal affairs, and was a vigorous opponent of O'Connell in the struggle for Repeal; but as he grew older his opinions underwent a decided change. He defended the prisoners in the celebrated Fenian trials, and later he became a sincere and earnest advocate of self-government in Ireland. He was a man of brilliant and powerful intellect, and was possessed, as an orator and as a debater, of very superior gifts; but it may be questioned if he had, to any considerable degree, the special qualities which are needed in a leader of men. He was irritable and hasty in temper, and was given to magnifying trifling differences of opinion into factious and flagrant acts of opposition, to such a degree as made it hard for men of independence and spirit to get along with him; and these faults grew upon him with years.

Referring to this side of Mr. Butt's character, Justin McCarthy, writing in the London *Times* for June, 1879, said: "It might have been possible to find a man of far inferior gifts as a debater who could have led the party better. It was surely a mistake in the practical art of leadership when Mr. Butt publicly denounced, in the face of the House of Commons, the action of the more extreme among his followers. A leader has, in truth, to put up with a good deal of independent, or even eccentric, action on the part of some of his followers now and then, and so long as they are loyal to him on the one question which is the cause and the purpose of the party, he does wisely by letting them have a good deal of their own way."

The mistake alluded to by Mr. McCarthy was made during the debate on the South African Bill in the House of Commons in the session of 1877. Messrs. Biggar and Parnell had been seizing every opportunity that offered to put their obstructive tactics into practice, and in the long sitting on the Bill they had given a free rein to the new policy. The result was, many scenes of excitement and passion, and an open rupture between Mr. Butt and the Obstructionists. The veteran chief of the Home Rulers did not regard these tactics with favor, and he gave expression to his displeasure in a very severe speech. But he did not confine himself to this, for, outside as well as inside the House, he made speeches and wrote letters denouncing the new policy in the most vigorous language at his command. "Either Obstruction will put down the House of Commons," he used to say, "or the House of Commons will put down Obstruction," and it was evidently his opinion that the latter result would be the case.

But the Irish leader was even then bending under the influence of painful disease and approaching death, and if Biggar and Parnell lost his good opinion, they more than made up for it by the rapidity with which they grew in popular favor. The Irish people were in earnest in this struggle, and if England would not accede to their reasonable demands, they gladly gave their support to the men who made all possible trouble for her, and practically paralyzed legislation in her Parliament by their obstructive methods. When the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain met in Liverpool in the Autumn of that year, the Irishmen of England showed their approbation of the course of the Obstructionists by electing Charles Stewart Parnell to the presidency of that body in the place of Isaac Butt.

Oh, how this little party was hated in England, and how the newspapers went for them! "What the deuce does Parnell, a man of family and position, mean by allying himself with such tagrag and bobtail?" was the question in the clubs, where Biggar's "espying strangers" was still a burning question. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar availed themselves of apt obstruction's aid. They elevated it to a fine art, and made of it so potent a weapon that Governments were compelled to listen to them. "These blawsted Irish fellows are turning the House of Commons upside down," was the impotent howl of the irate English Members. What was persistently refused to the late Mr. Butt was yielded to Mr. Parnell, whose stronger political backbone speedily caused him to be chosen as actual leader of the Home Rulers, instead of amiable Mr. Shaw.

Mr. Parnell made an immense hit in returning his man, Mr. Lysaght Finnigan, for Ennis, in the teeth of Mr. Shaw, who supported Mr., now Judge, O'Brien, while a Conservative tried the little game of creeping in between the two. Parnell carried his man by six votes, a result that foreshadowed the result of the general elections then looming up. In April, 1879, the Land League agitation leaped into being at a meeting of tenant farmers held at Inchtown, in the County Mayo. Mr. Parnell

plunged into the thickest of the fray, crying: "Keep a firm grip on your homesteads," "The land is for the people," "Reform the land laws," and "Remember the three F's." "I would never have taken off my coat," Mr. Parnell said afterward in Dublin, "and gone to work in this land movement, had I not known that we were laying the foundation for the legislative independence of Ireland."

Mr. Parnell was in Montreal in the March of 1880, when the news of the dissolution of Parliament called him back to the Emerald Isle. He was not yet strong enough to challenge all the constituencies on the question of his policy, for the Land League and the Parliamentary party were at that time distinct organizations, and his connection with the one did not help him much with the other. Neither, as yet, were the Catholic clergy enthusiastic in the great work.

"Up to this point," says Mr. Mahoney, "he had not made it clear, even to some of his friends, that he possessed definite aims, or broad or statesmanlike qualities such as a leader should possess. His efforts in Parliament had been confined, for the most part, to what his opponents contemptuously termed 'making a row,' and many good men and earnest patriots looked upon his policy, so far as he defined it, as unwise and perilous. His advice to farmers to 'keep a firm grip on their holdings,' was interpreted to convict him of socialistic tendencies, and many other causes tended to weaken his canvass, not the least of which was the fact that Mr. Shaw was looked upon as the natural successor of Isaac Butt, and regarded generally as a safe man to follow."

It came to an election by the party, May 17th, 1880, to the leadership, and Mr. Shaw had 18 votes, while Mr. Parnell received 23. Mr. Parnell in no way sought this honor, and was in favor of electing Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Justin McCarthy is a literary tower of strength to the Irish leader. One of the most popular of living historians, the charming "History of Our Own Times" having been immensely successful; a novelist whose heroines are delightfully natural and winsome; editor once of the *Morning Star*, and a journalist and leader-writer of the widest experience, Mr. Justin McCarthy is one of the most patriotic of Irishmen.

On the assembling of the new Parliament at St. Stephen's, May 20th, 1880, Mr. Parnell strode over to a seat in the Opposition below the gangway, while Mr. Shaw seated himself among the Radicals on the Government side of the House.

"I saw that Parnell meant mischief," said a Member of Parliament, "from the manner in which he strode across the floor, and, after being seated, confronted the Whig element of the party."

"This looks like a big breach," observed Mr. O'Shea.

"*Esto perpetua*," replied Mr. Finnigan.

An Amendment to the Queen's Speech at the beginning of the session of 1880 was the seed-bud that afterward developed into such weighty proportions as the Land Act of 1881.

It was on the night when this amendment was brought in that Mr. Parnell spoke for the first time since he had been elected to his new position. There was great excitement in the House, for everybody wanted to take a peep at the new leader. Mr. Parnell spoke briefly, but with vehemence and force. He was listened to with more curiosity than sympathy. He was put down as a "very violent and somewhat eccentric young man."

It was on July 5th that Mr. Gladstone uttered the memorable sentence: "In the circumstances of distress in which Ireland then was, a sentence of eviction was equivalent to a sentence of death." During the debates on the Relief of Distress Bill, Mr. Parnell, aided by his devoted band, notably by Messrs. Sexton, T. P. O'Connor and "Tim" Healy, gave the measure the most loyal and spirited support.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is a smart journalist who has done good work in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons. The sincerity of his political convictions imparts marked value to his vigorous and trenchant "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," and to his picturesque "Gladstone's House of Commons." Member for Galway, then elected for Liverpool, he is one of the most genial of Irishmen, is the possessor of considerable oratorical ability, and richly merits the distinction of being one of Mr. Parnell's most trusty colleagues.

Mr. Thomas Sexton is the most fluent of Mr. Parnell's followers. A native of Waterford, Mr. Sexton has for many years been a writer on the *Nation*. He is an orator of the highest class, and when "Sexton is up," the rush into the House to hear him is the most complimentary tribute to his masterful eloquence. As a debater he is keen, incisive and witty.

"Tim" Healy, though one of the youngest of the Home Rule Members, is of marked ability. As a legislator he is untiring. Grim in debate, Mr. Healy unbends in private life.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor, from his experience as a War Office clerk, is enabled to handle and pulverize those bones of contention known as the Estimates, and "he is a terror to the Department, you know!" Mr. O'Connor is one of the readiest debaters in the House.

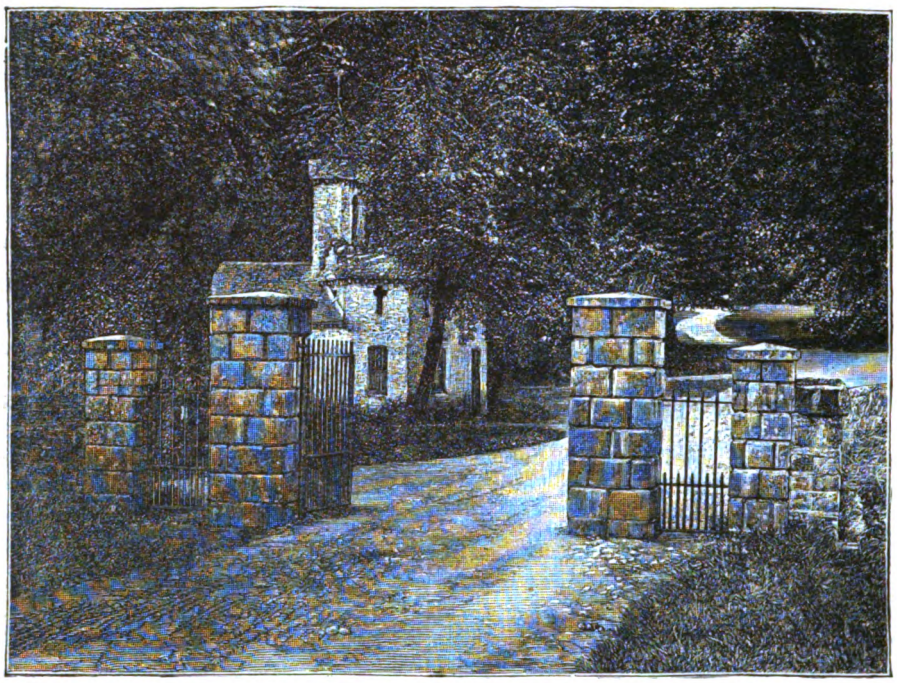
Mr. William O'Brien, the irreconcilable editor of *United Ireland*, is apparently ever on the brink of asking the Chief Secretary for Ireland to "tread on the tail of his coat."

Mr. John Dillon is an outspoken politician of such transparent honesty, that he is regarded with the most cordial respect. But it is not within the scope of this article to deal with Mr. Parnell's lieutenants; we must return to the chief, and to his fight on the Coercion Bill.

The Government had announced its intention to pass a Coercion Bill for Ireland at an early day, and Parnell and his merrie men had made up their minds to offer it every obstruction that the rules of the House would permit of. Mr. Parnell began to fight in his speech on the Amendment to the Queen's Speech, affirming "that peace and tranquillity cannot be promoted in Ireland by suspending any of the constitutional rights of the Irish people." Nearly every Parnellite spoke, and kept the floor as long as it was possible for him so to do.

On January 24th the great contest against coercion commenced. "Buckshot" Forster asked leave to bring in his "Coercion Bill," and Mr. Gladstone moved that the two Coercion Bills should be proceeded with in precedence of all other business. This motion was received by Parnell and his adherents with ringing cheers of defiance, followed by motion after motion for adjournment, each motion being discussed in full.

Dilatory motions followed, one after the other, and the Parnellites were kept busily employed until 10 o'clock on the following morning, when Mr. Gladstone's motion, giving precedence to the "Coercion Bill," was finally carried by a vote of 251 to 33. Mr. Forster had yet to get leave to introduce his Bill, and on that question the Parnellites kept the House going on the 27th, and again on the 28th, and again on the 31st of January. The Ministers were driven to desperation, and the Liberals



GATEWAY TO THE PARNELL ESTATE, AVONDALE.

and Tories were furiously angry at the little party which thus made the power of the Empire significantly impotent, and brought the dignity of Parliament into contempt. The English Press teemed with invective against them. Parnell was denounced as a disloyal scoundrel, and threats of personal violence to him and his followers were greeted with applause by crowds of Englishmen who met on the street-corners and in coffee-houses to discuss the unheard-of straits to which the time-honored Parliament of England was reduced by the implacability of a handful of Irishmen.

"On the 31st of January the Government began to resort to the system of relays, in the hope of tiring the Irishmen out and beating them by sheer force of numbers. But he e again they were met by the Parnellites, who divided their little party so as to meet the attack in its new form. . . The struggle raged all through that night, then all through the next day and the next night, and when the Speaker came in at nine o'clock on the morning of the 2d of February, Mr. Biggar was in the middle of a speech, speaking with undiminished and undiminishable vigor. A large number of Members followed the Speaker into the House, the chamber began to fill up, and it was evident that the culmination of the hints and rumors which had been circulating of "something about to happen" was at hand. Mr. Biggar, who had taken his seat on the entrance of the Speaker, as is customary, arose now to resume his address. The Speaker would not "see" him, however, but declared that he was going to put the motion without listening to any more speeches. His decision was greeted with cheers by the English Members and cries of defiance from the Irish benches. Mr. Parnell was not present at the time, having gone to his hotel to snatch a few hours' sleep. Mr. Justin McCarthy attempted to address the Speaker, but the latter ignored him, and went on putting the question, "that leave be given to bring in the Coercion Bill," and on a division the motion was declared carried by a vote of 164 to 19. The second question, "that the Bill be now read," was then put. Mr. McCarthy again addressed the Speaker, and that functionary not noticing him, the Irish members marched out of the chamber and retired to one of the anterooms, where they awaited the coming of Mr. Parnell. Having been sent for, Mr. Parnell arrived in a few minutes, and was quickly made acquainted with the situation of affairs. He had been expecting something of the kind for some days, and was not, therefore, much surprised at the Speaker's action."

Mr. Parnell afterward said to a friend, "I did not want any sleep. My tub and dumbbells were good for forty winks."

It was owing to the determined attitude of their leader

A CARRIAGE-ROAD.

that the Home Rule party at this crisis did not leave Parliament altogether—this with a view to the organization of the agitation in Ireland. They however, had gained a victory, for had they not caused England to break through all the traditions of her Parliament, and had they not ruthlessly trampled upon time-honored constitutional privileges?

On the 7th of April, 1881, the "Grand Old Man" introduced his Land Act. Parnell, with his usual earnestness, advocated total neutrality. The party was divided, and Mr. Healy had the most radical clause in the Bill inserted, now known as the Healy Clause. The "Land Bill" passed the House of Commons on July 28th. Mr. Parnell proposed an amendment to Clause 44, suspending evictions for six months after the passing of the Act, so as to enable a judicial rent to be fixed. The House of Lords struck out Mr. Parnell's amendment, albeit the Commons had adopted it, and in August the Bill became the law of the land. Mr. Parnell solemnly warned the Government that the changes made in the Lords struck at the very core of the Bill, but the Government, to use an Irish phrase, "gave him the bothered ear."

Mr. Parnell now considered that the Land League would be justified in intervening on behalf of the tenants, and with his usual business method set about preparing a number of test cases to submit to the courts at the expense of the League, these to work havoc with the Defense Association organized by the landlords.

THE LIBRARY, AVONDALE.

"In all Ireland's history," says Mahoney, "no parallel organization can be found for the Land League at this time. In numbers, in organization, in unity, in intelligent method, and in far-reaching influence, it surpassed anything of the kind ever known in Ireland, or, indeed, any other country. Its meetings rivaled in magnitude the monster assemblages of the Repeal agitation, while they were much more numerously held. Its edicts were regarded as law by the great majority of the people, and its constitutional courts were more largely resorted to than those of the realm." At the Land League Convention, 15th September, 1881, the most thoroughly representative and enthusiastic assemblage held in Ireland since the famous Convention of the Volunteers in 1782, Mr. Parnell presided, and his attitude thereat drew upon him a tirade of the most violent abuse from the English Press. Mr. Gladstone, at a meeting held at Leeds, in October, bitterly denounced Mr. Parnell as the instigator of outrages in Ireland, and proceeded to rake the Irish leader fore and aft. To this attack Mr. Parnell replied, at Wexford, two days later, in one of the ablest and most exhaustive speeches he has made. A few days after the Wexford speech, Mr. Parnell, October 13th, was arrested as a suspect, and lodged in Kilmainham Jail. The Irish leader treated the arrest with the same contemptuous coolness with which he treated everything coming from the enemy, and, with his accustomed *sang froid*, almost on the hour of entering his "dungeon cell," with Messrs. Davitt, Kettle, Brennan, Dillon, Sexton and Egan, issued the "No Rent" manifesto," in which the tenants were advised "to pay no rent under any circumstances to their landlords until the Government relinquished the existing system of terrorism and restored the constitutional rights of the people."

"Thank God!" cried Wendell Philips, "that Gladstone has arrested Parnell! He has lifted him from being the head of the Land League to being the head of the greatest moral and humane movement of the age."

The public is acquainted with the famous Kilmainham Treaty which released Mr. Parnell, with the other suspects, on the 2d of May.

"Well, Parnell, you must have suffered terribly in prison," exclaimed a friend.

"Lots of time to work and think," was the sententious reply. The treaty was regarded as a great Irish victory. All the mighty forces of the Empire had been employed to put down the agitation, and the attempt proved a *fiasco*. While still celebrating this triumph, the foul and ghastly murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under-secretary Burke came upon the country like a sickening shock, striking Ireland with dismay and creating a furious anti-Irish feeling in England. Mr. Gladstone immediately gave notice in Parliament of his intention to introduce the "Crimes Act" of 1882, a measure more drastic in its severity than any previous Act of the kind. Mr. Parnell and his party obstructed the Bill in every conceivable lawful manner, but unsuccessfully, so they withdrew altogether from the floor of the House, and from the gallery calmly watched the progress of a Bill that in July, 1882, became law. In the recess of 1882 the National League came into existence to succeed the proclaimed Land League, and early in 1883 Carey, the informer, laid bare the infernal plots of which he had been the chief instigator. "Buckshot" Forster, on February 22d, in the House of Commons, made a

merciless attack upon Mr. Parnell, a direct and measured accusation of connivance at assassination, and the perpetration of outrages. Mr. Parnell made no reply upon that night, but upon the following evening he answered the ex-Chief Secretary's attack in a calm and dignified speech that elicited praise even from his enemies. He wound up in the following words: "The right honorable gentleman has asked me to defend myself. I have nothing to defend myself against. The right honorable gentleman has confessed that he attempted to obtain a declaration and public promise from me, which should have the effect, had I given it, of discrediting me with the Irish people. He has admitted that he failed in that attempt, and failing in it, he lost his own position. He boasted last night that he had deposed me from some imaginary position he is pleased to assign to me. But I have this consolation, we both fell into the ditch. I do not think that in the business of pulling ourselves out I have suffered so much in the opinion of my countrymen as the right honorable gentleman has suffered in the opinion of his. Yes; the right honorable gentleman has deposed me from my position as a prominent Irish politician; I admit that he has been very successful in that. I have taken very little part in Irish politics since my release. I expressed my reason for that after the passing of the Crimes Act. I said that, in my judgment, the Crimes Act would result in such a state of affairs that between the Government and the criminals there it would be impossible to find a place for constitutional agitation. I believe so still.

"Here is the last item of news which was published in the journal of yesterday. It is that Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, who used to collect money to send to the Land League, is now collecting for a very different purpose. The right honorable gentleman may be proud of his work. I regret it. I look with apprehension to the future relations between England and Ireland. I see that it is impossible to stem the current of prejudice which has arisen during the last few days. I regret that the officials charged with the administration of this Crimes Act are unfit for their post. I am sure the present Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant must admit that to the fullest extreme. I feel that the present Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant must say of his predecessor, in the language of Scripture, 'I am not worthy to loose his shoe-latchet.' It would have been far better, if you were going to pass an Act of this kind, to have had it administered by the seasoned politician now in disgrace. Call him back to his post, send him to help Lord Spencer in the congenial work of the gallows in Ireland; send him to look after the secret negotiations of Dublin Castle; send him to superintend the payment of blood-money; send him to distribute the taxes which an unfortunate and starving peasantry have to pay for crimes not committed by them. All this would be congenial work to the right honorable gentleman.

"We invite you to man yourselves to send your ablest and best men to push forward the task of misgoverning and oppressing Ireland. For my own part, I am confident as to the future of Ireland. Though the horizon may now seem cloudy, I believe her people will survive the present oppression, as they have survived many worse ones. Although our progress may be slow, it will be sure. The time will come when the people of this country will admit once again that they have been mistaken and have been deceived—that they have been led astray as to the right way of governing a noble, a brave and an impulsive people—and that they will reject their present guides and leaders with just as much determination as they rejected the services of the right honorable gentleman, the Member for Bradford."

It now became known that Avondale, the ancient patrimony of the Parnells, would have to be brought to the hammer for debt, and that Mr. Parnell would be unable to redeem it.

Archbishop Croke inaugurated a movement by a subscription of $250 toward a fund that rose to the princely sum of $190,000; and thus the Parnells shall enjoy sweet Avondale for ever more.

We have no space to go into the Franchise question, the Dublin Castle scandals, or the events that led to the ousting of the Gladstone Ministry, which was accomplished by the thirty-nine votes of the Irish party, gallantly led by Mr. Parnell. With the accession of the Tories to power under Lord Salisbury, their rapid annihilation and the results of the general election, the public is already familiar.

One who knows him well exactly describes this Irish leader: "Mr. Parnell is pre-eminently Irish. Ireland and the Irish people are with him above and before anything else. It is for Ireland that he thinks; for Ireland that he speaks; for Ireland that he struggles. His interests and those of the people whom he loves so well are one. Ireland is the shrine at which he worships, and the object of his ambition is to confer upon her people a government of their own—by themselves and for themselves. Mr. Parnell is no great orator, nor does he pretend to be one. His most prominent characteristics as a speaker are a cold, unimpassioned manner; an imperturbability that nothing can ruffle or disturb; a wide and intimate knowledge of Parliamentary procedure; a prodigious command of facts and principles; large powers of convincing reasoning, and a very considerable faculty for crushing invective and concentrated sarcasm. He addresses himself to the intellect and to the emotions; hence he is always listened to in the House of Commons. He can, however, be impassioned on occasion, but never to the extent of losing any of his wonderful self-control. He seldom speaks in the House of Commons except on occasions of moment, leaving that duty to his able lieutenants. His Parliamentary knowledge is very great, and he is very tenacious of a point, fighting every inch of the ground. He is quick to see an advantage, and prompt in acting upon it. He rarely makes an error in statement, and Mr. Gladstone himself has testified that "no Member of the House can say what he has to say so clearly or in so few words as the Member from Cork."

And now, for the sake of the fairer sex who peruse this article, let me describe the personal appearance of Charles Stewart Parnell, adding, for their information, that he is still a bachelor. In stature Mr. Parnell is something above the medium height, and of rather slight but active, strong build. His face is a handsome one, but habitually pale and stern. His eyes are sad yet piercing, with something of a dreamy look in their depths. His forehead is broad and high, and his bearing aristocratic and dignified. Mr. Parnell is yet too young in life to warrant comparison with the great personages of history; but the time may come when he may take his stand in one of the foremost niches in the Temple of Fame.

THE ten windows in the southeast transept of Salisbury Cathedral have just been filled with old stained glass, which had been stowed away in the Lady Chapel for more than a century. It has been carefully arranged, and proves to be a valuable addition to the artistic beauties of this splendid cathedral.

TENDER AND TRUE.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.—The Anonymous Letter.

My friend, the reader, where and how do you live?

On the prairies, with all who are within twenty miles of your home for neighbors and friends? In the city, with those who have lived next door to you for a quarter of a century or so, strangers still? In the mountains, where the miners bury themselves from their friends and the world for gold? Under tropic suns; under arctic shadows; rich—or poor; well—or sick and dying; happy—or despairing; my friend, where and how do you live?

What of your house—your servants, if you have any—your friends—your acquaintances? Do you live in a shanty which boasts but a single room, yourself your only servitor, your latchstring always out, and your door never barred nor bolted? Or is your home close to some street which never falls into silence—a house with a dozen servants and a score of rooms—a mansion into which a person could penetrate only by your permission and under the direction and guidance of skilled and well-trained persons who are paid to obey you?

In any case, whatever your circumstances—your surroundings—your condition—what would you think, on going into your sleeping-room some evening, to find a cruel letter—a deliberate letter—a malicious, merciless, murderous letter—waiting for you, with no clew as to where it came from, or how, or when, or why?

That was what Ollie Douglas found on her dressing-table one awful day; that was what almost killed her.

Miss Olive Douglas had had a strangely smooth and serene and uneventful girlhood. Her days of young-womanhood had been quiet and happy. Her beauty had won admiration, but she was not so distinctively and markedly *a beauty* as to have been either annoyed or spoiled by the admiration which fell to her share. Her money, or rather her father's money, and her prospects of having it all for her own some day, might have drawn unworthy men to her had not the wealth been altogether too moderate in amount to be a temptation to your truly heartless professional fortune-hunter. Her kindly ways had won her many friends; and men and women alike had been proud and happy in their possession of her friendship.

And that had been all.

As for love—she had passed life's dangerous years, and safely reached the age of twenty, without ever having felt its power—without ever having heard its passionate pleas—without having seen its longing in any man's eyes. She had loved her father; he had loved her; she had liked all who had crossed her path in life, and so lived as to show themselves worthy of her liking.

And—to repeat what I said before—that had been all.

It is true that Olive had sometimes wondered, for an hour, just how much or how little some pretty bit of masculine flattery had meant. It is not to be denied that she had lost some hours of sleep, one or two or three eventful nights after ball or opera, in a prayerful study as to how she should avoid hurting some one's heart with which she knew her own could never beat in responsive and sympathetic unison. She would scarcely have been a genuine and natural and thoroughly human sort of a girl if such instances as these had not occurred—if such doubts and regrets had not obscured her happiness for a little while sometimes.

But the shadows had been shadows of the night always. Day had always dissipated them. The careless words over which she had worried had always proven themselves mere meaningless nothings in the morning. She, heart free, had led no other's heart into slavery—or, if she had, she had not guessed it.

And so—twenty years of her life had gone quietly and uneventfully by her.

And then——

Wait a little.

Olive Douglas had known her cousin Oliver all her life. Indeed her earliest memory was of his smiling and chirping and whistling to her as she lay in her crib, she a child of between three and four years of age, and he a big boy of twelve or thirteen.

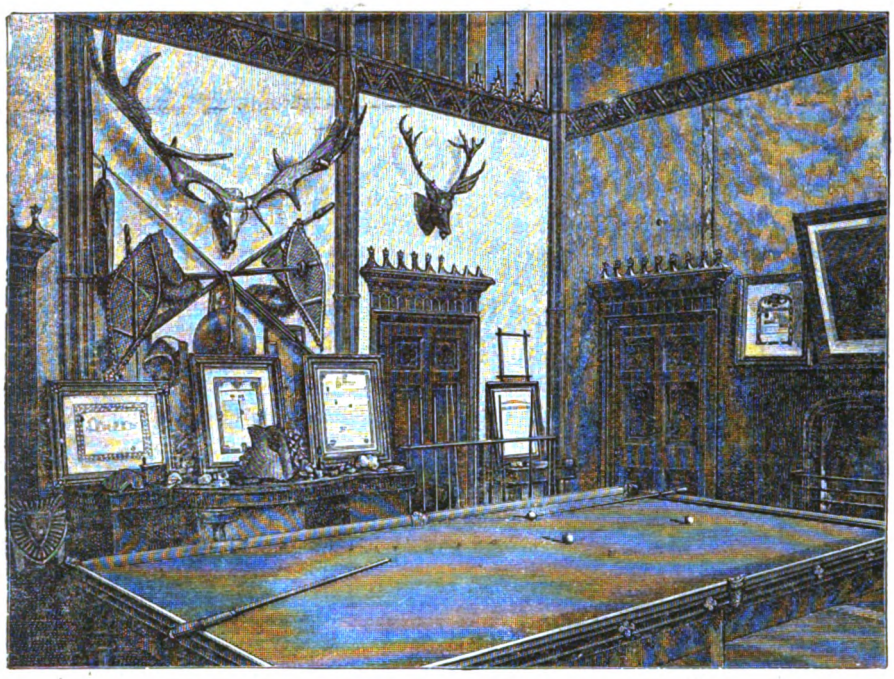
During all the years between them and the time when she became twenty his home had been barely a block from hers. True, he had been away to school for some years, but his vacations had nearly all been spent at home and she had had much of his companionship. True, he had had the advantage of some years of travel in Europe and the East, but he had written to her regularly, and his letters had been so homelike—his descriptions so clear—his humor so genuine—that their cousinly intercourse had scarcely seemed interrupted, and she had scarcely missed him in his absences.

When he had been at home, in the later years, he had come and gone as freely as though he had been a member of his uncle's family. Morning—afternoon—evening—he called whenever he pleased. When it suited him to do so, he ate at the home of his uncle and cousin. He had been Olive's escort to ball and opera and theatre, but only when there was no other with whom she wished to go.

Oliver Douglas had gained the reputation of being rather averse to ladies' society. He gave little attention to any of those with whom his cousin was familiar. There was a half-told story, a hint here and there among his friends, an unsubstantial and shadowy legend, that there had been a love affair connected with his life in his old-time college days. But no one said anything definite; no one went so far as to mention name or circumstances; no one gathered up the fragments into a story. Perhaps no one could; perhaps there was nothing definite to say—no story to tell.

Olive Douglas was twenty, one bright June day. She had had no birthday merrymaking. She had not even had many callers. A week had passed by. She was not aware that she was more of a woman than she had been, and her development had been slow; she had been girl, rather than woman, during all the years which had passed since the age at which some arrive at womanhood in our chilly and backward clime.

Her cousin, strange enough to say, had not called for a month, though she had seen him leave and enter his home—the house across the street, and nearly a block from the one directly opposite—time and again, day after day. But she had scarcely thought of that. He came when he pleased, frequently or infrequently, as the case might be, and there was nothing in his continued absence to trouble or annoy her. He would come again when it suited him; she would be calmly and quietly glad to have him come; she had nothing in the past to regret; she had nothing in the future to hope for. All was well—that was all. It is better for us, perhaps, that



PARNELL.—BILLIARD-HALL AT AVONDALE.—SEE PAGE 257.

the future faces us only with a vail down. Could we live were it not so?

Other men called frequently. Miss Olive sang well, played well, conversed fairly. Why should not her friends call?

There was one——

But no. She had passed by all such experiences; she had been spared all such dangers; she had lived too long and too happily without hurting another or marring her own peace to think that Arnold Barrab——

Pshaw! It was too foolish. She did not allow herself to finish such a sentence, even as a possibility.

And then——

Oliver Douglas came one night. It had been more than a month since she had seen him in her parlor, as I have said. And still she had not known the time was long. He said but little. Some men never do say much. He did not go back to her babyhood, and tell her of how sweet her face had seemed to his boyish soul in those old-time days. He did not speak of her girlhood, nor of the days when he was a student or a traveler, hearing from her only through the girlish letters she had written. He did not tell her whether his love had been a thing of the years, or a passion of quick and sudden growth. Indeed, when he had gone she was not quite sure that he had told her at all that he loved her. But he had kissed her lips—the same lips he had kissed thousands of times before—with a new and uncousinly meaning in the caress. He had asked her to be his wife. She had given him her promise. And *her love*, whatever might be true regarding him and his, had gone with her plighted word.

Her love!

His words had proven themselves a key to open her heart. They had helped her to a quick and sudden interpretation of thoughts and feelings she had never consciously known she had had. A sudden flood of light had seemed to fall in upon her soul. The past suddenly seemed to have been a maze of doubt; the present, a revelation; the future, a glorious promise-land of hope and love and joy.

For, with Oliver's words, she suddenly knew that she loved him — that she had loved him all her life; that the earth would have been bleak and barren and desolate for her had he chosen another; that she was the happiest woman alive, and that it would be her crown of joy to be Ollie *Douglas* all her life.

Marriage had followed soon. Oliver had desired the engagement to be short, and his promised bride knew no other wishes than his. There had been no objections nor delays. All had been pleasant. The course of true love had been smooth as the crystal waters of a Summer sea. No one had been otherwise than pleased, unless——

But, again, it was too foolish to finish the sentence, even to herself, and in the darkness and silence of her chamber. Time had passed rapidly. Is not that another way of saying that it had passed happily? Olive had been married nearly a year. She had a very beautiful home. She had everything which money could buy, for Oliver had developed business talents which had added largely to the wealth his father had given him at marriage. She had many servants, men and women, who were so faithful and prompt and ready that she often said to herself that they were more like friends than like hired help.

And so, drifting luxuriously, and trustingly, and thoughtlessly with the tide of events, she came all unknowingly into the dark waters of the rapids running riverward in the stream of her life.

It was midsummer. The day was perfect. It was hot, perhaps, for those whose lives must need lie on the sunny side of the way of life. It was a weary day, doubtless, for those to whom hard and ceaseless labor during the hours of sunshine was a necessity.

Happy Ollie Douglas! the sunshine had always been shaded for her when her happiness demanded it, and she knew no more of labor than its name.

She drove out in the morning. Her health was perfect. Nothing marred her enjoyment. She had no cause for complaint. The very perfection of her experiences was rather a weariness than otherwise; perhaps something in her heart protested against her almost aimless life; possibly she was struggling toward a better future; it may be that God's mercy was pulsing a warning to her through the waves which throbbed and beat in the viewless air.

She was alone at lunch.

Oliver rarely came home at midday.

She made—she thought—no complaint because of that. He was almost always at home for dinner. He very rarely spent his evenings away from her. It was well. It was all well. She was content. The memory of morning and the hope of evening were with her—why should she need more?

The soul which is fed with perfect faith and trust finds much of joy in memory and hope. It is only when faith

finds falsity and truth touches treachery that men or women demand something more definite and much less unreal than the history of what was, or the prophecy of what shall be.

In the afternoon, Olive called upon her friends—that is, upon some few of the nearest and dearest of them. How much she enjoyed herself. How kind and cordial they all were. In all the troubles of the after-coming time she never allowed herself to forget that.

It was still early when she returned home. It would be more than an hour and a half before dinner-time—more than an hour before she could hope for Oliver's return. No matter. She would go to her room. She would choose a dinner-dress with care. She would dress leisurely. Though she had only her husband for whom to dress that day, she would be none the less careful and painstaking. She must be beautiful to him. For whom else in all the world could she care as she did for him? Had there been any one to see her? The servant who always attended the door told her there had been no one. Had there been any cards or messages of any sort left for her or for her husband? She was informed that there had been none.

She went slowly up to her own room. She unlocked the door. She went in.

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would——"

She was singing for very joy. She was thinking of Oliver. She paused a moment or two, letting the song sink into silence. She crossed the room. A letter, inclosed in an envelope which bore her name—a dirty envelope, and a cheap and worn and frayed one—lay on her toilet table. She opened it, singing again as she did it:

"—so faithful, so loving, Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!"

A letter without a date; a letter without a signature; a letter with no address save the one on the envelope; a letter which was pointed and pitiless. This it was:

"Unless you are a fool you'd better look after that husband of yours. Ask him where he hired that new woman he has in his office. Ask him where he first knew her—and when—and what good he knows of her. Ask him these things if you dare! If you don't, *ask her!*

"Find out why he isn't *always* at home in the evening, as he used to be a year ago. Find out what sort of *business* will keep him away to-night.

"A word to the wise—you know the rest! Unless you are a fool, keep your own counsel, and be sure you keep your eyes and ears open."

There came a tap at the door. She crushed the letter in her hand. She glanced at her reflection in the glass, anxious to be sure that she dared face even the eyes of her servant. She could not trust herself to speak. She went to the door, and opened it.

It was the servant, with a letter.

"No answer, Mrs. Douglas, so the messenger said," said the servant, as she withdrew.

She tore open the envelope. The message was from her husband. It was very brief; no more so, perhaps—nor more utterly shorn of sentiment—than many others had been—others which came before some cruel friend (or foe) had opened her eyes:

"DEAR OLIVE.—I shall be detained by business.

"O. D."

Business! What business? God help her!

And then, like an echo, or a mockery, some passing child sang sweetly:

"Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!"

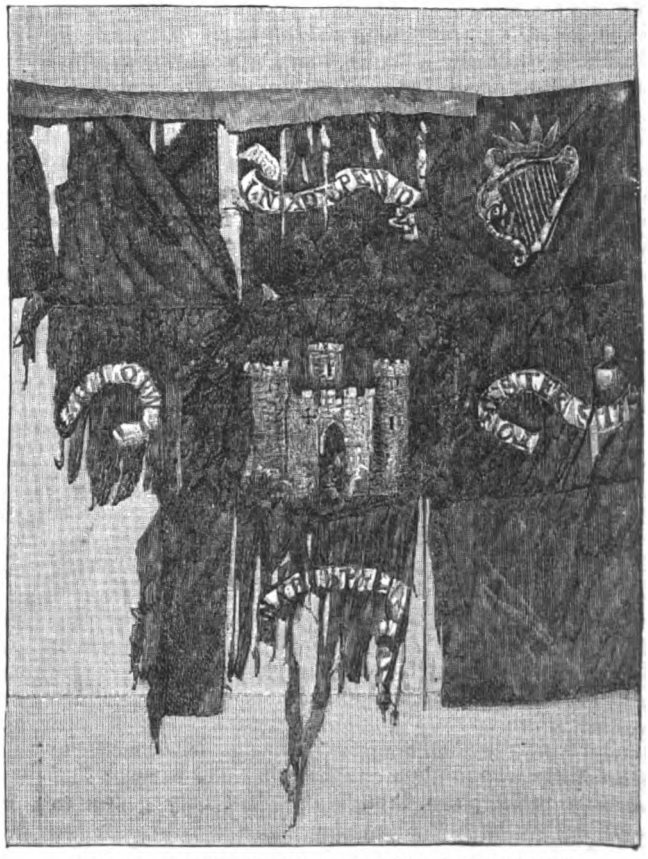
CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN IN THE DOUGLAS OFFICE.

IT would not have been strange, I think, if Olive Douglas had fainted and failed, or even died, under the sudden blow which had fallen upon her. It is true that the letter was as vague and indefinite as it was vengeful and insinuating. But her husband's note, following so closely on the mysterious message which had reached her, could not but seem like a confirmation of the accusation which had been placed before her, ready for her hand and heart and brain.

She did not die. She did not faint. She did not cry out. She did not even let a tear fall over her pallid cheek. She only stood still, in the gathering darkness, wondering what she could do, wondering what she ought to do, wondering what her future was to be.

It was more than an hour that she stood there—more than two, perhaps. She made no movement. You would not have known whether to call her a woman or a statue, unless you could have seen her eyes. You would never have forgotten them, with their pain, their pathetic pleading, their love, their tenderness, their doubt, their weakness and irresolution, which slowly changed into a strength and a resolution which was not wholly of earth. Olive Douglas had lived almost twenty-one years; she had loved almost a year; but the woman—the strength and courage of the true woman heart—was having birth



PARNELL.—HISTORIC BANNERS PRESERVED AT AVONDALE.
SEE PAGE 257.

during that horrible vigil between the day and the night.

Her breath was drawn slowly in silence. It was forced out gradually and noiselessly. She seemed like some enchanted princess, turned into stone—silent, pulseless, senseless, dead—*all but her eyes*—for evermore.

She came to herself, at last. She became gradually less stone-like and more human. There was blood upon her lips; she had bitten them in her agony. There was blood upon her hands; that was where her nails had been forced down into the flesh.

Strange, was it? Strange and unnatural? I agree with you. But though the letter she had found was cruel, she somehow did not doubt that it was less so than was the man she had loved; though it was coarse and insulting, she would have felt his very presence to be more terrible still; if it were false——

But how could it be? Her hus—that is, *Mr. Douglas*, as she harshly corrected herself, had not been detained for weeks before. How, unless the writer knew that of which he spoke, could he have spoken of the excuse her—that is, *Mr. Douglas*—was so soon to send.

Still, she would give the man the benefit of the doubt. That was only fair. That was only right. She would go down to his office. She would know whether he was detained there, or whether he was not.

She went to the window. The night was a moonless one. In the east, the stars were shining. In the west, there was a bank of clouds, reaching nearly to the zenith, and rising higher and higher every minute—reaching further and further around to the north and the south as the time went by. The wind was from the west. It was damp and chill. The night would undoubtedly be one of storm. What matter? What was darkness or sunshine, storm or calm, night or day, to her, hereafter?

She heard her uncle moving about in the room below. He had come home from his business in most excellent season. He had undoubtedly dined with some friend down town, as he often did, else he would have inquired for her and for her hus—that is, for *his son*.

It was as well he had dined elsewhere. It was well he had asked no questions. It would be well, indeed, if he would go into the library and write for hours, as he often did, and then creep silently away to bed without a word to any one. What need had she of him? Was she not henceforth to be all-sufficient to and for herself? It would be bad enough for him, upright and honorable and pure, *when*——

She went no further than that. God help her.

But, God help her, she could not change the word at which tongue and reason alike faltered; she could not make it—*if!* It was *when!*

She looked across and up the street, up to the house where all her girlish days had been passed, out from the house which had been her cousin's home all his life. How far away it seemed—this house, a block distant. How far removed from her was the happy girl-life of a year ago—how very, very far. But then, even yesterday was separated from to-night by a great gulf which thought and memory could scarcely bridge.

There had not been a day since she had been a bride that her father had not been in her house. He had been there for a little time only that morning—that morning when she was so careless and heartfree and happy; that morning so long ago, though time had only grown to noon and declined to night since its glory shone in the eastern sky; that morning between which and her present that cruel letter had spread its poison and its blight.

Did she want her father now? No; a thousand times, no. She took down a plain, dark dress, and rapidly changed it for the one she had worn during her calls. She put on her oldest and most shabby bonnet. She drew on a waterproof, glad of the disguise it would afford—if disguise should be needed, and too anxious and self-centered to regret the coming storm which made it appropriate and necessary. She tied an old vail over her bonnet and her face, thankful that being a woman gave her the right to do so, even in this hot Summer night, without unduly exposing her to suspicion or comment. She crossed the hall and took a key to her husband's office from a drawer in his desk in which she knew he always kept it. She took, too, a loaded revolver from another drawer. She put it in her pocket with a grim smile—the first since she found the letter—just stirring the white impassiveness of her mouth.

"I—I don't know whether it is for her—or for him—or for myself," she whispered, bitterly.

Alas! Had it come to that?

"And I don't think I much care," she finished, desperately.

The smile, slight as it had been, was all gone now. She was thoroughly aroused, and a thoroughly desperate, determined, dangerous woman.

She went back into her own room. She looked out once more, and away toward her girlhood's home. Her father came to the nearest window and stood looking out. The light fell across his face—a grand face, a good face, and a happy one. Happy! What might be its expression to-morrow morning? Sorrow, at least, when he learned of her wrecked life; and—and——

She touched her weapon, to make sure she had it. She smiled again. She quoted—or misquoted—something under her breath. Strange that Owen Meredith's verses should be running through her brain at such a time.

"*If anything should happen before the night is done!*" she concluded, aloud, and her own voice frightened her.

Then her father drew down the curtain, and the night seemed to swallow up both him and his light, just as so much of light and good had gone out of her life with the going of day and the coming on of night.

She went at once. The rain was beginning to fall. The night grew darker, though the fitful glare of the lightning became more and more frequent. The thunder would have frightened her at any other time, but she did not mind it now; it was quite in accord with herself.

She knew the way well, for she had been with Oliver many times in the early months of their married life. She even believed she could find her way about his office, the little private office which was back of the general one, at any rate, though without a light. And yet her ideas as to the sort of business he did there were very vague. She knew he bought and sold lands, received and loaned money, and—and—that was all she did know.

The rain was a torrent before she reached the Douglas building, but she did not mind that. She had slipped and stumbled many, many times, where the streets had been illy lighted; she believed she had fallen once or twice, but she was not sure. She was not sure of very much of anything just then; the foundations of the very earth seemed to have been shaken beneath her weak and weary human feet that day; she was not quite sure that she believed in God any longer. But in an hour—a half hour—a quarter of an hour—so her heart kept its desperate and fateful chronology—she would know just how miserable and dishonored she must henceforth be.

She reached the door. There was no light in any of the windows of the great Douglas block. There was no street-lamp very near. She stood in the shadow and well in the deep doorway, looking like scarcely more than a darker shadow than usual, as seen from the street or sidewalk. It is scarcely strange that she had her key in the lock, and that she was beginning to give her strength to the task of turning it before the particular guardian of that immediate vicinity was by her side and had his hand upon her shoulder.

She looked up into the face of the policeman, her own face full of bewildered amazement. He was a factor in the problem—an actor in her life drama—of whom she had never thought.

"Woman," he began sternly, but paused as he saw her face. She was so evidently a lady, so undoubtedly an entirely different sort of person from those with whom he usually had to deal, that his voice became gentle, and his manner respectful at once. "What are you doing here?"

"I—I am going in here," she replied, shaking off the rough grasp of his hand.

"No, madam; you cannot do that."

"I will. I am Mrs. ——, that is, I *was* Mrs. Douglas, this morning."

She raised her vail as she spoke.

The policeman took her by the shoulders, and turned her face toward the street. A flash of lightning shone along the night, and gave him a view of her face. He took his hands away, and let them fall gradually to his side.

"I have seen you with him again and again," he said, surprisedly and doubtingly.

"Yes," she cried, "and you must know——"

"And I have heard it said that you are his wife, but——"

"I am—I am——"

"But what of the other woman? What of the woman in the Douglas office?"

She leaned nearer to the officer, She had never spoken to a policeman in her life before. She had been so tenderly watched and cared for in all her goings out and comings in that she had never needed the assistance of one in so much as a word. Perhaps she had allowed herself to look down upon these hard-worked and faithful guardians of the peace and property of the great city. All crime and criminals had seemed so far removed from her and from her life. And now, she needed help — information — human sympathy. She leaned nearer the officer. Her breath fell upon his cheek. Her damp hair was blown against his face.

"The woman? What woman?" she gasped.

"Poor thing," said the officer, half to himself and half to her; "poor thing. How could I bear it if my daughter——"

But Olive interrupted him.

She caught him fiercely by the arm. She fairly shook him in her desperate earnestness.

"The woman? The woman? Tell me of her," she said.

"Well," said the officer, slowly, "there is a woman in his office. He goes to lunch with her. He goes to ride with her. He goes to the theatre with her. He is there to-night, and——"

Olive staggered. She would have fallen had not the officer held her up.

"At the theatre? Will you take me there?" she whispered.

The man stooped and looked into her face again. He looked while the vivid lightning danced and flickered in a dozen successive flashes. It was only natural for him to doubt. His life had been as widely different from hers as imagination can picture. He had not been used to seeing much of honor or honesty, except among his fellow-officers, and on the Bench, and in the jury-box. Crime and criminals had been the boundaries of his life, on his right and on his left. Suspicion was his normal condition. Is it a wonder that he refused to leave the vicinity of the banking-house of Oliver Douglas, though the theatre was scarcely more than two blocks away? Is it a wonder that he doubted the innocent-looking woman who asked it?

"Will you tell me where—and how——" she began.

He told her where she might expect to find Mr. Douglas.

She thanked him.

She turned to go.

She let her vail fall before her face again. But, just before her features were thus concealed, the officer caught one last glance from her eyes—saw for a moment the expression on her white lips.

He laid his hand upon her shoulder again.

"Pardon me," he said, "but are you armed?"

"I am, and——" she began, excitedly.

"Give me your weapon."

"I will not."

"You forget, madam. I am an officer. I am doing what some would not do in letting you go at all. Unless you give me your weapon, I—I——"

She understood him, without his having to use so ugly a word as "arrest."

She handed him the revolver. She hurried away through the dark and rain-drenched streets.

It may be that the one who sold our heroine her theatre ticket that night was somewhat puzzled regarding the character of his customer. It is not unusual for people to come late; storms sometimes have their wicked way with those in search of pleasure; ladies, genuine ladies, sometimes find it necessary to go without escorts. But the ticket-seller looked after Mrs. Ollie Douglas, and shook his head. Taken all in all, she was new to his long and varied experience.

There was a new play on the boards at the Metropolitan Theatre that night—a play by a new and anonymous author. An old-fashioned play it was, with vice triumphant and true love in the shadow—until the very end. But there had been strange touches of power, wonderful pathos, in some parts of it, and the audience had cheered itself hoarse in its appreciation of the author, and of the actors who had interpreted the thoughts of the drama.

The play was almost done. The audience were already guessing how it was all to end. But its power still held them. They had no glances for the shabbily clad creature who stood far back toward the rear of the hall, watching, watching—but not the play, not the stage—watching the box in which her unsuspecting husband was bending over the most beautiful woman she had ever seen, and whispering something intended for no ears but hers.

How strange a thing is life! How near we come to seeing and knowing that which for ever passes us by! Little did the audience guess there would have been a tragedy there, that night, beside which the mimic woes of the stage would have fallen into nothingness, had not a quicker and more alert officer than some would have been in his place disarmed a wronged and maddened woman a quarter of an hour before.

CHAPTER III.

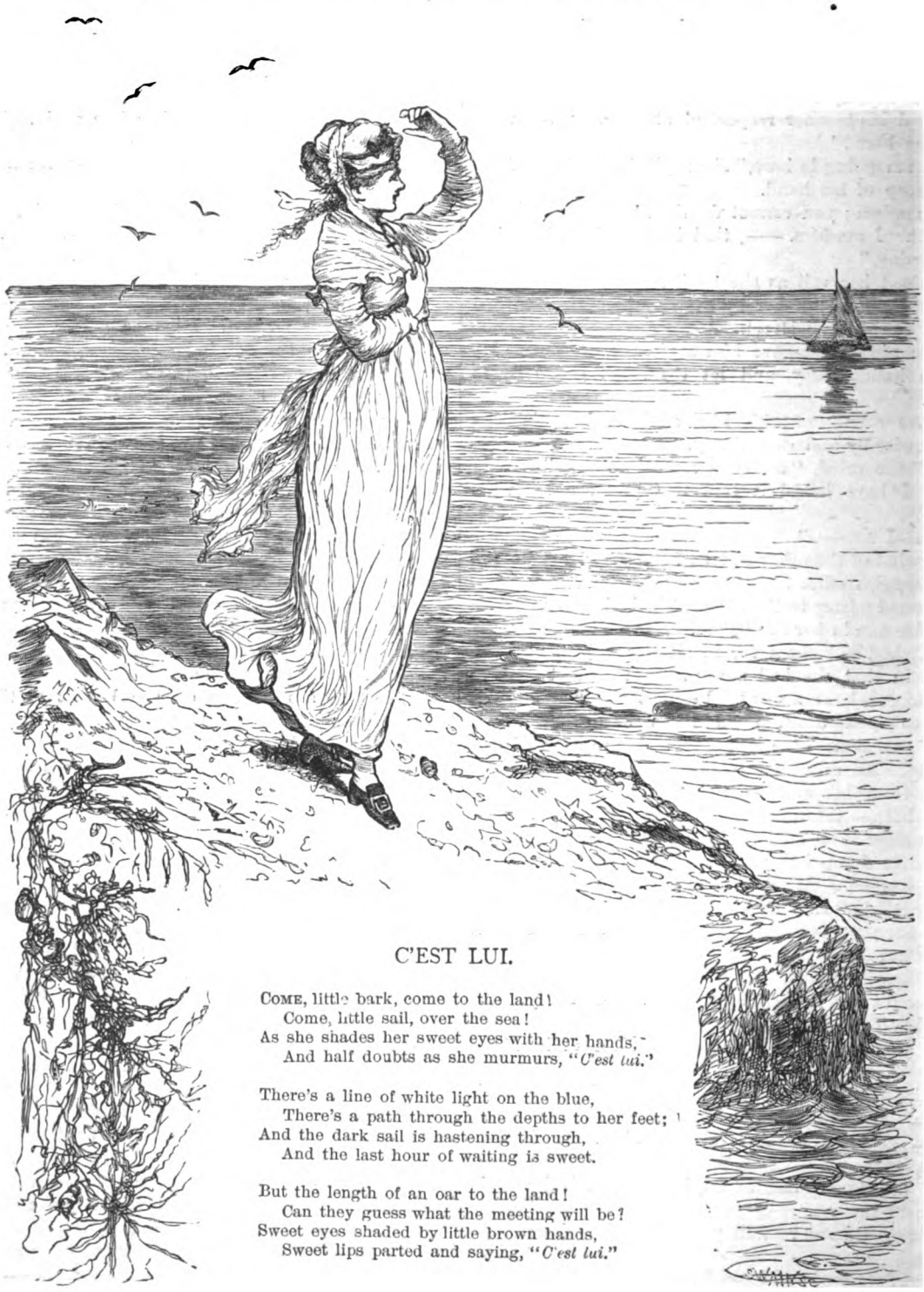
THE TEMPTER'S PLEA.

THE last applause was done. The curtain was down. The principal actor had been in front to bow his thanks. Demands for the author had failed to produce him. The great audience came slowly out.

Mr. Douglas and his companion might have gone out by a private way. Curiously enough, they chose to speak with several persons who had been interested auditors of the play. They came out with those who had not been so privileged and exclusive as to sit in a private box.

Mrs. Douglas waited. They came nearer and nearer. Her face was concealed, it is true, but her husband had seen the garments she wore. Would he know her? What would he say if he did? What would she say? What would happen? Did she hope he would recognize her, or that he would pass her by? She could scarcely answer this last question; but she could not bring herself to go out until her husband and her rival should come up to her. She did not remember that men have little eye for dress, rich or plain, and that her husband had no idea that it was possible that he should meet her there.

The two she watched came nearer and nearer. She could recognize their voices among the rest. A little later, and she could hear their words.

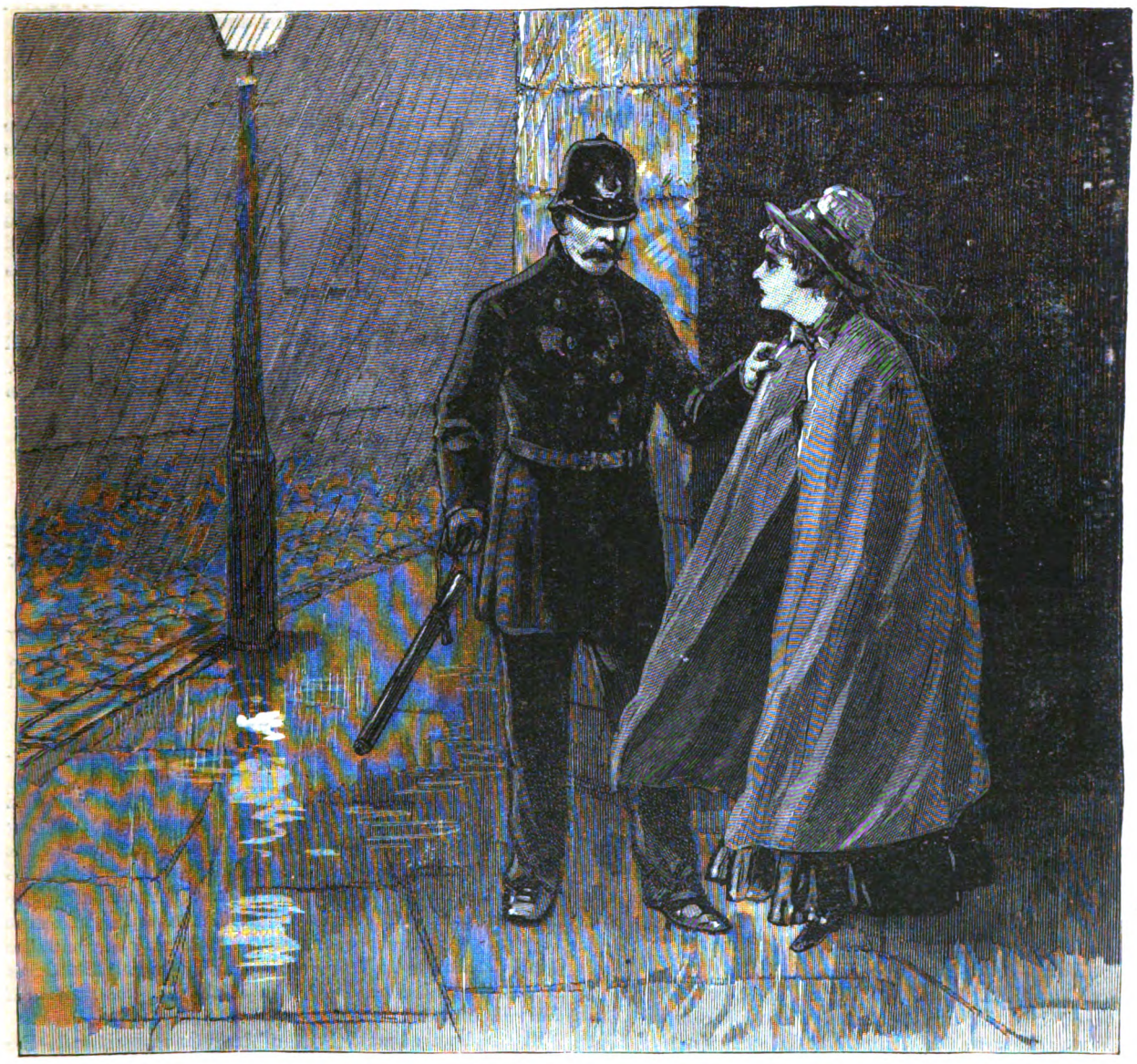


C'EST LUI.

COME, little bark, come to the land!
Come, little sail, over the sea!
As she shades her sweet eyes with her hands,
And half doubts as she murmurs, "*C'est lui.*"

There's a line of white light on the blue,
There's a path through the depths to her feet;
And the dark sail is hastening through,
And the last hour of waiting is sweet.

But the length of an oar to the land!
Can they guess what the meeting will be?
Sweet eyes shaded by little brown hands,
Sweet lips parted and saying, "*C'est lui.*"



TENDER AND TRUE.—"SHE LOOKED UP INTO THE FACE OF THE POLICEMAN. HE WAS A FACTOR IN THE PROBLEM OF WHOM SHE HAD NEVER THOUGHT."—SEE PAGE 267.

"I am proud of you," said the man.

"I am glad," replied the woman, "very glad; that alone is reward enough."

"I was never so happy in all my life."

"Nor I. I have listened to the distant roar of the storm, and wondered if it is possible that I shall ever drift beyond this heaven again."

"You never shall. I will see to that. Did I not promise you, years ago, that I would do all in my power to make you happy?"

"I know it. I remember it. I shall never forget it. How selfish I am. I suppose your wife has been very lonely to-night."

"I suppose she has."

He turned his head a little, just then, so that his wife could not see his face. Some one laughed, harshly, coldly, cruelly. She would have given her life to have known whether the laugh was his or not. There was a smile upon his face when he turned it her way again—a smile, though her heart was breaking. Was it he who laughed? Could it have been. The smile did not look false, nor cold, nor cruel. It was such a smile as had shone in his eyes, and stirred his lips when he had asked her to be his wife.

He leaned nearer to his beautiful companion.

"My wife will never know," he said.

And the two passed by her.

Her husband's elbow jostled her. She could have reached out her arm and stopped them both. But they passed on, unknowing her presence, unguessing her sorrow and anger. Little they knew, either one of them, how trifling a circumstance had made it possible for them to go out together into the night, alive and unharmed.

The crowd was thinning fast. Nearly all were gone. And still Olive stood just where she had watched the end of the play, just where she had heard her husband's words confirm her dreaded future, and those of his companion glory and rejoice in it.

Those who still remained were beginning to look curiously at her, as Olive stood so immovable and statue-like. She seemed to have forgotten her surroundings and the presence of others. A hand was laid gently upon her arm. It recalled her to herself.

There is an element of expectancy which accounts for many otherwise unexplained and perhaps otherwise unexplainable things. If it is possible that the owner of that hand—that light, gentle, caressing hand—that strong, firm, steady hand—could have known that Mrs. Olive Douglas was to attend at the Metropolitan Theatre that night, it is not strange that he recognized her. If not——

But what is it that some one has said of the eyes of affection? Her husband had passed her by. He had pushed her aside as he went. He had known nothing of her presence—guessed nothing—feared nothing. But this man, this other man, laid his hand upon her arm.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Douglas," he said, courteously, "you are attracting more attention than you can understand just yet. Let me assist you. No," raising his hand, deprecatingly, as she started to speak, "you need make no explanations. I understand the whole terrible business. Let me spare you the pain of a single word. Let me shield you. Shall I call a carriage for you?" he concluded, raising his voice, as he asked that question in a louder tone than he had used in what he had said before.

She did not trust herself to speak. She raised her vail. She looked into the eyes of this man who had so delicately come to her aid. She let her own glance fall before the fervor of his own. She bowed in silence. She let the vail fall again in front of her white face and tear-filled eyes. She finished, at last, the sentence at which her girlish lips and heart had faltered in the days of long ago. Perhaps she had never hurt another man; but as for Arnold Barrah—well, well. She had suffered too much in the love she had just lost not to deeply pity any one to whose heart she might have carried loss or grief or sorrow. Of course she could never be anything to Arnold Barrah; of course he could never be anything to her; she could never have loved him, she was sure of that. And yet—poor little woman—how fully she pitied him.

And pity has a dangerous kinship!

Mr. Barrah returned for her in an incredibly short space of time. He escorted her down to the carriage. He said something to the driver, but in so low a tone that she did not catch the words.

"Under the circumstances," he said, pleasantly, "I shall not ask permission to attend you to your home. Possibly you might refuse. Perhaps you prefer being alone. But I cannot be your friend and permit that. And, as I mean to be your friend in all things, I shall not leave you until you are at your own home."

Suiting the action to the word, he sprang into the carriage, and seated himself by her side.

"I would not hurt your pride for the world," he said, "but you must pardon me if I tell you that I know all you have guessed or suspected after this terrible evening. All? I know more. Shall I be your friend?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"Your true friend?"

"My best one," she answered.

"And you will not call me cruel or impertinent if I tell you the whole, exact truth."

"Oh, no. Where else can I turn for help or truth?"

Where else?

Had she forgotten her father? Did she no longer remember her uncle? Was she forgetting herself? Had she read the story of how the devil entered Paradise, and allowed it to teach her nothing?

"I have ordered the driver to go about the streets for an hour," he said, "for I felt that you would be glad to hear what I can tell. Did I do right?"

Did he?

Did she think so?

No matter.

Men and women have been giving up everything to those of strong wills and perfected purposes ever since Eve ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

And their voices have lied to their hearts—in the hours of trial, in the days and nights of temptation, in the years of ruin and degradation and death!

"You have done right," she *said*. Don't ask me to tell you what she *thought*.

There was silence then, for a time. The man waited for the woman to break it. There are men who will never give up the least little advantage which is theirs. For good, or for evil—to build up, or to destroy—always and for ever they *wait—wait!*

She spoke at last.

"When did my husband hire this woman?"

"A month ago."

"What does she do at the office?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Heaven knows. I don't. Ask some of her fellow clerks."

"If you—if—if——"

She got no further than that. He was looking keenly at her. It may have been strange, perhaps very strange, that she returned his look bravely, and that he looked down first.

"Well?" he asked, a little uneasily.

"I wonder that you have not inquired of them yourself, in my behalf."

He hesitated a little. He did not forget that he had a woman to deal with, nor that that is equivalent to saying that he needed all his coolness, all his caution, all his keen and active intellect. The soldier hesitates before he enters the thicket which may conceal an ambush; the travel-stained wanderer by the African river hesitates ere he plunges into the cool liquid which may conceal the deadly crocodile and prove his bloody grave; the Great Soldier hesitated on the banks of the Rubicon. *Arnold Barrah hesitated.*

She had an advantage over him, you understand—the advantage of her intuitions over his logic—the advantage of being a woman, while he was merely a man.

And he——

He had the advantage of knowledge and fully perfected plans.

They were very evenly matched for the contest which was inevitable between them.

And yet it may be that it was wise for him to hesitate.

He answered, after a half-dozen minutes of silence.

"I did inquire."

"Ah! I wonder you did not let me know."

If he had made a mistake, *if*—mind you—he was too quick and alert to fall under it.

"I did my best," he said, gravely.

"I—I—do not understand!"

"No? Did you get no message to-day?"

"Were you so cruel—so wicked——"

He reached and took her hand.

"I dictated the letter, whether it was cruel and wicked or not. Think of the surgeon; has he no feeling? no heart? Olive—Mrs. Douglas—I did what I believed was right. I did it to save you from deception and wrong."

She drew her hand away, but not ungently. She said nothing in the way of rebuke. Possibly she thought nothing.

"And you found out—what?"

He shrugged his shoulders again.

"Not much. She writes mostly in her employer's private office. She goes and comes as she will. She is early or late as she chooses."

"And that is all?"

"So far as her fellow clerks are concerned, that is really all."

"But you know more?—tell me?"

"Of course I know more. Have I lived for years, thinking only of you, sleeping or waking——"

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Hush," she said.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly; "forgive me. I will try to tell you all I know. Only forget that I said what I did."

"Tell me at once," she pleaded, her husky voice scarcely more than a whisper; "tell me all. Who is she?"

The man winced as though she had struck him.

"I cannot tell you that," he muttered.

"How long has my husband known her?"

"Since his college days."

"Are you sure of this?"

"As sure as I am that I live."

"And has been her friend all these years?"

"Her *friend?* Yes. If you like that word better than some other and more appropriate one!"

"He has seen her often?"

"Every day when he has been in this city."

"And when he has been away?"

"They have corresponded regularly."

"You know this to be true?"

"I do, and I can prove it."

"Merciful God! Why, then, did he marry me?"

"Mrs. Douglas, Olive, darling, cannot you guess? He did it to spite me—to hurt me—to ruin me. He knew how much I loved you. He knew that I would be miserable without you. He hated me; no matter why—perhaps I'll tell you some time. He resolved on the course he has taken. And this——"

"*Is the end!*"

"The end? Is it? Listen. I go to Europe to-morrow, or, since midnight is past, it is to-day. I shall never return. I have transferred all my property. I shall hold no more communications with any person here. I bury the past. I go to a new future. I—I——"

"Well?"

"*And I took passage for two. Will you go?*"

"I do not understand you."

"I mean this. Punish your husband in kind. Go with me. You shall never know a want or a care. I will protect you in every danger. I will be true to you for ever. Will you go?"

Was she tempted? I do not know. "Lead us not into temptation," is the most mysterious prayer of those which the Divine One taught humanity, and which weak human lips have faltered and hesitated over for almost two thousand years. Did revenge seem sweet? Did sin for sin seem justice? Did the future look as bright as Arnold Barrah painted it? I do not know. I cannot tell. I think your question would be too deep for Olive Douglas herself.

Do you know how slight things our lives turn on? Do you know how little an event, in the hand of Providence, is all-sufficient? Let us see.

The driver had not yet spent the hour allowed for driving. It was strange that he was in the street where Olive's home had always been. It was remarkable that Olive looked that way. It was almost a miracle that her father had rested so poorly that night—he who usually slept so soundly and so well. He came to the window. He gazed into the street. Thus for a moment. Then the curtain fell, and the carriage swept on.

Tempted? God knew her need. There were happy tears in her eyes—happy, I say—as she turned to Arnold Barrah and told him "*No.*"

What might have been, no one but Omniscience can tell. But it may be that the sleepless man who raised his curtain and gazed wearily out into the night saved a human soul when he did it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST OF THE JOURNEY.

"WHAT? Did I hear you right? Are you going to let your husband and his pretty clerk triumph over you in this way?"

"I am going to do right."

"Revenge on faithlessness is right. Love is right. I say come."

"No."

"I will guard and protect and care for——"

He never finished his sentence.

Some drunken vagabond had wandered aimlessly (*aimlessly* is the word for our human lips to utter and our mortal fingers to write) about the town for hours. He had crawled into a doorway for a drunken sleep. And now, just as the carriage came opposite him, he staggered and stumbled down into the street again. The horses reared. The driver used his whip. A rein broke. The carriage went over, and, just as it went down, Arnold Barrah sprang out at the door and left the woman to her fate.

Away—away—away!

Around one corner to the right! Around another to the left! And through it all, amid the horror of that awful ride, while thinking every moment that the next would be her last, she could not be glad enough for the fact that Arnold Barrah was gone; she could not be thankful enough that she had answered his demands with denial; her heart was so happy and peaceful since she had told him "No."

Away—away!

It seemed as though the journey had taken hours. And still she was not hurt—not much; and still the overturned carriage held together; and still the horses never slackened their speed.

Then, all at once, the horses stopped. There were hoarse commands. There was a struggle outside. Some one tore away the door of the carriage and lifted her out. She stood up and looked about her.

The horses had turned and doubled many times in their mad race. They had been caught and stopped not a dozen rods from her own home. And her husband, starting out searching for her, was the man who had saved her life.

It had been risky. He had suffered in doing what he had done. One arm was helpless. But it might have been worse—much worse.

Oliver had a story to tell his wife, a story to which she listened with many bitter tears, and which she met with such a confession of jealousy and credulity as made it impossible that any such shadow should ever cloud their lives again. He told it to her—the story of the beautiful woman who had worked in his office—after the doctor had set his arm and made him comfortable and gone away and left them.

"She was the daughter of the professor I liked best in my college work. She did not love me. I did not love her. I have loved you, Olive, all my life.

"One day the professor saved my life on the lake. The affection between him and myself grew deeper and stronger.

"One dreadful day he died. It was very sudden. In the morning he was well. At noon he was tired, so he said, but made no other complaint than that. Before sunset he was dead. I promised him, when his pulse was already so weak that I could not feel it stir under my fingers, and when his eyes were already looking beyond that which limits mere mortal vision, that I would befriend and protect his daughter. It was a strange promise. I sometimes think he hoped it would end in marriage. But she loved another—and so did I.

MISERY BAY (PRESQUE ISLE BAY).

"I have kept my promise. The man she loved cheated her with a false marriage. I made him make it real. He swore to be revenged on me. He tried to prevent your loving me. You know what he has attempted since, for this man, this wretch who said to himself that he could not live with a wife who did not bring him a fortune, was Arnold Barrah.

"His wife has had the name of working for me. It has only been in name. Really, she has labored for fame and fortune for herself. She has written a play. It is a success. Her future is assured."

The light of dawn crept in at the window. The same musical child who had sung last night was astir early. She was singing again, and the words came clearly and sweetly to these two happy and reunited hearts :

"Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew."

Olive stooped over and took her husband in her arms and kissed him. She knew the song and knew what was coming.

"As I lay my hand on your dead heart, Douglas!"

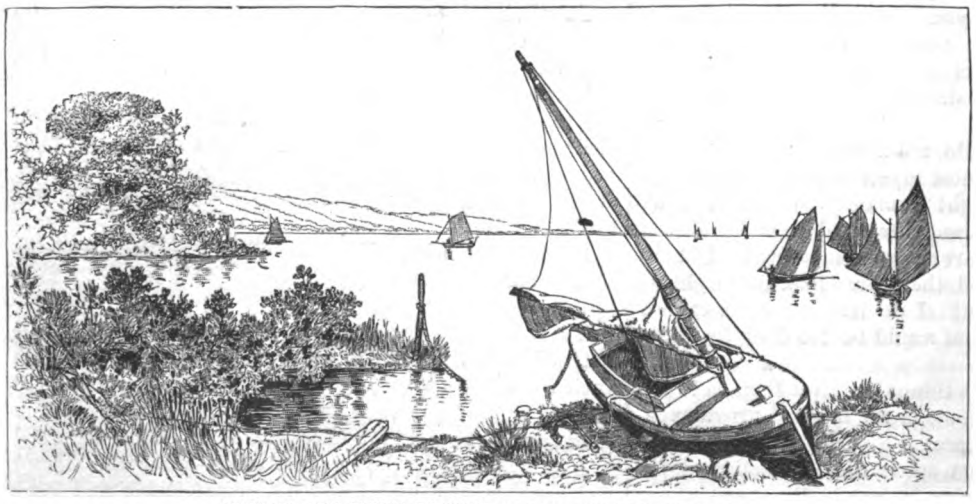
"Thank God," she said, softly, "that it is not that." Then, she sang, tenderly and low, in unison with the sweet voice of the unseen child, the words which were the seal of love's present and the promise of its future :

"Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!"

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF PRESQUE ISLE BAY, AT ERIE, PA.

By Mrs. C. Ingersoll Gara.

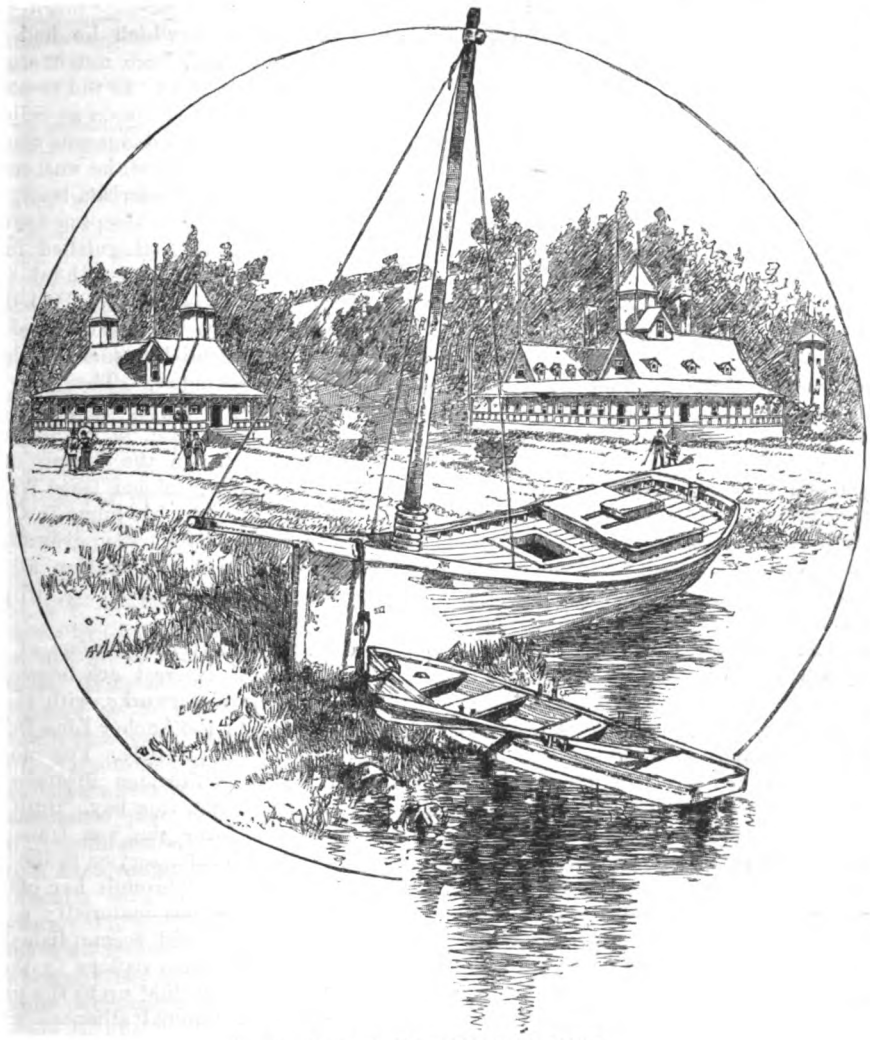
Presque Isle Bay fronts the City of Erie, at a midway point nearly one hundred miles from Buffalo and Cleveland. It is Pennsylvania's only harbor outlet and inlet on the great chain of Northern Lakes. Formed by a peninsula extending five miles in a northeasterly direction, it affords complete protection to vessels in stormy weather. Indeed, as a secure haven, it surpasses that of any of the northern lake cities. For many years it has been the theme of eulogistic comment on account both of its safety and natural attractions. Poets have sung its praises and eloquent tongues have glowingly portrayed its advantages and charms. It stands before the eye like a "thing of beauty," and often suggests comparison with the far-famed Bay of Naples. As far back as 1753, Du Quesne, General-in-chief at Quebec, in a letter to the French Minister at Paris, describes it as the "finest spot in nature, in which all kinds of sailing craft are as secure as in a box." Alike for pleasure purposes and general commerce it has long



MASSASSAUGA POINT, LOOKING OUT ON PRESQUE ISLE BAY.

been, and is now, extensively utilized. Throughout the bright Summer days handsome and commodious yachts convey over its smooth surface parties seeking health and recreation, and capacious freight-boats and splendid passenger-steamers make it a chief stopping-point on their way up and down the lakes. Before railroads were constructed, when General Charles M. Reed, a citizen of Erie, of superior business qualifications, was known far and wide as the "steamboat king," owning most of the palatial steamers running between Buffalo and Chicago, it was the seat of a heavy passenger and freight trade; and, notwithstanding the diverting influence of railroads, these marks of business life and energy are, to a noticeable extent, continued. An increasing marine service within the last few years indicates encouraging progress.

Within the bay proper, at the northeastern extremity, is Misery Bay. This name was given it by Lieutenant Holdup, in 1814, from the comfortless condition of vessels at that time, "the weather," as remarked by a historian, "being gloomy and the stock of so-called good cheer exhausted." It was considered a desirable shelter, and is distinguished as the place where four of Commodore Perry's vessels were sunk, after the naval victory which has immortalized his name. The *Lawrence*, whose efficiency in the great battle is conspicuously recorded in history was, with the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, sunk therein for preservation. The *Niagara*, from the decks of which Perry sent out the inspiring words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," was kept afloat as a receiving-ship for some years, when she was beached on the northeastern side of the aforesaid bay. The breaking up of the Naval Station, in 1825, led to the sale of these vessels to private parties, who intended fitting them up for the merchant service. The *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* were found in tolerable condition, but the *Lawrence*, being so badly riddled as to be not worth repairing, was not then removed. After several years' use the *Detroit* was dismantled and "sent over Niagara Falls for a spectacle, and probably for hotel speculation, too." In the Spring of 1876 the *Lawrence* was raised, cut in two, and transported to Philadelphia for exhibition at the Centennial. The show proved a disastrous financial failure, and the old hulk was finally purchased by a firm with a view to realizing something by converting her timbers into relics. Long before her removal from the waters of Misery Bay pieces were frequently taken and sold for canes and other memorial uses. The *Niagara* remains where she was beached, her bared ribs being seen from the surface.



FRONT VIEW OF MASSASSAUGA POINT.

Massassauga Point is at the head of Presque Isle Bay. It derives its name from the tribe of Massassauga Indians who once lived and cultivated lands in the immediate vicinity, and whose ancestors are mentioned in the history of points on Lake Ontario, near Rochester, N. Y. Taken up under the laws of Pennsylvania, in 1800, by a ship carpenter who looked upon it as an available site for his business, it passed from his hands into the possession of other parties, and ultimately became the property of Hon. William L. Scott, now Member of Congress from the Erie District.

Mr. Scott has exhibited creditable liberality in improving it, erecting necessary buildings and supplying it with the facilities for a Summer resort. It is a most charming place. Nature is here seen in her best aspects and art has materially added to the attractions. With hotel conveniences, a dancing-pavilion, bathing-houses, natural gas for illuminating the grounds, boats for pleasure purposes, and delightful breezes wafted from across the broad bosom of Lake Erie, it presents unexcelled inducements to recreation-seekers. Visitors from every locality, numbering thousands each succeeding Summer, indorse its claims to widespread attention and liberal patronage.

An Indian legend of Presque Isle Bay says: The beautiful daughter of the chief of the Massassaugas

wandered along these shores, seeking on the shining sands the pearly shells within whose mysterious depths the sounds of her lover's voice could be heard and a vision of his manly form and eagle eye be seen. Meanwhile, the rival of her choice, standing on the heights above, apprehends her movements, and, with true Indian vim and instinct, draws the bowstring and sends the arrow through the heart of the shell, shivering it to atoms; then, rushing down the rocks, clasps her in his brawny arms and bears her away in triumph to his own tribe. The weeks and months go wearily by, and the elastic step grows languid and the beautiful eyes grow dim with watching and weeping. At last a band of warriors appears and a desperate battle is fought, in which the Massassaugas are triumphant. Oreonto then flies to the wigwam which confines his lonely Wontesaca, and carries her back to his home beside the falling waters on Presque Isle Bay.

Some time in 1870 the Life Saving Station service was extended to the Northern Lakes. There are five stations on Lake Erie, and the one at Erie, within Presque Isle Bay, has been of great use in saving lives and property; eliciting hearty commendation both from the Government and the community at large.

The fish trade forms a prominent feature of Lake Erie at this point. It gives employment to many men, and to a large amount of money. The principal parties engaged in it are pushing it with commendable activity and vigor. A few facts will serve to exhibit its magnitude. The season's catch of sturgeon amounts to about twenty thousand, averaging eighty pounds each in weight. They are at once stripped of their skin and entrails, cut up, packed in barrels and shipped to a Sandusky house for curing and distribution. The roe is an important feature of this fish industry. It is taken in bulk from the fish and put through a sieve, extracting the filmy ligaments from the eggs, which are, in color, a rich olive-brown, and put up in large zinc tubs, seasoned with a very strong salt imported from Germany for this purpose. It is then called caviar, and, like the meat, finds a ready market in the large cities of Europe, those of Germany especially. It is highly esteemed by students of health and by epicures, and in growing demand in New York. Sturgeon are caught exclusively in pound-nets, and those taken at this point are deemed superior in quality of meat and roe to any found elsewhere in the country. A condition of the contract with the Sandusky parties, by whom they are purchased, is, that they shall not be less than four feet long; many measure six and seven feet. They have become valuable within a comparatively short period. So recently as ten years ago they were sold to neighboring farmers for twenty-five cents apiece; and it is recorded that one day in 1876 1,265 were thrown on the beach and converted into oil. The sturgeon trade commences in the early part of May and continues until the last of July, when the white fish season begins. They are taken plentifully in gill-nets throughout the Fall months. It is not necessary to say anything in praise of the excellencies of a fish so well known and appreciated at home and abroad. Following it blue pike and herring fishing begins, ending with severe cold weather. Altogether the quantity caught is immense, forming a material item of Erie trade. As an illustrative fact it may be stated that as many as 1,350 sturgeons were lately caught in a day. Forty-five pound-nets are in use this season, and a large number of gill-nets, attended with great success.

The pioneers at Presque Isle had to resort to fishing in log canoes. They were as much a necessity for providing food as were the log cabins to shelter their families. The first man in this vicinity who followed it as a business was a mulatto, and he made a success of it, supplying neighbors who had not time to "go fishing." Strange to say, his death was caused by a fishbone lodging in his throat.

Our view of the entrance to Presque Isle Harbor shows the original burial-place of the dashing Revolutionary general, "Mad Anthony Wayne."

After fulfilling his mission as major-general on the Northwestern frontier for the purpose of forcing the Indians into subjection, General Anthony Wayne embarked in a small vessel at Detroit, in the Fall of 1796, for Erie, Pa., on his way homeward. He was attacked with gout during the passage down the lake, a form of bodily trouble with which he had been afflicted for years, and which had been much aggravated by exposure in the Western wilds. As the vessel was without suitable remedies, he could obtain no relief, and on landing at Presque Isle was in a dangerous condition. In accordance with his own request, he was conveyed to a blockhouse on the so-called Garrison tract, the attic of which had been fitted up as a sleeping-apartment. Every attention was paid the distinguished invalid that circumstances would permit, but without avail. He died on the 15th of December, 1796. Two days thereafter his body was buried, as he had directed, in a plain coffin, with his uniform and boots on, at the foot of the flagstaff of the blockhouse. The top of the coffin was marked with the initials of his name, "A. W.," his age, and the year of decease, in round-headed brass tacks, driven into wood. In the Spring of 1809, under the direction of his son, Colonel Isaac Wayne, the body was taken up, conveyed to his home in Chester County, and interred in the family burying-ground. It was found in a remarkable state of preservation, all petrified with the exception of one foot and leg, which were partially gone.

In these historical illustrations of Presque Isle Bay, points of special interest are necessarily passed over, such as the Erie Waterworks, with their neat and tasteful surroundings; the Anchor Line Depot and Elevators, and sundry Summer resorts. For more than forty years the United States Steamer *Michigan* has been prominently identified with this bay. Built in separate parts, of iron, at Pittsburg, she was transported to Erie by canal, and fitted out for service in the way of cruising on the Lakes in 1844. Through her officers, from time to time, the *Michigan* has materially contributed to Erie society. Agreeable and accomplished gentlemen, they have ever been welcome visitors in the best circles, and it is a noticeable fact that up to the present period they have formed matrimonial alliances with nearly fifty of Erie's fairest maids.

On the banks of the city water front, rough and ragged, but likely ere long to be improved by grading and sodding, stands Hamot Hospital, named after an old and honored family; and in an easterly direction the Wayne Monument and the imposing proportions of the lately established Soldiers' and Sailors' Home strike the eye. Inmates of the latter may often be seen, dressed in their clean regulation uniform, with fish-pole and basket, trudging along the shore and piers to spend the Summer hours among the finny tribe, and to live over again, on beautiful Presque Isle Bay, their oft-told battle scenes.

EXPERIENCE is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

SILENCE.

By James H. Morse.

Come, Silence, thou sweet reasoner,
Lay thy soft hand on all that stir—
On grass, and shrub, and tree, and flower,
And let this be thine own dear hour.

No more across the neighbor rill,
To that lone cottage on the hill,
Shall Wonder with her questions go,
Seeking if Joy be there or no.

No longer shall the listening ear
Go seeking grief, afar or near;
Or eye be turned to find a stain
In the dear God's well-ruled domain.

The cricket tunes his slender throat
And lifts an early evening note.
The late bird ventures one last flight
Of song, and nestles for the night.

High up beyond the cloud-rift dun,
One spot of blue yet shows the sun;
On that I fix a silent eye;
All earth, all life, all else gone by.

FABULOUS UNCLAIMED MONEY IN THE ENGLISH COURT OF CHANCERY.

By an English Solicitor.

History repeats itself, and the craze for gold that found an opening in the South Sea Bubble is faithfully reflected to-day in a certain class of the public; only the hopes of the aspirants, instead of wandering to the far-off Pacific, are centred in the Chancery Division of the Royal Courts of Justice, or, *in vulgo*, "in Chancery."

The amount of credulity which exists even in these enlightened times is so appalling that one is obliged to confess there is some truth in the philosopher's sarcastic remark that half the world consists of fools, and the other half of knaves. With our superior knowledge we laugh at the alchemist, who spent his life in the vain endeavor to manufacture gold, but do the very thing ourselves by rushing headlong into the more attractive net which modern ingenuity has spread before us. For of late years some self-appointed philanthropists have discovered the shortcomings and delinquencies of former Chancellors of the Exchequer. These officials, among the highest in the realm, have for generations been living (so we are now informed) in prodigality on other people's money; but it has been reserved for some magnanimous gentlemen of the present day to tear aside the vail, show up these miserable parasites, and, for a suitable consideration, of course, to put "the public" in possession of their own again. It is said that each generation produces one great man, but here we have not one but several rival firms. Wilberforce was a philanthropist, so was Shaftesbury; but what are they among so many? Strange to say, these benefactors of mankind have had some feuds among themselves, which have ended, alas! in one or two Chancery actions. However, when all the money, variously estimated at from sixty to one hundred millions, has been equitably divided to the last shilling among innumerable claimants, then, if ever, will these philanthropists retire from public life to await their final honorable consignment to the shades of Westminster Abbey, where their graves will incessantly be visited by the countless families whom they have in their lifetime enriched.

Before indorsing this panegyric, however, let us just, as a matter of curiosity, inquire into the facts of the case. The Court of Chancery had its origin centuries ago, when the business dealings of mankind were simple, and the complications of modern times undreamed of; and as time passed on, the Chancery judges seemed to set their faces against any innovation, so that its machinery became out of date and its procedure expensive, formal, and, if the expression may be used, more showy and bordering on the mystic; its resources were less known than those of the other courts, and mankind is naturally inclined to exaggerate the unknown. Recent Acts of Parliament, however, have done much to alter this state of things.

It is evident that in the administration of justice in a large and wealthy country like England it would be necessary that provision should be made for taking care of and distributing the property, whether money or otherwise, of suitors or other persons; and this duty, for reasons which need not be mentioned here, devolved on the Court of Chancery. Thus it happened that property about which there was any dispute was held in trust by the Court until it was definitely settled to whom it should belong; the money of a ward in Chancery was naturally managed by the Court itself, and trust moneys have concontinually been paid in. It will be readily understood how, from these and many other causes, Chancery became trustee for an almost fabulous amount of money; nor is it difficult to see that among so many accounts the rightful owners should sometimes omit to send in their claims, and this frequently happened, because the amount itself was so small that it would be more than swallowed up in the expense of obtaining an order to take it out; and thus the Court became in time possessed of money due to the legal representatives of these non-claimants. And when once money has been paid in, of course it is not paid out until public notice has been given by advertisements, so as to insure that nobody interested has been overlooked.

This is, then, the origin of those startling placards and notices which meet the eye at every turn, and appear in every little country newspaper, generally commencing with the magic words in large type, "Unclaimed Money," and then going on to say that an immense sum, varying from fifty to a hundred millions, is only waiting to be claimed. The astonished reader is next informed that a complete list (of about as many names as there are in existence) and "instructions" can be obtained for a few shillings, and if he makes the investment the purchaser is almost certain to find his own name there, for the reason just mentioned, that almost every name is inserted. What a shock to the nerves of the poor deluded reader, and how his heart seems to jump into his mouth at the thought that a fortune may be hid without his knowing anything at all about it! how he fancies himself already a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt! In feverish haste he turns to another part of this valuable book and looks for his "instructions," which tell him (one guesses what is coming) to apply at once to the compiler and inclose the trifling sum of a guinea as "search fee." The amount being sent, and, after a little delay, just for decency sake, and to make it appear as if the search was really lengthy, though, in fact, it cannot take more than a few minutes, a copy of an advertisement dated some ten, twenty, or fifty years ago is produced. This advertisement may, on the face of it, be a veritable "blank," and lucky is the investor when it is so; but more likely, instead of learning that the police authorities or the creditors of John Smith will reward

whoever may supply such information as will lead to the capture of the said John Smith—instead of this, the advertisement may be to the effect that there is some money due to his representatives, in which case the inquirer is informed that on payment of a "preliminary fee" of a few guineas further inquiries can be made, and he will be put in the right way of obtaining any money which may be due to him. It is interesting to note how the scale of charges increases step by step, like the civil punishments awarded to evil-doers. If this preliminary fee is paid, then further demands, on one excuse or another, will be made on his purse, until at last he is left considerably poorer than when first the tempting bait was dangled before his eyes, with the old adage ringing in his ears, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

This is not an imaginary case, but one of frequent occurrence; and nothing is done to punish this parasite of society, partly because experience has taught him how to avoid becoming amenable to the law, partly because the dupe is only too glad to hide his diminished head in oblivion, and partly because, most likely, he has not the pecuniary means to take proceedings against his oppressor.

But is it true there are a hundred, or even fifty, millions of *unclaimed* money in Chancery? No, it is most untrue; for although there are about eighty-four millions of money in the court, yet here the placard and newspaper information ceases, because out of this sum it is well known to what persons eighty-three millions belong, and to them the dividends and interest are being regularly paid at the present moment! So that the whole hubbub is about a sum rather less than a million! and if we analyze still further, we shall make some more instructive discoveries.

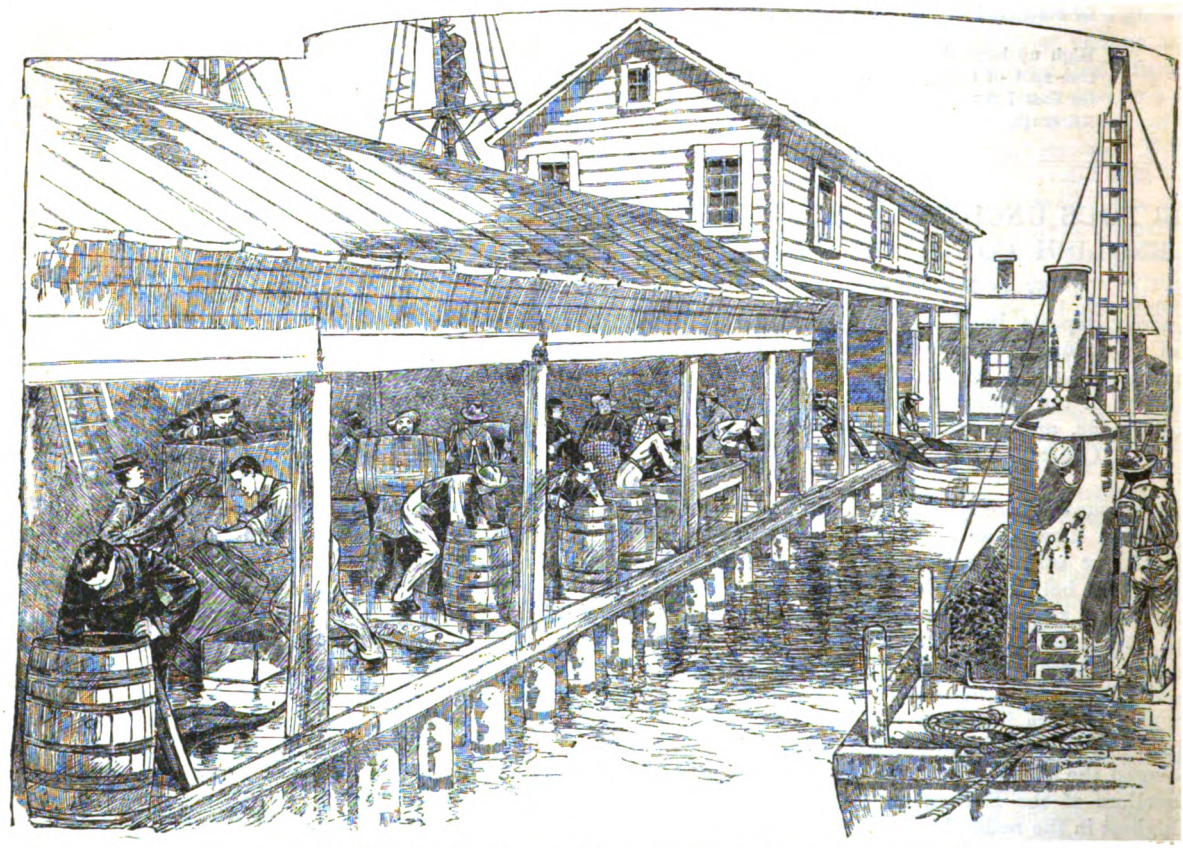
In the first place, there is no *large* sum of unclaimed money standing in the name of any one person; on the contrary, the sums are ridiculously small, and the number of accounts exceeding a thousand pounds might be numbered on the fingers of one hand, while even those going into three figures would not be very many, and all the rest consist of small sums of a few pounds, so small that, as has been already remarked, it would scarcely be worth the trouble and expense of getting them out; in fact, I believe that more money has been spent in fees to these humbugging advertisers than is now lying unclaimed in Chancery.

Not only, however, do these advertisers omit to furnish the whole truth, but they go still further and overstep the bounds of veracity by positively asserting that they can obtain an order to take the money out of Court. Now, this is absolutely untrue, for no application will under any circumstances be entertained by the paymaster-general, unless made in writing by the person entitled to the fund, or by his solicitor.

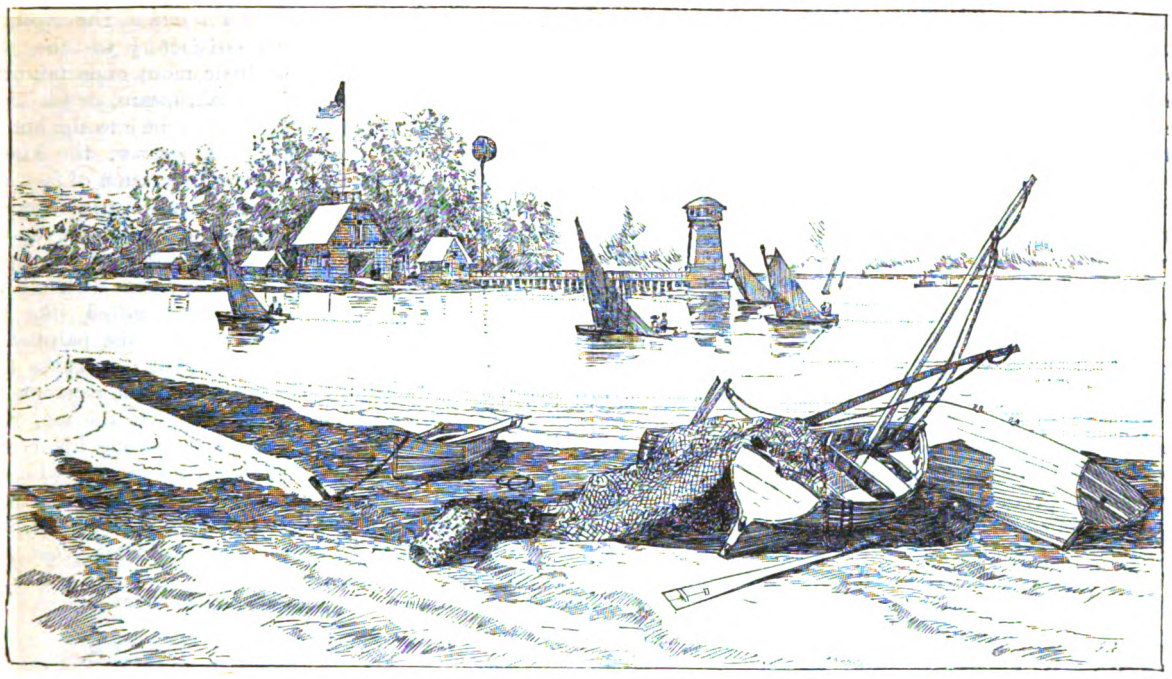
As a matter of fact, however, any one who thinks he has any claim on funds in Court need not spend his money in buying a worthless and misleading book, for an official list of unclaimed dividends is now published every three years in a supplement to the *London Gazette*, a copy of which is placed in the Law Courts, outside the paymaster-general's office, and is open to public inspection.

But, some unbeliever may argue, look at the windfalls some people have had, and what huge sums have been recovered!

Perfectly true, but then the person who obtained this piece of luck knew all along where the money was, or, at any rate, some member of his family did; certainly, the



NOTES AND SKETCHES OF PRESQUE ISLE BAY.—THE STURGEON TRADE.—SEE PAGE 276.



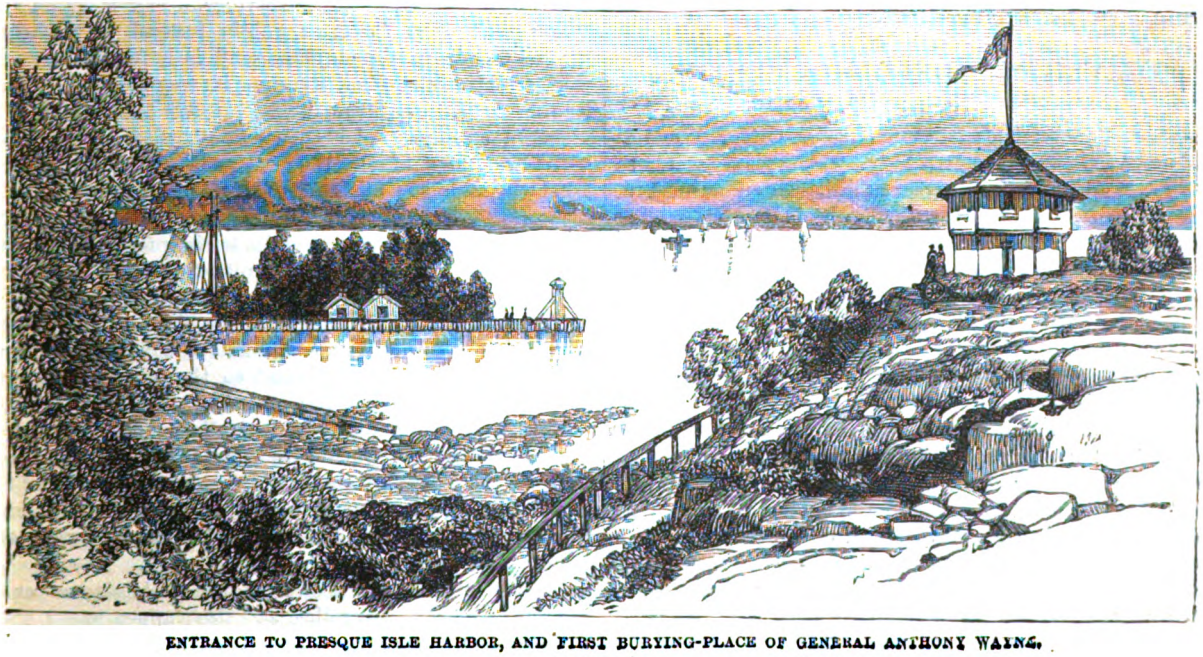
FISHING-BOATS AT PRESQUE ISLE BAY.— SEE PAGE 276.

information was never sprung upon him by any speculator's list. Although these lists are continually being enlarged, and replenished with fresh names, yet in spite of the fact that so much money is being annually paid out of Chancery, and so many accounts closed, I never heard of a single name when once inserted being taken out! Even after money has been paid out the name is still kept in the list. This fact speaks for itself.

The persons who insert these advertisements do so with the express purpose of making money, and are not over scrupulous in obtaining their end. They know the credulity of mankind, and that even the skeptic can be persuaded to believe the most unvarnished lie when it would, if true, coincide with his own desires; as the drowning man will clutch at a straw, or the gambler stake his last coin on the throw of the dice, so will the needy man make himself more needy still by investing his hard-earned savings on the illusive promise of a golden harvest:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Perhaps an incident which came under my own observation may be usefully mentioned here: A client of mine saw his name in one of these lists, and the actual sum he was to obtain placed opposite. His name was uncommon, so much so that there is not another like it in England, and there were other circumstances which rendered it highly probable that he might be entitled to some money, so that his case was altogether much



ENTRANCE TO PRESQUE ISLE HARBOR, AND FIRST BURYING-PLACE OF GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

stronger than the usual one of Mr. Jones, who never before had any reason to suppose that any of his numerous ancestors had died worth a shilling. I told him that it would be throwing away his money to pay a guinea for a copy of any advertisement; however, I looked at the official list, but his name was not there. As he still remained unconvinced, I paid the guinea at his request, and obtained a copy of the advertisement, which was, in the first place, copied out of a newspaper forty years ago, and which went on to say that if the representatives of my client's ancestors named would apply to Mr. Smith (it need scarcely be said that I suppress the correct name), at a given address, they would hear of something to their advantage. On calling at his address, and asking if Mr. Smith was at home, the woman who opened the door at once replied in an aggrieved manner: "Oh, dear me, no sir; he left here several years ago. I suppose you've come about one of those advertisements asking people to call on him, and they would hear of something to their advantage? In an instant I saw how the land lay, and as it was evidently useless pushing the matter further, I asked the woman what she knew about Mr. Smith. All she could tell me was, that it was a perfect nuisance to her, having to answer so many inquiries about a man who had left several years ago, for people were continually inquiring about him; from some people he had extracted various sums of money, giving them nothing in return, and of course they had gone away vowing vengeance, but all to no purpose. Many of the inquirers, however, had come in consequence of seeing their names in some "next-of-kin book." One case seemed particularly hard. A poor old woman and her son had come from some distance in the country, having actually sold some of their furniture in order to defray the expense, and when at last they found the whole thing was a hoax, the woman burst into tears, and utterly broke down, for she had spent almost her last shilling, and she and her child were now alone in London without a friend to help or advise her.

This is enough to give an insight into the kind of business that is being carried on, and those who refuse to take my warning can only blame themselves for any consequences that may happen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN ENGLAND.

"THE lion of this season is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes," writes an English lady. "Everybody wants to see him, and more engagements are pressed upon him than he can possibly accept. The Princess has smiled on him; the Prince has had a long talk with him; and people of every grade of social or intellectual eminence have thronged around him to touch his hand. It must be a pleasant experience to him; for his books are full of a delightful egotism, and that powerful sympathetic personality must needs gladly receive such a shower of individual homages.

"To those to whom his personality, as revealed in his works, has been attractive, his real presence is charming beyond expression; for he is just like his books. Small of stature he is, but erect and alert, with brilliant gaze undimmed; with the clean-shaven, clear-cut physician's mouth, kindly at the corners and mobile of upper lip, yet firm in outline; just a little whisker shading the cheek against the hair, now almost white; a brow rather broad than high, with the bumpy ridge of perception above the brow, and a full, even development at the summit. Such is, as far as words can depict it, the aspect of the Autocrat. It is eminently satisfactory to those who have long admired him with little more expectation of ever seeing him than of seeing Shakespeare, or Fielding, or Shelley. The flashing wit, the insight into the human heart, the tender sympathy with sorrow, the kindly badinage of weaknesses, the keen observation of fact, the extensive knowledge—the tokens of all are in face and figure. There was never a man who wrote who understood woman and who felt for women like this one; perhaps because there was never a physician, with all the special knowledge that that implies, gifted like Dr. Holmes, either in power of seeing into the palpitating hearts of his fellows or in utterance of the truths that he saw. But in himself there are feminine elements, as there must be in all men of finer fibre than the majority. His nervous system is obviously highly strung, his mental tactile perceptiveness has plainly that acuteness which is so rare an endowment in men, so comparatively common in women. But is is needless to multiply words: Oliver Wendell Holmes looks just as the Autocrat, Poet, and Professor ought to look.

DEATH-OMENS IN WALES.

EVERY country has its various death-omens, and the inhabitants of the various rural districts are always, more or less, the dupes of superstition. A great variety of these death-omens are peculiar to Wales, and, though the belief in them is fast dying out, yet there are still firm believers (especially in country parishes) in most of them.

These divers omens vary in form and aspect. Some appear in the form of a spectre, such as "Gwrach y Rhibyn," or the Welsh banshee, which is represented as a most hideous figure appearing at the window in the stillness of the night, which, in a long, terrific howl calls out the name of the person who is to die.

There are others which are invisible, but make their presence known by an unearthly, doleful noise, such as the "Cyhyraeth," or groaning spirit. Sometimes previous to death or a funeral there is heard such a sound as that of sawing wood, hammering nails, the marching of a funeral procession, or a human voice. This is called the "Tolaeth." The *Teulu*, or goblin funeral, is a phenomenon visible in the daytime, and is a funeral procession, sometimes singing, wending its way along the road leading to the churchyard.

"Cwn annwyn" or "Cwn awyr" (that is, "dogs of hell" or "dogs of sky") are a pack of hounds which howl through the air, and the further they are from a person the louder their direful lamentation seems to sound. They are supposed to be in quest of the soul of the wicked the moment it quits the body.

Another peculiar omen is that of "Aderyn y Corph," or corpse-bird, which chirps at the door of the person who is on the eve of dying, and makes a noise (summoning to death) similar in sound to the words, "Dewch, dewch" ("Come, come").

But the most characteristic of all the death omens is that of "Canwyll y Corph," or corpse-candle. Tradition ascribes the origin of this phantom to the prayer of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, who prayed that something prognostical of death should appear to warn the ungodly to prepare for the future world. The desired omen was granted in answer to the prelate's prayer in the shape of corpse-candles, and their appearances seem to have been more numerous in the diocese of St. David,

over which the saint presided, than any other part of Wales. Whenever "the candle" was seen it was an omen of death—not necessarily of immediate death, for in some instances years would have elapsed before the doom predicted by the omen would be realized. It is represented as having been seen issuing from the mouth or nostril of the doomed individual whilst asleep or whilst awake, but visible only to the bystanders. "The candle" was only visible to the persons favored with the vision, and never to those whose attention was called to it. It is described as a flame of ghostly appearance, moving unsupported along the road by which the corpse would be carried to its resting-place.

The candle varied in color and size, and these variations had their signification. A small candle meant a child; a large one, a full-grown person; if white, it meant a woman; if red, a man. When two candles were seen, one smaller than another, they indicated the doom of a mother and child. These corpse-candles have frequently been encountered by pedestrians in their nightly walks along shady lanes and sequestered places. Those who have attempted to stop them have come to grief, and those who have inadvertently proceeded on through the mysterious, silent procession which accompanies them describe themselves as having felt oppressed and hustled.

It is said that if any one, on seeing a corpse-candle, were to stoop and look upward, he would see the visionary forms of those individuals whose lot it would be to attend the funeral of the person whose approaching doom the candle prognosticated.

It is, of course, never difficult to find natural causes to which the origin of these local superstitions may be attributed; nor, indeed, are there many countries in which they have not their counterpart.

CHINESE FOOT-BINDING.

In proportion to the incalculable multitude of girls whose feet are distorted in compliance with the extraordinary requirements of Chinese custom, it is only wonderful that cases of diseased ankle-bones and mortification of the foot are not very much more common. "As it is, though the process of bandaging involves years of torture (commencing at the age of six or nine years, till which time the feet are the natural size, and generally very neat and small), the victims rarely find their way to the hospitals directly on this account; though they are subject to frequent accidents from tumbles as they totter along on their poor big toes, which, with the tip of the heel-bone, is all that is admitted into the shoe, the other toes being folded under the instep. There is a regular class of 'foot-binders'—women whose profession it is to produce this horrible distortion, with the aid of long bandages of cotton cloth; and in the hands of an unskillful binder the process of torture is indefinitely prolonged. In any case there is generally great swelling of the foot and leg, and torturing corns and other forms of disease. Yet such is the force of distorted public opinion and the rule of fashion, that sometimes when in Christian schools the teacher (filled with compassion for a girl who cannot work by reason of the pain she is enduring) ventures to remove the bandages, then the tears flow still faster, for to remove these destroys her prospects in life—her value in the marriage-market, where she would be despised as a large-footed plebeian. The lily-foot is thus the 'guinea stamp,' and, moreover, is a standard of artificial beauty as decided (though by no means so injurious) as tight-lacing in somes cases nearer home. Though the custom is known to have been in force for fully a thousand years, no one knows which of the legends referring to its origin is authentic. One thing only is certain—namely, that even Chinese men cannot really put a stop to it. The only possible reform must be made by inducing Chinese mothers to spare their own young daughters from this torture, and to choose large footed daughters-in-law."

THE FASHION IN 1603.

In a recent report on historical manuscript, there is afforded a glimpse of a court lady's wardrobe in 1603. King James VI. had just set out to take possession of his southern kingdom, arriving in London on May 6th in that year. The account begins with an entry dated June 9th at Newcastle. No name appears on the document, but as it was found in the Eglinton chest, it probably refers to the expenses of Lady Anna Livingston, eldest daughter of Alexander, first Earl of Linlithgow, one of the maids of honor to Queen Anne of Denmark, and afterward Countess of Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglinton. She was still maid of honor in December, 1605, when King James wrote to her father commending her conduct at court and promising to pay her dower should a fit marriage arise for her.

The lady enumerates various articles of female dress—headdresses, French and English "rouffs" and their materials, "quhallbon" (whalebone) bodies, vardingells," etc. Among other items is a payment for "ane vyer to my haed with nyme pykis, xs.; item, for ane perewyk of har to couer the vyer, vs." For "ane treming to my gown with gret hornis of goulld and sillk and federis, the hornis my auen, xs." (all sterling money). She paid on an average 2s. 6d. for a pair of gloves, and the same sum for a pair of shoes; for a pair of night gloves, 9d.; for a beaver hat with feather and string, 52s.; for two fans, one of paper and the other of parchment, 5s., etc. She paid for two necklaces of black jet, 3s. For the washing of her own and her page's clothes from June to Martinmas, she paid only 20s. Among miscellaneous items are a Bible, 12s.; a French book, 1s,; a French New Testament with a French book, 6s.; with various other entries of more or less interest.

RACES IN JAPAN.

The Saghalien Ainos do not exhibit the same uncouthness as those of Yezo; there is a greater absence of beards and of hairy bodies generally. The hue of the skin very closely resembles that of the Caucasian; the foreheads are high but narrow, and their general bearing and facial expression denote an intelligence much superior to that of the Yezoines. As for the theory of an ethnical connection between the Ainos and the Japanese, Mr. Penhallow says that an examination of the pure types would not permit such a belief to be entertained. There is a mixture of the two in places, but the half-breed is as easily recognizable there as elsewhere in the world. The Japanese, he concludes, are unquestionably Mongoloid, while the facts show the Ainos to be physically distinct; while the best authorities agree in the great resemblance which they bear to Europeans, the prevailing view being that they are distinctly Aryan.

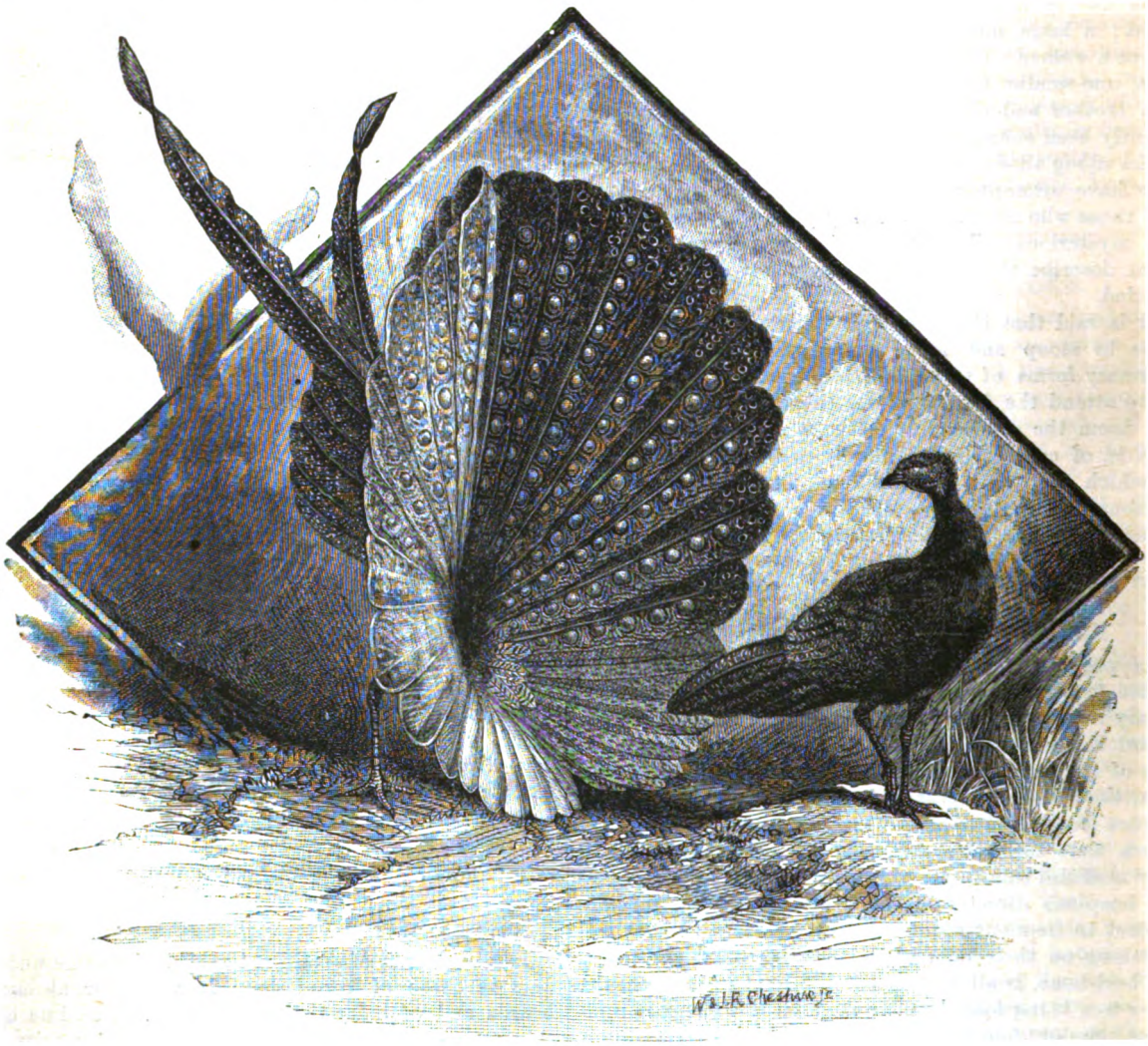
It is all the more curious to find here the Caucasian inferior in civilization to the Mongoloid.

DESIGN IN FEATHERS.

By Charles Whymper.

It has been wisely said that "to know the history of a bird, you must know its life-history," and this is absolutely true; and if you would wish to know and see the truth about feathers in all their perfection, there is no way to study them but on the living bird. The way to study the clothes of men may be to go where cast-off clothes do congregate, but birds' feathers are not so; cast off, they tell you but little, they show you less. Therefore ornithological *savans* shed so little light and lustre on the study of feathers. They try to seek the knowledge of the living among the dead, and think to gain an insight into all the poetry of a bird's joyous life by handling so many thousands of mere bird-mummies. They only can teach aright who study the living thing in its own surroundings and connections.

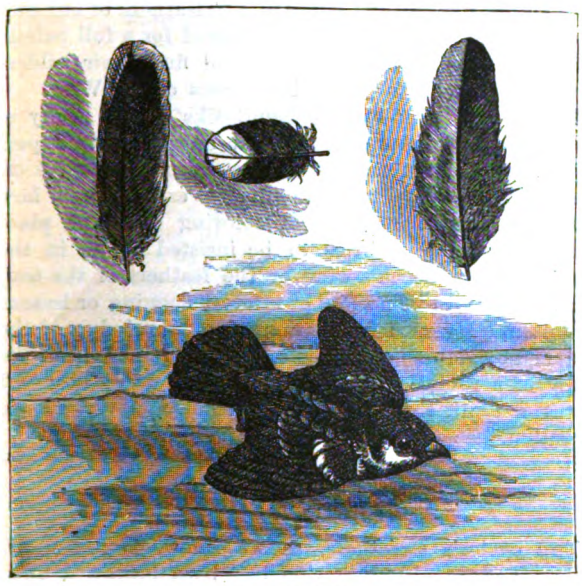
There are few birds that have but absolutely one color pervading the whole of their plumage. Still, there are some; as, for example, our own crow, raven, blackbird and swan. But even in these there is no monotony; there is lovely iridescence, and the various masses of feathers follow the structure of the masses of muscle on the body, and these being at differing angles make the feathers likewise; so that the light falls upon the diverse facets and reveals the curving lines of the masses of scapulars and flank feathers, of primaries and tail-coverts. Let us, however, consider, firstly, our little homely sparrow; not one from a city's street, but rather one from some quiet country stack-yard, so that we may really see him in his true colors, and note how he has a central line of black running along his back, from his neck to his tail; on each side of this black is a rich red-brown stripe. We should naturally imagine that the black stripe was of one sort of feathers entirely, and the brown of another, but it is not so. Here is one of the feathers of the black, and you will see how exactly the black space covers half the surface, and the lighter color shows the brown, feather after feather laid in regular sequence giving the pattern on this part. Now watch the wings, and see how the thing that at once catches the eye is a short white bar at the base, and a longer buffish brown bar more in the middle of the wing: both these bars of varying tones are in the same way the result of a number of part-colored feathers placed in regular groups over the muscles of the wings, so that all the



ARGUS PHEASANT IN DISPLAY.

white ruds placed side by side make the first bar, and the larger, similarly, make the second bar. This is the simplest form of common ornamentation, and yet here, on this vulgar bird, we find three differently marked sorts of feathers used to produce the same kind of design required. I need scarcely point out the delicious variety, the exquisite treating of all formality, whilst yet the central idea of the design is always kept in sight.

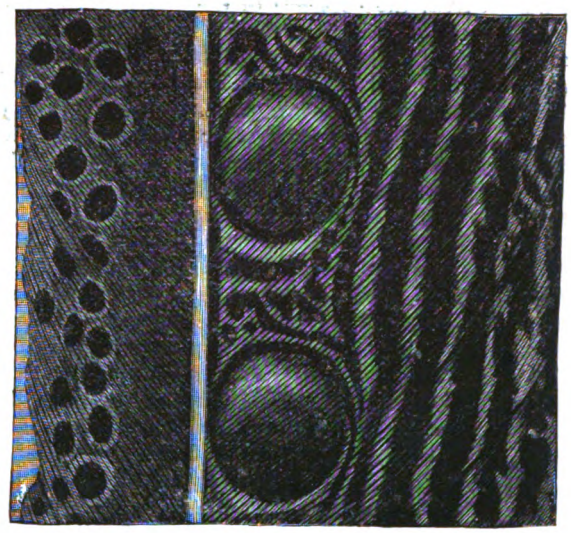
The best time for seeing perfect feathering is in the Winter, and onward to the Spring; then, after a very short honeymoon, the birds settle down to domestic drudgery with exemplary ardor, with the result that at the end of a few weeks their tail-feathers are rough and irregular, their pinions worn and ragged from constant contact with the nest in sitting; and by the time their new suit comes at midsummer, they are more than ready for it. The Spring, of course, is the climax of a bird's life. With scrupulous care he arranges hourly his feathers, all their markings are seen to perfection, and many peculiarities of decoration are then and then alone displayed. The fleshy combs and protuberances become



THE SPARROW.

scarlet and enlarged, and any one who has not seen a pheasant or cock grouse at this season of love would be astonished at the alteration from his normal state. The cock pigeon swells that part of his body most adorned with iridescent feathers to make the grandest show he can; and every humble finch and small bird brushes up his modest finery.

It is said that not a single bright-colored feather on any bird's body is left idle or undisplayed. If birds have bright-colored tails, they raise them to their highest and fullest and abase their heads; if bright heads, then they shake out their plumes, their eyes distend, and their wattles swell; and if, as in some cases, they have large tippets of feathers falling on both sides of their head, they contrive the bewildered hen shall see all the glories of both sides at one glance, and so drag all the feathers of the far side round to the near side, making such a huge mass that the face is nearly hidden, and the projecting beak alone shows where the head must be. All this is done for the hen's benefit, and it is only done when she is near; it all turns on her existence, and ceases if she be absent.



A FEATHER PATTERN.

To our mind the argus pheasant, in the remarkable character of its patterned feathers, stands alone; and there is no bird that is, in sporting parlance, within a hundred miles of it. His secondary feathers, whilst in the normal position on the wing, are a curiosity that is most staggering, such an amount of decoration lying apparently hidden and idle (not like the familiar peacock, which, when not displaying its tail-coverts, yet makes a beautiful appearance, with great elegance of line and brilliancy of color), and further lying on a bird, the whole effect of which is dowdy and not dismal. It seems as if the design was misplaced and wasted; but watch the change that comes over the bird when Spring arrives. He first becomes active and restless, instead of sleepy and heavy; he runs about briskly, and from time to time shakes his wings with a rustling sound, as if to get into order and place that large clump of feathers that have hitherto looked so untidy and purposeless; and then suddenly, as his critical future is well in front of him, he tucks down his head, throws up his wings, and arches them high over his back, till the feathers of each wing meet and form a perfect circle, the field of which is of delicately variegated browns; and sunk in this field seem to lie rows of little balls, all perfect and round, with a bright spot of high white light on their curved

TEAL'S FEATHERS.

sides, as if from the presence of the sun itself. Look, now, at our illustration; although it loses somewhat through being translated into black and white, it is yet vastly beautiful. On the feather from which this ball-and-socket design was photographed, there were twenty-one similar spots, and every feather of the secondaries is alike and yet not similar. For the scheme of the design is this: that there is a central light above them, which casts its highest light upon them, so that no two balls have the light actually on the same spot; but as each is higher or lower in the circle to the right or the left, so the light spot moves with geometric exactness, so that the ocelli (as they are commonly called) which come on those feathers which are perpendicular, have the light at the top of the feather, whilst those on the feather lying horizontally have the light nearest the shaft. Further, as if to give value to these delicately shaded ocelli, there are on the main field of the feather strong dark spots and stripes of deep brown, and on the very shaft itself there are long, alternating black and white stripes. And then, lastly, on the primaries there is the exact similitude of another feather lying upon the true one. This inner space is of a lighter and more delicate tone of chestnut than the rest, and is covered with minute white dots. The effect is most deceptive, and any one might well be excused for taking these mock primaries for true feathers.

Mr. Darwin, with his usual vigor, says, in regard to this exceptional display of patterned feather: "Many will declare that it is utterly incredible that a female bird should be able to appreciate fine shading and exquisite patterns. It is undoubtedly a marvelous fact that she should possess this almost human degree of taste, though perhaps she admires the general effect rather than each separate detail. He who thinks that he can safely gauge the discrimination and taste of the lower animals may deny that the female argus pheasant can appreciate such refined beauty, but he will then be compelled to admit that the extraordinary attitudes assumed by the male during the act of courtship, by which the wonderful beauty of his plumage is fully displayed, are purposeless."

Now that is a conclusion that Mr. Darwin will not consent to. Whatever may have been the cause and the origin of this peculiar beauty in the bird's plumes, it is certain that it exists, and that it is well worth far more study than is usually given to it. The schemes of color are endless, and are almost always satisfactory, even to our own eyes.

There are some examples that are vastly different to any arrangement of color that man would make; but I think it would be wise to wait before we condemn them, as our knowledge of the boundaries of the laws of right and wrong in color is far from complete or perfect. I refer to cases like those of the tremendously colored macaws and parrots of the New World, one of which has nearly every known color in alarming proximity (I speak as a man), with the result that it causes the conventional æsthetic to shudder. Here is a statement of the colors of its secondary wing-feathers. On one side of the shaft the plumes are all black; on the other side, at the base, it commences with brilliant orange, which runs into yellow of a pure tone, often blending into green, and that again merges in a violet-blue; and as the colors on one feather are varied, so also is the total coloring. It is a mass of varied color, and I do not know of any simple or compound color that does not find a place in some part of it. Of its utility to some end I have no doubt; and, further, I am ready to believe also in its complete rightness; for we must ever remember, as I said at starting, that the right way to see anything is to see it in its own native surroundings and settings. To see and consider a poor macaw with his eye-opening arrangements of brilliant blue and gaudy yellow feathers in a smoke-begrimed city, or manacled with chains to a swinging perch in the Zoölogical Gardens, is unfair and misleading; but think of him as sporting in the dense tangle of tropical creepers of his native wilds! Gorgeous flowers hanging pendent from above meet and lovingly repeat the colors of his much-abused feathers. The very dead tree-trunks are ablaze with orchid blossoms, and the whole scene is one complete carnival of color. From such a home he comes, and we should remember, as we have said always, these and similar questions before hastily criticising adversely any of nature's marvelous designs.

We feel very strongly that there probably would be no better way invented of inculcating in the mind of the young a knowledge of the limitless realms of beauty in color and charms of delicate design, than the placing before them typical examples of the plumage of birds. Those who lean to tender schemes of color would find help without end in the study of the feathers of our own familiar birds, whilst those who longed for a full palette and the whole range of color would find their wildest fancies beaten by the winged denizens of the West.

I have read treatises and handbooks on the study of color; anything more gloomy and less likely to appeal to and interest the student we can scarcely conceive of. Their illustrations, too, are dreary examples of how utterly miserable mechanical coloring is. But place examples of the theories to be insisted upon, in the shape of a woodcock's wing or the feathers of the teal, and there would be no fear of interest flagging or lessons forgotten. My own foundation of a knowledge of the system of complementary coloring was gained from the study of a robin's breast, and from its quiet beauty I learnt a truth that, I rejoice to believe, never will be forgotten.

A FATAL SECRET.

The oyster's sweetness, as we know, is not in its looks; and much admiration has been bestowed upon the anonymous man who

> "First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risked the living morsel down his throat."

It has been surmised that he was compelled to do so for a punishment.

Other legends go still further back, and relate how the poor human of the alluvial age puzzled his weak brain over the rough and flinty shell, which instinct told him should contain something good to eat, if only it might be got at.

The soft sediments of river and sea having not yet hardened into rock, our ancestor could not open his oyster with a stone. He stamped on it, but only hurt his foot. He threw it in the air, but the fall did not break it. He tried in turn entreaties, flatteries, threats, jokes and sarcasm. No use. The exasperating mollusk remained stolid, deaf and dumb.

Suddenly, as the perplexed man observed his aged grandsire approaching, a novel idea occurred to him. Watching his opportunity, he brought his oyster down sharply upon the aged man's bald pate. The shell cracked—so did the unfortunate cranium with which it had come in contact. The discoverer of the oyster

swallowed the delicious morsel. It was like a beautiful dream; but the poor savage's mind was ill at ease. He had not many hard-headed relatives, and if he must use up one for each oyster he ate, the banquet would not only be very costly, but tantalizingly insufficient.

He imparted his secret to a friend. That very night, as he slept, the friend came and cracked an oyster on his skull!

BY THE RIVER.

ONLY the low wind wailing
Among the leafless trees;
Only the sunset paling,
Only the gray clouds sailing
Before the western breeze.

The girl beside the river,
With strained ear and tired eye,
Nor saw the crimson quiver,
Nor heard the willows shiver,
As the low wind swept by.

For sight and sense were roaming
Across the barren moor;
Oh, was he never coming,
Through the dull Autumn gloaming,
As in the days of yore?

Oh, bright blue eyes that glistened,
Oh, happy blush that rose,
Oh, foolish heart that listened
To the faithless lips that christened
His love the "wife he chose"!

How oft he turned in leaving,
For yet another kiss!
How he soothed the girlish grieving,
And swore that no deceiving
Should ever cloud their bliss!

He left when Summer sunlight
Was full upon the stream.
He made his truth her one light,
And in the Autumn dim light,
She faced her broken dream.

She knew her idol shaken,
She knew her trust was gone.
What hope dead faith can waken?
Betrayed, forgot, forsaken,
The woman stood—alone.

Hushed was the bitter weeping,
As o'er her closed the night;
When dawn on dark was creeping,
The morning breeze was sweeping,
Where broad, and pure, and white,

The lilies swayed to cover
The fair, pale face beneath;
Where, pain and passion over,
Freed from a faithless lover,
Sorrow lay hushed in death.

A DOCTOR ON SUPPERS.

AS TO suppers, I have always been of the opinion that slops are bad. A fluid supper generates acid, and it is ten times worse if beer is to be partaken with it. Beer and milk food, or soup, would ruin any digestion. No; let the little you do take be solid, and easy of digestion; an egg that has been pretty well boiled and allowed to get cold, with a slice of cold toast and butter, is a simple supper, but one that agrees. Meat should not be eaten; nor, as a rule, fish.

In fact, supper should really be an off-put, if one has dined fairly well. The food we eat during the day—its quantity and its quality—has a very great deal more to do than most people think with the kind of sleep we obtain at night and the amount thereof; and the *kind* of sleep is of far more importance than its actual amount.

Disturbed, restless, or dreamful sleep is not refreshing, no matter how much thereof we obtain. Even pleasant dreams destroy the good effects of sleep. Now, leaving heart complaints out of the question, I have always observed that the species of complaint known to medical men as irritability, with partial congestion of the lining membrane of the digestive organs, whether in whole or in part, is invariably accompanied by restlessness and disturbed sleep.

The restlessness by day takes the form of nervousness and excitability; but by night there are often frightful dreams. Would not some portions of indigestible food lying about the system be likely to produce the same nocturnal symptoms? I leave my readers to meditate upon the question, and answer it for themselves; bearing in mind that quite as many, if not more, of the conditions of health depend on what they do *not* do than on what they do. Abstemiousness is one of the best physics going.

BELFAST.

BELFAST, sometimes called the "Northern Athens," is the largest town in Ulster, and the chief manufacturing centre of Ireland. The Borough, by the last Census, contained a population of 208,122, of whom 71,521 were Presbyterians; 59,975 were Roman Catholics; 58,410 were Protestant Episcopalians; 9,141 Methodists; and 9,075 of all other persuasions. There are many handsome buildings, and the general appearance is cheerful and prepossessing; the surrounding scenery is varied, and, in many parts, picturesque; a fine range of mountains, 1,100 feet in height, rises at a short distance in the northwest; and down the Lough the views are very lovely, while many fine residences, surrounded by gardens and plantations, are thickly studded on each shore.

"Belfast" is a corruption of the Irish name by which it was known at a very early date—viz., *Bela fearsad*, "the town at the mouth of the river"—which accurately describes its situation on the River Lagan; or, still more probably, *Ball Fosaght*, signifying "the town with a ditch or foss," which, from its low situation, was anciently constructed round the town to protect it from the tide. Previous to the English conquests in Ulster, it appears to have been a fortified station, commanding the passage of the river, which is here fordable at low water. King John marched his army to this place in 1210, but there is no mention of the town till 1316, when the destruction of the town and castle by Edward Bruce is recorded. Before that date, however, the manufacture of linen seems to have flourished in Ulster, as, in 1254, we have authentic record of Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, having large parcels of linen woven for his household at Newtownards, County Down. By whom it was first introduced is not known, but probably the cultivation of flax was encouraged by the Norman settlers who occupied Ireland in the twelfth century; but there was little progress, and in the sixteenth century the linen was of the coarsest description, and only twelve inches wide. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, however, when numbers of Huguenot refugees settled in Ulster, the linen trade assumed features of importance. They introduced the spinning-wheel, which continued in general use for a hundred and fifty years. From 1711 to 1827 the linen trade received bounties from Parliament

in various shapes and forms, and at one time a sum of £20,000 annually was voted by Parliament for propagating and improving the manufacture of linen. In one case £200 was voted to a man in Belfast to set up new looms.

The Linen Board was appointed in 1711, in the reign of Queen Anne, for the encouragement of the flax and hempen manufactures of Ireland, and was only dissolved in 1828. The White Linen Hall in Dublin was then the centre of trade.

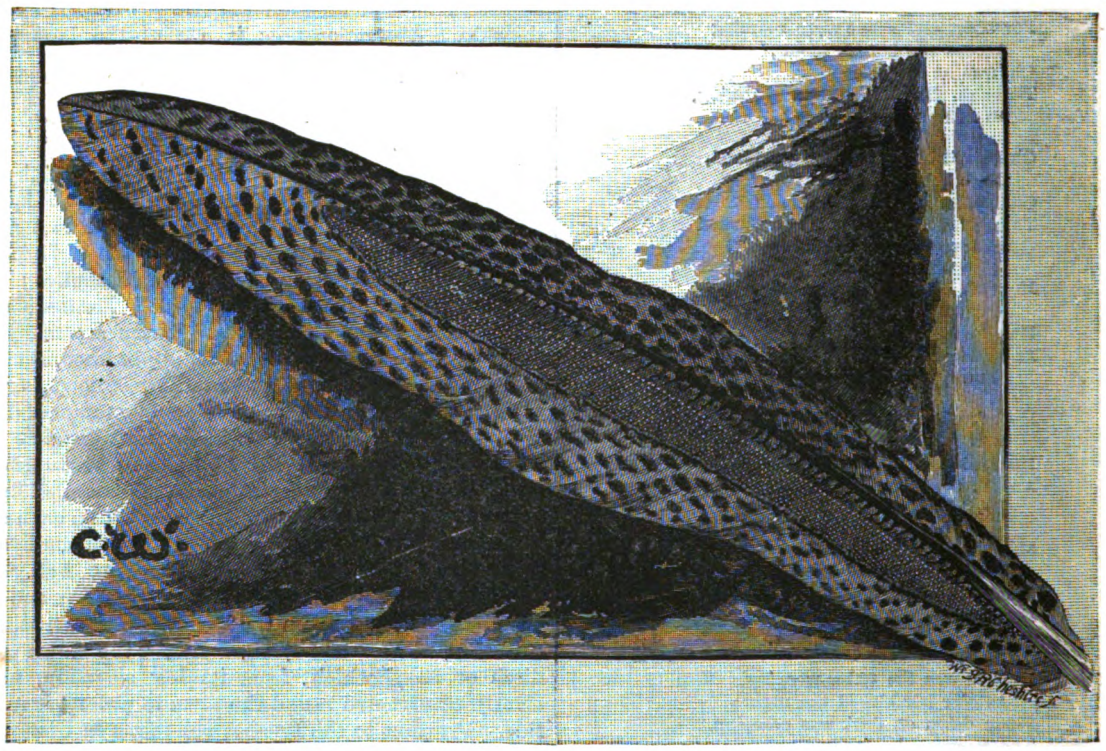
The exports of linen and linen-yarn from Ireland between 1728 and 1821 have been published in returns of the late Linen Trade Board, but since that time the figures seem to have been merged in those of the United Kingdom. It appears from the returns named that in 1728 the quantity of plain linen exported was 4,692,764 yards, together with 11,450 cwt. of linen yarn, and that the exports of linen had steadily increased year by year, the figures for 1821 being 43,507,928 yards. The exports of linen yarn were, however, very fluctuating, and reached their highest quantity of 42,370 cwt. in 1780, the figures for 1821 being 9,257 cwt. The average value of linen yarns and manufactures now exported from the United Kingdom (chiefly from Belfast) is about twenty-seven and a half million dollars.

A DEATH POSTPONED.

A DESPAIRING poet once contemplated suicide. He had loaded a pistol and sent for a friend to impart his last wishes to him. The friend came, and made not the slightest attempt to turn him from his purpose, but sat down and coolly wrote out his instructions. Then, while the poet was writing a last farewell epistle, his friend carelessly took up the pistol, which was at full cock, examined it, and pointed it at the writer. The latter at once with marvelous agility slipped under the table, and shouted, "Great heavens! be careful. Do you know what you are about? That thing is loaded!" The extreme oddity of the situation provoked irresistible mirth, which cured the man of verse of his morbid tendency.

DEPOLARIZING IRON SHIPS.

IN 1866 proposals were made by Mr. Evan Hopkins, C.E., to depolarize the iron hulls of ships by means of electro-magnets, and he was allowed by the Admiralty to experiment on the *Northumberland*, an armor-plated ship lying in the Victoria Docks. With the increasing difficulty of finding suitable positions for the compass, the prospect of being able to depolarize an iron ship was very attractive. In an able paper, however, read before the Royal Society in 1868, Evans showed that, so far from the hull of the *Northumberland* being depolarized, a portion of it was only temporarily, and therefore dangerously, polarized, and afterward returned to its normal condition, thus preventing similar experiments being tried with other ships of the navy.



A PRIMARY OF THE ARGUS PHEASANT: DESIGN SUGGESTING FEATHER ON FEATHER.—SEE PAGE 284.

HEINRICH ENTZ and August Mer have recently independently studied the voyage of Hanno, the Carthaginian. Both agree that its termination was at the Island of Fernando Po, in the Bight of Biafra, called by Hanno the Isle of Gorillas. The colony of Thymaterion is identified by them, as by most authors, with the town of Mazaghan, and the promontory of Soloé with Cape Cantin. The River Lixus is regarded by Mer as the Senegal, for weighty reasons, though Entz and others have favored the Wadi Draa, much further north. Hanno's Island of Cerné was probably Goree, and his Western Horn (or bay) was the Bight of Benin. Much weight attaches to the opinion of M. Mer.

"MAZIE LAY WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN, PARTLY ON THE FLOOR, PARTLY AGAINST THE GAY, CHINTZ-COVERED LOUNGE, HER BLACK HAIR HANGING LOOSE TO HER KNEES."

MAZIE.

By Madeline S. Bridges.

"Mazie!"

She started violently. Her husband's voice had set the blood flashing into her cheeks. She untied her bonnet, threw it with her gray shawl on the bed, and hurried down the little stair to answer his summons.

"You'll gi' Crofts's boy them six new lanterns if he comes, and tell 'n his father's a-wantin' at the mouth in the morning."

"Well?"

"An' you'll not sit up for me, mind that!"

No answer.

"You'll not sit up for me!"

She smiled—a scornful, hard smile.

"You're not my keeper when you're not here, Mark, that's one sure thing."

"I'm your keeper anywhere, Mrs. Logan. My bad luck was to take the job; but I'll live up to it. You'd better get *that* through your head and keep it there. It'll save you trouble, my lass."

He flung the gate to with a bang, and strode away in the darkness. Mazie turned indoors with a bitter, bursting heart, and sat down by the table where the lamp was burning brightly. The little place was exquisitely clean and neat, and showed evidences of a woman's taste and care. Flowers bloomed in the windows. The curtains were snowy white, and gay chintz coverings made the poor, cheap furniture bright and inviting. It was a home where Love might be content to live at rest and happy. But this poor dream had died from Mazie Logan's heart. Six months of married life—only six short months, and the anguish of desolation had settled on her strong young spirit. She was mated to a coarse and selfish man—a handsome brute, full of animal spirits, willful, reckless, overbearing—and yet, by a strange contradiction,

attractive through these very faults. She had been first drawn to him by his dogged, persistent, almost brutal, courage, displayed in a mining riot which she, with hundreds of other terrified women, had witnessed down at the pits where he was employed as overseer. He had come to her afterward, bleeding, breathless, triumphant, and something in her lifted eyes had given him the right to stoop and kiss her before them all. From that moment Mark Logan's courtship was a victory.

He was not the choice of Mazie's heart, but she learned to love him as tender women learn to love the things that ask their love, and they were married. Mazie had no near kin, no relative save a disagreeable cousin, in whose "shop" she had kept accounts and waited on customers until Mark came and took her away. The customers fell off very perceptibly in numbers after the departure of the tall young beauty, whose dark, glossy braids and wonderful dark eyes had been the admiration of both old and young.

Timothy Ray could never forgive his cousin Mazie for her marriage. Poor Mazie! sitting lonely now by the light of her lamp, looking down at her hands, clasped hard together in her lap, she felt that she never could forgive herself.

The first week of her married life showed her how wild and visionary was this step she had taken in pursuit of happiness. How different from her pure and tender dreams was this coarse, everyday reality. The name "wife" had fallen upon her as a brand that meant only slavery and degradation, and she must bear it to the end.

For a while after her husband's parting words had ceased to ring in her ears, her heart kept up its quick and angry beating. Her face wore the scorn of its hard smile. But by degrees a dreamy tenderness shone beneath her heavy, drooping lashes; her lips fell into soft, beautiful curves of repose. She was dreaming again the reverie from which Mark's boisterous voice had called her. . . . She is again in the little chapel at the end of the town. The calmness and blessed sense of peace are around her; the swelling notes of the organ surge and tremble down the air, and some one is holding toward her an open book. She sees the firm white fingers first, the pointed nails, the dazzling, glossy band of linen round the wrist. She feels the scent as of flowers blooming near her, and now she is meeting blue, half-smiling eyes—eyes that say to her each time, and over and over, the same intense muttered words, "How beautiful you are!" From the first moment this message was the same, when, a week ago, crossing the little bridge by the mill, this elegant, grand gentleman had met her face to face with this meaning in his glance. Only a week ago!—only a week her soul had been living through this eternity of unuttered emotion. Only a week of these strange, unhoped-for meetings, these brief moments of silent companionship. He had come to the village church night after night, and found a place somewhere in her neighborhood—a seat from which he could easily watch her face all through the service; but tonight he had come to her side. She looks up at him involuntarily, helplessly, with white cheeks and lips apart. He answers her beseeching glance with the same gay, tender reassurance. A lovely flush spreads quickly over her face, and dyes to crimson the little ear that nestles under the glossy, blue-black braids of hair. A great wave of comfort floods her spirit. The lights, the music; the happy, ringing voices; the calm, protecting presence at her side—all seem a part of the heavenly benediction for which her yearning soul has asked so deeply.

It is over. She is moving outward with the rustling throng, conscious ever of the thrilling sense that she is still held by that kindly watchful gaze, that his step is pressing close upon her footsteps. She nods to neighbors here and there; and now the chill air strikes upon her face. The stars are shining above her. She is crossing the bridge to the lonely road that stretches homeward, and the light footstep is at her side.

"You must let me walk with you a little way," the deep and gentle voice says, pleadingly, and Mazie sees that he has taken off his hat, as to the highest lady in the land, and holds it while he speaks. "The road is so dark, I wonder you never feel afraid to walk alone?"

"I'm never afraid, sir, I thank you. You needn't trouble! It's home to me, this lonely place is."

Mazie's clear voice shakes a little, but she looks round bravely and firmly at the bended face beside her.

"Well, but I wish so much to go with you! Only half way to your home, if you will allow me! I have seen you so often now, and there never has been an opportunity to say a word to you until to-night."

His tone, tenderly reproachful, is a new one to Mazie's ears. She is too strangely moved to find words readily.

Why should this elegant stranger, who looked grand enough to be lord or duke, be impatient for the time when he could speak a word to *her?*

"What is it you could wish to say, please?" she asks, calmly, after a slight pause. "I'm doubting you may take me for some one else, perhaps. I'm Mazie Logan. I'm Mark Logan's wife; him that's overseer at the Upper Pit."

"And I am Roderick Brande. I have come down from London to write a book about the collieries. That is my business, making books."

"Yes, sir. Then there's something, maybe, I could do for you, or my husband could, maybe?"

"Oh, I know your husband already, frank, good fellow! I've been down the shafts with him, and he has given me much information. Oh, no; I only wished to speak to you because I could not help wishing it, because, day and night, your face has haunted me, and because I think you are the loveliest woman my eyes have ever looked on!"

The sense of these impassioned words dawns but slowly on Mazie's mind. She has been bred to admiration, to the rough homage of men who nodded to her over their beer-pots, and spoke to her with their pipes between their teeth, but what name can she find for this strong yet delicate incense that floods her brain like a cloud of perfume? She is vaguely conscious that in some way it is wrong for her to listen. Her heart beats faster and she moves more quickly on.

Her companion keeps step with her for an instant, then he stands still.

"I will say nothing more if I annoy you," he says, in a grave, dignified voice, "and I will go no further; or, rather, I can follow you at a distance, until I see you safely at home. It will not be the first time."

Mazie also has paused. She is a few steps ahead of her escort, but she turns and comes back slowly until she stands before him.

"I doubt you've no wrong meaning," she says, gently; "but you've no call to talk to a married woman like she was but a girl in her freedom. My beauty's neither here nor there. You should not walk after me for the sake of *that!* I'd be a poor woman, and not worth much place in the world, if I was only to be liked and thought of for my face."

Mr. Roderick Brande was looking down very intently

at as much of the face in question as the darkness would permit him to scan, and he was smiling contentedly.

"I will never speak of your beauty again, and will never think of it," he said, earnestly. "Believe me, you never *could* have seemed beautiful to me if I had not felt you were innocent and good as well. You look as if you had been true and patient through a great suffering of some kind. It was that expression that made me first notice your face. Am I forgiven? Will you try to think of me as a friend who would be glad to render you any service, or save you from any trouble?"

"Yes," she said, huskily, for tears were rising fast. The knowledge that her settled sorrow had begun to show an outward expression was like a new, strange pain to her heart.

"I am indeed your friend! Believe it, even though we should never speak again! Now, let me walk with you as far as I may, and talk to me; tell me what trials you have had to bear—you, so young, so lovely!"

"I cannot!" she said, suddenly, with a rising sob. "And you must leave me now. You must never try to see me any more. My trouble is my own. No one can undo it. You're good and kind, but it's not right I should see you and talk with you any more."

"Only believe I am your friend," he said, quietly; "it will not be hard for me to leave you then; nor, I think, hard for me if I never should see you in life again."

"I do believe it."

"Well, now we can say good-by! Good-by, Mrs. Logan."

"Good-by, sir. I thank you, sir, and I wish you happy."

Their hands met in a long clasp.

"But you will not be angry if I come to the little chapel sometimes?"

No answer.

"And if I must not speak to you again, let me *this time* walk with you to the end of your journey, may I not?"

"Well, it is not far now, but you must not come again."

They went on very, very slowly, the sense of sweet companionship almost unbroken by words. When at last they parted, Mazie's cheeks were dry and her lips were smiling as they had not smiled for many a day.

"Here's a gentleman coming to look at the up-stairs room, Mazie. It'll maybe do him for his books and papers, while he's wantin' a quiet place to write in. He'll git it here, I'm thinking. Show 'im ther way, girl. That's the Mrs.'s business, ain't it, sir?"

But Mazie stood looking at her husband in speechless amazement. Roderick Brande had bowed good-morning to her, and was standing hat in hand in the vine-clad porch.

"Well, well, what's to pay? The gentleman knows it's only a poor place. Show him it and have done. He'll take it or leave it, that's all!"

"It's not fit. It wouldn't suit the gentleman, Mark," she said, stammeringly; "I know it wouldn't."

"Be pleased to follow me, sir, and we'll find out," said Mark, good-humoredly enough, beginning to mount the stairs.

Mr. Brande followed, but not without a deprecating glance at Mazie. She walked into her little kitchen and shut the door, and stood there leaning against it and panting like a hunted deer.

The footsteps rang overhead for a minute or two, then they sounded on the stairs again. Mark called Mazie, loudly, by her name. She did not stir. In a moment more he pushed against the door. Then she seemed to wake as from a dream. She moved away a little and turned to look at him as he entered.

"What's the matter with you?—you heard me call, I suppose? The gentleman's gone, but the place is taken for a month. You'll have to get to work now and side it up."

"Mark, he mustn't come here." The words broke from her into a cry. We can't let that man enter our house to live!"

"Can't we? *I* can. He'll send a few things this afternoon. What's the matter with you, Mazie? Are you afraid you'll wear your broom out keepin' clean?"

"Mark, don't let him come!" She put both hands on her husband's arm, imploringly. "I've not asked you for a-many things, have I, since we married, but I ask you, and I beg you, not to let him come!"

"Well, he's comin', my lass! It's settled now. What's got wi' you? Do you know aught as is against him?"

"Nothing," she faltered, turning away and mechanically taking up a piece of work from her basket. "Only there's places enough i' the town. He's no call to come this length for a lodging."

"Well, he's got one for a month, any way, and the money's in my pocket. A new dress'll come out of it for you, too, when I get it changed. That's the talk, now isn't it, Mazie? You'll not have to feed him. He'll go to the hotel below for meals, and do you do your best for him while he's here, that's all!"

Mark went away, whistling in high good-humor. Mazie could see that he had been drinking, but that of late had been an everyday occurrence. It did not matter—nothing mattered now. She had given herself up to Fate.

In the afternoon some pretty furniture came for the little room that was in perfect readiness to receive it. It was after dark when Mr. Brande himself arrived. Mark was smoking on the porch, having staid at home for the occasion. Mazie was nowhere to be seen, but she appeared presently in obedience to her husband's call and stood in the doorway, her beautifully molded figure showing in full relief against the light within.

Roderick Brande was used to silks and laces, but he wondered, dreamily, if any dress that woman ever wore was half such a marvel of grace as Mazie's coarse serge gown, pink neckerchief and apron of bleached linen, or if in the world again there could be found such wealth of jetty hair on such a graceful head. She gave him a civil good-evening, and listened patiently to her husband's commands, then withdrew. Roderick saw her presently carrying a lighted lamp up to his room. Instantly the beginning of a poem came into his mind. He did not sleep that night until he had finished it.

Roderick Brande had been under the same roof with Mazie Logan nearly a month, and Mazie had grown accustomed to his presence, as people will, in time, to the strangest conditions imposed on them by Fate. On the day following his arrival they had a long, earnest talk, and since then few words had passed between them, but eyes spoke to eyes so constantly that little seemed left unsaid. After all, perhaps, words would have been a safer form of expression than this mute, thrilling speech that passed from soul to soul. Mark had been kinder to Mazie since the advent of the stranger, but enough of his natural roughness in word and manner remained to explain to Roderick fully the sadness in Mazie's beautiful eyes. Mazie's pride had made her very careful to avoid giving her husband any cause for anger against her, and

Roderick's tender sympathy toward her had softened her whole being to a new, womanly gentleness. It was not hard for her now to bear "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Her life had put on strong, invisible armor; the blows glanced aside that used to hurt and wound her. All the world seemed changed to Mazie and made beautiful, until one night——

She had been sitting watching for Mark from the window—it was very, very late. He had been drinking heavily for some days, and left her in the morning with an oath by way of farewell, but she had been happy enough all day with her work and her happy thoughts. Now, as the night wore on, anxiety and fear came with it. She had been listening for his footstep so long that she had lost count of time, and began to think it must be nearly morning. Moving softly to the door, at last, she opened it noiselessly, intending to go down-stairs and look at the little clock on the mantel, but the door of Mr. Brande's room stood open wide; his light was burning brightly, and he was looking at her with a smile.

"You're not awake all this long time, sir? It's late, isn't it?—very late?"

THE YELLOW MARGUERITE.

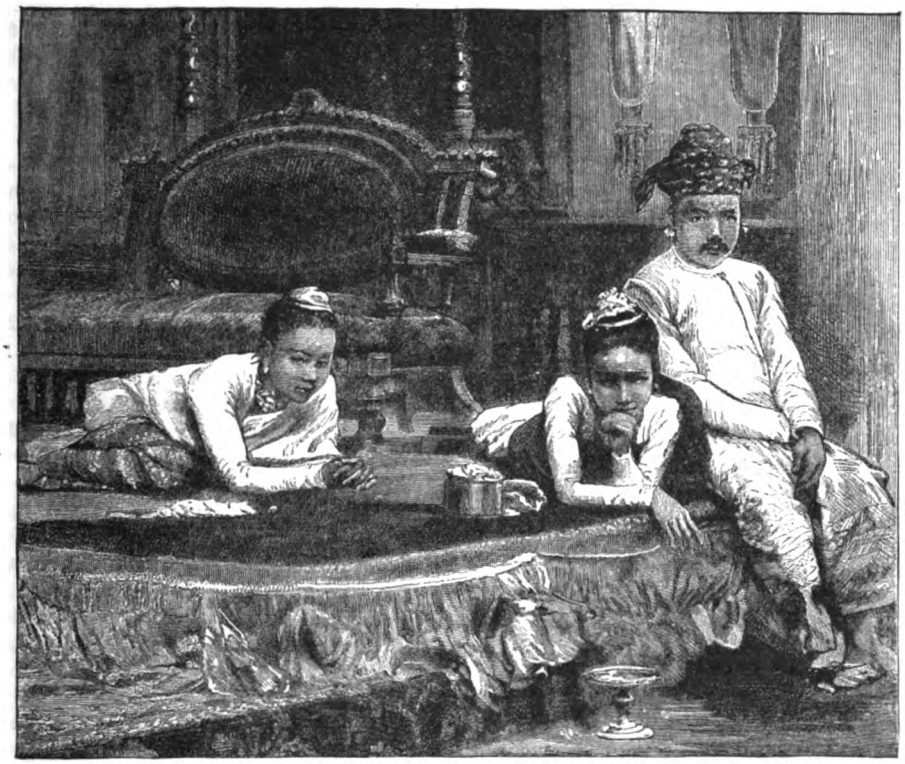
"Come and see,"—he held his watch toward her—"my eyes are tired to-night."

She then crossed the threshold unhesitatingly and stood by his side, looking down at the little time-piece.

"It's midnight, just."

"My poor Mazie! You have been watching, and I have been watching with you. Poor, anxious girl!"

"Oh, you are kind, but I'm used to waiting for Mark." She tried to smile, but her lips trembled at the corners and she turned her head away.



A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—KING THEBAW AND HIS TWO QUEENS.
SEE PAGE 299.

"He must come soon now, Mazie!" He took her hand gently between his own. "Do you know that I have been sitting here thinking how soon the time must come when I can see you no more, when I can't even keep you company waiting for Mark! And I wonder what I will do with my life after that, and what you will do with yours! My poor child, is it to be year after year like *this?* Do you think your soul will be strong enough to bear it?"

She put her hand up to her eyes a moment, pressing back the tears, then looked down steadily at the handsome, pleading face.

"What's left else to me but to bear it? What's left else to any married woman? I'm only thankful to God—so thankful I've no children!"

A sob would force itself past her lips.

"But I can't bear it for you, Mazie. How can I go away from you"—he drew her to his side unchecked, and leaned his head against her arm—"and picture you here, night after night, lonely and unloved, your great, sweet nature wasted, your beauty cast away? Tell me, how I can bear this misery for you and for myself?"

"Oh, I do not know," she said, sobbing wildly. "You—you shouldn't have come. It's harm to both of us—it's sin and sorrow. The sooner you go the better—the better for me." He rose, he stood beside her, strangely agitated. Her frankness had pierced him like the cry of a helpless child.

"Yes, Mazie, you are right." He spoke the words with strong effort. "We must part. I meant to tell

BURMESE MINISTER OF STATE.

COSTUME OF BURMESE AMBASSADORS.

you that to-morrow or the next day I must leave Cranston. I am called away—abroad for a year or so—and, oh, but Mazie, Mazie! is it wicked for me to think that if you cared for me—let me say it, dear, this once—as I care for you, if you trusted me, if you had in your heart a hundredth part of the love that burns in mine, you would come with me——"

She started as if an electric shock had passed through her, then stood perfectly still, looking straight before her with dilated eyes. Roderick's arm encircled her gently. She did not heed.

"Mazie, we could go where no one would ever know us," he continued, scarcely above a whisper. "You would be safe with me always. It is not my fault, dear, nor is it yours, that I cannot claim you before the world——"

She moved back quickly, pushing him from her with all her strength.

"Mark is coming! I hear his footsteps."

"Mazie, dearest!"

"Yes! I tell you yes."

She flung away his clasp and hurried down the stairway. Roderick closed his door and locked it noiselessly.

It was indeed Mark, flushed and unsteady, but not in the helpless state of intoxication that made him like a child in Mazie's hands.

"You've been settin' up again, and cryin' again." He eyed Mazie with a look that was meant to be tolerant. "Well, it's all you're good for, and I don't see as it does me any harm."

"I thought you might want help," she answered, tremblingly. "I was afraid maybe you'd not be able to get up-stairs alone."

"Don't trouble about that. I've come to fetch something. You won't see me here till morning. I've got things on hand to-night."

"Mark! you're not going out again."

"That's just it. I'm going out to stay out." He walked unsteadily to the shelf in the corner and took down a pair of brass knuckles, which he dropped into his pocket. Then, with a threatening air, he returned to Mazie. "No words out of *you* about this! Lock the door and get to bed. You hear me, now?"

"Is there trouble at the pits?" she faltered.

"There's no trouble at the pits as I know of; but there'll be trouble here. I want no talk, Mazie, mind that!"

She walked after him, quickly and firmly, to the door. She laid her hand on him and kept it there.

"Mark, you mustn't leave me here to-night." All the color had gone from her face. She was shaking from head to foot. "I tell you you mustn't leave me!"

"I *musta't*, eh? Is that the word?" He eyed her scornfully. "I'd like to know why, mistress?"

"Because I can't stay," she answered, breathlessly. "I can't stay here alone!"

He stared at her a moment.

"Alone? Isn't what's his name up-stairs?"

She flashed on him the strangest look that ever passed from a woman's eyes.

"I won't stay, Mark! If you go, I shall certainly go with you, too."

"You'll what?"

He seemed for a moment speechless with rage.

"Yes," she answered, pale and quiet; "I'll follow you. I won't be left. I've made my mind to that."

"When I tell you to stay here at home, them's my orders. You'll follow me, will you?"

"I will."

"Well, we'll see."

They were standing in the little hall together. From a nail on the wall behind him Mark pulled down a piece of leather bridle that was hanging there, caught Mazie by both arms and forced her back into the little parlor. She struggled violently, but uttered no sound nor cry. He went in with her and closed the door.

A moment later Roderick Brande, moving restlessly about his room up-stairs, heard a strange stamping noise, a succession as of queer, dull thuds, and the sound of a heavy fall. He started and listened attentively, thinking it might be Mark in a worse condition than usual, perhaps resisting Mazie's efforts to help him; but at that instant the house door banged loudly, and Mark's step went quickly down the boarded walk. He knew the heavy tread too well to be mistaken. It was firmer than usual; but what errand could take him from his home at that late hour? And Mazie? If Mark had been ill-treating her, she would surely have made some outcry. He went into the hall and leaned over the stair-rail. The house was perfectly silent. A rim of light shone under the parlor door. He waited minutes and minutes, expecting to hear some reassuring sound, but the oppressive stillness continued until he could bear it no longer. He descended quickly in sudden dread, and threw open the parlor door. Mazie lay where she had fallen, partly on the floor, partly against the gay, chintz-covered lounge, her black hair hanging loose to her knees, her dress half torn from her arms and shoulders, and the bare, beautiful skin crossed with livid stripes.

"Mazie!"

He stooped and lifted her as if she had been a child, but she struggled away from his embrace and stood leaning with one hand on a chair.

"I fell!" she said, panting and looking at him like some wild, desperate creature at bay.

Roderick laid his clinched fist on the table.

"I will have his life!" he said, slowly. "He will die for this!"

Then, with a step, he stood at Mazie's side. He laid his face down on her bruised shoulder and kissed the cruel marks.

"Oh, God!" he murmured, almost sobbing, "you suffered this, and I was near you and did not know! Was that fair to me, Mazie?—to your lover who would die for you?"

She put one hand on his head, and, with a sort of anguished smile, looked down at him.

"And that's the truth!" she said, brokenly. "You are my lover! An ignorant, poor soul like me! I believe it; I believe it now! It's wrong, I know, but other things are wrong! The world's wrong for most of us!"

"For you, my poor, poor darling! my wounded dove! it has been very wrong!" he answered, tremulously. "Mazie, you must come with me now. You must let me care for you. There is room enough on this earth for us all to be happy in, and God knows you have suffered your share. Let me show you now what love can do."

"Yes," she said, calmly; "I am going with you." Her smile wrung his heart. "We will go to-night. I tried to save myself. I was afraid that Mark would leave me with you here alone. I'm not afraid now. That's over with. But listen, dear! I know what I'm going to! I don't ask you to love me always. No, nor for long. Men can't, I think; but oh, be kind to me, be kind! Afterward, when we are not lovers any more, think of me as if I were your sister that had gone astray, and never scorn me as men do! Promise, promise!"

She was still holding his head and looking down at

him with her dark, imploring gaze, but there was no passion in their meeting eyes, nor in the touch with which they clasped each other.

"I will. I do. God helping me, I promise."

"And Mark, you will not harm *him?* No, not in any way? He will be hurt enough!"

She laid her face down, sobbing, on Roderick's arm.

Mazie was hurrying, cloaked and vailed, through the gateway of her little home for the last time. Roderick had already gone on to the station before her, where they were to meet and take the early train to London. There was danger in their being seen together, while if Mazie alone were encountered wandering abroad at that unseemly hour, people would merely think she was in search of her erring husband and give her sympathy as she passed on. She heard the gate-latch click behind her for the last time, and turned her face resolutely toward the new, strange life that awaited her as if she had always known this hour must come. The road was very dark under the shadow of the skirting trees, but high above, in the eastward, the silver dawn was rising, clear and still. No murmur of life had yet begun to stir in the hedges or among the overhanging boughs, but before Mazie had walked a hundred yards a very definite sound forced itself on her ear. Some one was coming toward her from the village, and coming quickly, too. Her first thought was of her husband, and she drew back and stood in the shadow, looking anxiously along the road. The foot did not sound like Mark's, and in a moment more she was breathing freely. The figure that came in view was very tall and awkward, every way unlike the one she dreaded to see.

It was coming to her, nevertheless. A neighbor's face was looking at her strangely, and a neighbor's voice was saying, in low, odd tones:

"Were you lookin' for *him*, missis? They're bringing him along. I came up to tell you. Don't you be frightened. He'll maybe not be much the worse. The boys is got 'im on a stretcher-like."

"What!" she asked, hoarsely; "something's wrong wi' Mark?"

"They'd a fight below, the boys had, and Mark he was downed. He laid like a log till they took him up. He'll maybe have some bones broke, but don't you take on now, missis. It's like he might get over it, the doctor said."

She was walking rapidly down the road, as if there was nothing else in the world left for her to do but to reach her husband's side. She felt no impulses of love, neither pity nor forgiveness, only that she *must* be near him if he needed aid. As she came out into a clear space on the road she saw the slowly moving crowd of men with a burden in their midst. At a signal from the young surgeon who walked with them, they set the stretcher down, and as she approached stood apart from it and her. Under a slowly brightening sky, in the wonderful hush of dawn, the husband and the wife were looking at each other with sad, white faces.

"Do you know me, Mark?"

The great tears gathered in his eyes and rolled heavily down his face.

"I can't move my hands, Mazie; the hands that hurt you hard last night. It's right they're punished." She had to stoop her head low over his mouth to hear the words. "But Mazie, for sake of Him as forgives poor sinners, say ye forgive me now?"

"Yes, Mark; yes."

"Full and free?"

"Oh, full and free."

"Then kiss me once, my girl. You've been a good, good wife to me."

"Oh, hush, Mark, hush, for God's sake."

Her face was twisted with a tearless agony.

"I'd say it to the world," he answered, smiling through all his pain. "A good, good wife, and no one can't say different. Stay with me, Mazie; take hold of this cruel hand, dear, and walk beside me. We will soon be home."

The surgeon made a hurried signal to the bearers, and spread a white handkerchief gently over Mark's face. They lifted the stretcher and moved slowly on. Mazie walked by her husband's side back to the little home she had deserted.

Roger Brande, pacing restlessly up and down the station platform, watching eagerly along the road in a fever of impatience, stood suddenly still and listened with a growing pallor, to the voices of two men who were heaping baggage on a trundle car near him.

"Aye, he's killed for sure, poor Mark. He worn't a good 'n to tackle; but he's been drinkin' the days back. and fellas from the lower mouth as had a grudge set on him, so they say. His toime had comed, annyway. Shove the lower end, Jake."

"An' thar's no tellin' who done it for sairtain?"

"Tha'll find 'n out, man, sure for that. Them's as had a grudge on Mark Logan is well knowed 'n Cranston."

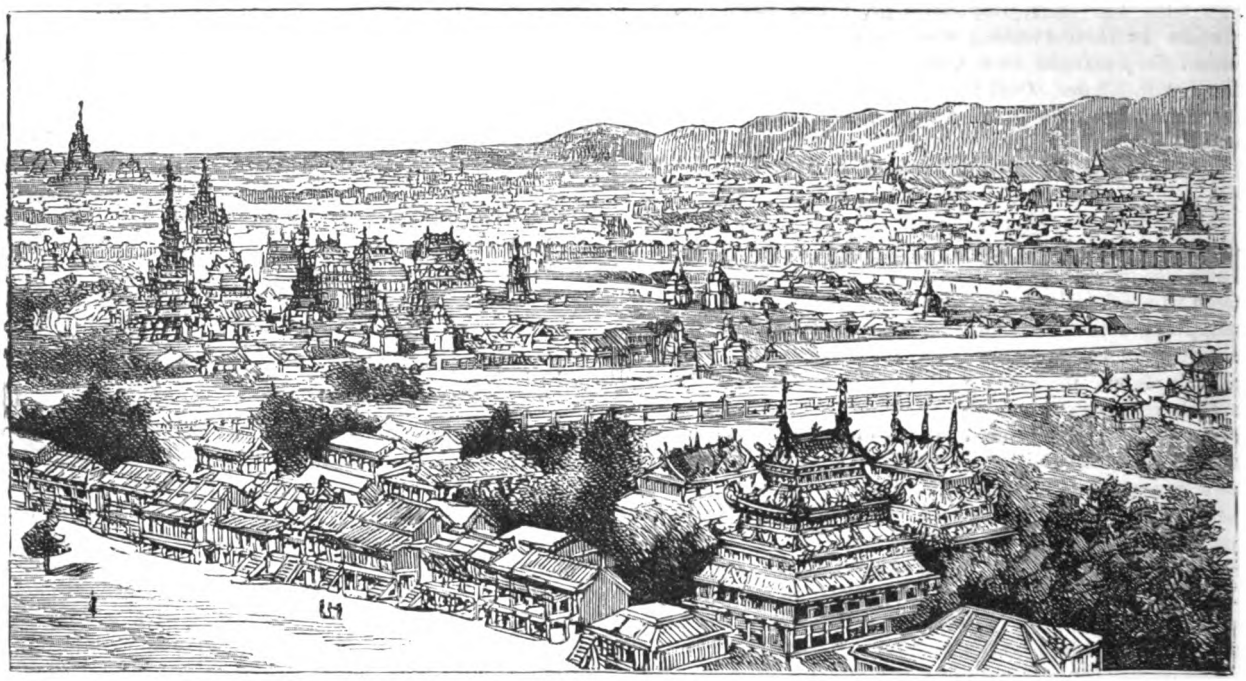
"Ay, it's well as he's left no family wi'out support, too."

"Only his misses. She was comin' down the road a bit to look for 'n, tha' sed, when tha' carried 'n up. Lift a bit more this way, the other box 'll, maybe, fit in here."

Roderick started like a sleeper from some baleful dream. He walked quickly along the platform trying to realize the significance of the words he had overheard—their significance for *him*. This, then, was the reason he had waited in vain, and now she would not come! It seemed, for a moment, impossible to comprehend, to believe. His thoughts jostled each other in painful confusion.

Mazie was free. This fact was the first to stand out vividly before him, and his brain gradually began its course of keen analysis. Now that the way was clear, now that no obstacle stood between him and his desire, he could see a hundred reasons against its honorable fulfillment that had not opposed themselves to his less honorable intent. He had been willing to accept the whole sacrifice of Mazie's life because he loved her; but that was a very different thing from making sacrifices of his own for the same reason. This lovely, passionate, uncultured creature, ardently as he worshiped her beauty, deeply as he felt her charm, was he prepared to take her to the place at his side in the face of the world, especially his own little literary world, where neither grace, goodness nor beauty could fill the place of bookish culture? Mazie, a widow, at her dead husband's side, was surely a different Mazie from the outraged woman, flushed, palpitating, desperate in her glorious beauty, ready to fling to the winds the bonds that held her for his sake. The shadow of Death had come between them. He felt its chill. It would be well, at least, for both of them, he argued, to let some time pass, and well for him to think the matter out rationally and calmly, away from the bewildering influence of Mazie's voice and eyes.

The train that was to have borne her with him to their



A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—VIEW OF MANDALAY, CAPITAL OF BURMAH.—SEE PAGE 299.

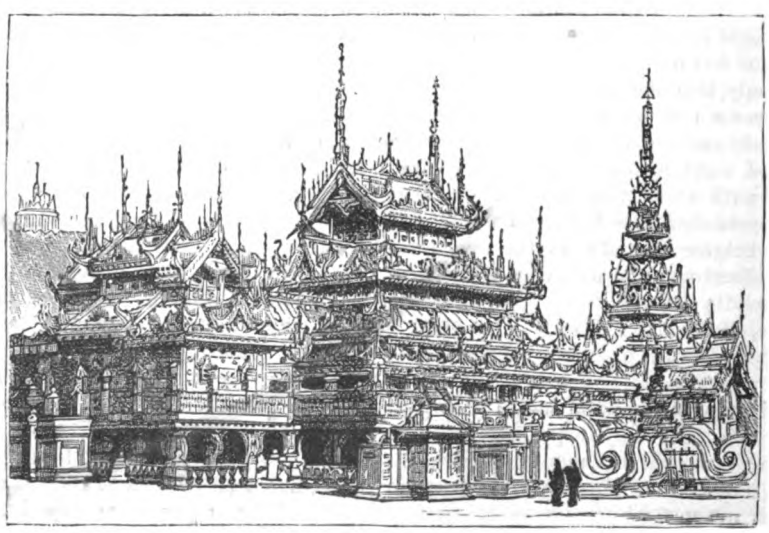
new, untried life together, came thundering down the track, and Roderick, catching up the little valise that held his MSS., stepped on board alone.

It was years before Roderick Brande could quite forget the beautiful North country woman whose life he had so nearly ruined; but he only saw her once again. Before quitting England he had sent her a letter offering help and sympathy, and inclosing a bank note. The money came back to him by return mail without an accompanying word, and he felt that for the present, at least, no further demonstration would be advisable in that direction.

When he returned to England nearly two years had passed away, and yet almost his first impulse was to run down to Cranston, if only to get a glimpse of the face that had haunted him—that would haunt him always, he began to think. He put aside imperative social duties and made the journey, a sort of penitent pilgrimage, not wholly devoted to regret, nor entirely devoid of vague, indefinable hope. Of course he could not marry Mazie, that was every way impossible; but it would relieve his mind, and do no harm in any way, simply to *see* her again, himself, perhaps, unseen.

It was early Spring and early morning when he arrived at the little dusty village, and walked through the unchanged, familiar streets. A little more coal dust, a few more straggling houses, some slight attempt at showiness in the shop windows, otherwise the place seemed quite unaltered. He found himself remembered well, and heartily greeted as he passed along the town to the quiet little hotel at the upper end. This had changed hands, and here he was received as a stranger, and allowed to eat his breakfast and read the newspapers in a state of solitary grandeur that would scarcely have been permitted under the former *régime*. He lounged about for a couple of hours, trying to make up his mind to boldly inquire as to the fate of Mark Logan's widow, yet strangely dreading to resolve his uncertainty into any certain form. At last, as the days advanced in warmth and pleasantness, he strolled out into the sunshine and across the bridge where he had first met Mazie, and so along the road he had so often traversed, on and on to the white gate of the little garden. The place had been improved, he saw at a glance, and wore an aspect of comfort and even respectability. There was a bright knocker, now, on the hall door; the garden plots were neatly outlined by gravel walks, and the hawthorn hedge showed careful trimming.

"It is probably no longer Mazie's home," Roderick thought, pausing half unconsciously beside the gate. "I was foolish to suppose she could still be here."



ROYAL PALACE, MANDALAY.

Then, on the next instant, he was looking at her face to face. She had stepped from the porch holding a dark-eyed child by the arm, a tiny, dimpled creature, just beginning to walk, and did not raise her eyes from watching the tottering feet as she advanced toward him. "Mazie." The word broke from his lips. He entered the gate quickly, putting out both his hands in warm, impulsive greeting. It was so wonderful to see her again—the dark, handsome face, the jetty braids, the perfect contour of arm and shoulder. All the beauty that his mind had dwelt on was again before his sight. She had been smiling at the baby, but her smile died as she saw him. She gave him one hand. He held and clasped it, and they stood looking at each other in silence for a long minute.

"You remember me, then? You have not forgotten your friend?" Roderick asked, when he could find voice enough to speak steadily.

The large, steadfast gaze of her dark eyes had brought back a rush of memories that almost overswept his calmness.

"Surely not," she answered, with a kind of wonder in her tone. "You're but little changed—browner, maybe; but it's not like I'd forget you, anyway, Mr. Brande."

"And you are Mazie still." His heart was beating painfully fast. "Beautiful as ever; but you are happier now!'

Her face, indeed, wore an expression of deep contentment, and her smile, when it came, was very tranquil. His eyes followed her fond glance to the little uplifted face beside her.

"Yes. I see your eyes and hair, Mazie. You are married again!"

The words were hard to say, but they must be uttered.

"This is my little girl. I'm married still to Mark, sir, if you mean *that?*"

"Mark! Is Mark alive?"

"Mark's alive, surely, didn't you know?"

"I heard he was dead. That he was killed the morning that I—that we—that I went away. I heard so *afterward!* And it wasn't true?"

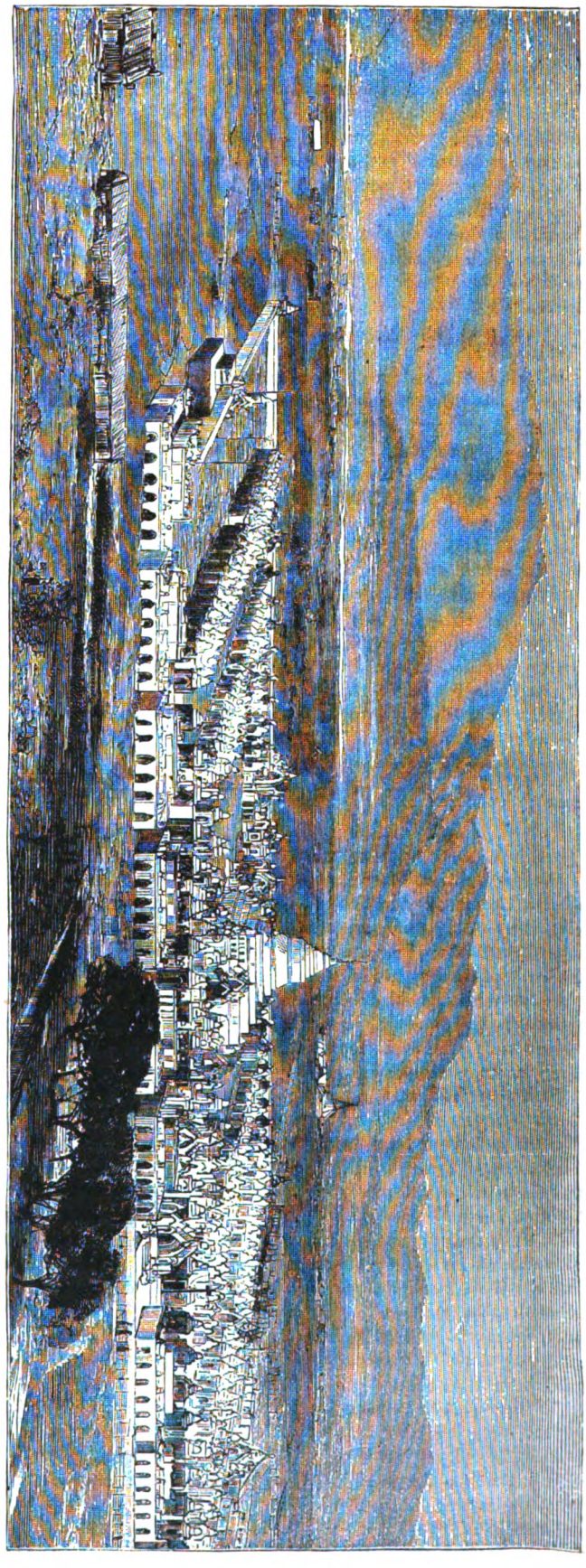
"He was badly hurt," she answered, gravely. A deep blush had crimsoned her face. "They brought him in for dead. It was hours he lay like that, and the doctors said he'd never raise his head. Times and times we thought he was gone, but God's spared him to a better life. He's not the Mark you used to know, sir; he's a changed man—a good father and kind husband."

"It was your work, Mazie. I see it in your face," Roderick said, impetuously.

"I don't know. Maybe! Mark says I saved him soul and body. Nine weeks I stayed at his bedside, day and night. Times he was so low he couldn't hear nor answer me; but he's lived to pay me over and over again with his love and kindness."

"You noble woman!" There was something like moisture in Roderick's blue eyes. "And you forgave him all?"

"I thought he'd maybe never speak to me again," she said, in a very low voice, "and I knew that I—that I had something in my mind to be sorry for and to be forgiven for if he was spared. You were wrong to show me away from



A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—THE KING'S PAGODA, MANDALAY.—SEE PAGE 296.

my duty," she added, slowly fixing him with her earnest, tender eyes. "And I thank my God Almighty for the trouble that stopped my way. I was going to you only for that."

"Mazie!" he murmured, brokenly. Her gentleness seemed to strike him like a scourge.

"It was heavy and hard to bear," she went on, softly, lifting her baby and speaking with her cheek against its pretty cheek, "for my heart wasn't right to Mark, and many a time my strength was near to giving way, and I had no wish to live. But I went through poverty and loneliness down to the door of death with Mark, and I brought him back to life again, and then I told him as I had been tempted and all the truth, and how my heart had turned to you, and I was ready to follow you and all!"

"Brave soul!"

"I thought he would strike me from him, and I didn't care. But, no! He reached his hand out and took hold of me."

"'As long as you didn't go, Mazie, I'm not caring for the rest,' he said. 'You'd served me out, and no pity to me if you had. But there'll be no man in God's world can win you from me now if I'm spared to be near you. Mind that, my dear.' And that was all he said, and he never spoke of it any more."

"And you think he had no hard feeling toward *me?*"

"He never said so, but I'm sure it wouldn't be right as you'd ever meet again, you two. God was good to us, too good for our deserving, but it's better for us all we'd keep apart."

A little while afterward, when Roderick Brande had kissed the face of Mazie's sleeping child, he looked his last on Mazie's beautiful face and went out of her life for ever.

LETTER-WRITING.

When the first letter was written, or who the inventor of writing was, is a problem hidden in the unfathomable obscurity of the early ages; and, indeed, in all probability, the art of writing was never *invented* at all, but grew up out of the symbols and hieroglyphics which were used as a means of communication; just as sculpture, painting and poetry slowly ripened from the faltering essays of primeval man into glorious fullness and beauty.

The first notice of a written letter (continues an American contemporary) appears in the Second Book of Samuel, where we are told that David wrote a letter to Joab, commanding him to "set Uriah in the fore front of the hottest battle, and retire from him, that he might be smitten and die."

It seems a pity that, on the first recorded occasion when this charming art was put into requisition it was in the service of crime; nor is it more pleasing to recollect those letters, written in Ahab's name and sealed with his seal, which his wicked wife sent to the elders of Jezreel, ordering them to summon false witnesses against Naboth, and have him stoned to death.

We are glad to turn to the letter sent to Alexander the Great, warning him that the King of Persia had bribed Philip, his physician, to poison him. The great conqueror was too noble-hearted himself to believe in the treachery of his servant; and when Philip brought him a draught of medicine, the king put the letter into his hand and immediately drained the cup.

Portions of the letters of Alexander himself have come down to us. They are all written to his mother, Olympias, the proud and three-fingered lady who so sorely interfered with Antipater in his government of Macedon that that much-enduring individual sent many complaints to his master.

"Ah!" said Alexander, "Antipater does not know that one tear of a mother will blot out ten thousand of his letters!"

When Cleomenes, the brave young King of Sparta, about two hundred years before the Christian era, was struggling against the superior might of the Achæans, he sought help from Egypt, which he found was only to be obtained by sending his mother and his two little children as hostages to Alexandria. With true Spartan courage, the venerable queen bade her son farewell; and, as soon as she reached her destination, sent him a letter bidding him "act for the good of his country, without regard to the safety of a useless old woman or a helpless child."

All must remember the letter the "Serpent of Old Nile" sent to her captor, which caused him to hurry in dismay to her prison-house, only to find the beautiful captive, who had preferred death to the disgrace of being dragged through the street in Roman triumph, lying royally robed and crowned, in glorious magnificence and loveliness, with the tiny death-mark of the asp's sharp fang stamped on the polished beauty of her arm.

Passing to more recent times, we find Ethelberga, the wife of Edwin of Northumbria, receiving a Latin letter and a golden comb from the then-pope; Fulk, of Anjou, writing contemptuously to his suzerain, that "an unlettered king is but a crowned ass"; and Maude, of Scotland, the good "Queen Molde," of ancient English chroniclers, writing an epistle to Archbishop Anselm, in which, probably through the medium of some priestly secretary, she styles him her "worthily reverenced lord," and herself "the lowest of the handmaidens of his holiness."

"Take care of thyself; the devil is unchained," was Lackland's laconic missive to the French king when Cœur de Lion regained his freedom; and Isabel, "She-wolf of France," wrote letters as plausible and fair-seeming as herself, bringing heavy charges against her luckless husband.

Margaret Anjou, in the pauses of that troublous warfare that filled so large a portion of her life, found time to write many letters.

In spite of the strenuous efforts of Edward IV. to secure all the documents which issued from her hand; in spite, even, of the penalty of death, which he imposed on all persons who, possessing letters from her, did not surrender them to the Government, many of them were preserved by the recipients, and handed down to an age whose clearer insight, devoid of party feeling, can sympathize with and admire the high-hearted spirit of the dauntless royal lady who warred with such leonine energy for her husband and her son, even while deploring the blunting of that tender feminine gentleness which forms the chief ornament of woman.

A still more striking instance of this is to be found in the letters of Richard III., whom history and tradition unite in portraying as the perfection—if one may so speak—of villainy. They are kind-hearted, and full of consideration for his wife, the hapless Anne Neville. One of them is a request to Louis XI. to send over some Burgundy and wines of Haute France, for the comfort and refreshing of his consort when she had fallen ill. In another, he bestirs himself energetically to rectify some injustice which had been wrought against the governess of his son, the boy Prince Edward. It is hard to recog-

nize in this genial and considerate letter-writer the ruthless usurper and the murderer of two innocent children.

As great an anomaly confronts us in the case of Philip II., of Spain. In his letters to his daughters, only recently discovered in Turin, he appears as a tender, almost passionately devoted father, distressed beyond measure at the illness of one of his children, deeply interested in the smallest details of their daily life, and charmed with the little presents of fruits and childish sketches they sent him. "Time unvails truth" was a favorite motto of his sad wife, Mary Tudor; and it is pleasant to think there were some light tints even in his portrait, and that he was not so utterly cold and heartless as we have been accustomed to believe.

Henry VIII. could write very tender epistles to his "darling" Anne Boleyn; that poor lady, dazzled by the glitter of England's diadem; forgetting that one who had forsaken his faithful wife of twenty years for more youthful charms was scarcely the man whose protestations of unalterable affection could be treated with implicit reliance. Her agonized appeal to her royal murderer in sadly different days, pathetic though it be, is not more so than the last letter of Katharine of Arragon sent to her "most dear lord, king and husband"—the man who had ruined her life, driven her from her home, stained her fair fame with unmerited obloquy, and whom—she loved.

Queen Elizabeth and her lovely rival were both active letter-writers, and much correspondence passed between the "loving sisters": one, writing from her palaces of Richmond and Greenwich; the other, from the numerous mansions which served as royal jails, where Mary of Scotland chafed within her prison-bars, till the long heart-break of her life was ended in the dark-draped walls of Fotheringay.

A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.

By Charles Chaille Long.

Recent events in Burmah lend a peculiar interest to the "Land of the White Elephant." A glance at the map of Asia will show a country lying between 18° 30 and 26° 30′ north parallels, and 93° 30′ and 98° 40 east longitude from Greenwich. The Empire of Burmah, known to the ancients as "India beyond the Ganges," covers an area of 120,000 square miles and has a population estimated at 4,000,000 souls. A great wave of Indo-Chinese invasion from beyond the Himalayas has for centuries swept along the Rivers Baramputra and Sandhu and down the Irrawaddy into the Delta and overflowed a mighty Indian civilization, the vestiges of which may still be seen in the ruins which mark the environs of the cities of Amarapura, Ava and mediæval Pegu.

China, from an early period down to a late day, has made repeated invasions for the conquest of the coveted country. In 1835 she had not abandoned the hope of success, and, as evidence of her jealous ambition, the Emperor Tau-Kaung addressed to the King at Ava the following characteristic note:

> "With respect to Younger Brother's Empire, it is not proper to allow the English, after they have made war, and peace has been settled, to remain in the city. They are accustomed to act like the peepul-tree (*i.e.*, to spread and take such hold that they cannot be eradicated). Let not Younger Brother, therefore, allow the English to remain in his country, and, if anything happens, Elder Brother will attack, take and give."

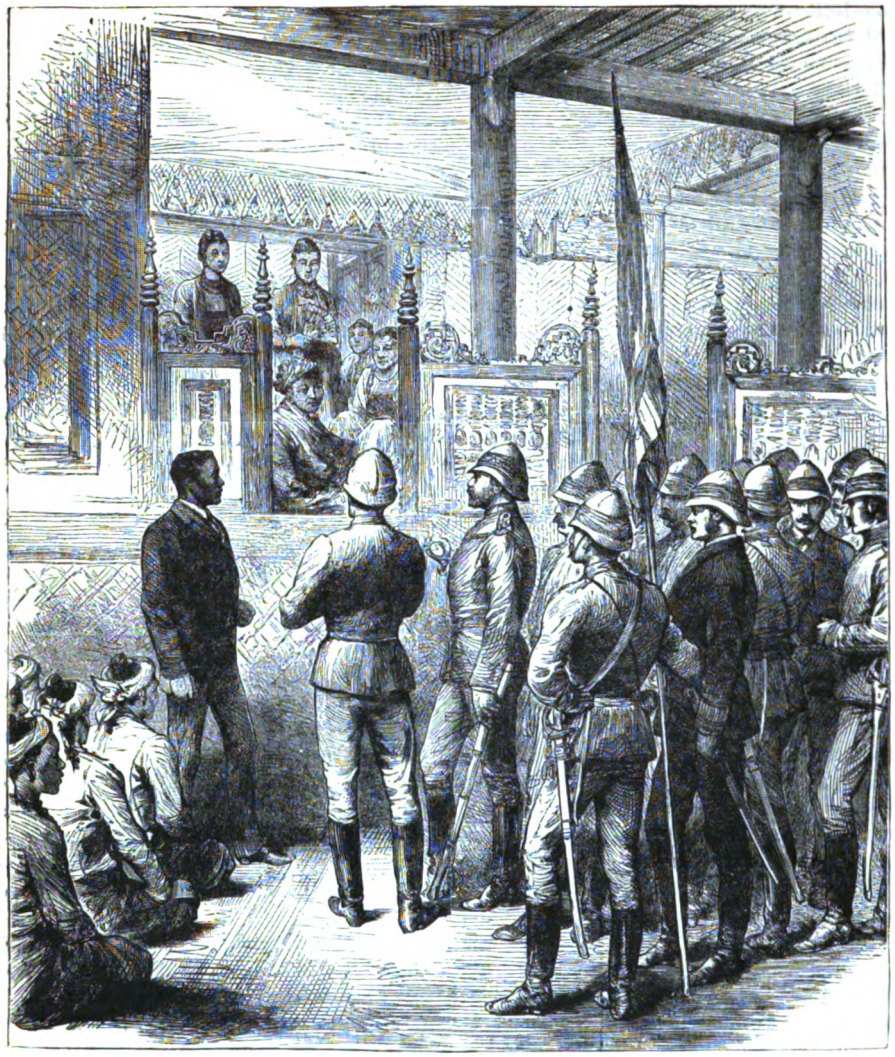
Tau-Kaung's reference to the peepul is not without its lesson, for the English are now in Burmah and Younger Brother is in prison in India. The English invasions of 1824 and 1852, based upon the most ridiculous pretexts, have culminated in the present occupation. Phagyi-Dau was King in 1824, and showed a marked appreciation of the situation when he said that he "had taken hold of a tiger's tail and that he felt it to be as dangerous to hold on as to let go."

Thebaw acceded to the throne of Burmah in 1879. Shortly after there was consummated one of those crimes of the Palace of which the Orient is ever the theatre. A long line of pretenders, princes and princesses cast a cloud on the somewhat uncertain title of Thebaw. So, at least, thought Woon-Min-gyee, the Premier, and the Princess whose daughter or daughters Thebaw promised to make Queen. Plots were laid and "inductions dangerous" to compel the King to pronounce the necessary sentence against his royal kinsmen. The wily Premier and the monstrous mother-in-law in prospect finally succeeded, and one day, wearied with the intrigue, Thebaw pronounced the fatal "*Shin-ba-say*," which means, "Let them be cleared away," and eighty-six royal heads rolled into the panier of Thebaw's "spotted man" or headsman.

When Thebaw had been duly consecrated with holy water, after the manner of the pohnnas (priests), he proproposed, as in duty bound, to his energetic mother-in-law to make Selin-Soo-Payah, the daughter, his Queen; but, strange to say, Selin-Soo flatly refused the bloody-handed King, cut off her hair and hied to a nunnery. The King, to avenge his wounded pride, caused her two handmaidens to be rendered handless. Soo-Payah-Lat was the second daughter, and Thebaw, by direction of the mother, transferred his affections to her and took her to wife.

Lat possessed all the tiger-like proclivities of the mother, and Thebaw, what between the mother and daughter, wished that he had been "*Shin-ba-sayed*" a thousand times rather than his unlucky kinsmen. It happened, one day, that Lat and the mother went out for an airing and in their absence Thebaw conceived a grand resolution and straightway espoused Kutchi-Kutchee, daughter of Kampat-Mingyee, one of his Ministers. Imagine the rage of mother-in-law and Queen No. 1 upon their return! Madame Thebaw, *née* Kutchee, was summarily driven out of the Palace, and thereafter a regiment of the guard was required to protect her from the violence of Lat and the Queen mother. Thebaw refused persistently to pronounce the fatal "*Shin-ba-say*," which Burman etiquette exacts before being sent to the happy land of *Nehban*. Such was the social and domestic status of the royal family when the British attacked and occupied Mandalay, several months ago. Among the quidnuncs of the capital there are not a few who whisper that British intervention was privately invoked that Thebaw might free himself from his mother-in-law and Soo-Payah-Lat. Be that as it may, the happy family are now in prison at Rutnagherry, India, whilst a British Resident reigns in the "Palace of the Lord of Life and Death and of the White Elephant" at Mandalay.

Mandalay, the capital, is the Chicago of Burmah. Founded in 1857, when the King removed from Amarapura, it has now a population of 150,000. The city, like all Chinese and Indo-Chinese official capitals, is divided into two separate towns. The "walled city" is set apart for Government officials and soldiery, and the outer town for the common people. The former covers a space of one and one-eighth miles square, surrounded by walls 26



THEBAW SURRENDERS TO THE ENGLISH.

feet high and 3 feet thick, with battlements at intervals with wooden towers, protected by a moat 60 feet wide, and over which several bridges give access to the city. Streets 100 feet wide run parallel to the walls, and, planted with trees, they lend a very pleasant effect.

The Palace is in the centre of the city, surrounded by a stockade with turreted gateways through an inner wall of brick. Within, is the Hall of Audience, the Treasury and the Arsenal. The residence of the King in the Palace is an armory of itself, and is intended to secure the Government from any revolution from without.

The city was fired on the 15th of April, of this year, by the Dacoits or robbers, although it is believed that they were instigated by Prince Myinzaing, the most formidable of the Alompra pretenders. This act, coupled with the announcement that the British forces have experienced a serious check at Sawaddy, would indicate that the conquest of Burmah is by no means complete, and may yet add another chapter to the long list of disasters which marks British ventures during the last decade.

A visit to the Court of King Thebaw was a matter of much complicated etiquette, and not unlike that which prevailed at the Court of the barbarian King of Uganda. No subject could approach the latter except prostrate on the belly *Yanzigging* all the while. So, before King Thebaw, one must be flat on the ground and *She-Khouging* in salutation, closely resembling the African etiquette. A stranger, however, is compelled to tuck his feet under him, no matter what his rank; for it is considered *infra dig.* to expose the pedal extremities in the presence of the "Most Excellent the Lord of Life and Property, Lord of the Rising Sun, King of the Umbrella, Chief of Sadaw the Celestial Elephant, the Sun-descended and Sovereign of Life and Death": for of such is King Thebaw.

Shay-Yoe, from whom I have gathered these titles, says that King Thebaw, notwithstanding all his greatness, killed his brothers and sisters, and drinks gin! and Shay-Yoe might have said that the gin was manufactured and imported by the British merchants who taught him how to drink.

When the English took possession of the Palace at Mandalay, search was made for the celebrated hairy man, Shwe-Maong, of whom travelers in Burmah had written such wondrous stories. Shwe-Maong occupies at the Palace the important *rôle* of the King's jester, and was said to possess more than ordinary intelligence. The whole forehead, cheeks, eyelids, nose, in fact the whole face, was covered with silken hair of a silver-gray color, eight to ten inches long, giving him the appearance of a Scotch terrier. The entire body was covered with hair of a brownish hue, four to five inches in length. Shwe-Maong, doubtless, had no liking for a prospective chair in a dime museum in London or New York to which some Tommy Adkins destined him. He, therefore, took time by the forelock and vanished out of Mandalay and returned to the jungles of Martaban from whence he came.

A "Kaddaw-Nay," literally "beg-pardon day," is *fête* day, on which occasion presents are offered to the King. The streets are filled with people prostrate on their faces whilst a prince or some distinguished personage passes surrounded by his followers, accompanied by a crash of drums and a tooting horrible to the tympanum.

Elephants gayly caparisoned, and retainers dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and armed with spears and guns, take their way to the Palace. The Min-gyee is borne in advance, on the shoulders of men, and over him a huge satin-fringed or gold umbrella. Following him come the rabble of servants bearing gold-sheathed swords, velvet pillows, spittoons and betel-nut boxes. The retinue remains outside of the Kandow whilst the guests ascend the broad flight of steps flanked by two great gilded cannon. The Yohn-daw reached, they

enter the magnificent Hall of Audience, take seats with feet tucked in, and await the coming of Thebaw. Presently a bell tinkles, and in a twinkling every one is groveling on his belly. The Lord of Life and Death is before them! He is dressed in his regal robes, and wears the gold collar of the Salué, and the heavy jeweled crown, beneath which he seems to totter as he walks, as with shuffling, unkingly gait he gains the throne. The presentation of gifts follows. At a given signal the herald prances toward the King, the lists, written on palm leaves, extended at arms' length. The courtiers cry *Payah!* and the palm leaves are laid at His Majesty's feet. The dance has begun. The King pronounces a discourse with a copious fund of moral sayings, which lasts for two hours. Stiff-jointed Europeans cursed Kaddaw-Nay Day, but Thebaw, who is not without humor, took pleasure in watching their painful grimaces, much as the idle urchin does when pinning an unfortunate fly to a window-pane.

The Lord White Elephant.—The form in which the Buddha-Gautama entered the womb of Queen Maya to be born upon earth for the last time, to teach the law and give "the millions peace," was that of a white elephant. The Saddaw or Celestial Elephant was an avatar of his many existences. Hence the reverence of the Hindoo for the white elephant. Mandalay, his residence, has become a Mecca for the faithful, who go there to worship with him.

Sin-Pyoo-Daw is the King of Elephants, and therefore may not be mounted except by a king. His royal trappings are kept in a palace in which he resides. They are magnificent, and made of silk and bands of rich red cloth, which run from the headstall to the back and thence to the tail, hanging in curves over the body. They are richly embroidered in gold and studded with rubies and diamonds. On the forehead is a plate of gold recording His Majesty's titles. Clusters of precious stones and golden tassels hang suspended down his head and ears. When he goes forth he is shaded by golden and white umbrellas. He and the King share all the white umbrellas between them. The display of a white umbrella would be the signal of immediate execution in Mandalay.

Sin-Pyoo-Daw is guarded in his palace by one hundred soldiers, and the King makes him offerings and pays him tribute. Thirty men wait upon him, and a Cabinet Minister is charged with the care of the revenue assigned him "to eat."

The vessels from which he eats are of pure gold, and each day he is bathed and scented with sandal water. In his younger days the Celestial was suckled by women, who stood in a long row outside his palace, and the honor was eagerly sought after, for the creature "is a national pride, and not merely a royal monopoly."

At sundown of each day troops of *coryphées* come to dance, and songster girls to lull him to sleep. Happy Sin-Pyoo-Daw! what may be your fate now?

Sin, however, with all this good treatment, is an ill-natured brute, and killed an Englishman some years ago. When the King heard of it he expressed much concern about the future state of the Lord White Elephant with the mark of Cain on his brow. The Elephant Minister, however, calmed the royal mind by saying, "Pray, don't be disturbed. *Payah, loo ma hoh-boo kullah*"—(Lord, it was not a man, only a foreigner).

The religion of Burmah is Buddhism. The priests are numerous and bound to celibacy, and eat but once a day. There are monasteries for priests and priestesses.

The language is Burmese for the people, but the Pali is the language of literature and religion.

The Burmese people are a short, active race, of a dark brown color, given to but little dress.

Marriages among the Burmese are frequent, and attended with little ceremony. Thebaw's predecessor had fifty-three wives, without taking note of innumerable concubines. He died possessed of thirty-seven wives and *one hundred* and *ten children!* Thebaw's wife and precious mother-in-law prevented him from emulating his father.

Courtship in Mandalay is modeled something after the

A GATE OF MANDALAY.

American plan, and a young girl may receive her lover at home. Not alone, however, for he must be accompanied by a male friend. The courting-hour is about nine o'clock, and is euphoniously termed, *Loa-byo-hlé thee a-chehu.* The old folks retire to the next room, but prudently keep their eyes upon the lovers through the chinks in the bamboo walls. The women are quite independent in matters of property, and worship, too, in the pagoda with the men, where, with strange perversity, she prays she may become a man in another existence. The Burmese wife is, all-in-all, a good woman, and the household as happy as mortals may be.

The Judiciary is committed to a council composed of four to six officers acting for the King. The laws are taken from the celebrated Menu Code, and might well be consulted by our lawmakers and administrators, and find in them provisions which would render impossible the holding of office by such creatures as disgrace the Neo-Eboracan Administration.

Ministers of State rose and fell rapidly. The coolie to-day might be a minister to-morrow. As the Egyptian fellah, with the same rapid promotion may become a minister, and be sent into exile or consigned to a sack at the bottom of the Nile, so the Burman may be spreadeagled in the court of the Palace beneath a vertical sun, with huge stones piled on chest and stomach, or treated to a nest of fiery-red ants, whose mandibles soon drive the victim to madness and death.

The Army, like almost all Oriental armies, is a burlesque organization in which European officers have been employed to establish something like order. Shay-Yoe says that the officers were poked fun at for their pains, and when he complained of the insults were told by some sententious Min-gyee that "patience is one of the ten virtues which go to the making up of a true gentleman." On one occasion a French officer with a desire to earn his salary took his battery out for target practice. The noise was too much for the King, who sent out the cavalry to stop the firing. The Frenchman was told that but for his ignorance of the fact that the King should never be startled in any such way he should be made a target for his battery. The Burman officer, however, paid well for his pains, and received a severe flogging around the city.

An American officer in another Oriental army once complained to his division commander that he had nothing to do, whereupon the old pasha replied: "*Bish-wish, ye ibui. Lazim unsik filons bitaak bas wah is koot. El-hamdon-illah*"!—(Go slow, my son. In this country it is only necessary to draw your pay. Keep silent and praise God for that).

The moral is quite plain, and may be paraphrased by that which was said to an Oriental of another time:

"Ephraim is joined unto his idols; let him alone."

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

Men who are most familiar with steam-power and modern machinery are puzzled to explain how the grand structures of the ancient world were erected. Builders say that no modern contractor could erect the great pyramid in Egypt, and lift the gigantic stones at the summit to the height of 450 feet. A recent visitor to Baalbec, and the ruins of the great temple of Baal, doubts if any modern architect could rebuild the temple in its ancient grandeur. Three huge stones, 64 feet long, 13 high, and 13 wide, stand in the wall at the height of 20 feet. Nine other stones, 30 feet long, 10 high, and 10 wide, are joined together with such nicety that a trained eye cannot discover the line of structure. A column still stands in the quarry, a mile distant, which is complete, with the exception that it is not detached at the bottom. It is 69 feet long, 17 high, and 14 broad, and one cannot understand how it can be separated at the bottom from the quarry without breaking. The ruins of this vast temple inspire respect for the genius of former years.

THE DYING BOY.

By Sigma.

"Mother, I'm dying now—
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom prest;
And on my brow

"I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
"Mother! your hand—

"Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother!—say, when I am dead
Shall I be miss'd?

"Never, beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray
Nor with the monrihg wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me!

"Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there!

"Now mother! sing the tune
You sang last night—I'm weary and must sleep!
Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

THE PARSON'S OATH.

Chapter I.

The day was drawing toward its close, and the young children, assembled in the newly repaired schoolroom of the small village, glanced impatiently through the windows at the shadows cast by the declining sun, telling that five o'clock was near.

"First class, come up and spell," called out the teacher.

"There ain't no time, miss," replied one of the girls. "It's a'most on the stroke o' five."

The mistress, a fair, pleasant-looking woman, dressed in mourning, and far too lady-like in appearance for her position, saw that it wanted full ten minutes to the hour.

"There is time for a short lesson, children," she said. "Put aside your work, and come up."

The class was ranging themselves round the table, when a young lady galloped past the windows, and reined in.

"Teacher!" exclaimed a dozen voices, "here is Miss Rickhurst."

"Go on with your work, children. What do you mean by pressing to the window? Did you never see Miss Rickhurst before? Jane Hewgill, open the door."

"How d'ye do, Miss Winter?" said the young lady they had called Miss Rickhurst, carelessly nodding to the teacher, as she entered. "How are you getting on? What class have you up now?"

"Spelling," replied Miss Winter. "Jane Hewgill, why don't you shut the door?"

"'Cause here's Mr. Lewis and his aunt a-coming up." answered the child. "I'm a-keeping it open for them."

Miss Rickhurst hastily rose and went to the door to meet the newcomers.

Mr. Lewis, the clergyman of the parish, was a meek, quiet man of thirty. It is certain he was not ambitious, for he felt within him an everlasting debt of gratitude to the noble patron who had stepped forward and presented him with this living and its stipend. He had never looked for more than half the sum.

Once inducted into the living, the Rev. John Lewis worked indefatigably. Amongst other good works, he re-established the girls' school—an anciently endowed foundation, which had fallen nearly into abeyance in the present day. While they were looking for a competent teacher, Miss Winter, the daughter of Farmer Winter, who was just dead, asked for the situation.

The whole village liked Regina Winter, although she had received an education, and, for five years of her life, enjoyed a home, far above what Littleford thought suitable for a working farmer's daughter.

They likewise took numerous liberties with her name. Regina! It was one they could not become familiar with, so some called her Gina, many Ginny, and few brought out a short Gin.

After her father's death she found that scarcely any provision was left for her; and, as she one day sat musing upon what should be her course, the servant Nomy, a buxom woman of forty, who had taken care of the house since its mistress died, ten years before, suddenly suggested that she should apply for the new place.

"What place?" asked Regina.

"The schoolmissis's," replied Normy. "The earl and the parson are a-wanting to find one, and they say, in the village, it will be a matter of thirty pounds a year. Surely you'd do, Miss Gina, with the grand edication you've had."

"It would keep me with what little I have besides," said Regina."

"Go up—go right up yourself. Miss Gina, with your own two good legs," advised Normy. "Nothing like applying to the fountain head oneself, if business is to be done."

"Apply to Lord Littleford myself!" ejaculated Regina.

"Why not? Ain't he as pleasant-mannered a man as one would wish to come across?"

The servant's advice proved good. Miss Winter made her own application to the Earl of Littleford, and she was successful.

As the clergyman came into the school this afternoon, he shook hands with the squire's daughter. He then advanced and held out his hand to Miss Winter.

Miss Rickhurst curled her lip. What business had the vicar, *their* associate, to be shaking hands with a teacher?

"I was going to hear the class, Mr. Lewis," said the young lady.

The children did their best to display their progress, till it was five o'clock, when they flocked out of school. The vicar, his aunt (Mrs. Budd) and Miss Rickhurst, followed.

"Mr. Lewis," began the young lady, in a confidential tone, "don't you think your schoolmistress is getting above her business?"

"In what way?" he asked, looking surprised.

"There is such a tone of superiority about the young woman—I mean, implied superiority," added Miss Rickhurst, correcting herself.

"I have always thought there is much of real superiority about her," replied the vicar. "And she gets the children on astonishingly. One might think, by their progress, she had taught them two years, instead of barely one."

"It is of no use to argue with John about Miss Winter," interposed Mrs. Budd. "He thinks her an angel."

"No, I do not. I only think her very superior to young women in general."

And Miss Rickhurst once more curled her haughty lip,

Meanwhile, Miss Winter left the schoolroom with her assistant, a sickly looking girl of fifteen or sixteen. named Mary Brown. Regina lodged at a farmhouse near.

As soon as they got in, Mary Brown, whose weak health caused her to feel a constant thirst, began to make the tea.

"Mary," observed Miss Winter, when the meal was over, "you had better go up to your brother's for the muslin, and to-morrow set about making his shirts. You know he was scolding you yesterday at their not being begun. Start at once, or you will have it dusk. I will wash up the tea-things."

Mary Brown put on her things and departed; but not long had she been gone, when the door opened, and a tall, fine young man, about six-and-twenty, walked in.

There was a careless, untidy look about him, and it might have puzzled a stranger to tell whether he was a gentleman, or a man of a lower order.

The face would have been handsome but for the willful, devil-may-care expression that pervaded it. His complexion was fair, his eyes were blue, and his light hair curled in his neck.

This gentleman was Mr. George Brown, universally known in the village by the cognomen of "Brassy."

Mr. Brassy Brown did not enjoy a first-rate reputation. He had inherited a little land from his father, on which was a small house, where he lived; and, though he certainly could not subsist upon its proceeds alone—he had no other visible means of support—he lived well, and never seemed to lack money. He was upon friendly terms with the whole neighborhood, from Squire Rickhurst down to the worst character in it.

Until recently his sister had lived with him in his cottage, no one else; but when Miss Winter found she wanted some assistance in the school, she thought of Mary, compassionating the girl's lonely life, and took her as a fellow-boarder.

"Where's Poll?" began Mr. Brassy.

"She is gone for the muslin," answered Regina. "What a pity that she will have her walk for nothing!"

"It will stretch her legs for her," returned Mr. Brown, sitting down. "Now, Regina," he continued, "I want an answer to that question of mine."

"What question?" she inquired, with a crimson flush.

"Don't pretend ignorance, Gina, for it won't go down with me to-night," was Mr. Brassy Brown's rejoinder. "You know what I have been asking you this year past. We are by ourselves now, and I'll have it out. Will you be my wife?"

"Why do you persist in persecuting me?" exclaimed Regina, in a tone of vexation. "I have told you already that I could not be your wife. You behave like a child."

"Why don't you say like a fool?" he rejoined. "'Twould be as polite as the other. What fault have you to find with me? Perhaps you think I can't keep

you like a lady, but I can. Never you mind how—I can! You shall have a good servant to wait upon you, and everything as comfortable and plentiful about you as you had in your father's home. I swear it."

Regina shook her head.

"I could not be your wife, Brassy, if you offered me a daily shower of gold. And if you continue to pursue this unpleasant subject, I shall send Mary home, and forbid your entrance here."

"So ho! my fine madam! It's defiance between us, is it?" uttered Brassy, grasping Regina's arm in anger. "Then may the fiend take the weakest! I have sworn to marry you, and I'll keep my oath. I'll keep it by fair means or foul."

At this moment, after a gentle knock, the door was pushed open, disclosing the person of the vicar.

THE DYING BOY.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 302.

He saw the angry look of Brassy Brown and his hold upon Regina's arm.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "What game are you after now, Mr. Brown?"

"None of yours, parson," returned Brassy, flinging aside Regina's arm. "She affronted me, and I had as good a mind to treat her to a shaking as ever I have to treat anybody to one in all my life."

"He will kill me some of these days with his shakings," interposed Miss Winter, laughing, and trying to pass the matter off as a joke, for she was vexed and annoyed that the clergyman should have been a witness to it. "If he does, sir, I shall look to you to give me Christian burial."

"Yes," said Mr. Lewis, falling into her mood—for he quite understood it.

"You had better swear to it, parson," added Brassy, with a sneer. "It may be more satisfactory."

"I swear it!" returned John Lewis, giving no heed to his words in the moment's heat; but a flush rose to his brow when their purport came to him.

"Mind you keep your oath, parson, as I'll keep mine," said Brassy Brown, swinging out of the room. "Do you hear, Miss Winter?"

But neither answered.

"Regina," said the vicar, "he is not a desirable visitor for you."

"No," she answered, "and I wish he would not come. Not that I think there is any real harm in him, but I dislike his conversation."

"The plain fact is," resumed the clergyman, speaking with agitation, as a hectic spot appeared on his cheek, "your home here is too unprotected. Regina, will you suffer me to provide you with another?"

Oh, deeper than the flush Brassy Brown's words had called up was the rosy blush that now dyed her face! Neither she nor he, for some little time past, had been unacquainted with the heart of the other.

John Lewis took her hand.

"Regina, you cannot be ignorant that I have loved you. Will you take pity upon a lonely man, one who has had but few ties hitherto to care for him, and be his wife?"

"I am but the daughter of a small working farmer," she persisted, the tears filling her eyes with the extent of her emotion; "I am but the paid teacher of a village school."

"I was but the son of a working curate," he whispered. "I am indebted to charity, which helped to educate me, for being in the position I now am. A working farmer was immeasurably above *us*, Regina. We are both alone in the world—we have no ties or kindred to consult. From this time forth let us be all in all to each other."

THE PARSON'S OATH. — "SHE HELD OUT HER HAND OVER THE HEDGE. HE SHOOK IT WARMLY; AND AWAY SHE WENT, THANKFUL THAT ALL ANIMOSITY BETWEEN HERSELF AND BRASSY WAS OVER."— SEE PAGE 302.

The news traveled forth; the Rev. John Lewis was about to marry Regina Winter. Mrs. Budd was satirical over it, Miss Rickhurst indignant, and Brassy Brown furious.

"What on earth possessed you to do it, John?" exclaimed Mrs. Budd, to her nephew.

"Do what?" cried the Rev. John.

"You have been offering yourself and your name to the village schoolmistress, they say," retorted the aunt, who feared the introduction of a wife might lead to her losing her snug home at the Vicarage. "You must be out of your senses, John?"

"We shall be able to find another teacher," answered John, evasively. "It is past one, aunt. Is not dinner ready?"

"Dinner! You'll get bread and cheese to-day for dinner, if you get anything," retorted Mrs. Budd. "I and Betty have been too much upset this morning to think of cooking. Oh, John, you are a great fool! you might have had Miss Rickhurst."

"Miss Rickhurst!" exclaimed the vicar.

"Miss Rickhurst, yes," mimicked the lady, "if you had not been more blind, more simple, than anybody ever was yet."

"I don't want Miss Rickhurst," answered the young clergyman. "Let her marry in her own sphere; she would have domineered me out of house and home."

The vicar proposed being married in May, until which time Regina had to retain her place.

One day in April, as she was walking home from its duties, she suddenly came upon Brassy Brown.

"I have been watching for you, Gina," he said, very quietly. "I want to hear from your own lips, whether it's true that you have promised to marry the parson?"

"Yes, it is true," she timidly answered.

"How came you to conceal it from me all the time you were fooling me on?"

"*I* fooling you on!" uttered Regina, in surprise.

"Well—let that pass. Why did you not tell me you loved the fellow?"

"I—could not tell you what I—did not know," stammered Regina.

"Bosh! don't make excuses to me. I'd stake my Skye terrier against his sermon-book, that there has been love between you two this many a month past. What is it you have got in that paper parcel?"

"It is only some work," said Regina. "Good morning, Brassy. Mary is gone home already. She will wonder where I am."

"Let her wonder. I say, Regina, you remember I told you I'd taken an oath. I'll keep it yet, and have you, sooner or later."

The words might have imparted to Miss Winter a sort of dread, but that Brassy Brown was smiling as he spoke them—and a pleasant smile was Mr. Brassy's, with all his imperfections. Her spirits rose on seeing that smile.

"Won't you shake hands before you go?" asked Mr. Brassy.

She held out her hand over the hedge. He shook it warmly; and away she went, thankful that all animosity between herself and Brassy Brown was over.

That same afternoon, on coming in from school, Regina told Mary she thought she should go and see Nomy.

"Do you feel well enough to accompany me?" she asked.

"No," replied the girl, "I feel I could not get so far. Do you mind calling in at our house, Regina?"

"What for?"

"To get my light shawl. This one is such a weight, now Spring weather's coming, I can scarcely drag to school in it. If Brassy is not in, you can get it yourself; it's lying on the middle shelf of the press."

Regina started on her walk, and had walked some distance when who should come swinging down the road in front of her but Brassy Brown.

"Hello, Regina! where are you off to?"

"I am going to see Nomy. The afternoon is so fine, I quite longed for a walk. And I want something for Mary from your house, Brassy. Can you come back and give it me?"

"Oh, bother, I have not a minute to lose. What is it you want?"

"Mary's cotton shawl. Her woolen one is too warm. Do you know, Mary seems to me to get weaker."

"It's no fault of mine if she does. Have the doctor to her. I'll pay."

"Can you bring the shawl down to-morrow?"

"I don't know that I can. You can call in for it as you come back. I shall be at home then."

"Very well," rejoined Regina.

Regina found Nomy up to her eyes in work. She was delighted to see her young lady.

Nomy had heard of Regina's new prospects, and, in talking of them, the time slipped away unheeded.

Regina at length started up.

"To think that you should have come this very evening, of all others," exclaimed Nomy, "when I can't see you back to the village."

"Oh, I shall soon be there," rejoined Regina, speaking valiantly. "The moon is shining; and I have to call up at Brassy's for Mary's shawl; that will break the way. Good-night, Nomy."

"The Lord be with ye, dear Miss Gina!"

* * * * * *

The evening grew late, and Mary Brown sat on, in Regina's lodgings, shivering and trembling. She was a nervous, timid girl and feared to be alone at night, her imagination always running on some absurd ghost or vision story.

Mary had expected her home by eight o'clock, and now it was nearly ten. The people of the house, who had been in bed long ago, slept in a remote part of it, and their presence there gave no courage or consolation to the timid girl.

The girl half resolved to go out and look for her; she dared not stay much longer alone where she was. Yes, she would go out and meet Regina.

Throwing on her bonnet and shawl, Mary tore along the passage as if a spectre were at her heels, and out at the house-door, taking the precaution to lock it after her. Once out, her superstitious fears were over, and any tangible cause of dread brought no fear to the mind of Mary. Reared in the country, amidst the solitudes of its woods and dales, she thought not there of fear.

She continued her way beyond the village, but could see no trace of Regina. She did not meet a soul.

At length she came to her brother's house, and sprang forward to open the gate, hoping Brassy was home.

What a curious thing! the gate was fastened! Never had Mary known that gate to be locked before. The key of it had hung up untouched, on a nail in the kitchen, as long as she could remember. Brassy must be out.

But, as Mary leaned forward on the little gate, for she was tired with her walk, she detected a light glimmering through a chink in a shutter, and, at the same moment she heard a movement in the garden, on the right of the house.

She shook the gate and called out.

Was it her fancy? Mary thought she saw a low, dark form creep from the midst of the garden toward the back door. She shook the gate again.

"Who the deuce is that?" cried Mr. Brassy Brown, poking his head, enveloped in a cotton nightcap, out at an upper window.

"Brassy, it's me," responded Mary. "The gate's locked."

"You!" echoed Brassy. "What brings you here, knocking people up at this time of night?"

"I am looking for Regina," answered Mary. "She went after school to see Nomy, and she has never come back. I got frightened, so I came out to meet her."

"Why, what a confounded little stupid you must be," ejaculated Brassy, "to come out upon such a wildgoose chase! While you have been blundering up here, she's no doubt gone home by the other road."

"She never takes that road," rejoined Mary. "It is a long way round, and very lonely."

"There are no robbers out to-night, you simpleton; it's too light. Miss Regina has walked home with her black-coat—gone the longest way to enjoy his company. I'm up to her. I see, by the moon, it's scarcely half after ten—just the hour for sweethearting. What a frightened child you are, Polly!"

"Do you really believe she has gone that way with him?" returned Mary, wonderfully relieved.

"I am not going to stop prating with you any longer, that's what I believe," retorted Brassy. "Just take yourself off; and never you come waking me out of my first sleep again, or you'll catch what you won't like."

"Brassy," there's a candle burning in the keeping-room."

"Who says so?"

"I can see through the chink. Did you forget to put it out?"

"There was a log on the fire, half-burnt, when I came to bed; I suppose it's flickering up again; so much the better. Hope it will burn till I get up in the morning. Come, be off!"

"You could not come down and give me my cotton shawl?" asked the girl. "The walk tires me so much, I don't know when I can get here again. It was the excitement that helped me on quickly to-night."

"Cotton shawl be burnt, and you with it!" roared Mr. Brassy, wrathfully. "Do you think I am coming down out of my bed for a cotton shawl?"

"Regina said she would call for it," answered the girl, in a deprecating tone.

"Did she call?"

"No, she didn't," replied Brassy. "I've not seen the color of her since I met her this afternoon. She couldn't call here—not she—if she went round with the parson the other way."

"Good-night, Brassy."

Mary had got some paces from the gate, when she turned back, shook it and called out. Once more the window was thrown open with an impatient anathema, and the white cotton nightcap extended itself out, as before.

"Brassy," she said, lowering her voice, "I forgot to tell you I saw something in the garden. It seemed to be making its way to the back-door."

"Saw what?"

"I don't know. It looked like a great black dog."

"Don't you think it was a cat?" rejoined the gentleman, sarcastically.

"No," said the girl, shaking her head, "It was too big for a cat."

Mary finally turned away, and walked home as fast as her troubled breathing would let her, fully expecting to find Regina and the Rev. Mr. Lewis waiting at the door.

What excuse could she make for her folly?

No one, however, was there. And the girl, all her fears renewed, sat down on the doorstep.

She did not dare to enter and take solitary possession of their chamber. It will scarcely be believed that the poor girl sat on that doorstep till morning. She did; it was a fact well known afterward to the village.

With the morning light Mary's courage returned. She thought Regina had staid somewhere to sleep, and would soon be in to explain.

The first thing she did, upon entering, was to make a fire and put on the teakettle. By seven o'clock breakfast was ready, and, after drinking one cup of tea, for she wanted it badly, she sat down and waited for Regina.

Regina never came. Before long the whole village was aroused with the news of her disappearance, and nearly the whole village did something toward searching for her. Houses, forests, glens, lanes—for three days every spot was looked into, every exertion made to find her, but in vain.

No person had seen her, as far as could be learnt, after she left the cottage that night. Nomy deposed that she watched her as far as the turning in the road—about forty yards only—walking at a brisk pace; and Mr. Brassy asserted that she had never reached his house—or, at any rate, that she never entered it.

Mr. Lewis left not a stone unturned to find her. He turned about in his mind every probability and improbability that could bear upon the case.

A vague suspicion, he scarcely knew why, rose like a cloud in his mind—a suspicion of Brassy Brown. But what suspicion?

The clergyman could not define it. Mr. Lewis had heard of such things as young girls being stolen away and married against their will; and it was known that Brassy Brown had long wanted to marry Regina. But Brassy could not have ventured upon a feat of that sort, because Mary found him in his own house soon after what must have been the hour of her disappearance. The joking words of Regina occurred to him:

"He will kill me, some of these days, with his shakings. If he does, sir, I shall look to you to give me Christian burial," and he remembered his rash promise and shuddered.

The fourth day after Regina's disappearance, Mr. Lewis went again up to Brassy's. The latter was in his garden, planting cabbages.

"Mr. Brown," began the clergyman, "I have come up to talk with you about this mysterious affair. Will you swear before Heaven that you have no idea what has become of Miss Winter?"

"Won't do anything of the sort," said Brassy, coolly. "I have had an idea from the first."

"How?—what idea?" cried the clergyman eagerly.

"I suspect you took her off for a moonlight walk that night yourself, parson; and that, maybe, you have kept her in hiding."

"This levity ill becomes you, Mr. Brown."

"Levity!" uttered Brassy, "I don't mean it as levity. Who else is likely to have got hold of her, but you? You had the best right."

"Did *you* get hold of her?" asked the clergyman.

"If I did get hold of her, I shouldn't have been able to keep her," retorted the imperturbable Brassy. "Not likely. My opinion is, parson, that you, and Nomy and

Mary are all going cracked together over this matter. What do I know of Regina Winter—or want with her? Not so much as you."

The affair remained as unfathomable as at its first onset. A new mistress was procured for the school.

A LUCKY FIND.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MLLE. CONSUELO FOULD.

Mary Brown, growing rapidly worse, returned home to die. Brassy continued his free-and-easy life, and the village, in time, ceased to think and speak of Regina. But there were two hearts in which she was never forgotten—those of poor, faithful Nomy, and of the Rev. John Lewis. * * * * *

The Rev. John Lewis lay on his bed, in Littleford Vicarage, tossing and turning from side to side. The cheeks' hectic, of which observant friends had predicted mischief in the earlier part of his clerical career, had at length shone out in its true nature, and John Lewis was dying. Seven years had elapsed since the disappearance of Regina Winter, and he had been a fading man ever since.

The years had brought several changes. Mrs. Budd was dead, and Nomy was housekeeper at the vicarage. Brassy Brown was arrested as one of a party of poachers, but proof failed. He felt, or affected, great indignation. They had treated him like a low, common criminal, he

raved, instead of a gentleman, as he was, by descent, and he declared he would not stop amongst them. He advertised his small estate for sale, pocketed the money, took ship at Liverpool, and after his departure he was never more heard of.

The Rev. John Lewis lay on his bed, tossing and turning. His restlessness that night was not wholly the result of his feverish, sick state. He had just awakened from a disagreeable dream. He thought that Regina Winter came to him dressed in white, with a pale, sorrowful face, and gently reproached him with neglecting his oath, and suffering her to lie in unconsecrated ground. He thought that he had asked the question, "Where are you lying?" and she had glided on before, telling him to come and see. He seemed, after they had gone some way, to lose sight of her, and to have halted, himself, on a spot of ground familiar to him. But just then he awoke, and, try as he would, was unable to recall the features of the place, which he had seemed, in his sleep, to know so well.

PAUL DE CHOMEDEY, SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE, FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.— SEE PAGE 311.

He retired to rest next evening thinking of his dream, wondering whether it would visit him again.

Not precisely that, but one bearing upon it did. He thought he stood upon a plot of ground—a green plot—about two yards square, and all around was cultivated.

He appeared to know that Regina was lying buried in this spot, and again all the features of the place seemed perfectly familiar to him; but when he awoke they had faded from his recollection.

None can tell how the vicar longed for night to come again. A conviction lay strong upon his mind that the real spot of Regina's resting-place would be revealed to him.

He had not spoken to any one of these singular dreams—not even to Nomy, or to the young clergyman who had come to do his duty for him, and who was to him like a brother.

The third night came and passed, and with the first faint glimmering of light Mr. Lewis summoned his housekeeper, who hastened to his room.

"Nomy," he exclaimed, "I have a strange trouble upon my mind. I cannot rest."

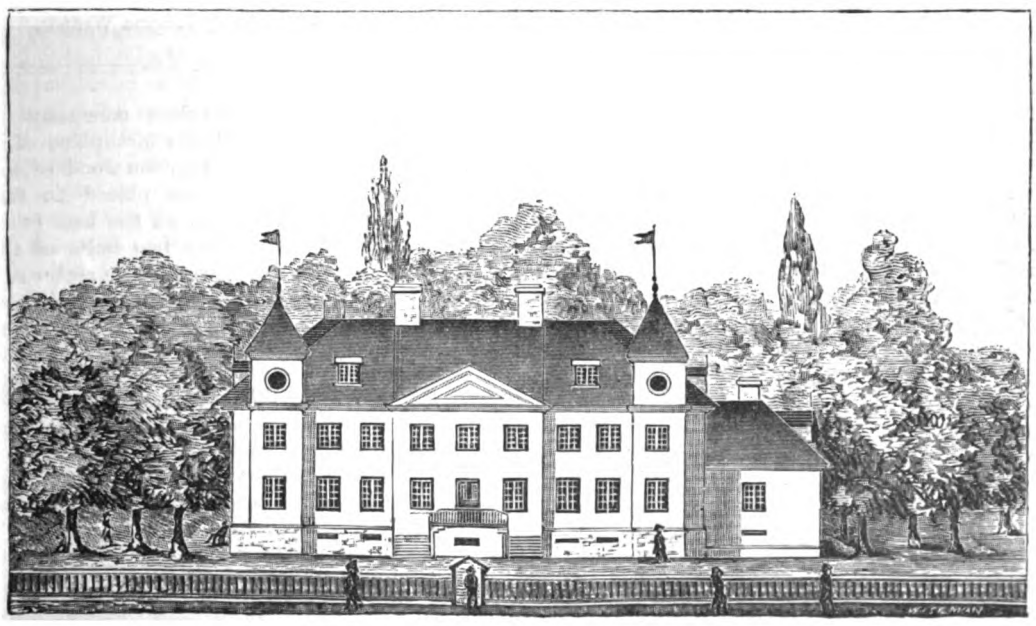
"Dear master," she said, "what is it? I am sure trouble's bad for you."

"These last three nights I have been dreaming of Regina. I thought she came and pointed out to me where she was lying, and though I saw it and stood upon it, though all around the spot was familiar, I cannot recall it when I awake. This last night it seemed the plainest; and the place I now know was a garden, for I saw the vegetables—not a plowed or pasture-field. And I don't know why, but Mary Brown seemed in some way to be mixed up with this last dream?"

"You had better call to mind all the places where you have ever seen Mary Brown, master, or where she ever was, to your own knowledge, with Regina," whispered the woman.

"Where is there a privet-hedge, Nomy?" he said, after a while—"a privet-hedge, and potatoes planted under it, with a path running across to it?"

"A privet-hedge, and potatoes growing by it," uttered



RESIDENCE OF THE EARLY GOVERNORS OF MONTREAL.

Nomy; "there's many such in this neighborhood, master."

"The kidney-beans lie in this way," he added, making a movement with his hand, "and the peas—they are just coming up—are lower down. The cabbages are close under foot. Oh, Nomy!" he cried out, "I recollect! I see it all!"

The servant drew nearer to the bed, and grasped hold of the counterpane. A nameless terror was stealing over her.

"It is Brassy Brown's garden!" gasped the invalid. "I see every part of it, as I used to see it when I went to read to Mary in her illness. The green spot is on the right of the path leading to the back-door, along the side of the house. Cabbages were growing on it the Spring I used to go to Mary. I saw Brassy transplanting them there the very day I went to ask news of Regina. I believe solemnly," uttered the clergyman, with emphasis, "as truly as that we must all one day come to the same earth, that Regina lies there. Call Mr. Hampton."

The young curate came.

Mr. Lewis related his extraordinary dreams, and his conviction that in this particular spot the remains would be found.

He could not go himself—he was too weak to get there and to risk the agitation it would entail—but he took a piece of paper and drew a plan of Brassy Brown's garden, minutely marking the precise spot where he believed the body would be found.

A company—such a company!—armed with spades, pickaxes and shovels, and headed by Squire Rickhurst and the Rev. Mr. Hampton, flocked to the place in the afternoon, the new owner of the place willingly granting them leave to turn up his garden.

It was in Spring, just about the time of year she had disappeared.

They dug and dug, and a few feet below the surface they came upon the moldering remains of Regina Winter, dressed as she had been dressed that evening—a black dress, a black-and-white plaid shawl, a white lace collar, and a straw bonnet trimmed with black. The bonnet and shawl were torn and tumbled, as if in a struggle, and lay upon her.

A coroner's inquest was held, and the cause of death proved at it. She had been shot in the left breast—in, or close to, the heart. The verdict was "Willful murder against George Brown," though some of the jury were for bringing it in "Manslaughter," believing it might have been the result of an accident.

Then came a contention: between the vicar and Nomy, between the vicar and his curate, between the vicar and the squire; he insisting upon officiating at her burial, and they saying he was not fit.

But on the afternoon appointed for the service, the vicar struggled up out of his bed, and dressed.

"I took a rash oath, during her life, that I would give her Christian burial," he answered to their remonstrances; "and I must fulfill it."

All Littleford, and its neighborhood for miles round, flocked to witness that singular interment.

The remains of the once happy girl, about whose ill fate there could be no doubt, were brought, after the lapse of seven years, to their home in consecrated ground; and the weakened frame, the wan, attenuated face of him who stood there, in his white surplice, reading the services over her! No one forgot the scene, or ever will.

With the last word of the burial service, Lewis's strength, so artificially buoyed up, deserted him, and it was feared he could not walk back to the Vicarage, short as the distance was.

Leaning on Squire Rickhurst, on one side, and Mr. Hampton on the other, he at length gained it.

Before he had well reposed an instant on the sofa, preparatory to being taken back to his bed, Ted Timms, the man who had been the intimate associate of Brassy Brown, put his head into the room, and asked to speak with the vicar alone.

"Be quick in what you have to say, Timms," panted the vicar, "for I am very ill."

"I thought it my duty to come and make a clean breast of it, sir," began the man. "I have been away from Littleford till to-day, since the body were found, or I should have been here afore. I think I hold the clew to this murder."

"Speak up," breathed the vicar. "My hearing is growing dull."

"The night afore Brassy Brown went away for good, the very night afore it, we was a-drinking together at my place, and Brassy got a drop too much, which is what he didn't often do. We got talking about a many things; a-bragging what feats, for good or for bad, we had done in our career; boasting, as it were, one again the t'other. Brassy at last hiccuped out that he had, one night, had a desperate quarrel with a girl in his house, and at last got so mad that he shot her, though he never meant to kill her. I didn't pay much attention to him then, setting it down to the boastings of a man in his cups; but, sir, I now think it were nothing but the truth, and that he spoke of Miss Gina. The shot must have killed her, and he might have buried her in the garden that same night. If you remember, sir, Mary Brown told folks she was frightened by fancying she saw something black a-creeping from that spot into the house, while she was a-shaking at the gate. It must have been Brassy a-digging the grave then."

* * * * * *

"Make ready with the sacrament," murmured John Lewis to Mr. Hampton, as he feebly resisted their wishes to carry him up-stairs, "I feel my time here is growing short."

Sure enough, that night he died. It indeed would seem as if he had only been permitted to linger on earth for the purpose of burying Regina Winter.

THERE was a very interesting ceremony in May at Burnham Thorpe, England, the birthplace of Lord Nelson, when a lectern, made from the wood of the *Victory*, his flagship at Trafalgar, was placed in the church. There are two copper plates on the base (with inscriptions), which are made from two bolts of the *Victory*. The wood and bolts were given to the rector of Burnham Thorpe by the Lords of the Admiralty, to provide a memorial to the great naval hero in his native village.

AT Cephalonia there is a very remarkable phenomenon. The sea runs into the land in a strong stream, turning a water-wheel on the way, and disappears in the earth a hundred yards from the entrance. Can you explain this? I believe no one has yet done so. No part of the island is below the level of the sea, nor is there any salt lake or spring in the island. I imagine this water must be converted into steam, which comes out either at Naples or Stromboli.

THE Hindoos dress their dead in white, with touches of red for cremation, or sometimes in saffron.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MONTREAL.

By Edmond Mallet.

Few cities in the New World have so interesting a history as Montreal. To the thousands of tourists who visit Canada during the pleasant season it presents itself merely as a beautiful and populous city, a great commercial and manufacturing centre, and an important seat of learning and of civilization. Old landmarks, illustrating the high aspiration of its founders, their struggles for existence and their heroic deeds, are to be found, but these are mute to the casual visitor and mere pleasure-seeker. To the student of the pioneer history of North America, however, they can like Hamlet's pipe, "discourse most eloquent music."

The first mention of the place where Montreal now stands is found in the record of Jacques Cartier's voyage of exploration up the River of Canada, now the St. Lawrence, in October, 1535. The island was then inhabited by an Indian tribe, apparently of the Iroquois nation, who lived in a village named Hochelaga. "The shape of the town was round, and three rows of palisades inclosed in it about fifty tunnel-shaped cabins, each over fifty paces long and fourteen or fifteen wide." It was upon this occasion that the French explorer ascended the picturesque and lofty mountain—which is now almost in the centre of the city—and bestowed upon it the name of *Mont Royal;* in English, Royal Mountain. This name, at first given to the mountain alone, was subsequently applied to the island as well, and later still to the magnificent city which was built upon its southern shore. The explorer Jacques Cartier, like his predecessor, Giovanni Verazano, made no permanent settlement in New France. It had been reserved to the noble Samuel de Champlain to become the founder of a great state on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence.

Champlain laid the foundation of Quebec, the capital of New France, in 1608. After placing his colony in comparative safety he made numerous voyages of exploration up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, up the River of the Algonquins, now the Ottawa, to the country of the Nippissings, and up the River of the Iroquois, now the Richelieu, to Lake Champlain, and even into the very heart of the Onondaga country. When passing the Island of Montreal in 1611, he camped there for several weeks, and selected a point of land extending into the St. Lawrence as the site of a future post. To this place he gave the name of *Place Royale.* The Hochelaga Indians had at that time disappeared. Champlain does not appear to have carried out his intention of establishing a post at Montreal, since some years later M. de Lauson received the island as a concession, and as late as 1641 the point of land selected by Champlain was still used by the Indians as a resting-place after they had jumped the rapids of Saut St. Louis, now called the Lachine Rapids.

The Indians in whose midst the French had established themselves were the Montagnais, who were allied with the Algonquins and the Hurons in their wars against the powerful confederacy of the Iroquois or Five Nations. As was to have been expected, the French were soon involved in the wars of their savage neighbors, also, and, necessarily, their allies. As early as 1609 Champlain, with two Frenchmen, had accompanied a war party into the Iroquois country, now in the State of New York, and with his firearms—apparently the first ever used against those Indians—killed several Iroquois chiefs and headmen, and routed a large party of their followers. It is probable that the terror which this bold act of Champlain's inspired, caused the Iroquois to turn many of their blows from the colony at Quebec to the Huron villages in the upper country. But this was only for a time. No sooner had they themselves been provided with "shooting-irons" than they determined with renewed vigor to wreak their vengeance upon the French.

The Mohawks were the first to obtain arquebuses—guns somewhat similar to the old Potsdam muskets—from the Dutch traders at Rensselaerswyck, in exchange for their furs. The Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas were in turn supplied, either by the traders directly or through the other Indians, and soon the Five Nations were in a condition to bring the settlements on the St. Lawrence to the verge of ruin, and utterly destroy the Huron nation and the French missions in the region of the upper lakes. Speaking of the Indians of this period, the historian Parkman says of the Iroquois: "The war which they had long waged with the Hurons was carried on by the Senecas and the other Western nations of their league; while the conduct of hostilities against the French and their Indian allies in Lower Canada was left to the Mohawks. In parties of from ten to a hundred or more they would leave their towns on the River Mohawk, descend Lake Champlain and the River Richelieu, lie in ambush on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and attack the passing boats or canoes. Sometimes they hovered about the fortifications of Quebec and Three Rivers, killing stragglers, or luring armed parties into ambuscades. They followed like hounds on the trail of travelers and hunters, broke in upon unguarded camps at midnight, and lay in wait for days and weeks to intercept the Huron traders on their yearly descent to Quebec. Had they joined to their ferocious courage the discipline and the military knowledge that belong to civilization, they could easily have blotted out New France from the map and made the banks of the St. Lawrence once more a solitude; but though the most formidable of savages, they were savages only."

The whole white population in Canada at this time was only about two hundred.

The reports of the French missions in Septentrional America, which were published in France every year under the title of "Relations des Jesuites," and which to this day form the most authoritative sources of early American history, informed the zealous people of France of the sore straits in which Canada was placed. That was an age of great faith, generous impulses and chivalrous deeds. Some might be found to advocate the abandonment of "the few acres of snow," as New France was sometimes cynically called, but the generous Christian and the patriotic citizen felt that the honor of religion and the glory of France were involved. Should the descendants of St. Louis, the children of the Crusaders, give way before the Iroquois savages? No! Not the abandonment, but the reinforcement of the colony was the duty of the hour. So argued the friends of Canada in old France.

Two men, Jerome Le Royer, Sieur de la Dauversière, a Receiver of Finances in the Province of Anjou, and Jean Jacques Olier de Verneuil, then a young clergyman, and later the founder of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, conceived the idea of establishing a Christian republic on the Island of Montreal, which it was hoped would not

THE INDIAN WOMEN SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

only prove a shield to New France, but would also be the means of converting the Indians; thus rendering them friends and defenders, instead of enemies, of France. They formed an association, under the protection of Cardinal Richelieu, composed of distinguished and wealthy ladies and gentlemen, who through pious and charitable motives were disposed to bear the expenses of founding an important colony in the New World, without ever hoping for any worldly remuneration. The association was named, *Société de Notre-Dame de Montréal.* Its purpose, as stated in the notarial Act by which the association came into possession of Montreal, was purely for the glory of God and the salvation of the Indians. As a means to that end, it was determined to send a company of forty good men, well equipped for defense and for laying the foundation of an agricultural colony, who upon their arrival would fortify themselves and prepare the soil for cultivation. Additional colonists would be sent from time to time for a period of five years, when, without suspension of the labors of clearing the land, a large house would be constructed for the accommodation of such members of the association as would go to the colony to work in the civilization of the natives who could be induced to take homesteads on the island. Seminaries were to be established for the education of the colonists and Indians, and missionaries were to be provided, who in course of time would extend their operations into all of the surrounding country. The plan was admirable, and although circumstances did not permit of its being put into full operation as designed, the general spirit of the founders was constantly kept in view, and Montreal, in fact, more than once saved New France from annihilation by the ferocious savages, many of whom were converted, and who, through their descendants, now form peaceful, happy communities on the soil which they once devastated with fire and tomahawk.

As soon as the association had secured a title to the island, it organized a corps of forty men of good conduct and suited for the establishment of a distant plantation, which was placed under the command of an old soldier, Colonel Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, who had been selected as governor of the new colony. Before leaving France, however, a few additional colonists, skilled workmen, with their families, joined the party, as also a worthy young woman named Jeanne Mance, who offered her services to found a hospital at Montreal. The party, consisting of forty-eight men and five women, embarked in three vessels in 1641, and arrived at Quebec in the Autumn, too late to commence the new settlement that year. The Governor of Canada and the people of Quebec insisted upon the newcomers remaining near the capital for mutual protection, and designated Isle d'Orleans as the locality where they should settle, instead of going up the river eighty leagues distant, where they would be isolated and subject to the continued insults of the Iroquois. But M. de Maisonneuve declined to entertain the proposition, saying to the assembly of notables who had met to discuss the subject, that he had come to lay the foundation of a city on the Island of Montreal, and that that design would be executed were the enterprise even more hazardous than described; were he even to lose his life in the endeavor. "Besides," he said, "I have not come here to deliberate, but to execute, and were all the trees on the Island of Montreal to be changed into so many Iroquois, it is of my duty and of my honor to go there and establish a colony." Governor de Montmagny, the real *Ononthio* (Great Mountain) of the Indians, himself naturally noble and generous, could not but admire such noble dispositions, and he abandoned his design of retaining the Montreal colony in his own jurisdiction.

In the month of October, De Maisonneuve, with a few of the most distinguished of his party, accompanied by Governor de Montmagny, Father Vimont, the Superior of the missions of Canada, and a number of interpreters and voyageurs, ascended to Montreal Island to choose a site for the new colony. They arrived on the fourteenth, and on the following day took solemn possession in the

name of the *Société de Notre-Dame de Montréal.* The party then returned to Quebec for the Winter.

Early in the following May, M. de Maisonneuve embarked all his people and proceeded to Montreal. "On the 17th of May, 1642," says Parkman, "Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two rowboats—approached Montreal, and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them to deliver the island, in behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the Associates of Montreal. And here, too, was Father Vimont, Superior of the Missions, for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony. On the following day they glided along the green and solitary shores, now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as a fit site for a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterward as Point Callière. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early Spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

"Maisonneuve sprang ashore and fell on his knees. His followers followed his example, and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand, and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders.

"Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him—soldiers, sailors, artisans and laborers—all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft, and when the rite was over the priest turned and addressed them: 'You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but you work in the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.' The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards and lay down to rest. Such was the birthnight of Montreal."

In the meantime, the members of the Montreal Society in France had also held a religious ceremony and given the name of *Ville Marie de Montréal* to the colony.

Fortunately for De Maisonneuve's settlement, the Iroquoise did not immediately discover that a new French post—which was to serve as a barrier to their marauding incursions—had been established, and the Montrealists enjoyed a brief season of peace and quiet. At the end of the Winter of 1643, the settlement had, by accession to its numbers from France and Quebec, increased to seventy, all in perfect health, recites a chronicle of the time. Log cabins had replaced the temporary encampment, and a large building, a hospital, and a chapel, protected by palisades, had been erected. But Montreal, situated as it was, almost in the centre of the theatre of war between the Indian nations and the most advanced post of New France, could not long enjoy immunity from the deadly conflict surrounding it.

In the Spring of 1643 ten Algonquins, who were pursued by a party of Mohawks, took refuge with the Montrealists. The Iroquois followed them to within sight of the palisades, but did not show themselves. In the month of June, however, they returned with augmented

DEATH OF DAULAC AT THE LONG SAUT.

force, and attacked six sawyers or carpenters at their work outside the fort. The attack was not known until night, when, the workmen not returning, they were sought for, and the dead bodies of three of them were found on the field. The names of these martyrs of civilization were Guillaume Boissier, Bernard Berté and Pierre Laforest. They were the first to be laid in the little cemetery beside the fort. The other three of the party had been taken alive and carried off by the savages; one escaped to relate the story of the attack, while the other two, after suffering untold cruelties, were burned at the stake on the banks of the Mohawk.

For several years following, the colonists at Montreal were kept in a state of continual alarm. "What a situation was that of M. de Maisonneuve!" exclaims his biographer; "camped with eighty pioneers on Pointe-à-Callière, 1,200 leagues from the Mother Country, sixty from Quebec, more than thirty from the last French fort, with which he could hold no communication during six months of the year! What boldness, and what temper of soul! He wrestles at once with the flood and with the forest, against the rigors of the seasons, against wild beasts and against still more savage hordes of barbarous anthropophagi, sustaining a terrible war, an incessant war of ambuscades and surprises, which during ten years neither by night nor by day left any security to the colonist who, without arms, passed out of the threshold of his habitation."

The heroism and devotion called forth by the situation and character of the colony have but few parallels in the wonderful pioneer history of North America.

De Maisonneuve was as prudent as he was brave. As a Christian, and as an experienced military leader, he appreciated the value of a human life, especially of a life that was one of but few, engaged in a great cause.

Instead of rashly pursuing the marauding bands of Indians into their ambuscades, he stood upon the defensive, and made regulations by which the most impetuous among the young men of his command were restrained from uselessly exposing themselves. All work was done in parties, and they came and went in a compact body at the sound of the bell. So careful was he of the lives of his men that, to diminish the chances of their being killed or disabled, he employed dogs to reconnoitre the woods and ravines for prowling savages. The early annals of Montreal have preserved the name of one of these animals, *Pilatte*, which, with her progeny, would accompany the patrols and discover a party of Indians in ambush with the same facility that a sportsman's hound finds a brood of wild fowl. On several occasions when *Pilatte* had discovered a band of skulking savages in the vicinity of the fort, deep murmurs were heard against Governor de Maisonneuve for declining to allow the men to attack them. "Monsieur," some of the soldiers would say to him, "the enemy is to-day at such a place in the woods. Are we never going to dislodge them?" "The time has not yet come, my boys," the governor would quietly reply. "The death of a hundred Iroquois which we might kill would not diminish the strength of those barbarians, who come from all sides, whilst the loss of a few men would materially weaken the colony." This reply, which should have been satisfactory, was not always so, and, at last, the governor himself saw that his reputation for personal courage must suffer under the repeated murmurs of his followers.

On March 30th, 1644, relates the Sulpitian Dollier de Casson, the dogs commenced barking and howling in a frightful manner, and the soldiers ran to M. de Maisonneuve and impatiently cried out: "Monsieur, the Indians are in the woods, up the trail; are we never going to see them?" "Yes, you shall see them," abruptly answered the Governor. "Be prepared to march without delay, and let me see that you are all as brave as you promise to be. I will lead the party myself."

He summoned his lieutenant, M. d'Ailleboust, and after giving him directions in case of accident, placed himself at the head of the troop. The party numbered thirty, who directed their steps toward the forest. When at a point since named *Place d'Armes*, they were attacked by a band of eighty or a hundred Iroquois posted in the woods. The French entered the forest, took positions behind the trees, and fought with great bravery until the Indians broke into small parties and endeavored to surround them. Seeing the contest an unequal one, and having had three men killed and two taken prisoners, M. de Maisonneuve ordered the wounded to be carried to the rear, and then commanded a retreat, which was done in good order at first, but later so precipitately, that the governor soon found himself between the two forces, obliged to defend himself in a hand-to-hand struggle with a stalwart chief, who had singled him out, and determined to capture him alive. The Indian had already seized him by the throat, when De Maisonneuve struck him down with a well-directed blow from his pistol. Fortunately the foremost Indians stopped to carry off the body of their chief instead of following up their advantage, and the French commander was thus enabled to regain the fort, to the great joy of his people, who protested that he should not again so expose his life. The victims of this encounter, Jean Mattemalle, Pierre Bigot and Guillaume Lebeau, were buried with the highest honors by the side of the previous victims in the little cemetery.

The depredations of the Iroquois war kept up without relaxation until a peace was patched up with them at Three Rivers, in 1645. In the meantime the poor Hurons of the upper country were being driven from point to point by the Senecas, who did not consider themselves bound by the treaty of peace. The French were scarcely able to maintain their own position in the country, and, naturally, were unable to render effective aid to their allies in the West. Father Jogues, the great missionary, had been carried a prisoner to the cantons of the Five Nations, and soon afterward was followed in captivity by Father Bressani. Terror struck the hearts of the Hurons, who fled panic-stricken from their relentless foes. Many wonderful accounts of the effect of fear on the Indian mind, and of the indomitable energy it called forth, are found in the old chronicles. An example is recorded in the history of Montreal:

On July 3d, 1646, there arrived under the guns of M. de Maisonneuve's fort two Indian women whose condition was truly pitiable. They were wet from head to foot, exhausted, and in great distress. They were hospitably received, and were questioned as to who they were and whence they came. They were mother and daughter, and belonged to some distant tribe which the horrors of war had dispersed. One day, several weeks previously, they had, while traveling in their canoe, espied some men whom they assumed to be enemies. Fright having taken possession of them, they abandoned everything and fled through the forest, believing their enemies in pursuit or fearing to fall into the hands of some wandering war party. For eight days they ran through the woods, subsisting on wild fruits which they sometimes found and which they gathered while running from their enemies. At last they came to a stream where

they were compelled to make a raft with sticks, tied together with bark. Upon this frail bark they had traveled upward of six hundred miles, skirting lakes, descending rivers and jumping rapids. Again and again had their raft been wrecked, the last time at the foot of the dangerous Lachine Rapids, where they had almost lost their lives. A few days of kind treatment reassured them. "After all," says the chronicler, rather lightly, "it was not necessary to bleed them to cure them of their fright; we gave them food, they dried their dresses, and lo! they are out of all their troubles."

With all their anxieties and miseries, the colonists at Montreal led a comparatively happy life. They were brave men and valiant women, who were fulfilling a mission. As they performed all their religious obligations assiduously and lived in perfect harmony, they enjoyed inward peace in a degree that is almost unknown in our modern society. True Christian cheerfulness characterized their lives, and they could even enjoy a good joke. On one occasion, a badly demoralized Iroquois, separated from a party of his nation who had been roughly handled by some Hurons, in his desperation fled to Montreal and rushed within the inclosure of the General Hospital, where Mademoiselle de Boulogne, sister-in-law to Lieutenant d'Ailleboust, was promenading up and down the walks reciting her rosary. The Indian rushed up to where she stood, and, to the lady's great surprise, surrendered to her. The adventure greatly amused the colonists, and they would say, jocularly, "Mademoiselle Philippine takes Iroquois with her beads!"

The treaty of peace, made at Three Rivers in 1645, like all the treaties of that period, was but a temporary expedient, and the Iroquois, having utterly destroyed the Hurons and the Missions in the West, redoubled their attacks upon the French on the St. Lawrence. Scarcely a month passed without some surprise by the Indians. The colonists were obliged to abandon their houses outside the palisades and return to the protection of the fortified places, which were: in the centre, the fort, a mill near it, the hospital and the governor's castle, which latter was on the future St. Paul Street, behind the present seminary; on the east, the mill and the farm of St. Mary's; on the north, Fort Closse and Sailly's house; and on the west, the farm of St. Gabriel; all of which places were connected by a series of redoubts and palisades. But men to defend these places were wanting. The situation was becoming more and more desperate, and, at last, in 1651, Governor de Maisonneuve determined to go to France to make a final appeal for assistance. If he did not succeed in obtaining at least one hundred men as a reinforcement, it was his intention to abandon the colony, which had become greatly reduced by the incessant attacks of the savages. Had Montreal fallen at that time, some of the grandest feats of arms recorded in the world's history would have never been written; some of the most illustrious names in America's roll of honor would have remained uninscribed; the battle of Long Saut would have never been fought; the names of Charles Le Moyne, Lambert Closse, Zachary Dupuys, Adam Dollard, and Annahotaha would never have been written.

On May 15th, 1660, intelligence was received at Quebec from a dying Mohegan, that the Onondagas, who wished to be revenged for their failure to massacre the French colonists in their midst, under Major Dupuy, had sent wampum belts to all the other cantons, with the view to enlisting the whole Iroquois confederacy to make a combined attack upon Quebec, to capture the governor, to lay waste the town, and then sweep upon Three Rivers and Montreal, and, by a supreme effort, wipe out the French from American soil. Pontiac organized such a conspiracy against the English a century later. The invitation of the Onondagas had been heeded, the Mohegan reported, and there were already 800 warriors encamped below Montreal. This force but awaited the arrival of a party of 400 other warriors, who had wintered on the Ottawa, to commence the attack. A general alarm was given. All the colonists sought refuge in fortified places, and the whole country was placed on a war footing. Special religious services were also held in the churches to invoke divine assistance. Days and weeks of preparation and of anxiety succeeded one another, but the enemy did not make his appearance. In the course of time Quebec and Three Rivers learned that the heroism of a Spartan band of Montrealists had averted the impending calamity.

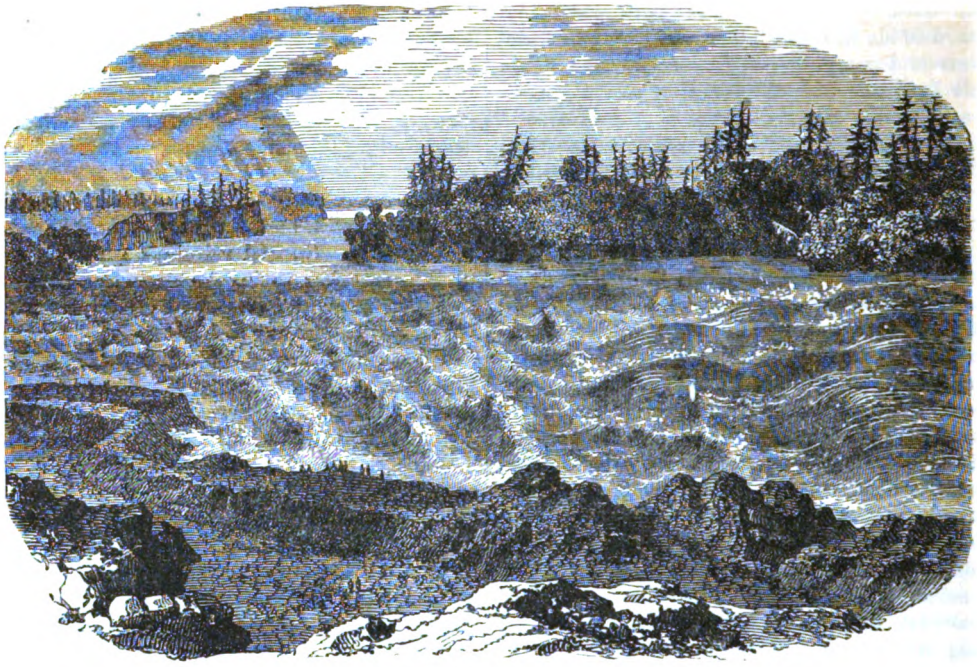
"In the preceding April," says Parkman, "before the designs of the Iroquois were known, a young officer named Daulac, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, asked leave of Maisonneuve, the Governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the enemy. His plan was bold to desperation. It was known that Iroquois warriors in great numbers had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac proposed to waylay them on their descent of the river, and fight them without regard to disparity of force.

"Adam Daulac, or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military command in France . . . he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed and received the sacraments. As they knelt for the last time before the altar in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, that sturdy little population of pious Indian fighters gazed on them with enthusiasm, not unmixed with an envy which had in it nothing ignoble. Some of the chief men of Montreal, with the brave Charles Le Moyne at their head, begged them to wait till the Spring sowing was over, that they might join them, but Daulac refused.

"The spirit of the enterprise was purely mediæval. The enthusiasm of honor, the enthusiasm of adventure, the enthusiasm of faith, were its motive forces. Daulac was a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the New World. Yet the incidents of this exotic heroism are definite and clear as a tale of yesterday. The names, ages and occupations of the seventeen young men may still be read on the ancient register of the parish of Montreal; and the notarial Acts of that year, preserved in the records of the city, contain minute accounts of such property as each of them possessed. The greater number had come to the colony as part of the reinforcement brought by Maisonneuve in 1653.

"After a solemn farewell they embarked in several canoes, well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoe-men, and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of St. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were more successful, and entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains and slowly advanced against the current.

"Meanwhile, forty warriors of that remnant of the Hurons who, in spite of Iroquois persecutions, still lingered at Quebec, had set out on a war-party, led by the



THE LONG SAUT, WHERE DAULAC AND HIS HEROES FELL.

brave and wily Etienne Annahotaha, their most noted chief. They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins, under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal, where they were likely to find a speedy opportunity of putting their mettle to the test. Thither, accordingly, they repaired, the Algonquin with three followers, and the Huron with thirty-nine.

"It was not long before they learned the departure of Daulac and his companions. . . . The wish seized them to share the adventure, and to that end the Huron chief asked the Governor for a letter to Daulac to serve as credentials. Maisonneuve hesitated. His faith in Huron valor was not great, and he feared the proposed alliance. Nevertheless, he at length yielded so far as to give Annahotaha a letter, in which Daulac was told to accept or reject the proffered reinforcement as he should see fit. The Hurons and Algonquins now embarked and paddled in pursuit of the seventeen Frenchmen.

They, meanwhile, had passed with difficulty the swift current at Carillon, and about the 1st of May reached the foot of the more formidable rapid called the Long Saut, where a tumult of waters foaming among ledges and boulders barred the onward way. It was needless to go further. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Saut, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forests sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of the rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past Autumn. It was a mere inclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already ruinous. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it . . . . They made their fires and slung their kettles on the neighboring shore, and here they were soon joined by the Hurons and Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning and noon and night they prayed in three different tongues, and when at sunset the long reach of forests on the further shore basked peacefully in the level rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

"In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Saut. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. The canoes, bearing five Iroquois, approached, and were met with a volley. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to the fort, leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty and desultory attack, and were quickly repulsed. They next opened a parley, hoping, no doubt, to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighboring forest.

"This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defenses. They planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade ; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came on again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas. Some of the French dashed out, and, covered by the fire of their comrades, hacked off his head and stuck it on the palisade, while the Iroquois howled in a frenzy of helpless rage. They tried another attack and were beaten off a third time.

"This dashed their spirits, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid 500 of their warriors who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. These were the allies whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal.

"Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night

with a spattering fire and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the parched Indian corn, which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst.

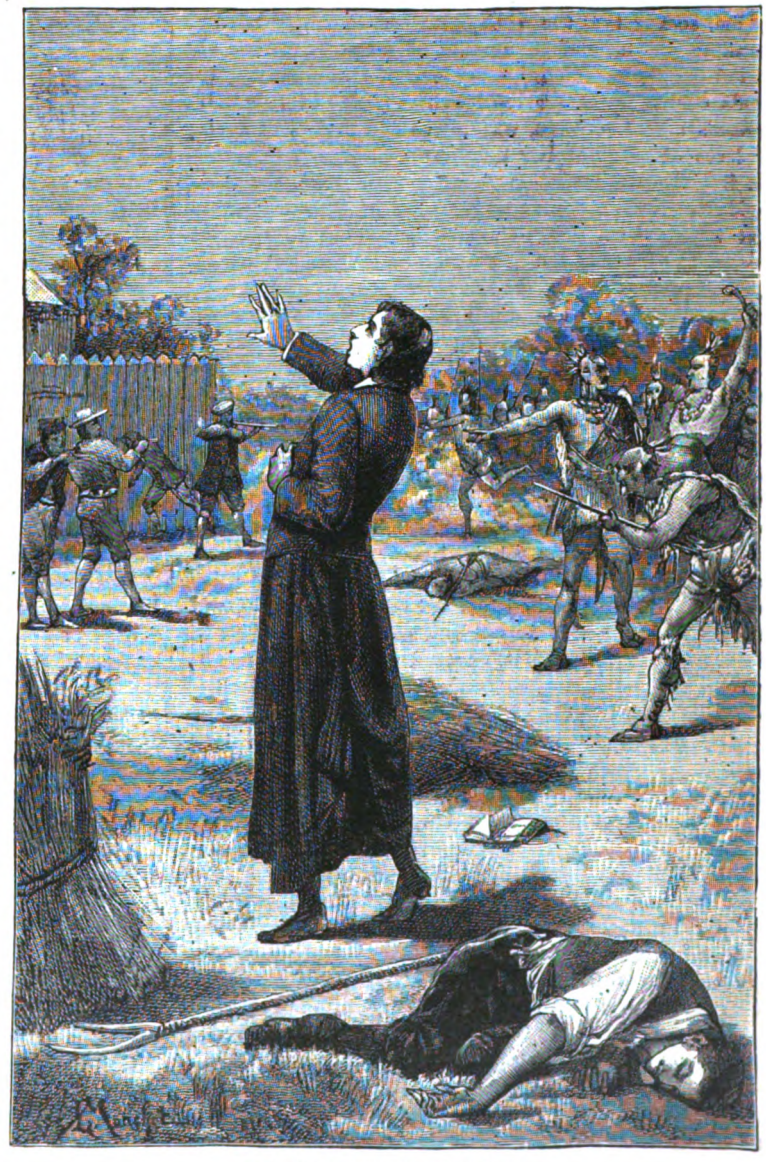
"Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois and fighting on their side. These renegades now shouted to their countrymen in the fort, telling them that a fresh army was close at hand; that they would soon be attacked by 700 or 800 warriors, and that their only hope was in joining the Iroquois, who would receive them as friends. Annahotaha's followers, half dead with thirst and famine, listened to their seducers, took the bait, and one, two or three at a time climbed the palisade, and ran over to the enemy, amid the hooting and execration of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm, and when he saw his nephew, La Mouche, join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast with the courage of despair.

"On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from 700 savage throats, mingled with a clattering salute of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcement had come, and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. After the custom on such occasions, bundles of small sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those picked them up who dared, thus accepting the gage of battle, and enrolling themselves in the forlorn hope. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields four or five feet high were made by lashing together three split logs with the aid of crossbars. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by a motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire they reached the palisade, and crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

"Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder, and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen and exploded, killing and wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loopholes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a few moments more they had torn a breach in the palisade; but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made, and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand, and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen, till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

"To the colony," continues the historian, "it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold 700 warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed to howl over their losses, and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance."

The noble band who fell with the Canadian Leonidas



DEATH OF REV. MR. LE MAÎTRE.

were: Jacques Brassier, Jean Tavernier, Nicolas Tiblemont, Alonse de L'Estre, Laurent Hebert *dit* La Rivière, Nicolas Josselin, Robert Jurie, Jacques Boisseau, Christophe Augier *dit* Desjardins, Etienne Robin *dit* Desforges, Jean Le Compte, Louis Martin, Jean Valets, Réné Doucin, François Crusson, Simon Grenet, Annahotaha and Mituvemeg, and four Algonquins. Less fortunate than their prototypes of old, no monument marks their new Thermopylæ, or speaks to the modern Sparta:

> "Go, passer-by, at Sparta tell,
> Obedient to her law, we fell."

It was not only the soldiers of Montreal who performed acts of undaunted courage: women and even priests, apostles of peace, distinguished themselves in the numerous combats which the colonists of Montreal had to encounter with their relentless foes.

In the Winter of 1660-'61, within a year of Dollard's heroic defense of the colony, the Iroquois were again at the door of Montreal in bands of ten, fifty and a hundred or more. In the month of February, a number of colonists at work outside the fortifications were attacked by the Iroquois. As usual on such occasions, Sisters Morin and Brèsoles ascended the belfry of the hospital and sounded the tocsin. A valiant woman, Madame Duclos, seeing that the workmen were unarmed, ran to a magazine and seized an armful of muskets, which she carried to them, in the very face of the enemy. The annals of the times are loud in the praise of this noble woman's act of courage, which was the means of saving the lives of many of her neighbors.

A few months later, on August 29th, 1661, the Abbé Le Maître, with a party of fourteen or fifteen mowers, went to the farm of St. Gabriel, belonging to the Sulpicians, to gather in the hay which had been left on the field the previous day. As the priest stood sentinel some distance from the works, reciting his breviary meanwhile, he observed an unusual movement in a clump of bushes, as of lurking Indians, and advanced to discover the cause. He had not proceeded far when he was assailed by a band of Iroquois, who attempted to capture him. Knowing that his companions were unprepared for a sudden attack, he retreated a certain distance, seized a weapon, and, giving the alarm, faced the Indians, to give his people time to take up their arms. The Indians seeing that by his bravery he retarded their movement to capture the French, and despairing of taking him alive, fired upon him and rushed forward toward the workmen, who by this time had armed and placed themselves on the defensive. The priest, covered with wounds, ran to the rear, and, with words of encouragement, commanded his people to take refuge in their palisade, when he dropped dead near a brave colonist who had just fallen in his endeavor to come to his assistance. The Iroquois, finding themselves masters of the field, hacked off the abbé's head, and bore it away as a trophy to the Onondaga country.

These were the heroic days of Canadian history. In course of time old France sent regular troops to its devoted colony, and these, with the colonial partisans, chastised the Iroquois, even in their own country, dispersing them and burning their cantons.

The once redoubtable Iroquois are now practically an extinct race, whilst the descendants of the French colonists on the St. Lawrence number a million and a half in Canada, and seven hundred thousand in the United States. Their history is a noble heritage which they brought with them in their new relations of subjects of England and citizens of the Great Republic.

BROWNIE AND JACK.

By Madaline Durant.

Only two faces, furry and wise,
Beautiful Brownie and handsome Jack;
Looking with wonder and grave surprise
To see their forms reflected back.

Never in dreamland had they seen
Or imagined a picture as fine as that
Which glowed on the crystal mirror's sheen—
White-breasted Brownie, whiskered Jack.

And *four* furry faces instead of two,
Eight round eyes so like their own—
A dream of enchantment, could it be true?
Were they now in a land before unknown?

"Are these their cousins of first degree,
About whom they had heard from London town?
What a striking likeness to you—and me,
That one on the right, with coat so brown."

So, full of wonder and close to each other—
Brother and sister, a beautiful pair
Looked in Aunt Fanny's mirror together,
And failed to discover the picture there

Was their own charming selves by an artist seen,
And to canvas consigned as a present from me,
To all the young folks of this magazine—
My Brownie and Jack from over the sea?

ABOUT BELLS.

Who invented bells? History saith not; but that bells were invented at a very early period, no doubt at all exists.

When the ceremonial law was given to Moses, and the dresses of the priests were appointed, the golden bells which adorned them were one of their peculiar characteristics.

At Athens the bells of the Temple of Proserpine notified the hour of sacrifice; the Shah of Persia has golden bells upon his robes of state.

Prefixed to a manuscript copy of the Psalms, of the fourteenth century, is a representation of King David playing upon five bells, which are arranged before him, and which he is supposed to be striking with two small hammers which he holds in his hands.

In Greece, bells were used to announce the opening of the markets; they were also used by the Greeks as a military signal; they were suspended from the triumphal chariot of a Greek conqueror; they were hung round the neck of a condemned criminal; they were sounded as a corpse was borne to the tomb. It is said that Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, was the first to introduce church-bell ringing.

There are on record many curious facts about bells being presented to Christian churches and monastic houses by pious benefactors; about bells being duly christened and called by particular names; and about the influence they were supposed to exert in scaring away evil spirits. "Evil spirits that are in the region of the air," says Wynkyn de Worde, "fear much when they hear the bells ring; and this is the cause why the bells are rung when it thunders, and when great storms, and tempests, and outrages of weather happen; to the end that fiends and wicked spirits should be abashed, and flee away and cease from working tempests."

Ingulphus mentions that the Abbot of Croyland gave a great bell to the church of that abbey, which was duly christened by the name of Guthlac; that he afterward

added to it six others, baptized respectively by the names Bartholomew and Bethelin, Tusketal and Tatwin, Pega and Bega.

Church bells are now universally employed; they are rung for divine service, rung at weddings, and on the occasion of public rejoicing and memorable anniversaries; they ring the old year out and the new year in; they mark, with mournful monotone, deaths and burials. At some churches special evenings are devoted to the ringing of the bells; and short touches, and bob-triples, and bob-majors, and grandsire bob-cators, awaken the neighborhood with their noisy glee.

Very graphic is the description which Victor Hugo has given of the effect produced by listening to the bells of all the churches in a great city ringing together. "At first," he says, "the sounds are distinct from each other, moving from church to church, like musicians before they strike off. Suddenly, see—for at times the ear may be said to possess the power of sight—see rising at the same instant from every tower a column of sound—a vapor harmony! At first, the vibration of each bell mounts clear, pure, and, as it were, isolated, into the delightful morning sky; increasing little by little, the sounds combine, mingle, efface each other, and unite in one magnificent concert. It is now a mass of sonorous vibrations, which are ceaselessly disengaged from innumerable bells, floating, undulating, bounding, rushing like a whirlwind over the town, and prolonging the deafening circle of its oscillations far beyond the horizon."

Longfellow makes his "Strasburg Friar" cease his discussion when the bells began to chime:

"For the bells themselves are best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers.
From their pulpits of stone in the upper air,
Sounding aloft without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpet under the law,
Now a sermon, and now a prayer."

Edgar Poe has rung the changes on the bells better, perhaps, than any man: The silver bells that tinkle on the sledges; the golden bells that in their harmony foretell a world of happiness; the brazen bells that scream out their terror in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire; the iron bells, rolling a stone on the human heart; and wedding bells, from out of whence:

"Sounding cells!
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells—
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells!—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!"

LELY'S PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL.

A BIOGRAPHER thus writes of Cromwell: "Oliver now stood erect, with his back to a fireplace, and resembled the picture which had been lately painted of him by Lely. The artist flattered him, perhaps, in the general air, as far as it implied ordinary good breeding, and an habitual urbanity of carriage; and yet the momentary look may not have been flattered even in that respect; for as the greater includes the less, so the princely serenity which Cromwell could assume as well as any man, or rather which was natural to him in his princely moments, involved of necessity whatever is of the like quality in the self-possession of an ordinary gentleman. You have heard what Cromwell said, when Lely was about to paint this picture? He told him to omit nothing that could complete the likeness, however it might tell against smoothness and good looks. Not a wart or a wrinkle was to be left out. Lely accordingly produced a stronger and bluffer face than is usual with him; though it is to be doubted whether the sense of beauty to which he afterward made such a sacrifice of his pencil would have permitted him to go to the extent of Cromwell's directions, granting even that the instinct of a courtier had not prevented it. Nor are we to suppose that Cromwell himself, however great a man, was displeased to think that his warts and wrinkles had been found less inimical to pleasingness of aspect than might have been looked for. Be this as it may, I was afterward, when I came to see the picture, highly struck with the resemblance it bore to him at the period of this interview. If there was any defect on the wrong side it was that the eyes were not fine enough; not sufficiently deep and full of meaning. And yet they are not vulgar eyes in Lely's picture. The forehead and the open flow of hair on either side, as if he was looking out upon the realm he governed, and the air of it was breathing upon him, are wonderfully like; and so is the determined yet unaffected look of the mouth. The nose, which in every face is, perhaps, the seat of refinement or coarseness (at least, I have never found the symptom fail), is scarcely coarse enough; and, in a similar proportion, it is wanting in power. Cromwell's nose looked almost like a knob of oak. Indeed, throughout his face there was something of the knobbed and gnarled character of that monarch of our woods. I will add, as this picture was painted immediately after Cromwell's ascension to the sovereign power, the princely aspect of the sitter was never more genuine, perhaps, than at that moment. But there was one thing which Lely assuredly took upon himself to qualify; to wit, the redness of his nose. It was too red in ordinary, though not so much so as his libelers gave out, nor so distinguished in color from the rest of his face. When he was moved to anger, the whole irritability of his nature seemed to rush into both nose and cheeks; and this produced an effect, the consciousness of which was, perhaps, of no mean service in helping him to control himself. Upon the whole, if many princes have had a more graceful aspect, few have shown a more striking one, and fewer still have warranted the impression by their actions."

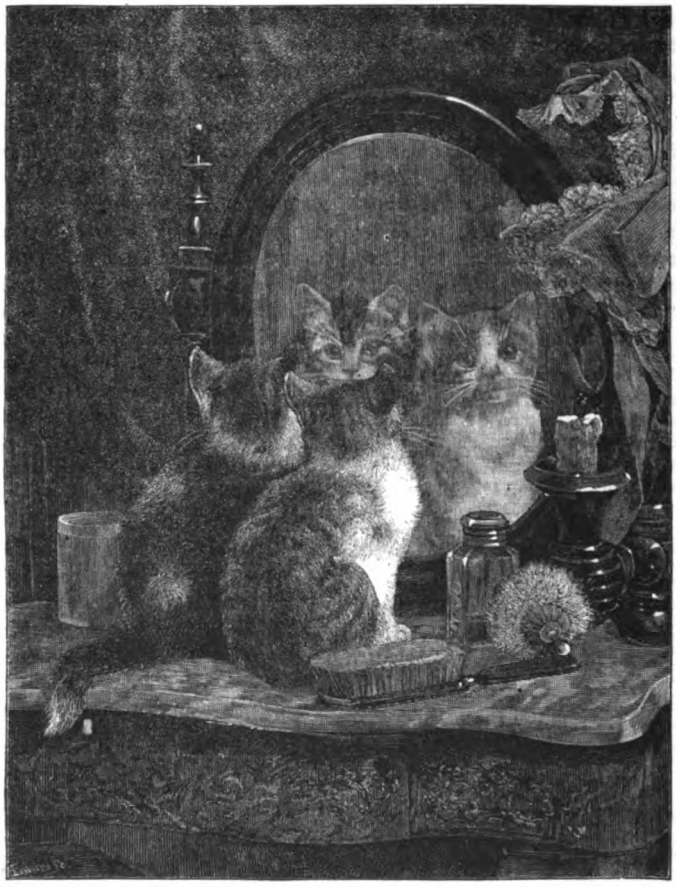
WHITE ELEPHANTS.

THE Rev. Father Sangermano, in his unpublished work, "A Description of the Burmese Empire, compiled chiefly from Native Documents," gives an early account of a Burmese white elephant: Nothing, according to Father Sangermano, was wanting to the pride of Badonsachen, the worst of all the Burmese emperors — themselves the champion despots of all the world in all the ages—who was once addressed by the British Governor-general of India as, *inter alia*, "rich in the possession of elephants and horses, and in particular as the lord of many white elephants"— nothing was wanting to the pride of this monarch, who govered Burmah during a long reign in the beginning of the present century, but the possession of a white elephant. In this desire he was gratified in the year 1805 by the capture of a female of that description in the forests of Pegu. It was at once bound with cords covered with scarlet; and as the place where it was taken was infested with musquitoes, a beautiful network of silk was made to protect it from them. To preserve it from all harm, mandarins, who had been deputed to

tend it, and guards watched by it both by day and night. No sooner was the news spread abroad than immense multitudes of every age and condition resorted to it, even from the most remote provinces. They knelt down before it, with their hands joined over their heads, and adored it as they would a god; and this not once or twice, but again and again. They offered to it rice, fruit, and flowers, together with butter, sugar, and even money, and esteemed themselves most happy in having seen this sacred animal.

At length the king gave orders for its transportation to Amarapoora. A superb pavilion was prepared on two boats of teak-wood fastened together, which were towed up the river by three large and beautifully gilded vessels full of rowers, and surrounded by innumerable other boats, some filled with every kind of provision, others carrying mandarins, bands of music, or troops of dancing girls. The whole was guarded by a band of 500 soldiers. The king and the royal family frequently sent messengers to bring tidings of its health and to make it rich presents in their name. Three days before its arrival Badonsachen himself, with all his court, went out to meet it. The king was the first to pay it his respects and to adore it, presenting at the same time a large vase of gold; and after him all the princes of the blood and all the mandarins paid their homage and offered their gifts.

On its arrival in the city a feast was proclaimed, with music, dancing and fireworks. A most magnificent house was assigned for its residence, adorned after the manner of the royal palace. A guard of 100 soldiers was given to it, and four or five hundred servants, whose duty it was always to wait upon it, to bring it food, and to wash it every day with odoriferous sandal water. Several cities and villages were assigned for its maintenance. All the vessels and utensils employed in its service were of pure gold, and it had, besides, two large gilt umbrellas of the kind peculiar to the king and his sons. It was lulled to sleep by the sound of musical instruments and the songs of dancing girls. When it went abroad it was royally attended, and the streets through which it was to pass were all cleansed and sprinkled with water. The most costly presents continued to be daily brought to it by all the mandarins of the kingdom, and one is said to have offered a vase of gold weighing 480 ounces. "All these golden utensils and ornaments," says Father Sangermano, "found their way at last into the royal treasury."



BROWNIE AND JACK.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 318.

The emperor was exultant, for he confidently believed that the possession of the elphant would confer upon him at least 120 years more of life. But the elephant disclaimed all pretensions to divinity by a sudden death, caused by the immense quantity of fruit and sweetmeats administered to it by its adorers. It is impossible to describe the consternation of Badonsachen at this disaster, and from the summit of pride and presumption, he sank at once into the abyss of the most abject fear, expecting every moment to be dethroned by his enemies, and hoping at best for only a few short years of further existence.

This elephant was a female, and its funeral was conducted in the form practiced on the demise of a principal queen. The body was accordingly placed upon a funeral pile of sassafras, sandal, and other aromatic woods, then covered over with similar materials, and the pyre was set on fire with the aid of four immense gilt bellows placed at its angles. After three days the principal mandarins came to gather the ashes and other remains, which they enshrined in a gilt and well-closed urn and buried in the royal cemetery. Over the tomb was subsequently raised a superb mausoleum of a pyramidal shape, built of brick but richly painted and gilt. Had the elephant been a male it would have been interred with the ceremonial used for a sovereign.

Happily the dismay of Badonsachen on the loss of his elephant was not of long duration, for a few months later some white elephants were discovered in the forests of Pegu. Instantly the most urgent orders were issued to give them chase, and one was at length captured, which arrived at Rangoon, October 1st, 1806. It was a male, and was in consequence received with even greater honor than its female predecessor.

In framing a picture covered with glass, be it a water-color, a photograph, or an engraving, there is one precaution which should always be adopted, but is too often neglected—the glass should fit the frame exactly, and should be cemented to the wood inside by a slip of thick paper. This should be glued all round the frame; and if done properly, will exclude all dust, dirt, and undesirable vapors. The backboards, too, should be well papered, so that the picture may rest in a dust-proof and air-tight receptacle.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AT LAST.

A WEEK passed, and Mignon did not leave her chamber, nor had Lispenard been admitted to her presence. One afternoon Nina came down to meet him in the Berkely drawing-room, full of some important matter. Her black eyes shone vivaciously, there was a glow in her brunette cheek.

"I know not what to make of Mignon," she began; "she is utterly listless, with no interest in anything. She mopes and mopes, and grows paler every day. The doctor declares that a sea voyage is necessary to restore her. He wishes her to go abroad immediately. Paris and Rome will be sure to improve her spirits."

He gave an involuntary start but did not speak.

"Well, our plans are all arranged," continued Nina. "The entire family of Berkely will sail for Europe in the next steamer. Reginald is suffering from hypochondria; papa wishes to study finance abroad; mamma is sighing for new French toilets, and I am going to Greece to gather material for an epic. Now, are you quite willing that we should take Mignon with us?"

She looked at him sharply. Did he change countenance? She was not quite sure.

"If it is necessary for Mignon to go to Europe, certainly I am willing," he replied, in a steady voice. "Do your plans meet with her approval?"

"Yes, she is like a child—eager to start at once."

"Then, like a child, she must be indulged," answered Lispenard, quietly. "I will make special provision for her comfort and pleasure abroad, and send my most trusted servant from the Dale to attend her."

A darkly envious look crept into the poetess's fine, expressive eyes.

"Will you not come with us, too, Lispenard?"

"I? Great Heaven! No! that would, indeed, ruin Mignon's enjoyment! Promise me, Nina, that, if I trust her in your hands you will guard her faithfully; promise that, if she is ill, or unhappy, or homesick, you will let me know without delay."

"I promise," replied Nina, ironically. "For your sake I will sit up nights to watch her, Lispenard. She will not be homesick or unhappy - no rich woman ever is in Paris. I dare say she will squander your money and flirt with other men, and never give you a thought, and if she does," bitterly, "it will serve you quite right, for

why did you not marry a girl who could appreciate you?"

He paid no heed to this burst of feminine pique.

"How long will you remain abroad?" he asked.

"Heaven only knows! For years and years, perhaps! I hope you may be somewhat cured of your stupendous folly by the time we return. Oh, Lispenard, have you been wise? Have you done well?"

"It is too late to ask or answer such questions," he replied, sternly. "I do not think of myself now, but only of her."

"That is so evident it need not be told," she sighed. "I fear—I greatly fear you have made both yourself and Mignon miserable for ever!"

Lispenard departed from the Berkely mansion and went straight to Mignon's physician; heard him confirm the statements made by Nina regarding the benefit that Mignon was likely to derive from a European tour, then he started for the Dale, called the old servant whom he had chosen to attend his wife, gave her minute instruction in her future duties, and dispatched her to the Berkely town house. Next he arranged that Mignon, wherever she went, should have unlimited means at her disposal, and he wrote scores of letters to foreign friends, bespeaking their care and attention for the young traveler at different stages of her wanderings. And after that there was nothing left for him to do but to bid her a final farewell.

It was a cheerless evening in the late Winter, with rain falling drearily. Signs of an exodus were everywhere visible in the Berkely mansion. The steamer would sail on the morrow. The *bric-à-brac* had been put away, and the trunks packed; the furniture was in covers, and the majority of the servants had been dismissed. Mignon descended the stair and met him in Nina's boudoir, which happened to be warmed and lighted. She had donned deepest black again, a color that always made her look like marble. The lovely hand which she held out to him was chilly and nerveless.

"Why have you not allowed me to see you before?" he burst out, almost angrily.

She looked faintly surprised.

"Did you wish to see me? I am sure I never knew it."

"Did I *wish* to see you?" he echoed, biting his lip. "Most certainly! I have suffered untold tortures in the last few days. How ill and weary you look! My poor child, you must not brood longer over your troubles—you must not! Do you want to kill yourself? Are you tired already of life?"

She leaned her two hands on the marble mantel. The black sleeves slipped back from the ivory wrists. Her lovely head, rippling over with yellow hair, drooped forward like a flower.

"No," she answered, with a sob; "but I will tell you what torments me most of all. It is the thought of Esther, my poor sister, there at his death—eye-witness to it. I have pondered the matter night and day, and I feel assured that she had gone to the West to find a home with him, for she was homeless here. She knew no more concerning his real life than I did. How did *she* bear the truth when it was revealed to her by the vigilants? Did she find a refuge in that strange place, or has she perished of despair and sorrow, perhaps want? Such questions as these are constantly rising in my mind."

Lispenard looked troubled.

"Why have I not thought of them also? To-morrow I will send some trustworthy person to Colorado. We will know at once the fate of your sister, and you shall provide for her future yourself."

Her fair face lighted wonderfully.

"How kind—how good you are! I would be content, I think, if I could have news of Esther."

"You shall have it if it is obtainable. To-morrow at this hour you will be upon the sea; but comfort yourself with the thought that proper steps will have been taken by that time to discover Esther, and bring her back to the East. Are you glad to go with these Berkelys?"

"Yes."

He looked at her with a fierce pain rending his heart. That idiot Reginald would dance attendance upon her from land to land. She had once rejected his love; but with such golden opportunities as now lay before him, who could tell the mischief that he now might do?

"I am here to bid you a final good-by," said Lispenard, in a slightly shaken voice. "At this last hour do you think of anything more that I can do for you?"

"No," she replied. "You have promised, if possible, to send me tidings of Esther, and that is enough."

"You will write to me sometimes, will you not?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"And when you have grown weary of the Old World and of travel, you will come back?"

"Yes," she said again.

He held out his hand. She put her soft, cool palm upon it.

"Cannot you come to the steamer to-morrow to see us off?" she said.

The color flew into his face and out again.

"No; in God's name do not ask me! There is a limit to all human endurance. My dear child, good-by!"

"Good-by!" answered Mignon.

There was no other word. He moved toward the door, looking back at her with a pale, strange face. She did not lift her head. A moment more and he was gone, and Mignon stood alone by the fire of Nina Berkely's boudoir.

Abel Lispenard went by train that night to his tower in the Dale. His servants noticed nothing unusual in his appearance. The dog Cossack, however, crept close to the side of his master, and lifted wistful eyes to his face as though his canine instincts detected something wrong. To be sure, the household heard the wailing of the grand piano far into the small hours of morning, but that was nothing uncommon.

The day dawned wild and stormy. It was bad weather for ocean travelers. Lispenard wandered aimlessly about his great house. He spent a long time in the closed rooms of his dead sister. His worn, haggard look began to disturb his devoted servants. He dined with only Cossack for company, and perhaps it was the most cheerless meal that had ever been served at the tower.

The night came on in clouds and beating Winter rain. The wind wailed mournfully across his desolate lawns and gardens. He sat down before the log fire with his violin, and drew the bow across its sympathetic strings.

Wild, heartrending music broke from the instrument. By this time she was on the sea. Would she make a good sailor? Would night and tempest on the great deep frighten her? He had given her into the hands of those Berkelys for an indefinite period. Would they, indeed, take good care of her? She would change much before he saw her again. She was little more than a child in years, and she would grow, not toward him, but further and ever further away from him; that was inevitable. How many new experiences would be hers! How many new faces she would see! Ah, had he really been wise in letting her go? He dashed down his violin

and started up in his chair, but alas! it was too late to recall her now—she had passed beyond his reach.

Cossack seemed to divine his master's mood, and whined restlessly at his knee. The rain beat fiercer than ever, the wind was increasing in violence. Suddenly Lispenard heard the closing of a door close at hand. Some of the servants were passing through the hall. He fell back in his chair again, with his chin bowed on his massive breast, and the violin, in which he for once could find no comfort, flung down at his side.

"How can I complain that I have lost her?" he said to himself, bitterly, "since I never had her to lose."

He thought again of Reginald Berkely sighing over her. In those far lands she would altogether forget her deformed, her unloved husband. No matter, if at the same time she also forgot her sorrows—the shadow of her father's sins, which had fallen so darkly on her innocent young life. Sacrifice, renunciation — those words, in their full meaning, were well known to Abel Lispenard. If he could purchase her happiness at the cost of his own, surely he would be content.

The *portière* was pushed suddenly aside. He did not see it. A light step crossed the carpet. Cossack gave a joyful bark. Then he started and looked up.

Great Heaven! could he believe his own eyes? It was Mignon herself standing there on his hearth—Mignon, breathless, eager-eyed, her long wraps shining with rain, and her yellow hair clinging in wet, babyish rings about her lovely brows. Once before she had come to him, in that very room, by night and alone; now she was there again, not with terror in her face, but a timid, sweet appeal, that amazed him exceedingly.

"Mignon!" he cried, wildly; "Mignon, can it be you?"

She sank on her knees at his side.

"Yes," she sobbed, "I went with them on board the steamer, but at the last moment I could not go! They coaxed, they scolded, they pleaded, they laughed at me; but in vain—I *could* not! My heart seemed breaking. I left them—I left the steamer and turned my face toward home. Oh, take me in as you did on that other night. Let me stay with you—with *you!* You will break my heart if you again send me away!"

He lifted her face and searched it with a fierce, devouring gaze. The burning color came and went in her cheek, her brown eyes met his through a mist of tears.

"Mignon, what do you mean? Great God! there is but one thing that you *can* mean! You have come back to me of your own will; you have come back because your heart led you! Oh, my darling, my darling, have I won you at last?"

She was in his arms, his lips to hers, her heart throbbing against his heart, and he knew, beyond any future doubt, that she was all his own—won not by the usual mode of wooers; but won, and for all time! And what that supreme moment of conscious possession, of despair turned to wildest rapture, of darkness flooded with light, of life rounded to its full completeness, meant to Abel Lispenard, no words can ever tell!

CHAPTER XL.

SISTERS.

After long exhausting days and weeks of travel that had brought no reward, no compensation, Esther Vye returned, heartsick and weary, to the Charlestown cottage.

"He is dead!" were her first words to Aunt Deb. "It was all in vain—my journey, and the expense of it—he died before I could deliver your message. Aunt Deb, you must not ask me anything more; this is all I can tell you."

The old woman, whose physical condition remained unchanged, had been eagerly watching for the traveler's return. The news of Gilbert Vye's death set her withered face flaming with a sort of fierce joy.

"Then you are mine now, Essie," she said. "If he is dead he can have no further claim upon you. You belong solely to me! What did you do with the message I sent your father?"

"I destroyed it."

Aunt Deb began to tremble with anxiety or weakness, or perhaps both.

"Esther Hart! you've a good many names, but I'm just going to stick to the oldest of 'em all. Don't tell me you went and opened that message when you found Jim dead!"

Esther gave her a high, indignant look.

"You are sick and childish, Aunt Deb, and I forgive you. No, I did *not* read your message. I burned it with the seal unbroken."

Aunt Deb drew a long breath of relief.

"Good!" she muttered. "Now you and I will cleave to each other for the rest of our earthly lives, Essie, and nothing shall part us but death!"

The burden on the old woman's mind seemed lightened, somehow, from that hour. Peace settled down upon her perturbed spirit. This improvement in Aunt Deb's mental condition was Esther's sole recompense for that journey, which would henceforth be a nightmare horror to her memory. Curiously, persistently, the old woman questioned her, but all in vain. Esther would tell absolutely nothing save that her father was no more.

"And h'ain't he left no money to you and that other girl at Rookwood?" demanded Aunt Deb.

"None!" shuddered Esther.

"Then, after all, Jim wasn't a rich man," said Aunt Deb, in a disappointed tone.

"No, oh, no! He was poor—poorer than the poorest!" answered Esther, wildly. "If you love me, Aunt Deb, don't talk of him; don't even mention his name again."

After this dark episode the daily life of the two women fell into a very dull and quiet groove. They kept closely to their dreary little cottage; saw no strangers, went nowhere. Whatever Esther's mental distress may have been at this time she shared it with no one. From the small store left by old Joe Runnel the pair drew their modest living.

So month after month went by. The rigorous Winter passed, and one Spring night Esther went down to the very gates of death and came back with a little child in her arms.

"Call him Guy," she murmured, her great turbulent eyes grown soft and dewy with the solemn joy of motherhood. And so the golden-haired baby was called Guy, and he looked up at Esther with Fleetwood's own laughing violet eyes.

When she could again walk about the cottage with the child in her arms, distracting thoughts began to press and crowd upon her.

"He is living—surely he *must* be living," she would say to herself. "If I thought he was dead I should go mad. Oh, if he knew of the existence of this boy, could he find it in his heart to forgive me for raising my jealous, wicked hand against his life?"

And sometimes, while Aunt Deb held little Guy, and crooned above him the same old, doleful hymns she used to sing at Porgy Rock, Esther, watching both with a

swelling heart, would continue her silent meditations in this wise:

"Shall I take the boy in my arms and travel again to his door, and sue abjectly for his forgiveness? Alas! I may be the mother of his child, but I am still the daughter of Black Dave. He fled from me because of my father's crimes. The blood in my veins can never be changed—the curse of Gilbert Vye's sins is upon me—it must remain upon me till I die."

Whatever line her thoughts might take, they always brought up against this bitter and indisputable fact, as against a blank wall that could not be surmounted.

Time went on. Nothing occurred to break the monotony of life at the cottage. Even Aunt Deb seemed neither better nor worse. Little Guy began to toddle about the meagre room and chatter to his beautiful young mother, and to the old woman, whose idol he had become. As the little fellow increased in size and knowledge, Esther, mother-like, commenced to think and to plan for his future.

"Aunt Deb," she said, "for the child's sake, we must not spend our little all."

"That's true, Essie."

"I am young and strong. I must find work and at once."

She left little Guy and the paralytic at the cottage, and set forth that very day to seek employment.

She found it, after some search, at a fashionable cloak and dressmaking establishment on Washington Street. A little withered, piquant Frenchwoman conducted the affairs of the house. She surveyed Esther with keen interest.

"You can sew, you can cut?" she said; "and, *mon Dieu!* what shoulders you have, mademoiselle, what a figure! You are a born model—you can make a garment speak for itself—you can give it style—the air proper—don't you know? If mademoiselle can be satisfied with six dollars per week she may consider herself engaged."

It was not an extravagant sum, but Esther thought of little Guy and accepted madame's offer.

She entered at once upon her new work. Aunt Deb watched little Guy at the cottage and Esther, through rain and sunshine and sleet and snow, fared forth to earn her paltry six dollars in madame's workroom, from the obscurity of which she was frequently called to "try on" choice garments for fashionable customers; and surely the rich fabrics on Esther's superb figure took a form and air that were irresistible. Madame soon found that she had secured a prize in her new workgirl. Her fine lady patrons from Beacon Street and the Back Bay stared at the handsome creature in admiring surprise and begged madame to relate her history.

"History? I know not if she has one," madame would answer. "She never speaks of herself, or her private affairs. She does her work in a superior manner, and, though she looks like a duchess, she is as docile and sweet as a child."

There was one customer that madame seemed to hold in particular regard—she frequently called her an angel, and "one charming grand dame." In the workroom Esther heard her mentioned as the lovely Mrs. Lispenard—heard, also, that she was a person of great wealth and importance, the queen of an aristocratic circle. The name sent a faint thrill along her veins—it brought back the memory of Rookwood and the Dale. She felt a curious desire to catch one glimpse of Mrs. Lispenard, but days and weeks passed and her wish remained ungratified.

But one bitter Winter day, when the snow was whirling across the Common and through the sloppy streets, madame entered the workroom in haste carrying over her arm a white satin opera cloak lined with magnificent sable.

"Mees Vye," she said, "this has been overlooked in the morning's hurry. You must take it at once to Mrs. Lispenard, and beg her to pardon my negligence. And you are to see that it is satisfactory before you leave it."

Esther arose from a ball-dress of blue brocade which she was trimming, and put on her outer garments. The workroom was hot, crowded, and oppressive. She was glad to escape from it for awhile. She packed the opera cloak securely in a box and set forth to find Mrs. Lispenard.

Following the directions given her by madame, Esther turned from Winter Street to Park, passed the tall State House, and came to an imposing mansion overlooking the snowy Common. She went up the steps and rang the bell. A footman answered it. Was Mrs. Lispenard in? No; but she would return shortly. Would the young person wait? Esther could do no less. The lackey showed her into a rose-colored boudoir full of luxurious warmth and the faint sweetness of pot-pourri, all in delightful contrast to the bitter day outside. Adjoining this room was a nursery, for as Esther entered a connecting door stood ajar, and she caught a glimpse of a white-capped *bonne* moving about with a child in her arms. She heard, also, the gurgle of baby laughter. Then some one closed the door on the other side, and all was quite still.

Esther sat waiting. Her big eyes roamed wistfully around the boudoir. Mrs. Lispenard must be a happy woman. Beyond those costly curtains of lace and brocade lay a world of work and want and pain; but within were tropic airs and sweet odors and sumptuous repose. Suddenly Esther's gaze fell on the portrait of a man hanging in a recess. The olive face, the eyes full of volcanic lights, the straight, clear-cut features she instantly recognized as belonging to the rich dwaff whom she had repeatedly met at Rookwood.

A wild alarm seized Esther. She arose, crept stealthily up to the portrait, examined it closely. Yes, it was he. There could be no mistake. She was under his roof, then! Ghosts of the past came trooping up. The perfumed air of the room seemed choking her. Panic-stricken she left the box containing the opera cloak upon the sofa and fled off—away, out of the house into the snowy streets, her limbs trembling under her, her breath grown short with nameless fears.

"Now, who can *Mrs.* Lispenard be?" she thought. "Who can that man have married? Probably the Miss Berkely, who, as Aunt Elinor once told me, was deeply in love with him at the Dale. Is *she* madame's 'angel' and 'charming grand dame?'"—Shirlaw's kinsman, the friend of Philip Vye, the person who had done so much to arrange the match betwixt Mignon and the gallant brown captain. "Oh," said Esther to herself as she hurried across the wind-swept Common, "I would not have encountered Abel Lispenard for the wide world!"

When she reached the workroom she explained to madame that she had found Mrs. Lispenard out, and had left the opera cloak.

"Mademoiselle is pale," said the little Frenchwoman.

"It is the cold," stammered Esther.

A day or two after, the opera cloak came back to madame for some sight alterations. Mrs. Lispenard, a very lovely and stylish young creature, brought it herself.

"Ah, madame," said the Frenchwoman, in her most deferential manner, "I am heart-broken at the trouble

you take! Mees Vye was instructed to try on the cloak, but she found madame out and did not wait."

Mrs. Lispenard started, nervously.

"What name did you say?"

"Mees Vye—one of the workgirls, madame."

"Has she been with you long?"

"Two months."

Mrs. Lispenard's brown eyes grew strangely eager.

"Is she—of course, this is only a wild guess—is Miss Vye tall, dark, handsome?"

"Exactly, madame."

"Ah!" Mrs. Lispenard actually grew pale. "Will you kindly permit me to see her?"

The dressmaker went to the workroom-door and called Esther forth. In amazement the "grand dame" and the sewing-girl stood and looked at each other.

"Esther!"

"Mignon!"

Then, unmindful of place or spectators, Abel Lispenard's fair wife swept up to her sister and clasped her in a pair of glad, imperative arms.

"Something told me it was you!" she cried. "Oh, where have you been hiding, poor child? We have looked near and far for you. And what are you doing here? But you need not tell me—I know already.'

Mignon turned to the Frenchwoman.

"I must take Miss Vye away, and at once," she said. "She is my sister, and we have many things to say to each other."

The tears stood in Esther's great eyes, but she did not speak. The little Frenchwoman, who scented romance and perhaps tragedy in the affair, helped her to don her outer garments, and the two girls entered the Lispenard carriage and drove away from madame's establishment.

CARRIER DOVE.

In the privacy of the vehicle Mignon sank forward at the other's knees and broke out:

"Oh, Esther, oh, my poor sister! Cyril Vye told me everything. And you were there—you saw him die!"

Then Esther knew that she had kept the secret of Gilbert Vye's death in vain.

Clasped close, with their tears mingling, the pair for the first time opened their hearts to each other. Nothing was kept back. Past and present were told—their full history of love and sorrow, yes, and sin; for Esther did not withhold from the ears of this recovered sister the crime which had made desolate her whole life.

"Long ago," said Mignon, pressing her hand in loving sympathy, "my husband sent a person to search for you in the West. The thought of you, left homeless and friendless there, after *his* death, was agony to me. The man returned with news that you had started East on the day succeeding the dreadful tragedy; but, though we advertised in all the daily papers, and made every possible inquiry, we could find no further trace of you."

"I dared not read the papers at that time," shivered Esther; "I feared I might stumble upon some account of—of——"

"Yes; I understand. How glad I am that I have found you at last, Esther! Never shall you escape me again. As for your crime, dear, you have the fiery temper of all the Vyes," with a heavy sigh, "and your provocation was great. I cannot attempt to judge you. Have you never heard one word concerning your husband from that hour?"

"No—no!"

"Poor child! I can readily imagine the remorse, the misery of this intervening time! No wonder you were strange and unapproachable at Rookwood. I never, for a moment, blamed you, dear, for Victor Shirlaw's desertion. I have had my recompense," with a grave little smile. "There is not in the wide world a happier wife than I am this day. Now I am going to take you to my home, dear—I want to talk with my husband about your future."

"Not to-night," said Esther, quickly, "Little Guy and Aunt Deb will be waiting for me at the cottage. I shall fret no more about my future, dear Mignon, for now that I have found you, now that I know you, I can never feel alone in the world again. This Lispenard whom you have married must be a very noble person. It is not strange that he should win your love. What woman could long remain indifferent to devotion like his?"

"He is the noblest, the grandest of men!" Mignon answered. "There is none like him. Do not think, dear, that I shall longer allow you to work for your bread at madame's establishment. My home is large enough for you and little Guy, and the aunt of whom you speak. You must all come to me immediately."

But Esther shook her handsome head.

"We will not talk of that now. I am proud. I fear I could not be dependent even upon you, dear."

The coachman had been driving slowly through quiet streets while the two were talking. At Mignon's order he now turned his horses' heads toward Charlestown Bridge.

It was dark when they reached the cottage. Mignon followed Esther through the rickety gate and into an humble living-room, and there found a very feeble old woman sitting before a fire holding on her lap a lovely, prattling, golden-haired child.

"Who's that?" quavered Aunt Deb, staring wildly at the fair vision of Mignon in her carriage dress of silk and velvet and costly fur.

"It is my sister, Mrs. Lispenard," answered Esther, gently. "She has come to see you and little Guy. You must love her for my sake, Aunt Deb. She has made me very, very happy to-night."

But the alarm in the old woman's face deepened. She pressed little Guy to her breast with such force that the child began to whimper.

"Lispenard!" she half screamed; "that dreadful name! Keep her away from me, keep her away from little Guy! What does she want here? I'm afraid of her!"

"Afraid of Mignon?" said Esther, soothingly; "nonsense! Look at the child," as little Guy suddenly put out his dimpled arms to the visitor, who, forbearing to notice the old woman's ill-nature, snatched and covered him with kisses.

"Your boy is not like the Vyes, Esther!" murmured Mignon; "thank Heaven for that!"

With tears in her eyes she looked around the humble room. Her heart yearned over its inmates. She knew her husband's generous nature—knew that he would be glad to surround them with every luxury. But would that proud-faced Esther accept help? would the feeble, cross old woman in the chair accept it?

"You have not mentioned your aunt's name," she whispered to Esther.

"Her real name is Tempest," replied Esther; "Concordia Tempest; but I could never master such a mouthful of syllables, so to me she is always Aunt Deb."

Mignon uttered an involuntary cry.

"Oh, how strange! Is—is she a native of this State?"

"No," replied Esther, wondering at the other's agitation. "She was born in Maine, like all my mother's people. My grandfather was a sailor—in his later years he kept a light on one of the islands. You see we have brought mementoes of our old life along with us," nodding toward the cottage mantel, which was filled with tropic shells and corals and odd foreign trinkets.

"What makes her ask such questions?" cried Aunt Deb, sharply. "She's come here for no good. I wish she'd go! I thought I was to have peace after Jim Hart died; but there's no peace for the wicked. Ain't I nearer to you than any sister, Essie? Ain't I cared for you like a mother all your life?"

"Poor dear jealous Aunt Deb!" said Esther, smiling; "you distress yourself for nothing. How many times must I assure you that you and I will never part? I hope Mignon will forgive your lack of hospitality, because you are sick and full of delusions."

A queer, dazed look had come to Mignon's fair face.

"Certainly," she stammered, and "since I disturb your aunt so much, I will go now, Esther dear—besides, I have something strange to tell my husband."

Then she embraced Esther, hurriedly, absently, flew to her waiting carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive home with all speed.

As soon as she reached the Beacon Street house she ran first to a charming nursery, where, in an exquisitely carved bed, on a pillow of finest lace, the baby heiress of the last of the Lispenards was sleeping, watched by a *bonne*. Mignon, the girl mother, bent and kissed the little flower-face, then descended quickly to her husband's library.

Abel Lispenard was writing letters at a table as his wife came gliding in. He arose to meet her.

"My darling," he said, impressed by something odd in her look, "what has happened?"

"I have found Esther," she answered, breathlessly; "and oh, what do you think? With her lives a queer old paralyzed woman, named Concordia Tempest, and she came from Maine—of sea-faring people, too. Her father was a sailor, and kept a lighthouse on an island."

She told him all that had happened that afternoon. His face grew very grave.

"My darling," said Lispenard, "you fill my head with strange fancies. Either this Concordia Tempest—and verily, the name seems big with fate!—is only a curious coincidence, or she means something of vast importance to me and mine. In either case I must see her before I sleep. I beg you to dine alone, Mignon, while I go to find the Charlestown cottage and its inmates."

"Ah, but did I not discover them? If you go, you must take me as guide. The house is so poor and mean, dear! and my beautiful, unhappy Esther is obliged to work for her bread every day. Oh, I *know* you will let me help them."

"Help them? To your heart's content, my darling—that is," with a strange smile, "if you find they are likely to need it. Meanwhile, come with me, if you will, and hear what I shall say to that woman with the fateful name—Concordia Tempest!"

CHAPTER XLI.

WHAT HE SAID.

After Mignon left the cottage, Aunt Deb began to rock back and forth before the fire in a fit of querulous complaint.

"Seems to me I don't more than git fairly settled in my mind about you, Essie," she said, "before something new comes to rile me up again."

"Do not be jealous of Mignon," answered Esther,

sadly. "I was fortunate, indeed, to encounter her to-day. We have looked into each other's hearts, and now we are sisters indeed, Aunt Deb, and both you and I will be the happier for having met Mignon."

The old woman began to sob in a weak, unnerved manner.

"I never want to see her again—I never want her to come here again!" she groaned. "I'm a miserable, sinful old woman, and some day you'll hate me—you'll teach little Guy to hate me, too!"

"I teach my baby to hate you!" echoed Esther, indignantly; "how can you talk like that, Aunt Deb? You are quite tired out to-night. I must make haste to give you your tea."

She fed little Guy and rocked him to sleep; then she made the toast, and set the tea steeping, and the two sat down to supper together.

The wind roared through the narrow street outside, the snow fell thick against the window. Aunt Deb put down her cup to listen.

"Seems to me I can hear the sea on the rocks," she quavered. "I wish we were back to Porgy Island—you and I, Essie—at Porgy Island out in the ocean, where nobody could find us."

Esther shuddered.

"Don't speak of it, Aunt Deb! I think it would kill me to even see Porgy Island again!"

They were just pushing back from the table when the rickety wooden gate slammed suddenly, and then the door of the cottage opened without ceremony, and on the threshold stood two persons—Mignon, breathless but smiling, and close behind her the square, misshapen figure of Abel Lispenard.

"I did not think to return so soon, Esther dear," Mignon began; "but my husband insisted upon seeing you at once. And," straightway attacking the root of the matter, "he wants to make the acquaintance of your Aunt Deb."

Aunt Deb staggered to her feet. Supporting her gaunt, trembling figure against the table she glared at Abel Lispenard. It was not the extraordinary appearance of the man that overcame her—evidently she did not notice that. Her agitation proceeded from some inward not outward cause.

"Sir," she gasped, "what do you want of me?"

Lispenard made the old woman a courteous bow.

"I came here to-night, madame," he answered, "to pay my respects to my sister-in-law, and also to see the owner of that extraordinary name—Concordia Tempest."

"There it is again!" cried Aunt Deb, shrilly. "That's what brought Guy Fleetwood to Porgy Island. He wanted to find the owner of that name. I never heard it called extraordinary till then. Whatever has got into folks? The Canadian's object was to steal Esther away from us. Now, sir, *what is yours?*"

Lispenard smiled.

"Pray sit down, Miss Tempest, and permit me to do likewise. My only object is to obtain your help in a search which I have been vainly pursuing for nearly two years. Mr. Fleetwood's interest was centred in a living person—mine solely concerns a vessel which was built in the Maine port of Barton nearly half a century ago. The name is so uncommon that I feel confident there must be some connecting link betwixt its human wearer and the ship that once carried it across the sea."

"How did you know there was ever such a ship?" demanded Aunt Deb, tremulously.

"My one only sister and her infant child made the voyage from Havre to Boston on the *Concordia Tempest* many years ago. She was sick and poor and friendless—her mind had been affected by great sorrow. So far as I can discover, madame, she left her child with some person on board that ship—at least it was never heard of afterward."

Aunt Deb uttered a sharp cry.

"That woman! was she your sister?"

Lispenard advanced eagerly toward the paralytic.

"Ah, madame, you know the story, then?"

Neither Mignon nor Esther had spoken a word. They simply stood withdrawn from the other two, intently listening. Aunt Deb, fairly driven to the wall, made a wild gesture, as if casting off some heavy burden.

"I've told Essie again and again that I was a wicked old woman," she sobbed; "and so I am—so I am! I'll confess everything, sir—why should I longer try to hide that which can't be hidden? The ship *Concordia Tempest* was built at Barton by my own father when I was a little child, and named for me. I remember her well—I remember the very day she was launched!" wringing her half-palsied hands, "for right after that father lost his money and died, and mother married Joe Runnel, and had little Drusie, Jim Hart's first wife."

Esther and Mignon looked at each other. Both involuntarily took a step nearer to the chair into which Aunt Deb had fallen—a helpless, quaking heap.

"Father Joe followed the sea, like most men along the Maine coast," the old woman went on. "He was a foremast hand for years; but after awhile he got to be second mate aboard the *Concordia Tempest*. Drusie was dead, and Jim had gone West, leaving his child for me and Father Joe to bring up. He was growing sick of the sea—was Father Joe. He had suffered shipwreck in his day, and yellow Jack, and was doubled up with rheumatiz and he'd about made up his mind to quit salt water and get an appointment as light-keeper on one of the islands. His last voyage was on the *Concordia Tempest* to some French port, and he left me alone at Cinderville with Jim's baby.

"'Twas a sickly little thing from the start. Jim gave me a hundred dollars for it when he went away, and he sent its board as regular as clockwork. Of course, that was a great help, for we wasn't rich folks. One night the child was seized with croup, and before midnight struck it lay dead and stiff on my lap—I always knew 'twould never live to grow up.

"'Twas a shrieking, howling night, with the sea booming up the beach—December weather on the Maine coast. As I sat lamenting over the baby and wondering how I was ever to get to the neighbors for help, Father Joe himself, fresh from the last voyage he was ever to make, opened the door and came in with a bundle in his arms.

"'You've reached Cinderville just in time,' says I. 'Here's Drusie's baby stone-dead, in spite of goose-grease and onions, and every other remedy that I could think of, and Jim sent another hundred dollars to it only yesterday.'"

"'Well, shiver my timbers! this *is* a curious turn for things to take!' says Father Joe, and then he opened his bundle, and what do you think he had in it? Another baby, plump, healthy, handsome, a girl, too, like the dead one, sleeping as sound as a top, for he had been obliged to drug the little thing to keep it quiet on the journey from Boston.

"'For mercy's sake! Father Joe, says I, 'where did you get that child?'

"And then he told me how at Havre, a French gentleman, very stern and forbidding, had come aboard the *Concordia Tempest* with this baby and its mother—the

last an American girl, handsome as a picture. The French gentleman had paid the passage of the two to Boston. He made short farewells with them and went his way, and the *Concordia Tempest* sailed that same day for America.

"The voyage was long and stormy, and the American girl was very sick—most of the time she kept her berth—she had been sick before leaving France. She seemed to be in great trouble, too, and often talked like one delirious. She called herself Mrs. Laurent, but nobody knew where her husband was.

"Father Joe used to take the child on deck for her, and in various ways he tried to show her such kindness as he could. The baby grew very fond of him, and at the same time he won the confidence of the mother, I suppose. Anyway, as the *Concordia Tempest* approached Boston, Mrs. Laurent came to Father Joe, and told him she was going ashore to look for relatives that had cast her off two or three years before—disowned her, because of her marriage, which didn't happen to please them. She couldn't say whether they were alive or dead, or whether they would receive her or not; and because the child had grown so fond of Father Joe, she wanted to leave it with him till she should find her people. She never told gran'ther a word about them—not even their names, nor station in life. But he saw she was dreadfully troubled; so he consented to take charge of the child and let her go off, and his shipmates jeered him well for his folly, for she never came back, mind you. He waited and waited, but nothing more did he ever hear of her. The captain told Joe to carry the child to some orphan's home, but it clung about his neck, he said, and made him so soft-hearted, that when he found the mother had forsaken it for good, he just brought it home to me.

"When he had told me all this, we sat down together and talked the situation over, and Satan entered into Father Joe, and says he:

"'Why not bury this dead baby, Debbie, and put the live one in its place? Who's ever to know? Certainly not Jim—he's too far away, and we can go on drawing the board-money, and save Jim the distress, too, of hearing that his child is dead—don't you see? And it'll be providing for this desarted little creetur at the same time.'

"Well, I hankered after Jim's money as much as gran'ther did, and so we agreed, then and there, to do it. We buried Drusie's little girl secretly in the dark of that night, and put in her place the child of the strange woman. Yes, I know 'twas a wicked thing to do, and it has worried me at times ever since—it used to worry Father Joe, too. He got the appointment at Porgy Rock, and we carried little Essie there, and brought her up as Jim's own. Now," suddenly stretching out her withered hands to the dumbfounded Esther, "can't you see why I sent you West to Jim? I wanted you to bring him back to me—I wanted him to know that I had deceived him. I couldn't bear to keep my secret any longer—with death staring me in the face, I grew afraid."

Esther stood voiceless, motionless, but Lispenard started up in great agitation from his chair.

"Can I—*dare* I believe all this?" he cried. "What proofs have you to give me, madame?"

"Go, bring gran'ther Joe's brass-bound box, Essie," groaned Aunt Deb.

The girl went to a cupboard and brought forth a square, cedar box of foreign workmanship, and put the same silently in the old woman's lap. From a ribbon about her neck, Aunt Deb then took a key. The brass-bound lid flew back, and she placed upon the table before Lispenard some threadbare baby garments, carefully marked in faded ink with the full name "Esther Lispenard Laurent."

"These were on the child when Father Joe brought her to me," said Aunt Deb; "the mother also left with her a little bundle of things—I have kept them every one."

She next drew forth an English prayerbook in faded velvet covers. On the fly-leaf another name was written—"Lilian Lispenard," and to the leaf the unhappy owner had pinned a half-completed letter, dated at sea, and blotted, as if with her own tears. It was addressed to "My dear brother, Abel Lispenard," and ran as follows:

"I have a foreboding that I may never reach land alive. Of my kindred and former friends I feel sure that you are the only one who loves me, the only one who has ever forgiven me for my rash and unhappy marriage. To your care, then, I commit my little Esther. God grant that her fate may be happier than mine! I have no words to tell you what I have suffered. There is a man on board this ship—the second officer, I think they call him—who has been very kind to us on the voyage. If I die before we reach land I shall leave Esther and this letter in his keeping. Oh, be good, for my sake, to the child! Sometimes I think I am going mad, such strange things come into my head, such strange sights pass before my eyes! If I can but reach you, my dear brother, I feel assured—for do I not know your noble heart?—that you, at least, will give me a kind welcome. You will not reproach——"

There the letter ended in an unintelligible scrawl. Something worse than death was creeping, even then, on the hapless writer—the long black night of madness, in which child and brother, and memory and affection, were all lost for ever. The other things which the box contained were a few feminine nick-nacks, an embroidered handkerchief and a wedding ring, engraved with the initials of Gustave Laurent and Lilian Lispenard, and the date of their hasty and ill-starred marriage.

"That's all!" said Aunt Deb. "Now you know everything—Esther knows everything! Father Joe and I agreed to keep these things, and if any hue and cry was made for the child we'd give her up and the trinkets with her; but if not we'd go on concealing the whole matter as long as we lived. We never heard the names of Laurent or Lispenard from that day to this, and what call had we to go searching after such folks? Essie's own mother left her to Father Joe, and he took care of her with Jim's money, and that's all there is about it. When I heard Jim was dead I meant not to say a word to Essie till my last hour struck; then, if I'd had breath enough left I'd have told her the whole story."

Aunt Deb fell back exhausted in her chair.

Lispenard turned to Esther.

"Do you understand all this?" he said.

"Imperfectly," she answered.

"You are the daughter of my sister Lilian, and for two years I have been searching everywhere for you. Both your father and mother died in my arms, and both talked of you with their latest breath. It was your father who told me of your birth, and of the ship in which my poor mad Lilian sailed to America; but of the officers and crew of the *Concordia Tempest* I could not find a single man living, and all my efforts to track you from that vessel were in vain. Esther, you are not the child of Gilbert Vye, or the sister of Mignon. You are my niece, and," with a smile of great tenderness breaking over his grave, powerful face, "for long years I have kept intact your mother's half of the Lispenard fortune, to present, as her birthright, to your mother's daughter."

* * * * * *

They sat talking together far into the night.

The burden of sorrow and disgrace which the two girls

THE MASKED COLUMBIAN THORNBILL HUMMING-BIRD.

had thought to bear together now rested alone on Mignon's shoulders. But she, sheltered in her husband's great love, could rejoice unselfishly that Esther, at least, had escaped from under the shadow.

"Now what is to become of *me?*" groaned Aunt Deb.

Esther put her arms around the old woman and kissed her affectionately.

"Whither I go, Aunt Deb, you shall go, and where I abide, you shall abide! You are old and feeble, and I am the Esther who grew up by your side at Porgy Rock, among the storms and seagulls. We will forget everything but these two facts."

Abel Lispenard nodded approval to his niece. Both were more than ready to forgive any sin that Aunt Deb had committed. Mignon, tearful yet smiling, embraced Esther and said, quietly:

"We will always be sisters in heart, dear, though no tie of blood unites us. For your sake I rejoice in the discovery that has been made." Then she held the girl suddenly from her. "Why, you are the very image of that wonderful portrait of Lilian Lispenard at the Dale! Do you not see the likeness, Abel?" turning quickly to her husband.

"Yes," he answered, gravely, "I observed it the first time I ever encountered Esther at Rookwood. There was another person, also, to whom it was plain—Gilbert Vye, on that night when he found a hiding-place in Lilian's chamber. But it seemed scarcely reasonable at that time to place any importance upon such a resemblance."

She showed no elation at her sudden change of fortune—on the contrary, she was pale, thoughtful, composed.

"Your trials are now over, Esther," said Lispenard. "To-morrow you will leave this place, you and yours, and come to me. You will enter a new world, begin a new life."

She was standing with her hand on Aunt Deb's chair. A pale solemnity came into her face. Her great eyes seemed to look past them all to something which they did not see.

"I have other plans," she answered.

"What! so soon? May we beg to hear them, Esther?"

"Is it true that I am now rich?"

"Very rich. One half of the original Lispenard fortune, and it numbered many millions, I long ago set apart to accumulate, as it now appears, for *you.*"

"But was not my mother disinherited by her father's will?"

"Yes," he answered, "and it becomes my sacred duty to rectify that monstrous wrong. There are rights, my dear child, that are inalienable, and stronger than any will that was ever written. For little Guy's sake you will not—you dare not—refuse to accept your mother's lawful share of the family fortune."

She bent and kissed his hand.

"How good you are—how generous! Being now your niece, and not the daughter of Gilbert Vye, I must go," said Esther, "and find little Guy's father. Yes, first of all, I must find *him!*"

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

At Tamarack Hall the seasons had come and gone with dreary monotony. It was more than two years since the shooting affair in the library, and only one event of importance had occurred in the old Canadian house—and that was the fall of a woman down a flight of stairs, and the breaking of an ankle-bone, whereby Guy Fleetwood found himself deprived suddenly of the faithful services of Marjery Hare, his nurse and general attendant.

A few days after the accident the doctor ascended the broad, shallow stair at the Hall, and entered Fleetwood's chamber.

"How do you find Marjery this morning?" asked the sick man, who was reclining in an invalid chair by a sunshiny window.

"It is a bad fracture," replied the doctor; "and old bones knit slowly. We cannot expect much from Marjery for several weeks, I fear."

Fleetwood drew a deep breath.

"I am an exacting invalid, you know, totally dependent on my servants, and you can't imagine, doctor, what this mishap means to me."

"Oh, yes, I can," said the doctor, in a lively tone, "and I have found a new nurse for you—some one, I am sure, that will fill Marjery's place admirably."

Fleetwood looked up with a faint show of interest.

"Who is it?"

"A lady from the States. She applied to me yesterday for the situation. She brings excellent references. Her uncle is a Boston philanthropist, founder and supporter of St. Margaret's Home for Incurables, a very noble charity. I have a brother on the medical staff there. Mrs. Lispenard—hum! that is her name—brings letters from him, and I feel assured that she is well qualified to look after your comfort so long as Marjery remains disabled."

Fleetwood listlessly stroked a splendid wolf skin that was spread across his knees. He was still strong in the arms and chest, but his lower limbs had become well-nigh useless. For more than two years he had not walked a step; for more than two years he had been confined to that chamber, and his pitying servants had wheeled him about in an invalid chair, or he had lain helpless on his sofa, a gaunt, wasted Hercules, with calm, heroic eyes, and lips that never uttered a word of complaint. That he suffered intensely at times, both mentally and physically, the doctor knew well; yet his attendants had never heard him murmur or repine. They talked of his patience and gentleness with tearful eyes. His face, worn and haggard as it was, now made the real sunshine of Tamarack Hall.

"What is this nurse from the States like?" he asked.

"She is a widow of sober age," replied the doctor, cheerfully. "A quiet, plain-looking body. I know of but one objection that any person can reasonably make to her."

"What is that?"

"She has a child, and she declines to be separated from it."

Fleetwood smiled.

"I see no objection to that," he answered. "Surely there is room in Tamarack Hall for a child."

"You think the little fellow will not annoy you?"

"Certainly not."

"Shall I, then, engage Mrs. Lispenard?"

"Yes, if you consider her a suitable person."

"Very well. I will send her to you before nightfall."

Marjery Dare's accident, by threatening the comfort and peace of the invalid master, was a very serious matter to the household at Tamarack Hall. The servants anxiously awaited the appearance of the new nurse from the States.

At twilight she came, as the doctor had promised, bringing her child with her

She was a stout, clumsy woman, with a low, gentle voice, and a skin as brown as a berry. She wore blue glasses and an ugly cap, which left only a fuzz of stiff red hair visible. But the child was a dream of beauty, and the fashion and texture of his little garments set the Hall maids staring in admiration and wonder.

The housekeeper was waiting tea for Mrs. Lispenard. She was disposed to be very friendly to this stranger who had come to nurse her master.

"You had better take your supper before you go up to his chamber," she said, and led the way to a comfortable room, where the table was spread. "I dare say you know Mr. Fleetwood's story?"

"Yes," answered the woman in cap and glasses.

"But you don't know how brave and cheerful he is," sighed the housekeeper, as she poured the tea, "nor how we all love him here. It's enough to make one's heart ache to see him sometimes."

"And has he no chance of recovery?" asked Mrs. Lispenard, in a steady voice.

"Well, I don't know," replied the elder woman. "A year ago a doctor came here from Quebec and wanted Mr. Fleetwood to go to Germany and try some baths there. He thought the waters would help his injured spine; but the poor young master wouldn't make the experiment. The lumber mills on the river are all idle now, and Mr. Fleetwood has lost money of late. Misfortunes never come singly, you know."

"Indeed! then Mr. Fleetwood is not a rich man?"

"Oh, dear, no! He's had nothing but losses and misfortunes in the last two years. Even his cousin, Miss Loftus, who was engaged to marry him, went away in a great huff and took another husband, though, to be sure, Mr. Fleetwood was glad, and not sorry, for *that*. But, as I said before, everything has gone wrong with him of late. His investments have failed, and he's had trouble at the mills, and it all comes of that terrible woman. The day she crossed this threshold to do her wicked work was a black day for everybody at Tamarack Hall."

"*What* terrible woman?" stammered the new nurse, stupidly.

"Why, she that shot him. You said you knew his story, ma'am. We never mention her here if we can help it," lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "we don't *dare*."

"And why?"

"Mr. Fleetwood can't endure it. I warn you, ma'am, not to allude to the shooting in his presence. Marjery ventured once to speak of it, and he went off in something like convulsions, he was so overcome."

"Ah!"

"Of course his sufferings had weakened him greatly; but the doctor was furious, and he ordered us all never to speak of the woman or the shooting in the master's hearing again."

Mrs. Lispenard put down her teacup with a shaking hand.

"If the bare mention of her affects him like that," she muttered, "he cannot have forgiven her—he must still hold her in utter horror!"

"You can't blame him for that, ma'am. Think of what she has done—made him a helpless cripple at five and twenty—he that was so strong and full of life! Isn't that a doom worse than death? When he was first shot he vowed 'twas an accident, and forbade anybody to pursue the creature—said he only was to blame, and all that. Of course he was delirious. But since he found he would never walk again, and he in the flower of his youth, with his life all before him, it seems as though he couldn't bear to speak, or to hear others speak, of the would-be murderess, and the miserable fate she has brought upon him."

"Do you know what relation she sustained to Mr. Fleetwood?"

"Oh, yes. He confessed to Miss Loftus that he had married her secretly. Of course she was jealous—nothing else could have prompted her to do such a deed. His wife! Dear me! It's too dreadful to think of."

"Have some charity for the wretched creature," pleaded Mrs. Lispenard, in a shaken voice. "Perhaps she has suffered agonies of remorse for her sin."

"I hope so, I'm sure," said the housekeeper, spitefully. "I would like to see her well punished. No, I've no charity for her, ma'am. God may forgive her, but we folks at Tamarack Hall never will! There! I'm afraid this talk quite spoils your supper, you are not eating anything."

"I have no appetite to-night," faltered Mrs. Lispenard, and soon after the two arose from table and went up-stairs to Fleetwood's chamber.

He was sitting before the wood fire with a book in his hand, but he did not seem to be reading. His blonde head rested against a crimson cushion; his eyes were fixed on the glowing coals; the pallor of his face was something startling. Guy Fleetwood, indeed, but, ah, how changed!

As the two women entered he looked up.

"It is Mrs. Lispenard, sir, the new nurse," explained the housekeeper."

He gave Mrs. Lispenard a civil greeting, but did not raise his languid head.

"You have come to a dreary house," he said.

"It may be brighter before I leave it," she answered.

She had trained her voice carefully, but it struck some chord of memory and startled him.

"Speak again!" he said, quickly, involuntarily.

Her heart beat like a trip-hammer.

"Do you find anything displeasing in my voice?" she asked, gently.

The startled look died out of his face.

"No," he answered, indifferently, "it was only a passing fancy. You reminded—— but, pray pardon me, a sick man has many delusions."

He asked her no questions—plainly he felt no curiosity concerning the stranger who had come to take the place of the disabled Marjery. The housekeeper gave her such instructions as she needed, then she arranged the room for the night, and soon after Fleetwood dismissed her.

"A man-servant sleeps in the adjoining chamber," he said. "He is my attendant, as the doctor doubtless told you, through the night."

She went away to an apartment that had been assigned her across the passage, drew the bolt of the door and fell on her knees. In the four-posted bed her child was sleeping sweetly and smiling in his dreams. The wretched mother writhed as she bent above his innocent beauty. Would the father of that boy ever forgive her? Alas! Now that she had looked on her own work, it was too much to ask or expect. Her punishment seemed greater than she could bear. In the disguise of a servant she had crept into Tamarack Hall, but only, as it appeared, to suffer new agonies of remorse and despair.

It was about midnight when she heard the rumbling of his invalid chair in the room across the passage. She listened. Back and forth over the floor it went—now fast, now slow, now rapid, now monotonous. She ran to his door and rapped.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Fleetwood?" she called.

The wheels approached. He opened the door with his own hand. Ah, how ghastly he looked with the lights burning low in the room, and a sort of fierce fever flaming in his hollow blue eyes! He was clutching a vial of liquid, but as he met the gaze of the blue glasses he tried to hide the same under his wolf-skin laprobe.

"Nothing is wrong," he answered, in surprise. "Did my chair disturb you? It seems to be growing uncommonly noisy of late. My man Jacob must oil the wheels again."

"Oh," she gasped, "cannot you sleep?"

"Not always," he replied, cheerfully; "'Macbeth hath murdered sleep!' I often pass whole nights in this chair. The exertion of moving about deadens thought, you know, and saves me, perhaps, from losing my head."

She was full of nervous suspicion. She made a breathless rush, snatched the vial of liquid from him and flung it into the fire. For a moment he looked utterly astounded, then he smiled.

"What! you thought I was meditating suicide? That is the coward's refuge, Mrs. Lispenard. You have only destroyed a simple opiate, which the doctor sometimes leaves with me when these insomnious hours become unbearable. I was deliberating whether or no to swallow it when you knocked. You have now saved me the trouble," dryly.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" she half sobbed. "You looked so strange and desperate—I feared——"

"Fear nothing. Go back to your room. It sometimes requires more courage to live than to die, but I am not as weak as you think—good-night."

The new nurse crept back to her own chamber, and to the unconscious child, sobbing softly under her breath as she went. If Fleetwood had "murdered sleep," so, too, had she.

But morning found Mrs. Lispenard, calm and unruffled, at her post of duty. The eyes behind the blue glasses told no tales. The ugly cap was pressed close over the red hair. The stout, padded figure moved about, awkward but quiet. Fleetwood noticed that her hands were extremely dexterous. She anticipated his wishes, grasped intuitively the knowledge of his wants, as dull old Marjery had never done. She brightened his wood-fire, shook out his cushions, gave little womanly touches here and there to the somewhat dismal room, and changed its character altogether. She prepared odd, dainty dishes to tempt his languid appetite, and before he could call, she was at his side, silent, unobtrusive, but thoroughly devoted to her work. At noon, the doctor came to see how matters were progressing at Tamarack Hall.

"Well, my dear Fleetwood," he said, "how do you like your new nurse?"

"She is plainly a professional," replied Fleetwood, "and a vast improvement upon Marjery."

"Her heart is in her work," said the doctor; "keep her here—she will do you good."

An hour or two after, as Fleetwood lay upon his sofa, alone, the door of the chamber opened suddenly, and he saw a little child standing on the threshold, peering with large, round, wondering eyes into the room.

He was dressed in a frock of finest embroidery, and a silken sash the color of his larkspur eyes. His face—a marvel of baby beauty—looked out of a halo of riotous, yellow curls.

"Come in," invited Fleetwood.

The child crept shyly to the side of the sofa. Moved by some kindly impulse, Fleetwood lifted him up—a soft, dimpled armful of rose-leaf loveliness.

"What is your name?" he said.

"Guy," lisped the cherub.

"Guy! that is my name, also—we ought to know each other."

The little fellow had not completed his second year—his stock of words was still small. He jabbered out something unintelligible, and put up his angel face in an irresistible way, to be kissed. Blue eyes looked into blue eyes—ah, how like those two pairs of eyes were!—blonde hair mingled with blonde hair, as Fleetwood, for the first time embraced, all unconsciously, his own son.

"You belong, I suppose, to Mrs. Lispenard," he said; "would you like to stay here with me, and make the acquaintance of Punch?" pointing to an immense Newfoundland dog, who was keeping guard by his master in the brief absence of the nurse.

Punch walked gravely up to the child and laid a huge, hairy paw on the embroidered frock, as an invitation to amicable relations.

"Be careful of him, Punch," laughed Fleetwood; "he is as great a curiosity at Tamarack Hall as something out of a menagerie."

An hour after Mrs. Lispenard, who had been at work below stairs, came into the chamber, and lo! there was Fleetwood reclining on his sofa, quietly reading, and nestled up to his side lay the child, fast asleep, his yellow curls shining like sunshine against the sick man's breast.

"I have taken unceremonious possession of your boy, you see," said Fleetwood, with a smile. "Hush! do not wake him. He has had a hard frolic with Punch, and is quite worn out. It is long since a child's voice was heard in this house."

The sight of the boy in Fleetwood's arms was a trial, indeed, to her self-control.

"I hope he has not troubled you," she stammered, turning her disguised face aside.

"Not in the least," he answered. "You must permit him to come here often. Both Punch and I have fallen deeply in love with him."

She took up little Guy without another word and carried him quickly out. From that hour the child was a very constant and ever-welcome visitor to Fleetwood's chamber.

"The little fellow amuses me," Fleetwood would say; and so baby Guy was allowed to toddle after the invalid chair and roll with Punch on the hearth-rug, and jabber his unintelligible talk hour after hour in the sick man's room.

One morning Mrs. Lispenard entered Fleetwood's chamber bearing a great basket overflowing with blood-red jacqueminot roses and purple heliotrope, and orchids and lilies. A wind from Araby the Blest seemed blowing through the place.

"A friend sent these to me," faltered the nurse. "I beg you will make room for them here."

He had been sitting in a dejected attitude with his hands before his eyes. He looked up, and she saw the light break into his haggard face.

"You are too kind," he protested. "I cannot consent to rob you like this."

"My poor flowers will give me no pleasure if you refuse to accept them," she answered, and began to arrange the splendid mass of bloom upon his table. While doing this she said, abruptly: "Is it true, Mr. Fleetwood, that you have been advised to try certain German baths for your injuries, and with some hope of relief?"

"Yes," he answered.

Her hands began to shake among the roses.

WITH THE BLUEFISH.

"Why, then, will you not do so?"

"It is scarcely worth while," he answered, listlessly. "With my crippled resources, and no particular interest in living, the effort is more than I can attempt."

She leaned over the table in her eagerness.

"Oh," she cried, "do not say that! I know of some one who would gladly—gladly provide you with all the money you need! Would you not, for such a vital purpose, accept a loan from a—a—friend?"

Taken by surprise, he stared, then shook his blonde head.

"Indeed, no!" he answered. "Many thanks for your kindness and sympathy; but it is quite impossible—I cannot go abroad."

"You would rather stay here and die?"

"There are worse things in the world than death, as I know by experience," he answered.

She was reckless for the moment, and she cried out, wildly:

"How you must hate the woman who brought all this upon you!"

His face changed. Its ashen hue frightened her.

"You, a stranger, cannot be expected to understand," he answered, in a queer, labored voice; "but you must never speak of that person here. Some one ought to have told you——"

"Some one *did* tell me," she stammered, feebly. "I beg a thousand pardons!"

He fell back in his old attitude, with his hand before his eyes, and remained thus, silent, motionless, for a long time after.

That night Mrs. Lispenard wrote a letter, in which the following passage occurred:

"I know that both you and Mignon think of me ceaselessly, anxiously. In the darkness that surrounds me I see but one ray of light—he loves little Guy. Sometimes I am almost resolved to give him his child and go my wretched way alone; but even that sacrifice, though it might mean utter heartbreak to me, could not compensate for half that I have made him suffer. Day after day, week after week, goes by. Old Marjery's ankle is healing, and yet I dare not reveal myself to him. Can I stand up and say, 'I am the author of all your misery?' Ah, no! In the long, dark wintry nights, when this old Canadian house is quite still, I rise from the side of little Guy and steal to his door and hear him propelling himself about his room, too miserable to sleep, too feverish to remain quiet. He little knows how the wheels of that chair tear and rend my heart! By day, in the presence of the household, he is calm, heroic, cheerful. At night, shut up by himself, for he refuses all attendance then, I am sure that he suffers fearfully. . . . The good doctor brings me all your letters. Without his help I could never have gained entrance into this house. . . . He cannot even tolerate the mention of the woman who shot him—he hates, he abhors her! Tell me, what shall I do?"

Mrs. Lispenard and her child had been four weeks at Tamarack Hall when something happened.

Fleetwood lay stretched upon his sofa one day, reading letters and quite alone, save for little Guy, who was playing with a new toy on the hearthrug. The open wood-fire blazed and snapped merrily. Perhaps the child ventured too near its flame—perhaps a wind in the great chimney blew some cruel spark to the pretty white frock. At any rate, there was a sudden piercing shriek, and Fleetwood dashed down his letters, to find little Guy wrapped in a sheet of fire.

The two were alone in the chamber, and the child was beyond the reach of his arm. With a superhuman effort he hurled his half-paralyzed body off the sofa, and, like lightning, rolled little Guy in the rug. When Mrs. Lispenard rushed in a moment later, she found her boy whimpering with fright, but uninjured, save for a few singed curls and a spoiled frock, and Fleetwood stretched helpless on the floor, swooning with the agony of the exertion he had made.

He looked more like a dead than a living man. She knelt over him, for one brief instant and laid her cheek to his.

"Oh, Guy!" she moaned, "my love—my love!"

Then the servants appeared on the scene. He was lifted up and the doctor summoned in haste.

"The child! the child!" he cried out, wildly, as soon as he regained consciousness.

"The child is safe enough," answered the housekeeper, "but you are hurt, sir, and badly, too."

"Never mind that," he replied, "if the boy has escaped. I care nothing about myself."

His hands were cruelly burned, and so great was the shock he had sustained that for days after he was confined to his bed and could no longer propel the invalid chair. During this time Mrs. Lispenard's care and attention seemed to redouble. She watched beside him tirelessly; but old Marjery had begun to hobble about the house, and she clamored loudly to be admitted again to her master's chamber.

"I will not have her here," said Fleetwood, sharply. "I cannot let you go, Mrs. Lispenard—I cannot get on without you—at least, till I am better."

Her heart swelled fiercely.

"I will stay as long as you wish," she answered, in a low, shaken voice.

It was a stormy Winter night, with the wind and sleet rattling through the tamaracks, and the dull thunder of the rapids sounding in the distance. Across the storm-lashed windows of Fleetwood's chamber the great boughs scratched and flapped, like birds of evil omen. Little Guy was asleep in bed. Punch, the Newfoundland, had gone down-stairs—only Mrs. Lispenard remained with the sick man.

He had been ill all day, but, at his urgent desire, Jacob, the male attendant, had carried him from his bed to the sofa, where he now lay in the red fire-glow, with the tawny wolf-skin flung across his disabled limbs, and the cheerful light playing mockingly on his pale, wasted face.

For a while he moved restlessly on his cushions; then he looked up at Mrs. Lispenard and said, in a tone that made the tears rise behind the blue glasses:

"It is wretched business, is it not?—this lying here—thinking, thinking from day's end to day's end? Pray read to me—help me to forget myself."

She took some books from a table near, opened one, and while the sleet beat and the tamaracks rattled, began:

"Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand?
One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea;
Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled!
Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
Keep him away from the lone little isle——"

Fleetwood started up from his sofa.

"Stop! For God's sake," he cried, "not those rhymes! You distract—you kill me! Oh, that girl—that girl!"

The book slipped from Mrs. Lispenard's hand.

"*What* girl?" she said, in a steady voice. "Surely not the wicked creature who sought your life?—you cannot be thinking of *her?*—you cannot be talking of her, for you once forbade me to speak of her here!"

"Yes, I forbade you to speak of her," he answered, wildly, "because her name means agony and despair to me, and that way madness lies. Why did you read those lines? You have broken down the dam, and the long-pent floods are out! I *must* speak now to some one—why not to you, stranger though you are? Never call her wicked—call me rather the false husband, the cowardly deserter who deserved all that he got! Is there ever a time when I am *not* thinking of her—when my eyes are not filled with her image? If I only knew that all was well with her this night—that somewhere she was safe and happy, I could bear everything else without a murmur."

Mrs. Lispenard caught her breath in a strange way.

"Is it possible, Mr. Fleetwood, that you can forgive one who has made you suffer so much?"

"Ah, you do not understand! There is nothing for me to forgive!—on the contrary, it is for her to forgive me."

She clinched her trembling hands.

"If—if you can find it in your heart to pardon such injuries as you have received—surely you do not—you cannot really *hate* your wretched wife!"

His pale face grew paler yet.

"Who said that I hated her?" he cried, wildly.

"Your servants."

"Dolts! Do they think I will open my heart to their curious, prying eyes? Since the hour I first saw her face, there has never been a time when I have not loved her more than my own life. If she had murdered me, I must have gone on loving her still, in the world to which I went. I have tried to find her, but in vain. Once I wrote, begging her to come to me, but she made no reply. She is lost, gone—I know not where, and I lie here, powerless to search for her, unable to reach her!"

"But," gasped Mrs. Lispenard, "she is the daughter of Black Dave—have you forgotten that?"

In his great agitation he seemed to feel no surprise that this stranger should know his secrets.

"If I could see her once more," he answered; "if I could once more hold her in these arms, would I ask, would I care, whose daughter she was—whose blood was in her veins—what kindred claimed her? God knows I would not! I am done with all that folly. Oh, Esther, my wife, my darling! come back to me—come back!"

He turned his white face down into his cushions. A door closed softly. For a few moments the chamber was as still as death, save for the crackling of the fire and the rattling of the tamarack-boughs. Then—ah, then, a light touch fell on Fleetwood's shoulder, and he heard a voice that seemed to come from that far time of bridal bliss, on the long, gray beach at Cinderville.

"Guy!" it said, softly—"Guy!"

He started, he looked up, and there she stood betwixt him and the lighted hearth—the brown, disfiguring stain gone from her face and hands, the blue glasses, the cap, the red fringe of hair gone, the ugly padded shape gone, too—Esther herself—white and tall and beautiful, like the sun rising over the sea, as Rube Dexter had once said, her great dark eyes dewy with tears, her red mouth like a grieved child's. She dropped on her knees by her husband's sofa.

"I am here!" she sobbed; "I—your wretched, penitent Esther! Forgive me, for little Guy's sake! I deserve only a curse, but oh, my love, my love, if I do not have your full, free pardon, I must die! For your boy's sake, forgive his unhappy mother!"

It was the supreme moment of those two lives. Clasped in each other's arms, lips to lips and heart to heart, all was forgotten now but their great love, all was forgiven. It mattered little whether she was the daughter of crime-stained Gilbert Vye, or the niece of Abel Lispenard—the girl of Porgy Island, or the heiress of millions—they loved each other still, and Fate had reunited them after bitter parting. Never had Tamarack Hall known such an hour of joy.

When the first rapture of mutual pardon was over, Esther told her story.

"Verily, I had good cause to love little Guy!" sighed Fleetwood. "Oh, my poor girl, if I have suffered, so, too, have you. And in the midst of your great good fortune, when you found yourself rich and beloved, instead of poor and disgraced, could you think of nothing but *me?* Your first act as the niece of Abel Lispenard, was to disguise yourself and fly to Tamarack Hall!"

"Was not my heart here?" she sobbed. "What could I do but follow it? How could I live longer separated from you and unforgiven?"

Long weeks before she had secretly consecrated her whole life and strength and earthly possessions to his service. Before a month was over they were on their way to Europe.

"Oh, Guy, my love!" she said; "if anywhere in the world there is healing for you, we will never rest till we find it."

She had millions at her command, and her devotion and love were unbounded. The best medical skill of the Old World was called to his relief. All the healing springs of nature were tried, and at the end of a year abroad, Guy Fleetwood stood once more upon his feet, sound and vigorous, restored to the full glory of his strength—the same handsome, stalwart Guy as of old.

"The passion of that pair for each other is something wonderful," Mignon said to Abel Lispenard at a later date. "Their love has been strengthened, it seems, rather than diminished, by the trials through which they have passed."

"My darling," answered Lispenard, smiling up into the fair face which was his heaven; "that is the way, I think, with all true love upon this earth. They have come out of the fires of tribulation like fine gold purged of dross."

THE END.

THE eruption of Mount Etna has presented such a magnificent spectacle that visitors have crowded into Sicily from Naples and Malta out of mere curiosity. One eyewitness, a British engineer, ascended within two miles of the crater, and gives an interesting description of the scene. As the lava eruption does not proceed from the crater proper, but from an old extinct volcano at the side, the Englishman was able to reach some high ground which commanded the whole view. Flames and stones were thrown up to an immense height from the crater with continuous roar, and from another mouth below issued a sea of lava, which divided into several streams, and followed the valleys. The lava mass was red-hot, not liquid, but forming millions of large and small blocks of bright red rocky-looking stuff, and was five or six miles long, three or four wide, and from thirty to forty feet deep. It traveled at the rate of a mile an hour, so that when the engineer descended the mountain he was obliged to pick out quite a different path.

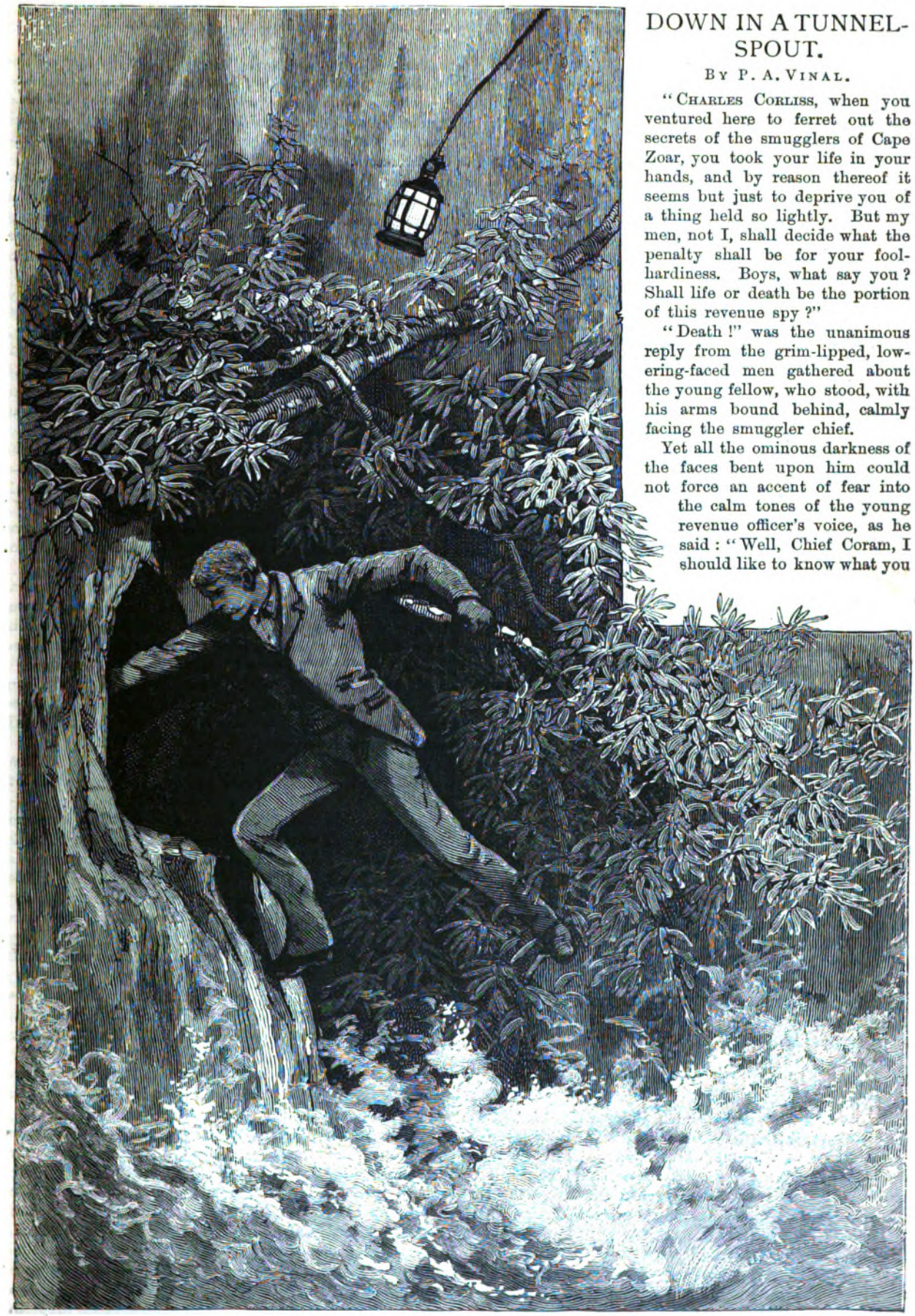
The sorrel lifts her snow-white bloom
From green leaves soft and sour,
The wry-neck bids the cuckoo come,
The wych-elm 's all in flower;
That tweet! tweet! tweet! that dusty dew,
That white star at my feet,
They speak of Aprils past—and you,
My sweet!

2.

Our wood still curves against the sky,
And still, all stark and dim,
Our hornbeam's fluted branches lie,
Along the shining rim;
But ah! within its base of moss
The rabbits leap and peer,
No footsteps fright them as they cross—
This year.

3.

When winter shared my hapless plight,
I bound my heart in frost;
There was no wealth to vex my sight
With treasure it had lost;
But oh! the buds, the scent, the song,
The agonising blue—
They teach my hopeless heart to long
For you!



DOWN IN A TUNNEL-SPOUT.

By P. A. Vinal.

"Charles Corliss, when you ventured here to ferret out the secrets of the smugglers of Cape Zoar, you took your life in your hands, and by reason thereof it seems but just to deprive you of a thing held so lightly. But my men, not I, shall decide what the penalty shall be for your foolhardiness. Boys, what say you? Shall life or death be the portion of this revenue spy?"

"Death!" was the unanimous reply from the grim-lipped, lowering-faced men gathered about the young fellow, who stood, with his arms bound behind, calmly facing the smuggler chief.

Yet all the ominous darkness of the faces bent upon him could not force an accent of fear into the calm tones of the young revenue officer's voice, as he said: "Well, Chief Coram, I should like to know what you

DOWN IN A TUNNEL-SPOUT.—"WITH THE RED LIGHT STREAMING FROM THE LANTERN ABOUT HIM, AND THE WHITE SPUME AT HIS FEET, CHARLES RELEASED HIS HOLD, AND THRUST HIMSELF FORWARD INTO THE BLACK HOLE."

propose to do with me; for it is quite natural that I should wish to be prepared to receive the grim stranger to whom you are about to introduce me, in whatever guise he may come."

"The villagers of Blakeville will find you on the sands in the morning."

"So you intend that the sea shall throttle me?"

"Ay!"

"So be it. I am in your power, and you are able to work your will as far as I am concerned. May you sleep as soundly as I to-night."

An involuntary exclamation broke from one of the smugglers—an exclamation of admiration at beholding one face death so courageously, but a scowl from Chief Coram silenced him.

"McOrnville, Hewett, Burchard, lead this man out into the night," he said, sternly; "and see to it, my men, that he does not bear you company when you return."

Three men started to fulfill their chief's murderous behest. Two of them took firm hold of Corliss's arms, and the third lighted a dark-lantern and led the way.

Two minutes afterward the four were out in the night, which had set in very dark, with a high wind and threatened rain.

Surely it was a fitting night in which to hurl a man down from towering Cape Zoar into the hungry maw of the sea, which thundered at its base; and surely Charles Corliss had reason to regret the day when, with his commission from the Department safely hidden on his person, he had started forth alone to gain the all-important clew to the stronghold of Chief Coram, a smuggler, whose renown extended along the whole coast.

Cool of head, strong of nerve, with a large frame and great strength, Chief Coram's career had been one continuous round of daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes.

Hitherto he had chuckled mightily over the many failures of sharp-eyed officials to discover the spot he had selected for his rendezvous.

But this beardless stripling, in the character of a half-idiotic fisherman, had fooled him completely for a time; had supped with him in his cunning retreat among the rocks, had marked the almost imperceptible entrance to the little deep basin that cradled so securely his swift and sharp-stemmed craft—a thing that hid herself in the elements that haunted the horizons, and mingled with the tints of evening—a night-bird of the waters.

When, therefore, the disguise of the young revenue officer was torn from him, the natural vindictiveness of the smuggler was augmented by a flaming wrath because of being so cunningly tricked, and he had assigned a terrible fate to his prisoner with as little mercy as one would place his foot on a serpent's head.

But the man who had hazarded his life in the discharge of his duty was not one to give it up without a struggle.

A seemingly ornamental buckle was on the back of the belt which girded Corliss's waist; but its edges were sharp as razors. Across one of these edges he stretched his hempen bonds. Strand after strand snapped in twain, and at last his hands were freed. Then he tore his arms loose, dealt a couple of powerful blows which felled his would-be executioners to the ground, and then fled away in the darkness.

Of course he was pursued by the smuggler who acted as guide, but he cared little for that, as he found it tolerably easy running.

He had acquired, like most men who live much in the dark, that cat-like perception of obstacles which is due rather to increased sensitiveness of touch than increased sensitiveness of vision.

His feet accommodated themselves to the inequalities of the ground; his hands instinctively outstretched themselves toward the overhanging boughs; his head ducked of its own accord to any obtrusive sapling which bent to obstruct his progress. But his pursuer was not so fortunate.

Thrice did the young revenue officer laugh mentally at a crash and a scramble that told of a fall. At last, on reaching a little rise, Corliss doubled his efforts, trusting to his superior muscular energy to shake off his pursuer. He breasted the rise and paused to listen. He seemed to be alone.

He was at the edge of the cliffs of Cape Zoar. Below him lay the sea. Out of the black emptiness came puffs of sharp, salt wind. The tops of the rollers that broke below were blown off and whirled away into the night—white patches swallowed up immediately in the increasing darkness. At his feet arose a frightful shrieking and whistling, broken at intervals by reports like claps of thunder. What could it be?

All at once, on the track over which he had passed, he heard a sound that chilled the blood about his heart—the bay of a dog. The whole smuggler force was on his track.

The dog, crashing through the underbrush, gave one short, sharp howl, and ran mute. And Corliss stood for a moment chained to the spot.

The shrieking which Corliss had heard but a moment ago had ceased, but every now and then dull but immense shocks, as of some mighty bird flapping the cliff with monstrous wings, reverberated around him, and shook the ground where he stood.

He looked away from the ocean, and a tall, misty form—white against the all-pervading darkness—beckoned and bowed to him. He saw it distinctly for an instant, and then, with an awful shriek, it vanished.

"Oh, Heaven!" ejaculated the hunted man. "That bloodhound is almost upon me," and he bounded forward.

Again, at his feet, in his face, arose that misty form, breathing chill warning, as though to wave him back. The terror at his heels drove him on. The column disappeared; and, in a lull of the wind arose such a hideous medley of shrieks, laughter and exultant wrath, that Charles Corliss paused in horror. Too late! The ground gave way beneath his feet. He was falling—falling! Thank Heaven! a friendly tree met his frantically clutching hand.

A groan was cast up to him from the depths below him—a groan that changed into a roar of tortured water being forced upward—and Charles Corliss knew where he was.

He was down in a tunnel-spout, which had been bored upward through the cliff by the sea, and a water-spout was coming.

"Oh, Father Almighty!" gasped the poor fellow, as, with both hands round the tree, he clutched his sleeves with either hand, "help me! help me!"

And then the hideous, mounting column caught him.

He felt his feet rudely seized, as though by the hand of a giant, and plucked upward. Water gurgled in his ears. His arms seemed about to be torn from their sockets. Had the strain lasted another instant, he must have loosed his hold; but, with a wild, hoarse snarl, as though it were some sea-monster baffled of its prey the column sank, and left him gasping, half-drowned, but

alive. It was impossible that he could survive another pulsation of the sea below him, and he knew it.

He loosed his stiffened fingers, and prepared himself for his fate. As he uttered a prayer as fervent as may leave the lips of one who stands on the brink of eternity, he involuntarily cast his eyes upward.

"Is the mouth of the tunnel-spout aflame?" he questioned in amaze, as a lurid light above him caught his straining vision. "No; a lantern is being lowered into this abyss. The smugglers are taking advantage of this pause to examine the sides of this accursed blowhole. Death is on every hand!"

Down came the swinging light, nearer and nearer.

"There he is!" shouted one of the smugglers. "He's alive; but the waterspout will look after him, and it's coming now."

For a bellow which preceded the fierce belching forth of the torrent came up from the depths below.

But Corliss scarcely heard it, he was so occupied with one last, desperate hope. About two feet away from him, red as blood in the glow of the lantern, a round, shining stream of water slipped out of the rock into the darkness like a serpent from its hole.

Above this stream a dark spot defied the light, and Corliss grasped intuitively at the thought that close beside him was one of those tortuous drives which had been bored by the sea into the heart of the cliff.

The bellow changed into that hideous roar, and with a gust of wind and spray, the seething sea leaped up out of the gulf.

With the red light streaming from the lantern about him, and the white spume at his feet, Charles released his hold of the tree, and thrust himself forward into the black hole at his side.

The immense volume of water forced into this drive struck him and rolled him forward, over and over, and by its very fury saved him from being washed out again with the recoil of the wave.

Collecting all his energies, Corliss scrambled up a little incline, and as he fell forward in a swoon, it was with the blessed thought that he was out of danger at last.

* * * * * *

When Corliss opened his eyes, a soft twilight was about him, and he knew that a calm, sweet day had succeeded that frightful night of tempest. He raised himself and stretched his stiffened limbs, for it was imperative that he should bestir himself.

Crawling as near to the edge of the orifice, by which he had been enabled to enter the heart of the cliffs, as he dared, he craned his neck forward, and saw, fifty feet below him, the sullenly frothing water creaming and gurgling hoarsely to itself.

"No chance to get down there," he muttered.

Turning his head, he gave a grateful glance at the scrubby little trees that had saved his life the night before.

As he did so, something caught his eye which caused a cry of intense surprise and joy to leap to his lips, although it was strangled before it left them for fear that unfriendly ears might hear it.

"A rope! Light here at hand, all tangled up in the branches of this blessed little tree! It must be that the smuggler, who was lowering the lantern by means of this rope, dropped it, together with the lantern, when the water-spout rose right up in his very face, and the recoil of the wave dragged it down among the branches of this little tree, which caught and held it. Thank Heaven! The way is clear now."

Catching firm hold of the gnarled branches which scratched the very edge of the orifice, Corliss swung himself out of his rocky refuge into the tree.

It was but a few minutes' work to disentangle the rope, and then, fastening one end of it firmly to the tree-trunk, he allowed the coils, weighted with the battered frame of the lantern, to drop from his hand.

The rope was long enough to allow the lantern-frame to sink below the water.

Down, hand-over-hand, went the young revenue officer, then he dashed out through the narrow arch through which the sea found entrance to the tunnel-spout.

Outside, a placid ocean wrinkled all its lazy length under the soft touches of a faint breeze.

Not a soul was to be seen on the cliffs; so, undisturbed, Corliss floated around the point of Cape Zoar, and out of the reach of the men who would have sacrificed him on the altar of that great Moloch—Fear.

In a few days the revenue-cutter *Osprey* swooped down on the smuggler rendezvous of Cape Zoar, and thoroughly did her crew accomplish their mission.

The swift-sailing smuggler craft was burned to the water's edge, and thirty ironed, sullen-faced prisoners were passed up over the side of the *Osprey*.

Years have come and gone since Chief Coram's haunt was broken up, but a night of tempest and darkness never fails to bring to Charles Corliss a vivid reminder of that terrible night "down in a tunnel-spout."

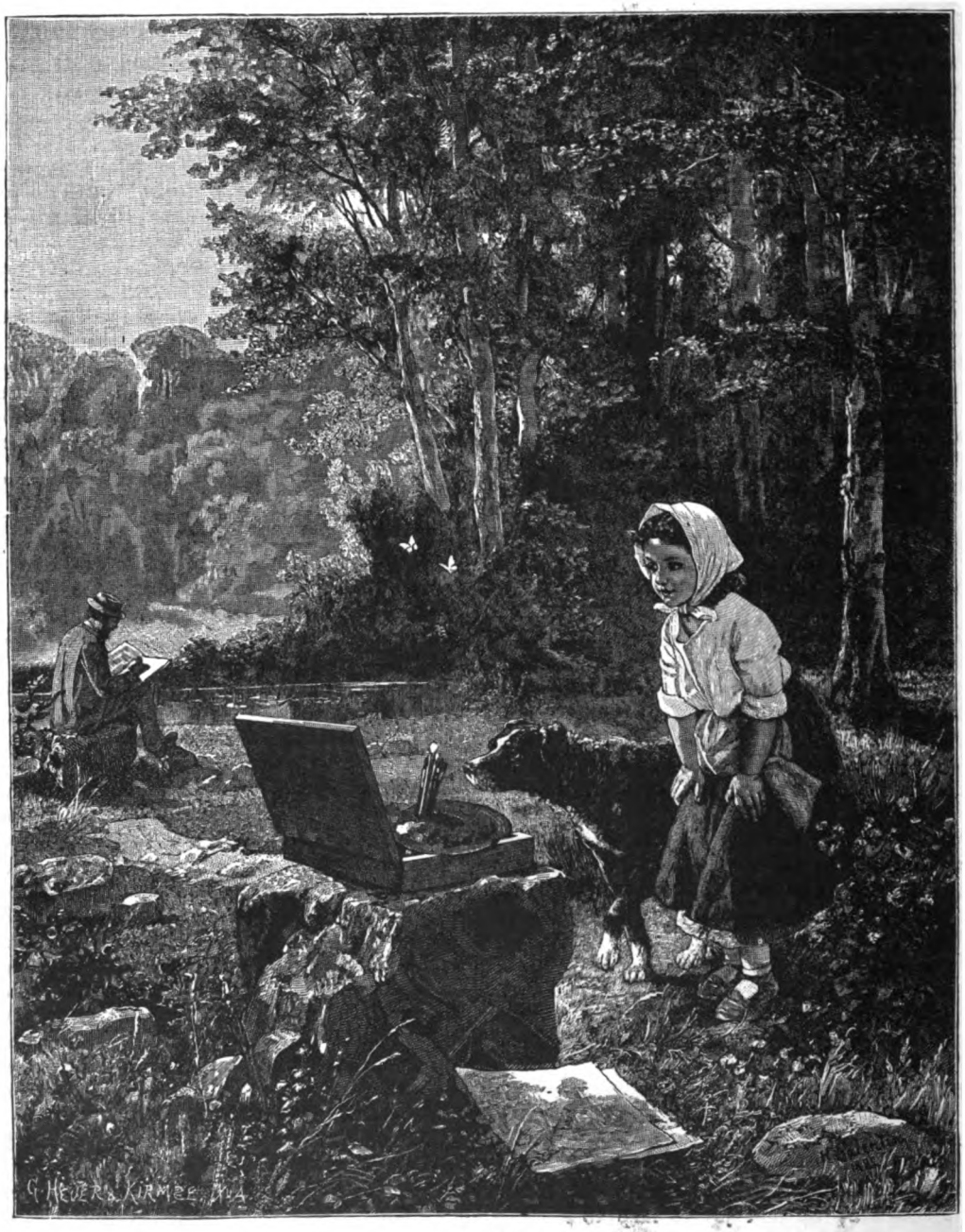
THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO'S PALACE.

President Diaz and his family are now installed in the Mexican White House, the Castle of Chapultepec. Such a palatial residence is difficult to surpass in intrinsic beauty and historic associations. The woodwork and upholstering of the east wing alone cost $200,000. The palace is a marvel of coloring and skillful decoration. The frescoing and painting were executed by Casarin, a disciple of Meissonier. The roof is a beautiful garden of flowers and fountains. The gates of oak and walnut giving access to the palace are curiously carved and ornamented in bronze. The woodwork in the President's room is in ebony and gold, and the ceiling is an exquisite fresco of the Bucher school, from the brush of Casarin. The bed is of ebonized cherry with gold and metal marqueterie, and domed with a canopy. The bathroom is a grotto with a floor of marble mosaic and walls of French tiles. The floor of the cardroom is a parquet of rare woods, and the walls Cordova leather, with gold and satin panels and red Genoa velvet borders. The parlor is like a fairy creation. The woodwork is in satin panels, maple borders and gold flowers, and the walls are covered with satin damask, relieved by blue and gold Aubusson borders. The carpet alone cost $2,000. A private walnut stairway for the family leads to the second floor, the suit of unfurnished rooms opening off the tropical garden of the first floor. Only the first floor is completed. When the palace is wholly finished it will be of a character to excite the envy of even the most ambitious king.

REGISTRY OF SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIAGE.

There is a curious entry in the register of marriage licenses preserved in the Consistory Court at Worcester, which is so little known and so well deserving of investigation that no apology is necessary for bringing it more

prominently before the notice of biographical students, etc. It is in these terms: "1782, Nov. 27. William Shaxpere and Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton," the latter surname being supposed to be a metonym for Hathaway. This singularly bewildering notice was discovered a few years ago by the Rev. T. P. Wadley, of Pershore, who, in assuming that the entry refers to the poet, who was married on the day following the above date, remarks that there is no other record of the grant of a license to any one of the name in that year. The registers of Temple Grafton are missing.



ART CRITICS.

French and English Proverbs.—To begin with a few similes: We seem to have selected the mouse as an emblem in our "As dumb as a mouse"; the French have preferred a glass, for they say, "As dumb as a glass." We say, "As deaf as a post"; the French, "As deaf as a pot." "As dull as ditch-water," Gallicized, becomes "As sad as a nightcap." "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," is changed into, "Don't sell the skin of a bear before having killed it." The self-evident impossibility in the words, "You can't get blood out of a stone," is represented by, "One could not comb a thing that has no hair." "Birds of a feather flock together"; or, to put it less poetically, "Those who resemble, assemble." Naturally, "A thief is set to catch a thief"; or, in other words, "A good cat to a good rat"; "A thief and a half to a thief." Finally, in the proverb, "One man may lead a horse to the water, but a hundred can't make him drink," the French have not inappropriately selected an "ass" as the illustrative animal.

PASTEUR'S LIFE AND LABORS.

Of Pasteur's life, apart from his work, but little is to be said; for his life is emphatically his work. A normally idle and pleasure-loving childhood passed into an adolescence of rare industry and a maturity of entire self-devotion; and the truant schoolboy developed into a scientific philosopher whose breadth of outlook, depth of insight and acuteness of conjecture—to be afterward verified by careful observation and minute investigation—have had results as important as those of the spectroscope and the polariscope. Much as the world owes to Darwin for that grand truth of evolution which shows life as an harmonious whole and makes the future stride possible by the past advance, it owes as much to Pasteur for his discovery of those microscopic agents, those forces of the infinitely little," by which organic changes are brought about and the processes of disease and disintegration are carried on.

Pasteur's first work was in the field of molecular physics, and the important discovery of molecular dissymmetry was originally due to the note which Mitscherlich sent to the Academy of Sciences. This note stated that the "paratartrate and the tartrate of soda and ammonia have the same chemical composition, the same crystalline form, the same angles, the same specific weight, the same double refraction, and consequently the same inclination of the optic axis. Dissolved in water, their refractions are the same. But, while the dissolved tartrate causes the plane of polarized light to rotate, the paratartrate exerts no such influence."

This difference of behavior of polarized light made Pasteur infer that the identity of the two salts was only apparent, not real, and that further research would reveal molecular discrepancies of an important kind. He verified his belief; but somewhat in a different way from that which he had expected. He expected to find, and he found, that the crystalline forms of the tartrates, and all their chemical compounds, have not what mathematicians call a "plane of symmetry"—that is, are not among those objects which, when placed before a mirror, have a superposable image identical with themselves, and are therefore dissymmetrical; while, on the other hand, he believed that the paratartrates would have this plane of symmetry, this superposable image, and be therefore symmetrical. He found, instead, that all the paratartrates were dissymmetrical like the tartrates; but certain crystals possessed this dissymmetry in one sense and other crystals in an opposite sense. "Some of these crystals, when placed before a mirror, produced the image of the others, and one of the two kinds of crystals corresponded rigorously in form with the tartrate prepared by means of the tartaric acid of the grape." Then by saturating racemic or paratartaric acid with soda and ammonia he procured crystals of inverse dissymmetry—the one set turning the plane of polarized light to the right (dextro-racemic acid), the other to the left (lævo-racemic acid). Of these the left-handed crystal was the new discovery, though Biot had already proved the existence of this double property in rock-crystal. This inversion is due to certain minute facets which, in the one crystal, are ranged along a right-handed, and in the other along a left-handed, spiral.

More, again, than this. Pasteur proved that all the crystalline products of inorganic matter have this superposable image, and are consequently symmetrical; while all vegetable and animal products, all crystals produced from organic and living beings, are dissymmetrical. The explanation he gives of the apparent contradiction to this law, in the existence in living creatures of certain substances like oxalic acid, formic acid, etc., which do not act on polarized light, and of which the crystals do not show a trace of dissymmetry, is an example of his acute power of classification. It is, he says, because these substances are the products of excretion rather than substances essential to animal and vegetable life, hence are "evidently governed by the laws which determine the constitution of the artificial products of our laboratories or of the mineral kingdom, so called." On the other hand, the primordial substances of vegetables and animals, those which are "born under the influence of *becoming* life, such as cellulose, fecula, albumen, fibrine, etc., possess the power of acting on polarized light, which establishes their internal dissymmetry, even when, through the absence of crystallizing power, they fail to manifest this dissymmetry outwardly." Hence he is persuaded that the barrier which exists between the mineral and organic kingdoms can never be crossed until chemists have been able to produce dissymmetrical inorganic substances. This may some day be done; who knows? As the inverse of right-handed tartaric acid has been found, so, some day, we may hope to obtain "all the immediate principles inverse to those now known to us." If that day should ever dawn, then will man be indeed the lord of creation in a higher sense than that of relative superiority. He will be the maker of new types, new beings, new organisms altogether; and to replace in the living cells "cellulose, albumen, and their congeners by their isomers, with an inverse action," would be to

LOUIS PASTEUR.

change the present molecular order of arrangement of things as completely as if plants should be made to walk and animals to root.

Now we leave molecular physics and go into organisms, to which these have been, as it were, the alphabet or stepping-stones.

The putrefaction of a dead body and of blood, the must of the wine cask, the curdling of milk, the souring of dough, the transformation of straw into manure and of fallen leaves into soil, are all due to one thing—fermentation. And fermentation is due to a living organism differing in size and form according to the vehicle in which it lives. Cagniard-Latour and Schwann had before this discovered the yeast-plant, the alcoholic ferment; but it remained for Pasteur to find the infusoria of other fermentations.

Lactic ferment, which was the first subject of investigation on which Pasteur "intended his mind," according to Bacon's expression, is a minute rod, nipped at the centre, scarcely the thousandth part of a millimètre in diameter a millimètre being one twenty-fifth of an inch. This rod reproduces itself by fission, dividing at the nipped-in centre. Up to this time the cause of fermentation had been in the theoretic stage only, where all proof was wanting, and where, therefore, the believers in such and such a baseless hypothesis were hot partisans, firmly convinced of their own truth and passionately scornful to their opponent's error. Liebig held all ferments to be nitrogenous substances in a state of molecular alteration through contact with the oxygen of the air; and fermentation to be the gradual communication of this molecular motion from particle to particle in the fermentable matter. Berzelius and Mitscherlich placed fermentation among the "phenomena of contact." It was an albuminoid substance endowed with catalytic force (the power of decomposing and recombining the proximate and elementary principles of compounds), and acted by its mere presence. Cagniard-Latour and Dumas saw that yeast multiplied itself by budding, and came near the truth when they asked whether the "fermentation of sugar was not connected with this act of cellular vegetation." But this hypothesis "remained a single incident instead of having the value of a scientific principle," until Pasteur recognized the presence and action of a living organism in lactic fermentation; and from this starting-point proved all the rest. He discovered the hitherto unknown ferment of butyric acid, which he found to be a species of vibrio, formed of very small transparent and cylindrical rods, "rounded at their extremities, isolated or united in chains of two or three, or sometimes even more." These vibrios reproduce themselves by fission, like the lactic ferment, but differently, inasmuch as these remain in chains where the lactic ferment forms isolated units. They live without air, and are therefore called anaérobies; while those other microscopic organisms which, like larger plants and animals, cannot live without free oxygen, are aérobies. Whether this vibrio be a plant or an animal, it is undoubtedly a living organism which moves, is a ferment, and lives without air. Putrefaction is caused by a microscopic vibrio of absolutely the same order as this butyric ferment.

We have no space to give *in extenso* Liebig's words when he objected that, to explain the putrefaction of animal substances by the presence of animalculæ, was like the reasoning of a child who should explain the rapidity of the Rhine at Bingen by the wind-wheels of Mayence. If living beings cause putrefaction, what, then, becomes of those plants or animals when their own elements decompose? If the fungus causes the oak to decay, and the microscopic animalcule is the putrefying agent of the elephant, what determines the putrefaction of the fungus and the animalcule when they in their turn die? To which Pasteur answered: "The ferments of ferments are simply ferments." "A ferment which has finished its work, and which, for want of aliment, cannot continue it, becomes an accumulation of dead organic matter." This mass of organic matter, formed by the anaérobies, becomes the prey of the aérobies, which multiply and continue their work of destruction so long as they have free oxygen. Those which die are equally the prey of their own kind; so "that from putrefaction to putrefaction, and from combustion to combustion, the organic mass with which we started finds itself reduced to a mass of anaérobic and aérobic germs, of those same germs which were mixed up in the original primitive organic substance." This is the whole round of life—birth, assimilation, death, putrefaction, slow combustion, and the transformation of the "carbon, the hydrogen, and the nitrogen of the organic matters by the oxygen of the air and the influence of the life of these aérobies into carbonic acid, vapor of water and ammonia gas," by which, again, organic beings are nourished. Whether in the free atmosphere or under the earth, all animal matter ends by disappearing; the anaérobies first putrefying, the aérobies then oxygenizing, and so producing the combustion which burns away matter into gas.

"All that has lived must die, and all that is dead must be disintegrated, dissolved or gasified; the elements which are the substratum of life must enter new cycles of life. If things were otherwise, the matter of organized beings would encumber the surface of the earth, and the law of the perpetuity of life would be compromised by the gradual exhaustion of its materials. One grand phenomenon presides over this vast work—the phenomenon of fermentation." And the scientific world has indorsed, not only the statement of the elemental fact, which is patent, but also that of the cause, the *primum movens* of the *modus operandi*.

Wine, exposed to the air, loses its alcohol, which is replaced by acetic acid, and thus becomes vinegar. And vinegar is the work of an extremely small and slender fungus, *Mycoderma aceti*, like the aérobies, needing free oxygen as well as a certain amount of warmth for its support. Temperature, indeed, plays a most important part in the life of these organisms, extreme cold or extreme heat being equally fatal to them. After all the alcohol has become acetic acid, the mycoderma dies for want of further nourishment, and falls to the bottom of the vessel. Here it is fastened on by the anaérobies, which, protected from the air by the film of "aérobic mucor" on the top, set up putrefaction in the deeper parts of the liquid. At the same time the surface is undergoing combustion by the fixing of the oxygen by the aérobies, which double action irretrievably ruins the whole concern. Besides this cryptogam which turns wine into vinegar, transparent eel-like organisms of extraordinarily rapid reproduction appear in the liquid when exposed to the air. These eels and the plant are enemies, and fight for the free oxygen. In healthy vinegar the plant conquers, and the eels retreat to the sides of the vat, where they form a thick, white, crawling scum. Thus, instead of the old theory of chemical combinations mechanically affecting inert matter, we have now the proof of the active agency of living organisms—by which the whole outlook of things is changed—reproductive Life being substituted for sterile Force and Matter replacing Motion. The commercial value of these re-

researches on the true cause of acetification is the power of the manufacturer to create vinegar at will, by sowing the mycoderma directly in the wine vats instead of waiting for the more costly, tedious, and not always sure method of the mother-cask.

Besides the fact that the ferment is always a living organism, Pasteur also demonstrated that of variety of species. Each kind of fermentation has its own special organism. Also, he showed that the albuminoid matter, held by Liebig and others to be necessary to fermentation, was in reality superfluous. This he showed in the experiment already spoken of on the growth of *Penicillium glucum*—that common mold or mildew which lived and multiplied on a purely mineral soil.

After this a curious controversy on spontaneous generation between Pasteur and Pouchet foreshadowed that which went on here between Professor Tyndall and Dr. Bastian. Pasteur and Tyndall maintained the germ theory, and held that the appearance of monads, bacilli, etc., in prepared flasks, is due to some flaw in the experiment by which the germ-laden atmospheric air has been admitted; while Pouchet and Bastian nailed their colors to the mast of abiogenesis and the beginning of life under certain conditions without the causation of the parent germ. Their ideas on spontaneous generation, however, fell short of Van Helmont's when he declared that he could create a pot-full of mice by stuffing a dirty shirt into the orifice of a vessel containing corn; nor did they touch Virgil's belief of a swarm of bees generated in the corrupted entrails of a young bull. Pasteur, like Tyndall, showed that the total exclusion of atmospheric air sterilized the infusion, while the admission of ever so little by defective arrangements produced swarms of microscopic organisms. Also he showed that in the higher atmosphere no germs exist at all—few or none, according to relative altitude, on mountain heights—comparative rarity in unpopulated plains, etc., and great density in towns. He ended his disclaimer by these words: "Spontaneous generation is a chimera." Nevertheless, it would seem that we may still hope to catch the transitional moment, and to light on the same conditions as those wherein the primordial germ became life. If right-handed tartrate of ammonia proves more capable of supporting life owing to its molecular arrangement, molecular arrangement may be found to be that borderland between the organic and the inorganic which unites inert matter to conscious action. What has been can be again, unless, indeed, this telluric and cosmic germ was the product of conditions passed and done with, and impossible to be reproduced.

The cryptogam, *Mycoderma aceti*, makes wine into vinegar; its congener, *Mycoderma vini*, which lives on new, young wine, fades and withers in old and does no harm. When, however, wine "spurts" in the barrel, is turbid to the eye and flat to the taste, when, poured into a glass, a crown of small bubbles rises to the top, and when, slightly shaken, silky little waves move about in all directions, then a minute filament, about the thousandth part of a millimètre in diameter, of variable length and extreme tenacity, has made its appearance. In large quantities this organism forms a glutinous deposit at the bottom of the cask, producing carbonic acid, which spoils the wine. The disease of turbid, spurted, and spoiled wine is fermentation, caused by an organism—a ferment—originally existing on the surface of the grape, where also exists the organism which causes the orderly and vinous fermentation. All red wines, especially the finest of the Côte d'Or, are subject to this disease, which makes them bitter and unfit to drink. White wines, on the contrary, are exempt from this, but are subject to another disease called *maladie de la graisse*, they, too, become turbid; but where the red are bitter, these are flat, insipid, and viscous. This *maladie de la graisse* is due to a filamentous organism like that which makes red wine spurt; but the two differ in structure and physiological action. The remedy in either case is to kill the organism by heat. One minute's heating at the proper temperature is enough to preserve the wine from all the diseases caused by fermentation. This heating in no wise affects the most delicate bouquet of the most delicate vintages; and, though experts at first professed to detect a shade of difference in the flavor between the heated and the unheated wines, when they had detected a like shade between two glasses poured out of the same bottle they confessed their defeat; and Pasteur's remedy by calorification was justified.

We all know the importance of the silkworm industry to France. In 1849, after an exceptionally good year, a disease like an epidemic fell on the silkworm nurseries. This disease had different times of manifestation. Either the eggs were altogether sterile, or the worms died soon after they were hatched, or else their first, intermediate, or last moltings were failures, after a perfectly satisfactory hatching. They were attacked indiscriminately in every phase of their existence. The silkworms did not eat; and eating is the whole life of the silkworm till it becomes a chrysalis. So far from that vigorous and voracious "munching which sounds like rain falling on thick bushes," the worms turned away from their leaves as sick children refuse their food. The invalids were smaller than the others, had a shining appearance and a blackish tint; and if they did not die before the first molting and went on even to the fourth, they did not then turn white as they should, but retained a rusty tint. "Spots appeared on their bodies, black bruises irregularly scattered over the head, the wings, the false feet and the spurs." They died by hundreds; and the silkworm industry was seriously threatened and harmed. 1850 and 1851 were bad years; and then fresh eggs were brought from abroad, which gave to 1853 an exceptionally fine crop. In 1854, when the new eggs had become moths and the moths had laid their eggs in the infected nurseries, things were as bad as ever. Spain and Italy also suffered, and all the new eggs brought from the as yet healthy districts in Europe became infected in the same way. The disease followed the trade in eggs. In 1864 the whole of the silkworm establishments in Europe were attacked, and in the extreme East only Japan was free from disease. No remedies were of the least use. Flowers of sulphur, cinders, soot, spread over the worms and mulberry-leaves; gaseous fumigations of chlorine, tar, sulphuric acid; not even treating the worms with wine, rum, absinthe—the absinthe to be followed by creosote and nitrate of silver—none of all those prophylactics had more effect than the cabalistic words, written on a piece of paper and washed off into a glass of water, used to have against fever or ague. The epidemic continued; the worms died; and the silkworm industry was at the lowest possible ebb. Then M. Pasteur was persuaded to leave his ferments and apply himself to a scientific investigation of the silkworm disease.

On the 6th of June, 1865, he started for Alais; and by the evening of the same day he had detected microscopic corpuscles in the bodies of the infected eggs, worms and moths. Other men of science had also detected these corpuscles. In a memoir to the Academy of Sciences, M. de Quatrefages stated that two Italian naturalists,

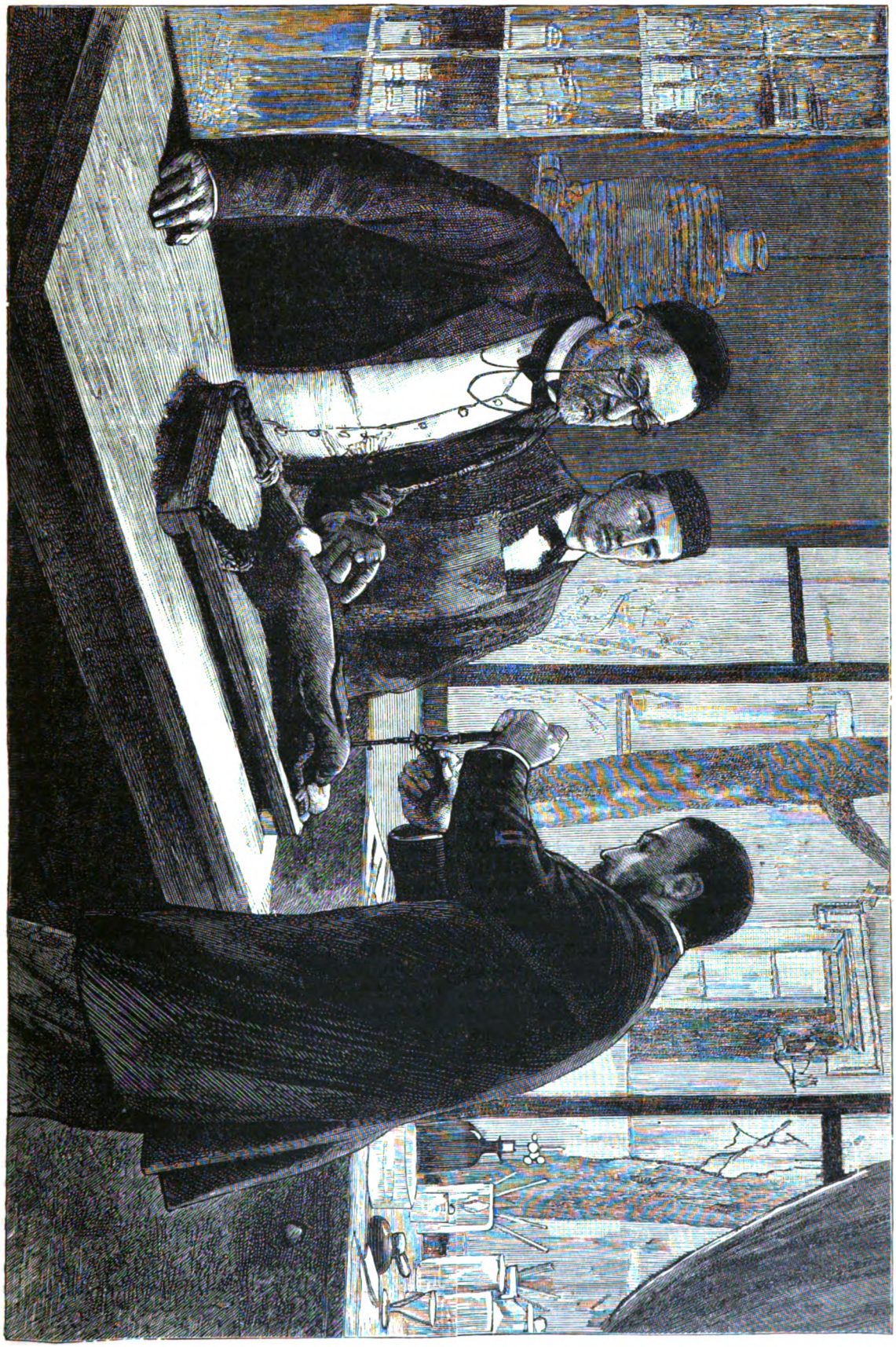
Filippi and Cornalia, had discovered them; that Lebert had said they might always be found in diseased worms; that Dr. Osimo had even detected them in the eggs, and that Dr. Vittadini had proposed to examine all eggs with the microscope so as to secure a sound batch. But, as with the budding of the yeast-plant, these clews were not followed to the end; and Quatrefages mentioned these things only slightly, cursorily, as perhaps not wholly accurate, certainly not essentially important. When Pasteur took the thing in hand, the presence of these corpuscles was the point of his investigation, and their detection the certitude of his theory. If microscopic organisms were the cause of fermentation and putrefaction, why not of disease? The unity with diversity, the harmony with variation, which obtains throughout nature, made the hypothesis at the least likely, and formed a stout foothold whereon to stand for the moment and whence to advance hereafter.

Pasteur began his work by separating the healthy from the unhealthy, that is, the non-corpusculous from the corpusculous moths and eggs, and waited until the coming year for the result. Objections from all sides were showered on his methods as well as on his theory. Some said these corpuscles were inherent in all old moths; others that they were the simple results of starvation; and one experimentalist, Dr. Gaetano Cantoni, said that he had already tried cultivation with eggs free from corpuscles, and had failed. Cornalia said: "Your selected eggs will produce healthy worms; but these worms will become sickly through the influence of the epidemic demon which reigns everywhere"—all of these men, physicists as they were, preferring to believe in a viewless, mysterious influence, like the mediæval demon of the plague, rather than make sure of tangible causes.

HYDROPHOBIA INOCULATION IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. PASTEUR.

Pasteur listened and held on. From like, like, he thought; from health, health; from disease, disease. Meanwhile, to prove that the disease was contagious—which also was denied in favor of that more mysterious epidemic influence—he fed certain healthy worms with leaves, over which he had lightly brushed the infected matter of corpusculous worms. On the twelfth day all the worms so fed were covered with spots about the head and rings; and the intestinal canal was full of corpuscles, which impeded the digestion and assimilation of food. Hence the smaller size of the sick worm. After the fourth molting the disease known as *pébrine* declared itself, communicated by the contagion of infected food. Those worms which lived long enough to spin their cocoons produced chrysalides which were nothing but a mass of corpusculous matter. Worms fed with leaves, brushed over with the matter of non-corpusculous worms, remained quite healthy. Hence one source of contagion was proved to exist in infected food—infected by the fouling of the corpusculous worms.

Also, the six fore feet of the worm, which have sharp hooks at the end, prick into the skin as they crawl over each other. When a healthy worm crawls over the body of one which is diseased, these hooks go down into the corpusculous matter and carry it by inoculation to another. This Pasteur proved by repeated experiments. *Pébrine*, then, is contagious through inoculation while the corpusculous matter is fresh. When thoroughly desiccated this matter loses its virulence; so that the dust, etc., which is so deadly one year, is harmless the next when thoroughly dry. But *pébrine* is transmitted by heredity. Corpusculous moths lay corpusculous eggs; and these, again, hand on the malady to the next generation of moths, if they survive into two generations. In



PASTEUR EXPERIMENTING ON A CHLOROFORMED RABBIT.

any case the sickly worms infect the healthy, until the whole nursery is empty. He who would have good harvests must look to his seed-corn; and in the eggs of the silkworm lie the success or the failure of the cocoons. Hence the absolute necessity of securing healthy eggs from healthy moths as the starting-point of amelioration. After this come the remedies of isolation and the mechanical prevention of contagion.

Hitherto Pasteur had dealt with only the one disease of *pébrine;* now he discovered the cause of another, *flacherie*, where the worms have no spots and are not corpusculous, but are soft and flabby, "like empty, crumpled intestine," turning black when they die, and putrefying with extraordinary rapidity. If mulberry leaves are crushed in a mortar and mixed with a little water, in twenty-four hours the liquid will be found swarming with microscopic organisms. Some are motionless, joined end to end like strings of beads, others are active, flexible, and with the sinuous movement belonging to the vibrios found in nearly all decomposing organic infusions. These organisms evidently exist as dust on the surface of the leaf, etc. Strong worms digest them with the leaf itself; in the weakly, where the digestion is feeble, they multiply in the intestinal canal and produce *flacherie.*

Flacherie is contagious, like *pébrine*, and the virus has a longer vitality. Where the contagion of *pébrine* is destroyed by desiccation that of *flacherie* lives in a state of suspended animation, and can be brought to life again after any length of time by water. "The dust of a silkworm nursery infected by *flacherie* appears under the microscope quite full of cysts or spores of vibrios. Hence, healthy worms given leaves whereon has fallen the dry dust of a nursery which had been infected the year before with *flacherie* and *pébrine*, reproduce the former and not the latter. *Flacherie* is not directly transmitted like *pébrine;* but it is hereditary, in the sense that the eggs laid by moths already weakened by the disease produce worms in themselves weaker than the rest, and predisposed to take the disease. The parasite is not in the body, but it is preserved in the dust of the nursery, and the weakly worm falls its prey. The remedies for each disease are strict isolation, and the destruction of all unsound moths and eggs; distinguishing by the microscope the corpusculous from the non-corpusculous, and burning moths, eggs, cloths, and every vestige of material connected with these last; the strictest cleanliness; and paying real "Chinese" attention to temperature, nicety of handling, food, etc. By the careful use of the microscope and consequent destruction of all unhealthy moths and their eggs, and by following out his system based on the theory of contagion and infection, Pasteur has restored to France one of her most important industries.

The personal result of this marvelous devotion to hard work in the silkworm nurseries was an attack of paralysis, which, at the age of forty-five, struck him down in the full swing of his success. After two years of helplessness, however, he was once more "his own man," and went back to work—plunging now into the diseases of beer.

Beer is more liable to disease than is wine; and while old wine is a welcome fact, old beer does not exist. "Less acid and less alcoholic than wine, beer is more laden with gummy and saccharine matters, which expose it to rapid changes," and "is easily attacked by injurious ferments—acetic, lactic, butyric." The fermentation caused by the yeast-plant is a different thing from that caused by these other organisms, which make beer "sharp, sourish, turned, ropy, putrid." The remedy is the same as that in wine—heating newly-bottled beer up to a temperature of 50° or 55° Centigrade. This heating destroys neither the secondary fermentation nor the carbonic acid needful for good beer, and is now largely adopted in Europe and America. This system is called "Pasteurization"; and the beer, "Pasteurized beer." A still greater problem was, how to preserve beer in casks, where it could not be heated for a second time without driving off its carbonic acid. This is now done by an apparatus which insures perfectly pure air, free from germs of any kind, at the time of the cooling of the wort, when all the germs within the liquid have been destroyed by boiling, and only those of the atmosphere remain. This method has been proved so successful that at the Amsterdam Exhibition were shown bottles half full of absolutely sound and pure beer, which had been tapped from the time of the opening of the exhibition.

Pasteur was now entering on the latest phase of his life's work—the study of virulent diseases, their cause and method of propagation. From molecular physics to ferments, from ferments to the silkworm diseases, and from them to the diseases of animals and man, was a line of action as logically sequential as is the path of all true science. It was an example of evolution in work of singular force and value.

"When Pasteur, in 1856, began his labors on these subjects, the ideas of Liebig were everywhere received. Like the ferments, so the viruses and processes of disease were considered as the results of atomic motions, proper to substances in course of molecular change, and able to communicate themselves to the divers constituents of the living body." Before this time Pasteur had proved the presence of a fungus in certain diseased conditions of the human body, and had recommended injections and washings with boracic acid as an antiseptic. On this hint M. Guyon acted in France; and on this method, independently reached, Sir Joseph Lister, in England, has effected the most important revolution known to modern surgery. If there were no truth in germs and organisms, and atomic motion and molecular change were the causes of diseases, an antiseptic, the function of which is to destroy microscopic organisms, would scarcely seem to be of much practical good. The sequel, however, proved the case.

Pasteur took up splenic fever, anthrax, or *charbon* as his first study. No disease is so fatal to flocks and herds as is this. In Russia it is called the Siberian plague; in Egypt it dates from the "grievous murrain," which was one of the ten plagues sent by the Lord through Moses on the innocent subjects of Pharaoh. Splenic fever, called by different names, was supposed to be a different disease, as it attacked sheep, cows, horses, or men. In sheep it was called *sang de rate;* in cows, *maladie du sang;* in horses, *fièvre charbonneuse;* in man, *pustule maligne.* Yet it had been found communicable by inoculation from sheep to other sheep, to cows, to horses, to rabbits; interchangeably, from horses to other horses and to sheep; from cows to sheep, horses, and rabbits; and from all these animals to man. Certain flies, too, carry the virus; and after they have sucked the blood of an animal dead of this disease, inoculate those which they sting. Again a clew given had not been followed. Thirteen years ago, M. Davaigne had found in the blood of the creature sattacked with splenic fever "little thread-like bodies about twice the length of a blood corpuscle," which had no spontaneous motion. Now the researches of Pasteur on the ferments, and specially on the filamentous butyric ferment, turned M. Davaigne's attention again to these

organisms, which he found in infected blood transmitted by inoculation. These filiform bodies reproduce themselves by fission of the living body, and by bright corpuscles and spores, as do the filaments of the butyric ferment, and all the filaments of putrefaction. Pasteur isolated this microbe of splenic fever, this *Bacillus anthracis*, as he had isolated the butyric ferment; cultivated it in a state of purity in artificial liquids, and proved its inoculating power, free from all suspicion of external agents.* "It is, then, the bacteria which cause splenic fever."

A difficulty arose in the inoculation of some rabbits with splenic virus. The first died rapidly, their blood swarming with the bacillus; other rabbits inoculated with the blood of these also died, but their blood was free from this organism. Here was a *crux*, one of those contradictions which seem to stultify experiment and disprove conclusion. Before this, Pasteur had shown that the healthy animal body with a whole skin is sealed against the introduction of certain lower organisms. All the internal organs in a normal state of health are absolutely free from germs or particles which can be transformed into bacteria, vibrios, monads, or microbes. But in the stomach are aérobic, and in the intestinal canal anaérobic, germs and living products in every state of development and physiological action. The vitality of the mucous lining keeps back these anaérobies from penetrating into the interior of the body. After death this vital action of repulsion ceases, and then the anéarobic vibrios rush into all parts of the body and begin their work of putrefaction and destruction. They swarm into the blood directly this ceases to be oxygenated. And in deaths by splenic fever this soon occurs, as part of the oxygen has already been taken up by the aérobic *Bacillus anthracis*. The septic vibrio is the most active of all anaérobies; for it must always be remembered that there are many, not one. In twelve or fifteen hours the blood of a diseased animal, which at the time of its death contained exclusively the parasite of splenic fever, has both this and the septic vibrio. Without oxygen the bacillus perishes, leaving only amorphous granulations, deprived of all virulence; the septic vibrio, on the contrary, flourishes in the deoxygenated body and putrefies its food. If an animal is inoculated with the blood taken from one dead of splenic fever soon after death, the blood communicates splenic fever only. If after a certain number of hours, it communicates at one and the same time splenic fever and septicæmia. This last is the quickest in action, and kills the patient before splenic fever has had time to declare itself. It was septicæmia, then, which had killed the rabbits. The splenic bacteria which were searched for were not found, and the spores of the septic vibrios were overlooked. The two germs are cultivated differently. The bacillus of splenic fever needs oxygen; the septic vibrio, which oxygen would kill, has to be bred in a vacuum. Hence the two kinds can be cultivated for purposes of inoculation at will.

In the blood of a woman who had died of puerperal fever were found transparent filaments, simple or jointed, motionless, straight or bent, which a certain doctor said belonged to the genus Leptothrix. "No," said Pasteur; "your leptothrix is the *Bacillus anthracis*, the bacillus of splenic fever." Inoculation of rabbits proved that he was right; and on inquiry it was found that the woman had lived over stables.

* Dr. Koch, of Berlin, by his researches published in 1876, anticipated Pasteur in the study of this organism, and was the first to give a correct account of its life-history and its relation to the splenic disease of cattle.

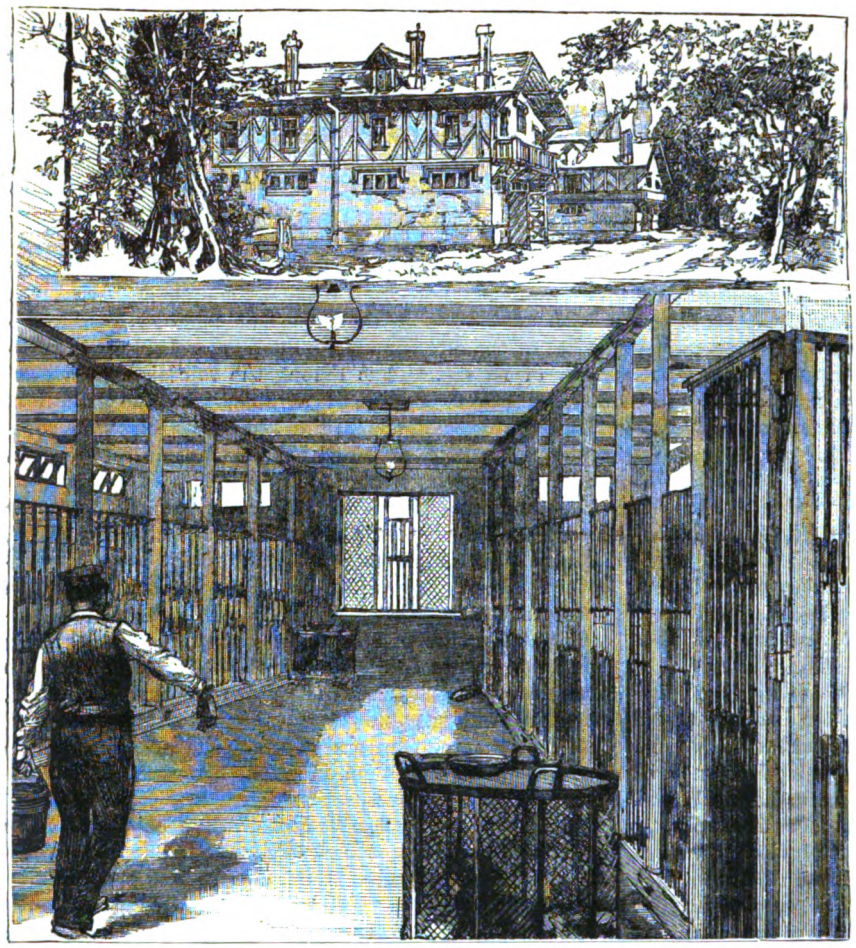
Blood or serum full of septic vibrios, and exposed to the air, presents a curious phenomenon. The first layer or *couche* of vibrios dies by contact with the oxygen of the air. Beneath this *couche*, by which they are protected, the others multiply, until their individual life, too, comes to its terms, when they pass into spores or germs which are not affected by oxygen, but are taken up as dust and carried about by the air—forming a fatal deposit on the food of some weakly animal whose vitality is not strong enough to resist their deadly action. Putrid diseases, then, are communicated by the air carrying about, in a state of latent vitality, the spores of organisms which cannot live in the air. This, again, is another instance of the close connection and interchangeable variations of nature. Thus among the microbes of special diseases are to be found aérobies like the bacilli of splenic fever, and anaérobies like the vibrios of acute septicæmia; both existing at the same time in the same body, and proving the parasitic origin of diseases.

Temperature plays an important part in parasitic diseases. Thus, splenic fever does not attack poultry, because of the high temperature of their blood. An infinitesimal quantity would kill an ox, and a large dose would not inconvenience a chicken. To prove this, Pasteur put the feet of a hen in cold water, thus lowering her temperature from the normal 41–42 to 37–38. He then inoculated her with the splenic virus. She died, and her blood was found swarming with splenic vibrios. Another, the temperature of which he also lowered in the same way, and then inoculated, recovered, because he brought back her normal warmth by wrapping her in cotton wool. By these and other like experiments he proved that *Bacillus anthracis* cannot live in a temperature of 44° Centigrade. Cold also arrests the development of all germs; and the practical bearing to us is the advisability of lowering the temperature of the body in typhoid and other fevers.

With the micrococci of fowl cholera he was no less successful. He proved their harmlessness to the guinea-pig, where they often appear in abscesses, but their certain death to fowls and rabbits, which the guinea-pig inoculates. Pasteur cultivated this microbe till he attenuated its virulence, and was then able to inoculate poultry against fowl cholera, as we are protected against smallpox. It is a true virus, a true vaccine, weakened at will, and in its weakened state capable of preserving the body from the disease.

From this Pasteur passed back to the consideration of splenic fever, and on to the cultivation of the splenic bacillus, though he was met by the apparently insurmountable difficulty of the dust of spores, which retain their vitality for years, needing only moisture and the fitting nidus to develop into virulent life once more. Under its filamentous form the microbe of splenic fever is like that of fowl cholera, and cultivable to the same extent. The question, however, was how to prevent the production of the spores. He succeeded, finding the splenic microbe non-cultivable at 44–45 degrees, but easily cultivated at 42–43, *when it produces no spores*. At the latter temperature, then, and in contact with pure air, the filamentous parasites of splenic fever can be cultivated, but the cultivation maintained, deprived of all germs. Thus a vaccine was found from which all things were hoped.

On the 5th of May, 1881, at Melun, Pasteur inoculated with fresh splenic virus certain animals, vaccinated and not vaccinated. All the non-vaccinated sheep died, and the cows were very ill with enormous swellings behind the shoulder, at the point of inoculation, in high fever,



PASTEUR'S SUPPLEMENTARY LABORATORY AT VILLENEUVE-L'ÉTANG, NEAR PARIS.

and unable to eat. The vaccinated sheep were perfectly well, and "en pleine gaieté." The vaccinated cows were eating as usual, and had neither fever nor tumor. This experiment was considered decisive; and since then vaccination against splenic fever has been largely adopted in France, the result being a striking diminution of mortality among the vaccinated as against the non-vaccinated. In sheep the numbers are 1 in 740 against 1 in 78; in cows and oxen 1 in 1,254 against 1 in 88.

The cause of splenic fever was supposed by M. Delafond to be due to the over-richness of the blood. Pasteur showed that it is propagated by material conditions of contagion, and especially by food. The fields where splenic animals have been pastured or buried are true splenic-fever breeding-grounds. The germs in the dead body get mixed with the soil, and the worms bring this deeper infected soil to the surface, where the rain and the dew reawaken the vitality of the spores, and so pass on the disease to the next comers. Pasteur advocates the burying of infected animals in a dry, sandy, non-arable soil; but surely no argument in favor of cremation can be so strong as this revelation which he has made of the changeable conditions and persistent vitality of the spores, which are the future vibrios.

The value of Pasteur's discoveries and applications of principles can scarcely be exaggerated. To his own country they have already more than sufficed, as Huxley says, "to cover the war indemnity of ninety-five milliards of francs paid by France to Germany." To the world at large they represent an incalculable saving of property, mitigation of suffering, and prolongation of life, not to speak of the priceless possession of Truth. He is now sixty-two years of age, in full mental activity and energy, and deep in experiments on hydrophobia, made with chloroformed dogs. By these experiments he has proved that hydrophobia is essentially a disease of the brain, specially active in the medulla oblongata, that most delicate, highly vitalized, and important part of all; that the spinal marrow along its whole length, and the nerves throughout their whole system, may be as rabid as the saliva, once thought to be the seat of the disease; and that rabies has a microbe of its own, like every other disease hitherto investigated. After incredible pains and labor he has succeeded in isolating (though not seeing) this rabic microbe, and in cultivating it to a state of purity and attenuation fit for vaccination. The power of vaccination to protect dogs from hydrophobia was conclusively proved in the experiments made before the commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction to inquire into the matter; when out of nineteen unvaccinated dogs only five lived, and of twenty-three vaccinated, not one died after inoculation by the terribly virulent poison of rabies.

"Never before during the long period of its history did a day like the present dawn upon the science and art of medicine," says Professor Tyndall in his preface to the book we have been considering. "Indeed, previous to the discoveries of recent times, medicine was not a science, but a collection of empirical rules dependent for their interpretation and application upon the sagacity of the physician. How does England stand in relation to the great work now going on around her? She is, and must be, behindhand. Scientific chauvinism is not beautiful in my eyes. Still, one can scarcely see, without deprecation and protest, the English investigator handicapped in so great a race by short-sighted and mischievous legislation. A great scientific theory has never been accepted without opposition. The theory of gravitation, the theory of undulation, the theory of evolution, the dynamical theory of heat—all had to push their way through conflict to victory. And so it has been with the germ theory of communicable diseases."

We do not yet see the end of this wonderful man's labors. Disease first mitigated and finally stamped out; industries revived and prosperity insured; true knowledge of actual causes instead of illusory reasoning on empirical hypotheses; the scientific method adopted in every branch of medical practice; the abandonment of speculative error and the acceptance of actual truth, are among the working results of that grand bit of human mechanism—Louis Pasteur's brain. By his labors we see even more clearly the universality of organic life—a truer

"materialization" than is to be found in the dreams of mystics or the visions of ecstatics; and by his investigations the chain which binds all nature into one interdependent and interacting whole becomes even more visible in its links and more solid in its clasp. Instead of impalpable forces acting by chemical combinations and molecular changes as occult as the alchemist's transmutation of metals, we have tangible matter, the form of which we can see, and the *modus operandi* of which we can trace. Instead of the Hand of God and the ghostly mystery of superhuman and viewless Influences, as the causes of disease, we have organisms with which we can deal and over which we have absolute power. Instead of dry destruction, we have life—at once the parent and the product of death. Life lies about us everywhere, unseen, unheard, but as potent and as active as the cosmic forces which have formed and now maintain the equilibrium of the spheres. The infinitely little is the infinitely mighty; and that which we call death is but the release of energies and the multiplication of activities whereby the unit is disintegrated into countless millions of organisms. When we weary of the sterile things of the world, we have always the rich and fertile fields of science for our rest and refreshment. When we are harassed and disturbed, perplexed and dismayed by the multiplicity of groundless faiths and baseless beliefs pressed on our acceptance, we have always such as Pasteur has proved to make us feel more on solid ground what is—is—and where that phantasmal disarray set forth by the lovers and makers of miracles has no place.

OLD LEATHERS.

While a member of a traveling company I visited Selma, where I made several friends. Among others, the family of Deacon Clay, which consisted of one strapping girl and three stalwart sons, all about (or over) six feet in height. The eldest and most stalwart of these three was named Saul, and it was he who, in the forenoons during the first three days of our stay at Selma, showed me the "lions" of the place, the waterfall, the sawmill, and the "Maiden's Leap"—for Selma, like other places, had its romantic traditions. On the fourth, as I, like Oliver, "asked for more," he proposed to take me on a visit to "Old Leathers." I consented, and on our way to this curious personage's abode he gave me some information about him.

Old Leathers, it appeared, was a harmless lunatic, who lived on odd jobs and the charity of the neighboring farmers. His particular weakness was a friendship for snakes in general, and rattlesnakes in particular. To

OLD LEATHERS SHOWING HIS PETS.

avoid the danger of being bitten by these reptiles, he invariably wore a suit of soft leather, boots, jerkin, and all —hence his cognomen.

We started from the town in one of those boxes upon wheels which are dignified in the West by the name of "wagons"; and after a jolting drive of several miles, arrived at a glen between two "bluffs." At the top of this Saul fastened the horses, and led me carefully down the narrow path which wound its way to the bottom of the little valley. It was bestrewn with masses of rock of all sizes and shapes, three or four of which, thrown together by some convulsion of nature, formed a sort of cave between them. Pausing some twenty feet above this, Saul hallooed, and a figure, which I saw at once must be "Old Leathers," appeared in answer to the summons, like a demon through a trap in a pantomime.

The old man was eccentrically clad in the suit of leather in which I had been prepared to see him attired, and the skin of a raccoon with the tail hanging gracefully behind, formed a characteristic covering for his gray head. His features were deeply marked with age and a hard frontier life, but had an appearance of haleness and health only seen in those habituated to an open-air existence.

"Here's a young lady come all the way from New York to see you," said Saul, with pardonable exaggeration. Old Leathers took off his cap, and bowed with the air of a polished courtier. "Can't you show her your pets?"

"Why, yes," said the old man. "But you must not be frightened," he continued, with a genial smile. "It's not every one that fancies 'em. Keep quiet and I will bring them out."

Though considerably nervous, I concealed a cowardice which I felt that Saul would have despised, and was silent, while the old man took a flute from his pocket, and began to play one of those "Christy Minstrel" airs which are so popular in the United States.

Then I saw a sight which astonished me. From under each of the numerous blocks of stone which were scattered around came a snake. "Copperheads," spotted with copper-colored splotches not only on the head, but all over the body; "garter-snakes," gray and yellow-green, were there; but the majority of the audience at Old Leathers's concert belonged to the species designated in natural history books as the "deadly" rattlesnake. They came forward and curled and wound themselves about Old Leathers's ankles, their heads gliding upward over his legs, moving as if in caress, and then falling to the ground, rising again to repeat the motion. The quaint figure of the old frontiersman; the grotesque contrast between the strains of "Mother, I am Dying Fast," and the general surroundings; the background of rocky cliffs and irregular rock-strewn grass, and the sight of the ever-moving, silent reptiles, whom my fancy and their constant, restless motion multiplied into thrice their number, had a strange effect upon my senses. Louder and longer sounded the soft notes of the flute; faster and faster coiled and uncoiled themselves the supple bodies of the snakes; till, at last, I felt a sort of mesmeric drowsiness coming over me, and had I gazed at this strange spectacle much longer, I believe, despite my horror of snakes in general, and "rattlers" in particular, I should have left the spot where I was standing and joined in a tarantula dance with Old Leathers's favorites.

But the music ceased, and almost before he had time to put up his instrument every snake had disappeared as suddenly as he had come. I pressed the old man to take a reward for his exhibition, but he courteously refused. "If you would like to *buy* one, miss," he said; "I sell many to menageries, and send some to England." Seeing my horror, he added "You would not be the first, miss. Only this morning——"

"Oh, no!" I interrupted him, in horror. Thanking him for his courtesy, we departed as we had come, but by what seemed an easier path.

A BROWN STUDY.

By E. Nesbit.

Let them sing of their primrose and cowslip,
Their daffodil-gold-colored hair,
Their blue-bells, blue eyes and white violets,
All the pale dreamy things they find fair;
Give me stir of brown leaves in the sunshine,
The whir of brown wings in the beet,
The rush of brown hares through the stubble,
And the light in brown eyes of my sweet!

Gold hair? Well—I never could love it,
Yet gold, I suppose, has its worth;
The head that I love is as dusky
As the breast of our mother, the earth.
With a gleam like the shine of wet seaweed,
Round pools that the tide has left clear,
And warm, like the breast of a linnet,
And as brown, is the hair of my dear.

From edge of the cliff we look downward
On the shore, and the bay, and the town,
And brown is the short turf we lean on,
The fishing-boats' sails are all brown;
The sky may be blue—that's the background,
But the picture itself, to be fair—
However it's shaded and varied—
Should be brown as the dress that you wear!

A lark bursts to sudden-sweet singing—
That tuft of brown grass is his home—
And now, a brown speck, he is rising
Against the clear, windy sky-dome;
And he sings How I know? Love instructs me
To know all his notes, what they mean—
That it isn't the color I care for
But yourself—O my gypsy, my Queen.

Ah! the lark knows my heart—I, his language:
It's my heart he sings out to the skies;
It is *you* that I love, and what matter
The color of hair or of eyes!
No doubt I should love you as dearly
Were your hair like an apricot's down;
And your eyes like the gray of the morning—
But I'm glad, all the same, that they're brown!

A GOLDEN LOCK.

By Margaret F. Aymar.

Chapter I.

A storm without—pitiless and blinding; within, warmth, elegance, and two women sitting by a blazing sea-coal fire; one, slight, wonderfully fair and pallid as a snowdrop; the other, dark and brilliant-eyed, a face full of luscious tints and suggestions; both dressed in deepest black; and cousins—Chauncey Strafford and Adele Delville.

"Chauncey, do not weep any more; come, you are weary; it is late, let us retire. Hark, a footstep!" exclaimed Adele, suddenly springing to her feet.

"The judge, of course," replies Chauncey, as a venerable gentleman enters the room and greets them both, warmly.

"Going to retire, my children? That is right. This has been a weary day for you, and to-morrow is likely to be wearier."

The old man raises his eyes as he thinks of the lifeless form of his old partner lying in the apartment above, awaiting its burial.

The cousins bid him "Good-night," and together ascend the grand staircase leading up directly from the library.

As they reach the landing, Chauncey, somewhat in the rear, hears the judge's voice, in a tremulous whisper, uttering her name. She pauses for a moment and listens.

"Hush! be quiet, my child! Come to me at midnight or later, whenever Adele and your maid are asleep—in the library—do not fail! I have something of terrible importance to communicate to you!"

Judge Asheton turns abruptly back into the room he has quitted, while Chauncey Strafford darts by the closed portal of her dead uncle's chamber like some chilled and horrified spirit. She thinks she hears a soft sound, as of the brush and sweep of a woman's garments before her, but in the darkness can distinguish nothing, and when she reaches her room, which communicates with Adele's, she finds her cousin on her knees.

It is already twenty minutes to twelve; Chauncey has made a feint of undressing herself, dismissing her bright-eyed little maid, as she frequently did long before she was really ready to retire.

Chauncey starts down-stairs. She does not lift her eyes or look back to see the dark-robed figure with the brilliant eyes that follows her every step, and only pauses as she turns and enters the library; then, but for an instant, it walks quickly along the hall, gaining the conservatory, and thence having command of the room where Judge Asheton sits bending wearily and anxiously over a pile of documents. He rises hastily and puts his arm about her.

"From the outset, Chauncey, I do not wish to influence you; but tell me, have you no love for Henri de Valence!"

At the mention of this name the eyes of the dark shadow, lurking in the conservatory window, burn with a sudden, sharp brilliance.

"None," cries the girl, sternly, under her breath. "I despise and abhor him!"

"Chauncey, you know your dead uncle's hope, his dream—his command, almost—that you should marry Henri de Valence, the child of the woman he once loved, the child of the man whom he considered as his best and warmest friend after my unworthy self."

"I know it all," she answers, haughtily, "and if it is to urge Mr. De Valence's suit upon me that you have summoned me to this most extraordinary rendezvous, judge, you have but lost your time. Let me bid you good-night."

"No, no; a thousand times no, Chauncey. I never fancied him, but I would spare you if I could. I cannot listen to this. Your uncle's will leaves the bulk of his enormous estate to you—everything except a small annual allowance to Adele Delville, and legacies to his two faithful old servants, David Flynn and Anne, his wife."

Chauncey's eyes fill with tears, but the eyes of the watcher and spy sparkle with rage and excitement.

"But,"—Judge Asheton makes a painful pause—"Chauncey, there is a codicil to this will, in which he leaves all to you if you will marry within forty-eight hours after his death; otherwise, every penny goes to Adele Delville. Oh, Chauncey, my poor little girl, do you not see that John Strafford intended you to marry Henri de Valence, or else that you should be turned out into the streets an outcast and a beggar?"

"Does the paper say 'Henri de Valence'?" the girl asks, in a harsh, strained voice.

"No, no, child; no name is mentioned, but of course he meant De Valence. He told me so. I, who drew up the will and the codicil, I, Chauncey, know its meaning. Moreover, should you marry again, the testament sets forth that the property reverts at once to Adele, so you see how emphatic my poor old friend was in this wretched matter."

"But I do not love him, and all my life I have sworn that I would not marry a man whom I did not love, and now do you think that I will do it for the sake of three millions of paltry gold dollars? No!"

"Is there any one that you do love?" asks the judge, eagerly. "Henry de Valence's name is not mentioned, so, Chauncey, if there is any one whom you care for, let me go for him at once, and you will be not only your uncle's heiress, but a happy wife. I am wrong, perhaps, in letting the spirit of the law take care of itself, but I have only to do with the letter of it. I am a lawyer to-night, child, as well as a friend."

"I love no one," she answers, quietly. "But, at the same time, my dear judge, if my uncle could be so cruel in intention to me, I can do what is in my power also."

There is a look of determination and strength in the pale, beautiful face, such as no human being ever saw in it before. The judge waits in breathless silence as he watches Chauncey glide from the room and up the broad staircase.

Chauncey presently returns, white and pallid as some avenging angel, stands for a moment, motionless as a statue, by the table in the middle of the floor.

"What is it?—what have you done, Chauncey, my child?" cries the judge, in alarm at he knows not what.

"I have done nothing, judge; it is only what I am going to do, and you, oh, you will not refuse to help me?" She clasps her two slender arms across his shoulders, and looks steadily into the old man's eyes. "I have sent David out into the streets to call in the first man he may meet, and I am going to marry him, be he pagan or Christian, lord or laborer, thief, assassin, what you will. My uncle said that in order to inherit the money he brought me up to look upon as mine, I should marry within forty-eight hours after his death! Well, and so I will. The beggar thus will confer upon me a true title to three millions, and can easily be bought for a few thousands. Do you see?" she cries, wildly. "Judge, do you see and understand? You will marry me to this man, David and Anne will be the witnesses, and they will be both true and silent. Ten thousand dollars—here they are in this cabinet, my uncle's last birthday gift to me—will purchase the oblivion of this wayfaring wretch, whoever he may be. You will not betray me, and Henri de Valence will be foiled in his base attempt to win a fortune, for I know that he alone was the instigator of that infamous codicil! My father's brother would never have had me sell my body and perjure my soul for a mess of pottage."

"But, Chauncey, this is madness, madness! You can never marry another, and, my child, you will inevitably love, one of these days. If you do, I must then do my duty and produce this codicil, which otherwise may rest unheard of, it is true, for ever."

"I shall never love," she answers, sadly. "Of course my *fiancé* must sign a paper to the effect that he will never molest, claim, or attempt to recognize me. It is so dark here that I cannot distinguish even your well-known

features. Judge, *I am determined*—no power can shake me; and you will not refuse to save me from starvation, or from the more horrible fate of becoming the wife of Henri de Valence, which I would not do—no, not for thirty times three millions."

The outer door opens and closes, as by stealth, with a dull thud; the glowing eyes of the one who witnesses this remarkable scene from a coigne of vantage in the conservatory window flash with a cruel splendor, and the hot breath parting the scarlet lips comes in great gasps and pantingly.

David enters the library, followed by a tall figure, in a heavy ulster and a low, soft hat. The rain is dripping from his garments in rivulets into the rich Persian carpets, and the mud from his soiled boots has made ugly tracks over the spotless marble of the hall and the velvety softness of the rugs.

There is nothing to be seen, for the crushed hat is pulled low over the face, save a wet, brown beard, thick and tangled. Even the man's hands have sought awkward refuge in his pockets.

Chauncey walks up to the stranger and says, very quietly — there is no tremor or hesitation in the voice: "I wish to know, what my servant has already told you, if you will marry me and sign this paper?"

She hands him a sheet, whereon she has hastily inscribed the form of the oath—"to leave her for ever after in peace, unclaimed, unrecognized, in consideration of the sum of ten thousand dollars; asking no questions, leaving this house at once, free to go, to do whatever else

A CAPTIVE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EVA COOMANS.

you may please; this ceremony a secret between you and me and my people."

The person assents by a slow nod of the head, picks up a pen from the ink-tray, and stooping, signs, in a bold, irregular hand, "John Stephens" with a tremendous flourish.

And then—a stranger scene and a stranger marriage ceremony certainly never took place than this one which was enacted in the library of John Strafford's superb house at two o'clock of a morning in early March, while above he lay waiting for his coffin and while the spy watched with greedy, awe-struck eyes from the long glass casement giving on the place where the flowers spent their perfume to-night unheeded.

Adele alone perceives from her coigne of vantage that the stranger deftly cuts from his bride's head a long, soft tress of her fallen golden hair, reverently kisses it and hides it

A GOLDEN LOCK.—"CHAUNCEY STARTS DOWN-STAIRS; SHE DOES NOT LIFT HER EYES OR LOOK BACK TO SEE THE DARK-ROBED FIGURE THAT FOLLOWS HER."

from sight. Long after Chauncey discovered her loss, and many a time did Adele playfully tease her about the "somebody" for whom she must have cut off one of her matchless golden locks. Such was Chauncey Strafford's wedding night.

Chapter II.

Six months had passed away. Adele, weary of retirement, pleaded for the gayeties of the villa at Newport.

It was in the midst of her pleading, one day, that David entered the boudoir and handed his mistress a card with rather a pretentious look about it, yet in good form, for the crest belonged rightfully to the name—"Henri de Valence."

"I will be down presently, David."

In a few moments Chauncey stood face to face with one, and the most persistent, of her many lovers.

It was the first time that she had consented to see De Valence for several weeks, and he considered himself especially fortunate when David conveyed to him Miss Strafford's message.

"Chauncey—Miss Chauncey, then—you are ill. You are looking terribly pale and thin. This protracted mourning"—the gay Frenchman, with his continental education, looks upon grief very much as Adele's foreign birth and foreign mother have taught her to do—"the air of the city in midsummer, are killing you by inches."

"Oh, I fancy not, Monsieur de Valence! And you? How goes the bright world of fashion? Who is married, and who is betrothed? And are you fresh from Saratoga, or *en route?*"

She laughs lightly as she asks her questions, but there is no answering mirth in De Valence's dark, handsome eyes.

"I know absolutely nothing of the fashionable world. I am neither from nor for Saratoga, Chauncey; since your beautiful face is seen no more in our old, gay haunts, I am never one of the throng. I live a hermit's life, an existence of solitude, peopled with but one image—yours; haunted by the remembrance of one lovely voice—your own. Chauncey, Chauncey, can I not, will you not show me how to prove to you the terrible love that I have for you! *Ma belle,* I cannot live without you. I come to you to-night to cast myself, my hope of heaven, my all, at your little feet. Let them not prove cruel and tread ruthlessly upon the heart that, for the twentieth time, implores so humbly for a little love, a little forbearance. Oh, Chauncey, as my wife you would be so happy! Every tear should be kissed for ever away, every grief turned into joy!"

"Hush! hush!" she cries, springing from her seat and casting from her with scorn the white and handsome hand of the man who kneels before her.

"Henri de Valence, it cannot be! How many times do you wish to hear from my lips the same old response, 'I cannot love you'?"

"Again and again and again! I can wait years—listen to 'No' for a thousand times, so that in the end I hear you say to me 'Yes'!" he exclaims, catching at the hem of her robe.

"Then I must say the words that your persistence forces me to, in order to compel you to resign all hope or expectation of winning my heart. I not only do not love you, but I despise you, I loathe you, I do not wish you to come anywhere near me, or to breathe the air I breathe! Do you understand me now?" she asks, coldly and quietly.

"The language is certainly sufficiently emphatic," he replies, slowly rising from his kneeling posture, and regarding her with eyes still full of passionate admiration. Am I deformed? a thief? a murderer? worse than other men? Chauncey, why do you so hate me?"

There is an infinitude of pathos and tenderness in the softly modulated voice.

"Why?—why does one shiver at the approach of a snake, or tremble at the sight of a tiger?"

"And you compare me to these things, Chauncey Strafford, simply because I have dared to lift up my eyes and love, nay, worship, you?"

There is a dangerous, cold smile on his mouth, and his lips quiver as he speaks.

"I compare you to them, because I think that certain characteristics of theirs you share with them. Look back a little into your life, Monsieur de Valence, and see if the way is straight—if there are no crooked turns to the pleasant paths you have trod?"

"My conscience is clear," he responds, with easy grace.

"Will you leave me?" the girl cries at last, goaded beyond her strength.

"No! At least, supposing that I should decline to so far oblige you, what then?"

"'What then?'" she echoes, haughtily, straightening her beautiful figure to its full height. "I cannot conceive of such an impossibility; in any event, I will preclude it by informing you that when I marry"—how hollow and horrible the mere words sound in Chauncey Strafford's ears no living being ever can guess—"it will be because I believe the man loves me and not my money."

"Chauncey Strafford! By Heaven! no woman should say that to me but you, and not even you, without retaliation; there and there, and there!"

He catches her in his relentless arms and presses burning kisses upon her white, agonized face.

"At least I leave those kisses on your lips to remind you that I loved you!"

De Valence flings her from him and rushes from the room in a frenzy of passion and anger; returning for his gloves a moment later, he beholds Adele standing where he had last beheld her cousin.

"Why, Monsieur de Valence, it is an age since I saw you!" she exclaims, brightly, extending her hand in cordial welcome. "Does Chauncey—does my cousin know that you are here?"

"I have just parted from her, Miss Adele."

"Ah, then I will not detain you. After the rose, another flower!" she points to the cluster of violets at her throat with an arch and meaning smile. "Well, I am glad to have had a glimpse of you, but you are not looking well, Monsieur de Valence!" Adele lays her cool finger-tips lightly on his arm, and her voice with its very fascinating foreign accent is very *caressante.* "What has happened? Nothing dreadful, I trust?"

"Dreadful? Well," he answers, harshly, "Miss Adele, your cousin has scorned my heart and my hand for the last time. She has insulted and disgraced me! What am I saying? I do not know. I am mad, crazy!"

"I am sorry!" Adele shakes her pretty head in deep concern. "Can I not help you? Can I not say some words of comfort to you?"

"Ah, you have a kind heart!"

His hand touches hers, and a thrill of rapture runs through Adele Delville's veins, but his dark eyes are looking far beyond hers into the space that is only peopled for him with the vision of a fairer face framed in golden hair.

"I can feel for a friend," Adele murmurs, raising her great dark eyes to his.

"Are you are good and gentle, but what do you know of the bitterness of such words as I have listened to? It has been bad enough to be rejected courteously many times, but at the last, when I have laid my heart's best at a woman's feet, to be spurned, to be scorned—to be told that I am seeking the heiress rather than the woman, it is too much! Pray Heaven! Mademoiselle Adele, that you never are loved as I have loved, for such love sometimes turns to hate."

Henri de Valence's voice is sharp and almost venomous as he strides up and down the room.

Adele Delville's cheeks flush to a richer crimson as she echoes in a low, contemptuous tone the one word:

"Heiress!"

"Yes. I put it to you, her cousin, her friend, the companion of her girlhood, can you blame me if in place of the passion I felt for Chauncey Strafford one hour ago, a singular hatred stirs through all my being? She has blasted my life. John Strafford told me that she should be my wife, and yet she repulses me with loathing."

Henri de Valence is remembering a certain evening not long before John Strafford's death, when the old man swore to him that the paper he held in his trembling hand at that moment would make Chauncey his wife, and Adele by a strange coincidence is recalling the reading of a certain codicil, and a wild wedding to which she was witness not so many months ago.

"Friend!" she repeats, curling her scarlet lip in derision.

"Is she not? What has Chauncey done to *you?*" cries Henri, excitedly.

For a moment Adele hesitates—only a moment—and then she decides to risk all, and strike out and see what fair or foul fortune has in store for such women as she—bold, unscrupulous, jealous—loving this man with all the strength of an ardent nature.

"Done to me?" she cries, in an anguished voice. "She has robbed me of my right, she has made of me almost a beggar in this house which should be mine, she has—— Listen, Monsieur de Valence, and then judge if cousin Chauncey Strafford can ever be aught than my my enemy and yours!"

In a low and stealthy whisper Adele recounts every circumstance and incident down to the most minute of that fatal night of early March. With cruel exactitude she omits not one jot, one syllable, one look or motion connected with the remarkable events of the evening preceding her uncle's funeral.

Henri de Valence listens—listens with a growing and terrible purpose—a fierce and dauntless design deepening on his handsome face.

She has finished, and one glance into that face tells Adele Delville that she has cast her chance upon a mere thread of hope, and that she has won.

"Adele," he says, grasping her arm, "we are both duped, wronged; we have a cause in common. You, mulcted of a superb fortune; I, disdained in favor of a nameless scamp! Is there no redress for us?" he whispers, cautiously, in the girl's ear.

Adele is well satisfied that here is her kindred spirit, and that her good days are nigh at hand.

"There is," she says. "Chauncey may marry. Judge Asheton will keep her miserable secret, but so help me Heaven! *I* will not!"

"Marry!" De Valence exclaims, ironically. "She will never marry. Chauncey Strafford has no heart."

"Aha! You do not know my cousin as I do. Women can read each others' hearts chapter by chapter, page by pageful, where you men see only the unblemished blank. Chauncey has gone out a little of late. There are all her old adorers—you know how many—and there are numberless new ones. Not long since she met Philip Dacre, whom every one is raving over, and I can assure you my lady iceberg was not as insensible as she may appear to you."

"You think that she would marry and risk——"

"What? Absolutely nothing, from her standpoint. The judge would never betray her. Whom else has she to fear *save me?* No; all the trouble will lie here. It will not be easy to persuade her to mingle in society, or to receive the visits of gentlemen, especially those of a man whom she fears she may learn to love; but once involve Chauncey Strafford's heart, and then, trust me, her head will go with it."

"But how——"

"Leave all to me. Ah, Henri, from the bottom of my heart I pity you. Remember that we work together, but that I care more for avenging the slight that you have received at this woman's hands than for the money that will inevitably be mine."

"Then do I understand that you honestly believe that your cousin will love, will marry?"

"Infallibly. I tell you, Henri de Valence, I am a woman, and one who has loved," she says, lowly, passing her hand wearily across her brow, "and I know a woman who can and will love when I see her. Leave the rest to me. Can you not trust me? And meet Miss Strafford and me at Newport. Let me see! Say next week."

Chapter III.

Adele had conquered, conquered in everything. They were at Newport.

Philip Dacre was at Newport, so was Henri de Valence. Moreover, day by day Chauncey was yielding to her lover's fascinations, and the marquis was daily more tender to the dark-eyed Adele.

She appeared to be able to coax her cousin into anything, and to-night Chauncey was at Philip Dacre's ball, waltzing with Philip's arms about her, watched by Adele and Henri as a cat would watch a mouse.

Wearied by the heat within, he has led her out into the fascinating gardens.

"Chauncey," cries Philip Dacre, "I can stand this no longer. My darling, my darling, you act as though there were some frightful barrier between us."

"And if there were?" the girl says, with wild, wide eyes, as she sinks into a garden-chair.

"But there cannot be, there is not! Dear little girl, there are blots in my past, God knows, as there are in most men's, but my love for you has cleansed me of every sin, I think, and yours for me. Oh, Chauncey, you can never unsay that one sweet word you spoke to me not ten minutes ago in the ballroom—never! Your 'Yes' will outlive and outweigh ten thousand 'Noes.' Does anything trouble, worry you? Tell it to me. I would relieve you of every burden, every care, however petty, and I *know* that I can reason away my love's prejudices against me, whatever they may be."

"I have no prejudice against you," she exclaims, in a strained, low voice. "Philip, it is myself, my wretched, miserable self."

"Impossible! Chauncey, if you love me, what matters anything else on earth or in heaven?"

"Hush-h-h!" she says, laying her hand gently across his lips.

And then, as the fast, sweet kisses fall upon it, she

shrinks away again, and rising, walks off a little, plucking flowers unconsciously as she goes.

"Chauncey!"

Philip Dacre does not rise and follow her, but his tone is full of repressed, terrible strength.

She turns her face toward him, and stands still.

"You must answer me," he says, "and that answer must be a promise to become my wife. Child, I love you—you love me! It is so seldom that in this world the man and the woman who are made for each other meet, that no idle whim, or caprice, or idea of yours should thwart it. Say, my love, that you love me well enough to marry me!"

She draws nearer to him, slips behind the rustic sofa on which he sits, and, leaning above him, her elbows on the rough wood, places her hands lightly on his head.

"Philip," she says, in an odd voice, "if I were a criminal would you love me?"

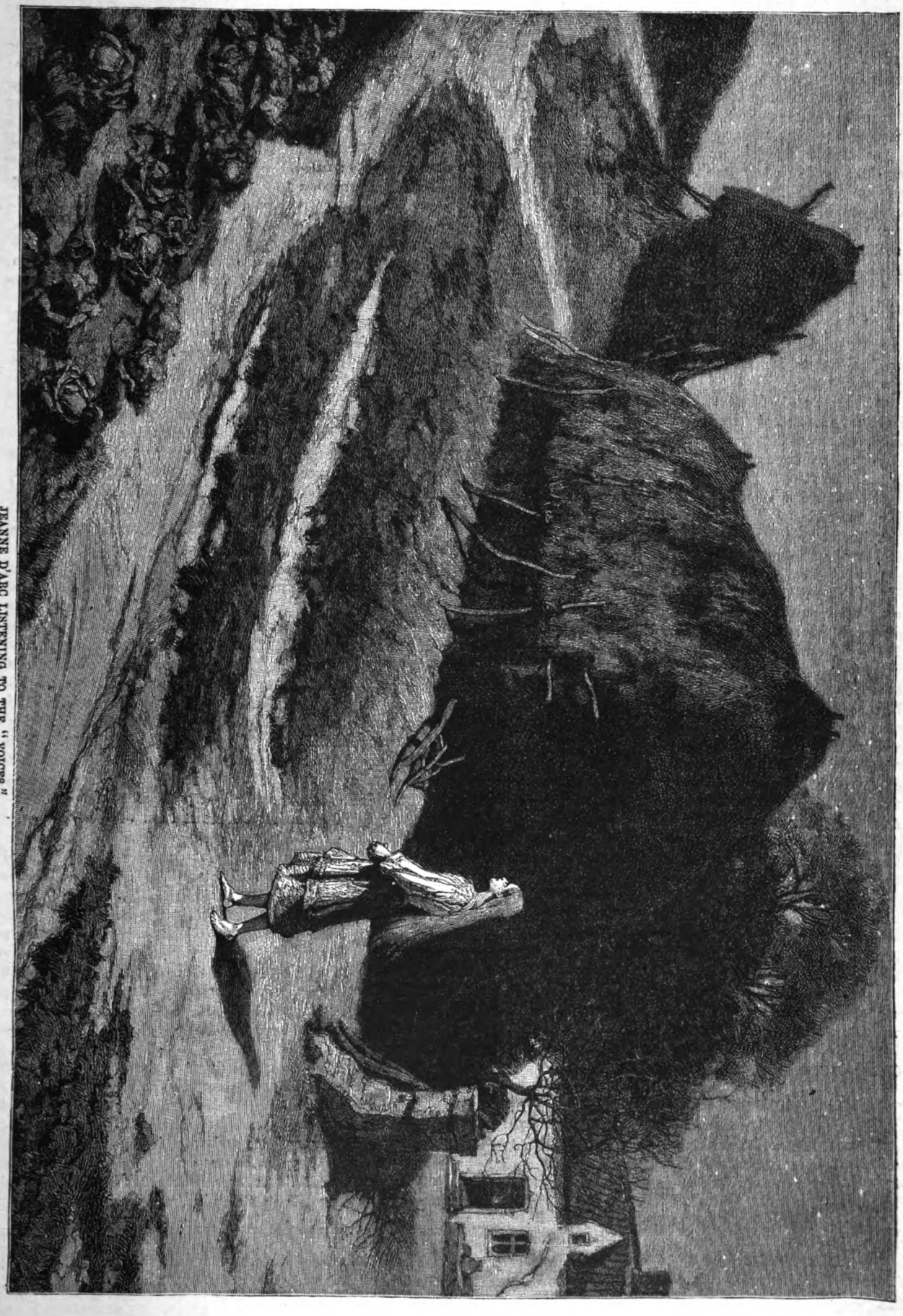
"Yes," he answers, firmly.

"If some day, some horrible day, you awoke and heard the world call *your wife*—— Oh, I know not what I am saying!" She bursts into a loud, harsh laugh. "I am losing my wits, Mr. Dacre. Let us go back into the ballroom, and see if I can find them. Come!"

"Chauncey, see here!" Philip Dacre's voice is full of entreaty and command; "were you the vilest sinner that walks the earth, did your heart show a record as black as the stormiest midnight, you would still be too good for me, and you are only magnifying some childish escapade into an enormity. Trust me, my darling! Into my hands commit it all and rest in my arms. When you say that you love me, heaven and earth, the past, the present and the eternal future are rounded in the compass of those three words!"

THE MOST ANCIENT PICTURE OF JEANNE D'ARC.—SEE PAGE 359.

Chauncey's blue eyes dilate, a fearful struggle is going on within her heart and brain. Her cheeks blanch and turn to rose; her lips quiver; she hears a footstep and thinks, in abject terror, "Can this be the man, the low-born wretch she *has married*, come to claim her and snatch her from bliss into perdition?" But the footstep dies away—some passing attendant; and still, although the haunting vision pursues her, as it ever has since that fatal night, Chauncey drops her clasped hands in front of her, and sinks on her knees at Philip Dacre's feet.



JEANNE D'ARC LISTENING TO THE "VOICES."

"Take me," she whispers, "take me away, far away—and—if—I suffer some day—and cause—you—to—suffer, too, oh, my love! remember—that I love—you!"

In a second she is gathered to his heart, and his kisses are raining down upon her lips.

A footfall on the path, and coming toward them half a dozen merry dancers seeking the cool night-air after the heat of the ballroom.

Sauntering slowly after them is Judge Asheton, with a careless smile on his face which, however, quickly fades as his glance rests upon Chauncey Strafford and her companion.

"You look pale, Chauncey—ill! Are you not feeling well?" the judge asks, anxiously, taking the young girl's trembling hand in his."

"She is weak, nervous. The heat—that room is suffocating," Philip says. "I will go and fetch Miss Strafford an ice or some sherbet."

"What is it, child?" the judge asks, quickly, as soon as Mr. Dacre is out of sight. "Has anything happened?"

"No, no, no! Yes! Oh, judge, have mercy on me—have pity! You were wiser than I. You knew life and life's chances better than I when I stood on my pinnacle of pride and self-reliance that miserable night last March."

"What is it? Speak! Do not keep me in suspense. Has the man——"

"No, no!—a thousand times no!" Chauncey exclaims, in horror-stricken tones.

"What then? Chauncey, it is not possible that——"

"But it is!" she says, fiercely. "It is possible that I am loved as I would be, and that I love as I never dreamed of loving—that I have promised to become Philip Dacre's wife—that—— See, I will not quit my knees until you promise me to be silent. It is not much to ask, and to the woman who asks it of you it means life, peace, happiness, protection, husband, home. Quick! I hear footsteps, and unless you say 'Yes' I will not rise."

"Rise, rise!" cries the judge, in a voice choked with emotion. "Yes, I will be silent—'silent,' which means the first breath of dishonor that ever tarnished James Asheton's fair name and fame!"

Chauncey stands erect, pallid as the roses blowing beside her, but with a smile on her face as she turns to greet her lover.

"She has told you, sir?" Dacre says to the judge, although his eyes are fastened on Strafford's face.

"She has told me," the old man repeats, extending his hand. "I—I congratulate you!" And he turns away his head.

"Who is to be congratulated? What is it? No secrets—no secrets!" Adele's fresh, clear, penetrating voice, as she appears leaning on Henri's arm."

"I Miss Delville, am the man above all others, for Chauncey Strafford has promised to become my wife."

Chapter IV.

Chauncey's wedding-day. Early in the morning she received from her lover a small packet and a line hastily scrawled across the envelope:

"I return your own; do not open this until after we are married. Philip."

Surely, on a lovelier bride eyes never gazed when Chauncey Strafford, leaning on the judge's arm, entered the room.

The music was hushed, and silence fell over the assembled multitude, as the solemn words of the Episcopal ritual were uttered in Dr. Thompson's deep, sonorous tones.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

The almost imperceptible pause that invariably follows this sentence in the marriage ceremony was on this occasion, alas! filled.

As Dr. Thompson was repeating it, the dark eyes of Henri de Valence sought the face of Miss Delville. A smile of triumph, one might say, played about her lips, and no sooner was the sentence spoken, than Adele took a step forward, and, gazing straightly into the face of the bride, she said, in a clear, murmuring voice and with erect head:

"I can. Chauncey Strafford is already a married woman. I can prove against her the crime of bigamy!" and then she glanced at the bridegroom.

Philip Dacre's face was ashy pale, and his firm lip set. He looked haggard, as a man brought suddenly face to face with unsuspected death might look.

With cruel exactitude, she rehearsed every incident from the night of her cousin's first marriage down to the present moment, scarcely pausing for breath, her great eyes dilating, as she gazed at Henri de Valence.

At last, her terrible tale finished, there was one moment's terrible pause. Philip Dacre, his arm about his bride, stepped forward and spoke:

"My friends, one moment, let me detain you to listen to a little story of my telling, perhaps to the full as dramatic as Miss Delville's, although in it I do not play the spy. When I first came to America, nearly a year ago now, I encountered in the streets several times a lady whose face, once seen, haunted me as no woman's face has ever done before or since. I could procure no introduction, nor could I discover who she was. One night, as I was returning from a game of cards at my club, very muddy, very wet, with my ulster collar turned up over my ears, and my crush hat pulled down over my eyes, I was accosted by an aged man, and bidden to enter a certain house for Heaven's sake! Having ever been of an adventurous turn of mind, having led a wild life, full of all sorts of haps and mishaps, over half the civilized world, I unhesitatingly accepted this respectable old man's rather sudden invitation. Miss Delville has spared me the recital of the rest of my story save this: I cut from Chauncey Strafford's head a golden lock of her hair. Here it is. It has lain next my heart ever since. Chauncey," he cries, turning to the fainting girl, "the packet I sent you this morning! Quick! It contains the money which you gave me that night so long ago! My wife! my wife! at last! Have I not kept the bond? I was the man whom you, judge, married to this woman."

Adele knelt for pardon before her cousin. Could Chauncey refuse it when her own happiness was so complete? She forgave everything, and bestowed part of her fortune on her cousin, whom De Valence immediately sought in marriage, and won, it is needless to add. The poor old judge walks once more erect among his fellowmen, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dacre are two of the happiest people in this wide, wide world.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

By John Dennis.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books and men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen.
He has no pocket, and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny;
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile—
A despot, strong through infancy,
A king, from lack of guile.
He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother—
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway;
For, wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him.
His subjects bend before him too—
I'm one of them. God bless him!

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BRITISH SHIP AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Some excavations were made recently in a field adjoining the Brigg Gas Works for a new gas receiver, and some three feet below the surface the workmen came upon what they supposed was a large piece of oak, but it was soon found to be a very long boat of supposed ancient British origin. The head of the vessel was slightly damaged, but, excavating more carefully, the whole of the boat was laid bare, and was found to be cut out of a solid piece of oak 48 feet long. It has been carefully lifted from its bed, and is thus described by Mr. W. Stevenson, of Scarborough: "The tree itself is the finest stick of oak I have ever seen, and there is no tree growing in England to-day that is its equal. The straight, even growth and the enormous length of the trunk before any branches present themselves imply that it grew in some forest or soil highly favorable to its development. The diameter at the butt is about 5 feet 3 inches; at the first branch, which was nearly 50 feet above the ground, it is about 4 feet 9 inches, and throughout this length it is as straight and uniform as if turned in a lathe. These figures represent the tree after being divested of its bark and sapwood, which, combined, would be 4 to 6 inches in thickness, the sapwood of oak being worthless for any purpose.

"The trunk of this tree, measured over the bark, contained between 900 and 1,000 cubic feet, and when dressed for converting into this vessel contained 700 cubic feet. The log was flattened on the top for "digging out," which has been performed in a very workmanlike manner with the ax or adze. The head or prow is rounded off somewhat blunt, and gives one the impression of its being used as a ram. The stern end is sloped or beveled, the excavations being carried through, and a plank end fitted in, the planks being fitted into grooves wrought in the inside face of the vessel. As this plank end of the vessel was fixed in a perpendicular position it follows that the sides, being sloped or beveled, projected some distance beyond. These projections beyond the stern boards have the appearance of brackets intended to support a raised deck or seat. Toward the top edges there are large holes pierced through the wood; at first sight I thought these might have been used for mooring the vessel, but I am now of opinion they have been laced through with ropes or cords to bind in the sides and press them to the plank ends. Along the sides of the vessel, toward the centre, there are other holes, the purpose of which I cannot conceive. They are too small and square through the wood to have been used by oars. The floor of the boat is upward of 40 feet long and 4 feet wide, perfectly flat and level, and without any signs of a mast being fixed therein. The sides are hewn quite perpendicular, and toward the stern there are some brackets left in the solid wood as if to support the ends of a seat. There is a hollow at the head as if for a bowsprit, and near to this was a piece of crooked oak somewhat partaking in shape of an elephant's tusk. Nothing has been found in the boat, except some pieces of Scotch fir, but near it were some curious bones, which have not been identified.

"Such, then, is this finest and most perfect ancient British vessel that has ever been found; the size of it impresses it as regal, a *Great Harry* of its time; and when manned with its rowers or paddlers it must have presented a strange sight floating on the great estuary of the Humber.

"The vessel lay at right angles to and only a few yards from the River Ancholme, which discharges itself into the Humber at Ferriby Sluice, and as the stern was considerably lower than the head, it had the appearance of being stranded or beached on the bank of the river, where it must have sunk into the soft silt, ooze, or marine warp, which rising by degrees wholly enveloped it. It is quite clear that the upper part was never exposed to the weather or it would have perished, and the lower part only, as has been the case in other discoveries, would have been preserved.

"It is only a few years since a wooden causeway was found in the neighborhood of this excavation; it was some feet below the land surface, and apparently crossed the valley of the Ancholme before that river was confined within its banks. This causeway was composed of squared balks of oak about 15 feet long and 10 inches square, the ends being bored for pegs or stakes, which were driven into the subsoil to prevent the fabric from rising with the tidal waters."

CHARLES MATHEWS.

The elder Mathews, the miraculous mimic, married first a Miss Strong, who died young, without offspring. On her deathbed she joined the hands of her husband and her friend Miss Jackson, saying, "You two are to be married." This was wholly unexpected, as the parties had not the faintest idea of ever being so related. The husband, indeed, was angry, and thought that Miss Jackson was deeply offended.

However, they did marry, and their only child was Charles James Mathews, educated for an architect and surveyor, which business he practiced in London. His histrionic powers were chiefly developed in Italy, where he was an immense favorite with the family of the late Marquis of Normandy.

His health was so fragile that, one evening, as he was carried out of a London theatre, Madame Vestris remarked: "Poor young man! Who is he? He cannot live long." Yet he lived to be her husband for eighteen years, and for longer as the husband of his second wife.

This lady was the divorced wife of an American actor,

JEANNE D'ARC'S HOUSE AT DOMRÉMY.

named Davenport, and the marriage took place in America. Davenport assaulted Mathews in the street at New York, which caused much sensation. Mathews was somewhat injured, but acted the same night. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews were very popular in Melbourne.

A piece called "My Awful Dad" carried him triumphantly through the closing year or two of his life, but he was melancholy, like Jefferson. Mr. Reeve says Mathews was surprisingly thin, quite a skeleton. When carried to the hearse, in his coffin, the bearers remarked that he was lighter than a young girl.

He was a great smoker of cigars, and pulled a few whiffs just before he yielded his last breath. His pluck was remarkable. He fainted one night, in Glasgow, just before going on the stage. The doctor said he would fall down dead in the piece if he insisted on acting; but he did, and amused the people enormously. The doctor said this was only a flash in the pan and he would die next day—but he didn't.

Exhuming the old records of his life, we find that his marriage with Madame Vestris was a terrible blow to his mother, who, although an actress, was a lady of very strict piety, and Charles had to report regularly to her on how he kept up reading the Bible.

FOOTPRINTS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

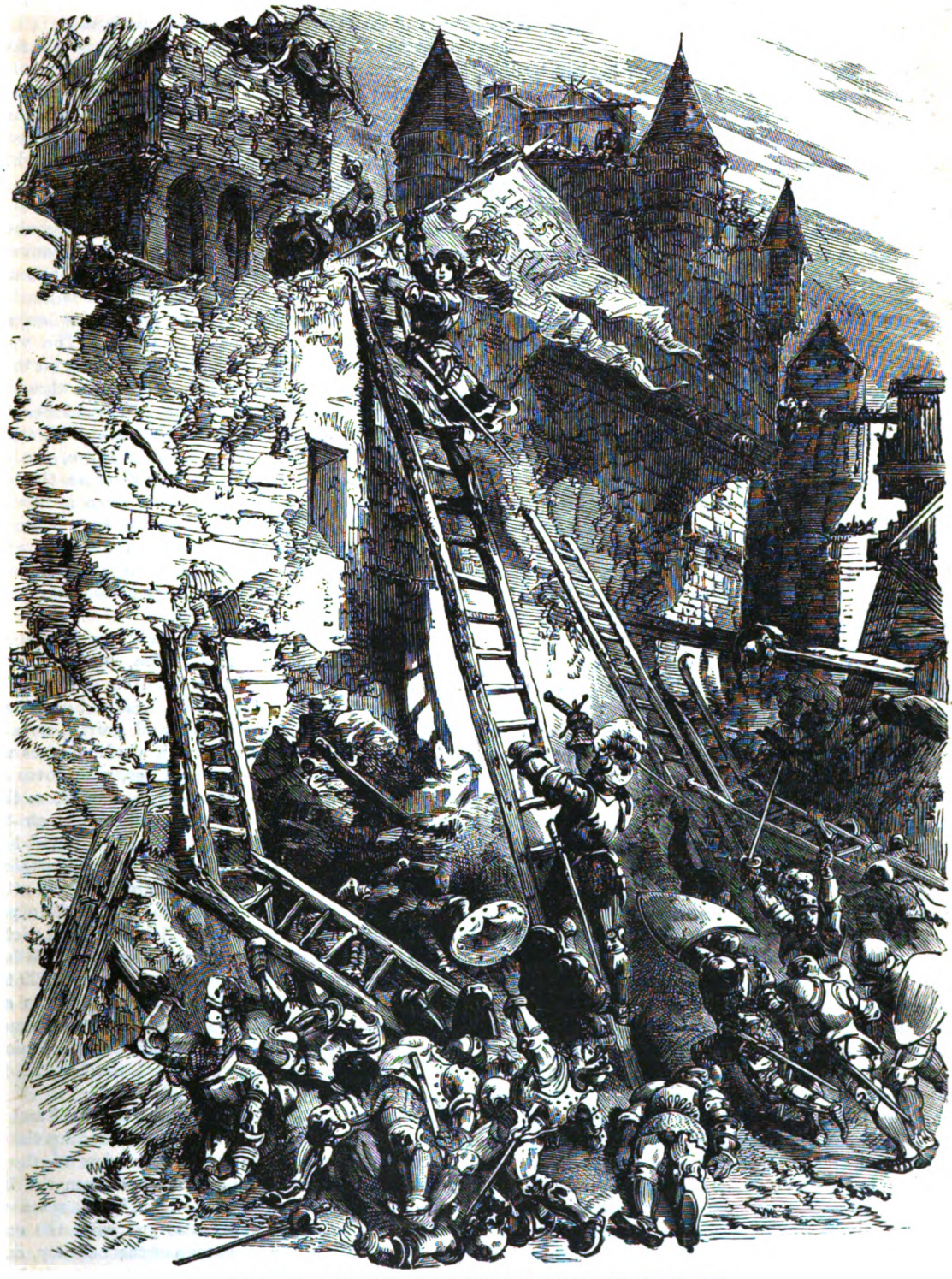
We get nearer to the personality of the good or the great when we see the actual scenes they saw; the dwellings in which they lived and their surroundings. When we follow the paths that those have trod who have left "footprints on the sands of time," we seem to read our history over again, written in illuminated text. It is most satisfactory where the places have not changed, as is the case with Domrémy, where Jeanne d'Arc opened her baby eyes one Epiphany morning, 476 years ago. We saw it in October when the trees were golden with Autumn foliage. The "Route Nationale" is lined with gray poplars, and the broad current of the Meuse winds like a silver ribbon among millstreams and rivulets that have no name beyond the hills among which they bubble forth.

The little village of Domrémy nestles at the foot of a hill that slopes away into vineyards. The same kind of cattle, some black and white, others dove-colored, are grazing in the same meadows as when the child Jeanne led them to the pasture so many years ago. Children, in white caps and blue pinafores, are rushing out of school. We stand on the bridge and look into the sparkling tide of the Meuse and fancy Jeanne there, dreaming her dreams and hearing the mystic voices. Here is the little green orchard that Bastien Lepage has introduced into his picture of the maid.

JEANNE D'ARC AFTER THE CORONATION.

She stands under a tree in the bloom of Spring with half-averted face. She has seen the vision, and is full of reverence and self-questioning. The cottage home is in the background.

We stop at the church, whose tiled roof and gabled ended tower is surmounted by a plain cross. To the left of the entrance is a bronze statue of Jeanne, kneeling with one hand raised to heaven. Much is altered in this church, but on entering we find hollowed in the shortened shaft of a column the same holy water stoup which Jeanne used so often. Before this hang the three cords attached to the bells. Jeanne loved the bells, and always heard her "voices" more clearly when they were ringing. Above the stand for the wax tapers is a modern oil painting of Jeanne kneeling at a chair by the latticed window of her cottage. There are various other pictures of the maid in the church, giving touching evidence of the love and reverence of the people.



JEANNE LEADING THE ASSAULT ON THE TOURELLES AT ORLEANS.

Jeanne's home, like the few other cottages left of that date, was built as strong as a little fortress. It is

a rough-cast cottage, with a low, sloping roof, forming a kind of gable. At one time it was painted all over with scenes commemorating her life, but there is now no trace of such painting. The cottage has sunk one step with the course of time. The low door has three escutcheons over it and above them a statue of Jeanne. She is represented with her hair flowing below her waist. Her face, seen in profile, has a certain calm beauty of expression.

The main beam of the kitchen has been hacked by the knives of countless pilgrims. In Jeanne's room are the self-same beams and wardrobe-cupboard that she used, and the smaller beams nailed up to accommodate her simple wardrobe. There is a honeysuckle climbing at the tiny window. Roses, vines and cabbages grow together in the primitive garden outside. The nuns who have charge of the house tend the flowers, and a Virginia creeper, its leaves turned flame-color by the frost, has climbed up among the sculptured escutcheons over the door.

The church is so near that Jeanne could hear the girls' voices singing while she knelt in trembling ecstasy in her little room. The nuns say that she saw her first vision in the garden in front of her own window. We gathered a pansy there for remembrance and left with a better understanding of Jeanne, as we were familiar with her people's ways and belongings and had stood within the very walls of her home. We left Domrémy by the same road that Jeanne took when, in obedience to the heavenly vision, she forsook her home to go out into the world. We passed the chapel of "Our Lady of Bermont," where she went every Saturday to pray. Some say that it was in this chapel she first saw the vision that warned her of her mission, to which she replied she was a poor girl and incapable of leading an army. Durand Laxart's house still stands. He was Jeanne's maternal uncle who cheered her heart with a belief in her mission, and took her to Vaucouleurs to see the Governor. The house looks very ancient, with two large archways allowing the passage of carts to the back of it. The winding road that Jeanne followed can be traced by a double line of trees. We stopped to rest by a wayside chapel, and looked at the sunny meadows set with willows and tall poplars, with a foreground of bright poppies, harebells and clover.

Vaucouleurs is situated on the Meuse, in the midst of a flowery valley. Here Jeanne came in her peasant's garb and presented herself to the Sire de Baudricourt, the commandant of the castle. The "voices" had told her to go to him. There is little now left of this castle but the site. The castle and town of Vaucouleurs was the last shred of French territory that Charles had been able to retain in the eastern extremity of his kingdom.

Jeanne's uncle accompanied her from this spot to Toul, where she saw for the first time a cathedral. Toul is now a dirty little town, packed within walls, but the graceful, flamboyant cloister, St. Gengoult, resembles those of Westminster Abbey. The only open space in the city is in front of this cathedral. Beyond the cathedral lie the barracks and military quarters.

The road becomes more charming as we gain the high land. There are woods on either side, and we can hear the horn of the huntsman. The sycamore leaves lie thick on the path—yellow and red, and tawny purple. At present the road to Nancy is carried across the valleys by two fine viaducts lined with ash-trees, but they were not here when Jeanne journeyed with her uncle to the place.

The bright, gay town of Nancy has no great architectural interest. It looks new, and the old things have too much of the Renaissance character to have been seen by our Jeanne. The Church St. Epore is, according to Murray, "old, but much altered," and it looks modern in every stone. It is as full of light as a conservatory. The windows are sheets of dazzling color. Rainbow-tinted glass is everywhere, and all breathes the very spirit of Nancy—gay, bright and modern.

But the Palace of the Dukes of Lorraine still remains, though somewhat altered. It was to see and help with her advice a sick Duke of Lorraine that Jeanne came to Nancy. The present building is part flamboyant and Gothic of the sixteenth century. There are some remains of old walls and city gates that are highly picturesque. Nancy cherishes no storied past, so these old walls are being leveled.

From this place Jeanne returned to Vaucouleurs to await her fate with patience. The defeat at Rouvray was reported, and she pressed the commandant to send her to the Dauphin.

We follow in the footsteps of the maid when, at last, she had leave to go to the Dauphin. The way lies through the heart of France, which was then for the most part in the hands of her enemy. The roads were infested with brigands. Portions of the Abbey of St. Urbain, where she stopped for the night, are still standing. Gien, high seated on its hill above the Loire, was chosen as the spot from which they should cross the stream, as it was faithful to the Dauphin. Gien is now a dull little town. It is proud of its potteries. Women are washing and beating their clothes in the stream, as when Jeanne left the shelving hills and vineyards, crossed the Loire and went on through the poplared levels of the south bank.

There is a splendor of crimson clover that seems to speak of fertile land in this region, but there is very little to describe. Tourists seldom come here.

We reach Touraine. It is less clean and inviting than Normandy, but more primitive, and carries us at once to the Middle Ages. On through winding lanes we go, among fruit-trees and golden pastures, with doves cooing and wild birds trilling, as they did, no doubt, on the day that Jeanne passed under the avenues of oak to the Church of Ste. Katharine de Fierbois and found her miraculous sword. The light, delicate spire is visible from the road at the left. At this church Jeanne attended services three times on the same day. A modern painted window shows Ste. Katharine, and beneath is a picture of Jeanne with the vision appearing to her, and this inscription: "Here Jeanne d'Arc took her sword in 1429 to save France. Remember the 10th of May, 1429." In a vault in this church was found the famous sword marked with five crosses. The crockery in the little inn depicts the story of Jeanne and how she hewed the English in the battle of Patay.

Chinnon, at last, where the court was held and where Jeanne waited to see the King. He walked up the paved lane to the castle. There is a fine view of the River Vienne and the surrounding landscape from the bridge. We were admitted into a garden of red roses within the loop-holed walls. The castle and even the cottages are built of the fair white stone of the country, and the whiteness makes the ruins ghostly by moonlight. We wandered at will amid a labyrinth of grass-grown walls, sown thickly with poppies, wild oats and mignonette. The royal apartments are a mass of ruins. There are no flowers, but grass-grown ground. There is a deeply embrasured fireplace, which marks the room where, as the tablet says, Jeanne recognized Charles VII. Some of the

rooms are less ruinous, and we could sit in the pleasant window-seats. There is a large wild rose-tree growing in a corner of one of these rooms. We look across the garden to two round towers, one with a vaulted roof like a chapel. Here the stern young follower of duty faced the gay court and told of her mission. They could not choose but feel its influence. The character and deeds of Jeanne d'Arc stand out like fragments of Homeric tale.

"In God's name," cried Jeanne, "I am not come to Poitiers to make signs; but take me to Orleans." The Maid had been sent to Poitiers to be examined by the doctors of divinity and law.

The country grows more decidedly southern in its character, and one crosses the Vienne. Watermelons and great gourds and maize cover the ground. The walnut trees stand up inky black in the sunshine. The white, stony town of Poitiers reminds one of Jerusalem. The peculiar façade of Nôtre Dame is something like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Poitiers looks like a town familiar with forgotten years, which "carries the traces of its long growth and history like a millennial tree."

One sees a crumbling arch of Roman work, but there is not much left of the amphitheatre. The Christian antiquities are abundant; but in the suburb we saw the men working at the white stone, and the women in their high-crowned caps sweeping the floors of their houses, and the wine-shops with their tubs full of the must of new wine. The site of the battle of Poitiers is fixed by Froissart as five miles northwest of the town.

Poitiers teems with history. Of the churches in the town the crowning glory is Nôtre Dame; but the charm is outside only—the interior is poor. The round columns are baseless, but solid and lofty, and there is an abundance of sculpture. There is an old rampart about the city where one can sit and enjoy the view of the clear green Clain as it winds along. "I know neither A nor B," said Jeanne, when the learned doctors visited her in this place; "but I am sent by the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans, and to take the King to Rheims to be crowned."

We ride after the joyous cavalcade that went forth so many years ago. The spreading limbs of the trees are covered on one side with velvety moss. We pass into a well-watered land, where are hale men in blouses and women with clear eyes, and pretty faces surrounded by deep-frilled caps. At Candes the Vienne joins the Loire. There is a beautiful church at Candes, all white like a bride. There are many traces of castles half hidden in roses and honeysuckle on the banks of the Loire. We ride on by the cave dwellings of Sougé hollowed out of building stone. Doubtless the poor lived in those quarries then as now. The houses are quite attractive, set in banks of iris or roses, or with vine sprays wreathing the walls. Their only ventilation is through their chimneys, which serve as speaking tubes very often to the laborer in the fields above.

Delays were at an end with Jeanne. A complete military retinue was formed for her, and they rode across the fertile plain on the opposite side of the Loire. Spring in Touraine is a feast of roses. Tours Cathedral is a landmark in the gray distance. Here the King had a suit of complete armor made for Jeanne, and she sent to the church of St. Katharine for the sword with five crosses. We sat in the Square de l'Achevêché, and looked through the young palm trees into the open door of the cathedral. The altars were loaded with fresh flowers.

There are many old houses in Tours, cross-barred and rich in beams of carved wood. There is a fine old tower called after Charlemagne, and remains of arches with curious moldings show the spot where the grand basilica of Tours stood in the fourth century.

Out of Tours we pass again as we follow the footsteps of the Maid to Blois. The hill slopes are thickly studded with villages cut in the chalky tufa, shaded by shining poplar boughs and sunny acacia leaves. The vale lies deep in rushes and glistening water, starred with white water flowers. The tamarisk, that tree so soft and tender in color, is found flowering profusely in Touraine. The villages are built on hills to escape the floods when the Loire overflows. The country soon recovers itself when the waters retire, and the land glows with flowers again. The women wear blue cotton gowns and embroidered Touraine caps with narrow frills. They knit as they lead the cows down to tether them among the crimson clover.

Blois is half way between Tours and Orleans, and is finely situated on the Loire, being laid out like an amphitheatre, with terraces and streets of stairs. The bishop's palace has a fine position, and its kitchen gardens are among the ancient walls and terraces of the antique castle where Jeanne was entertained. It is delightful to sit in the lime-tree avenue and look down upon the wide sweep of the Loire and the lovely valley. On the western hill is the piled castle of Louis XII. and Francis I. It is a solid fortress, with oleanders beautifying the huge walls, which are veritable cliffs of masonry. The inner front is highly decorative, with its gilt and colored statue of the King on horseback and its carvings.

When Jeanne left Blois she took the south side of the river. The road skirts the forest land for miles. Women drive their tinkling herds through the woodland glades. There is the aromatic scent of pines, and the song of birds is continuous. Signposts point out the way.

The slender central spire of Orleans appears at last. We see the decorations of the cathedral and the roofs and chimneys of a large city. Jeanne had been deceived by the captain, who feared the English. She found herself opposite Orleans, and had no means to cross the swollen tide, so there was nothing to be done but to return to Blois and take the route she had first proposed. Mounted on a milk-white horse, attired in her flowing mantle of fine crimson cloth lined with white satin worn over her armor, she made a triumphal entry by torchlight into the town.

Orleans has been greatly altered since that eventful time. The restorers have been at work, and the town is no longer picturesque. We know how valiantly Jeanne fought at the old bridge, which was a double one in those days; how she waved her banner and led her countrymen to glory, crying, "Do not doubt, the place is yours." All the bells of Orleans rang out for the victory. The siege was raised in a week. A damp cellar is all that remains now of the famous fort called Les Tourelles, the taking of which was the principal feat of arms. The Cross of Pucelle marks the spot where the fight took place. To this day the statues of Jeanne are wreathed, through all the month of May, in her honor; flags wave in the streets, and colored lamps burn at night. There is a museum of works of art and objects connected with her history. Out from Orleans the army swept under the poplars covered with mistletoe on to Loches, where the King was staying. The idle, pleasure-loving King was in no haste to go to Rheims, even to be crowned.

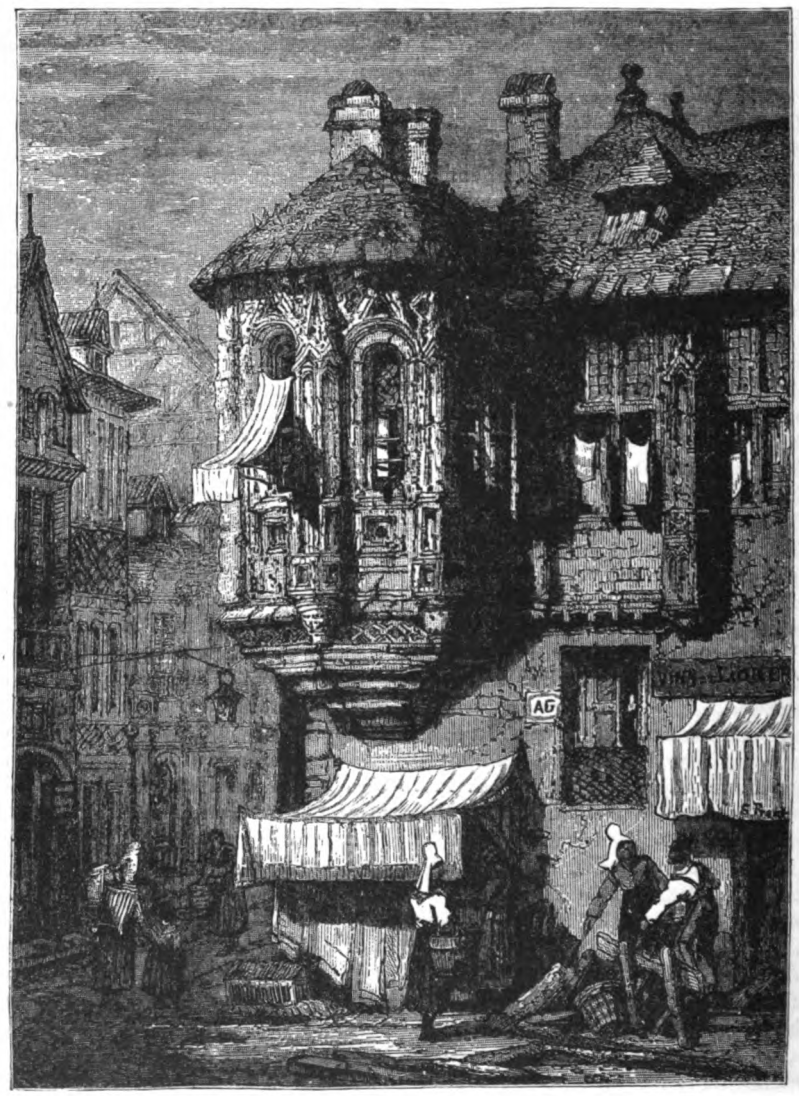
The Castle of Loches is one of the finest fortified

castles of France. One enters deep, dark dungeons, where the ivy leaves are blanched in the gloom. The town rises on a conical hill, and is highly picturesque. There is a tall, romanesque belfry tower and numerous portcullised gates.

Jargeau was held by the English, and here was the next assault made. The walls are now leveled, the moat filled up and planted like gardens. Flowers grow on the ancient walls, and tame rabbits are kept in the arches. The thick, walled streets are quiet and gloomy. The women have wonderfully fine, fair faces and fresh-colored complexion. The church, with its round arches, deep-set windows and slabs of flat stone on the round columns supporting the round-arched vaults, is unaltered since the siege of Jargeau. On at last to Rheims after innumerable delays, caused by the vacillation of the weak, vacillating King—on through Burgundy, famous for its vineyards. In Winter, even, this land looks green and very pleasant.

Rheims reminds one of Brussels. It is as gay as its own flower market, which we saw filled with bright blossoms. We can fancy how it looked that day when bent on welcoming the King. Peace at last; the work was done. "That was a glorious day in Rheims of old." The bells rang out for service; the troops, horse and foot, wind about the cathedral with the beat of drums. Then comes the abbot in full pontificals. At the foot of the altar stands the King, and by his side the Maid, holding her banner. The bells ring again, proclaiming to the city that the King is crowned.

Ancient tapestries, harmonious in color, drape the walls of the cathedral. There is an exquisite effect of light and color at the west end, where the wheel window is bright with jewel colors. Below this is a row of saints and kings in splendid hues. We could fancy, standing there, how the splendor of bright rays must have fallen on the face of the Maid of Orleans, beautiful in its enthusiasm, as she stood beside her King, in the centre of that sumptuous assemblage—the heralds, the nobles, the foreign magnates, with their banners, trumpets and insignia. The sacred pageant is acted out, and the last, "Amen," reverberates among the arches. The dazzling procession sweeps out, the trumpets flare, and the bells ring out a rapturous peal. All the pomp of that day has passed away, and those who saw it are laid in the dust; but the cathedral stands here unaltered, a benign and holy presence in the land.



JEANNE D'ARC'S HOUSE AT ROUEN.

The famous Abbey of St. Denis, where Jeanne settled with her forces, is not seen from the road. The country has no great interest or beauty save what is derived from knowledge of its history, or where one catches glimpses of the Seine winding among woodland slopes. It is a town of royal tombs. Jeanne found that Paris was held by the enemies of the newly crowned King. Indecision and internal dissension were fatal to the Maid's progress in this place.

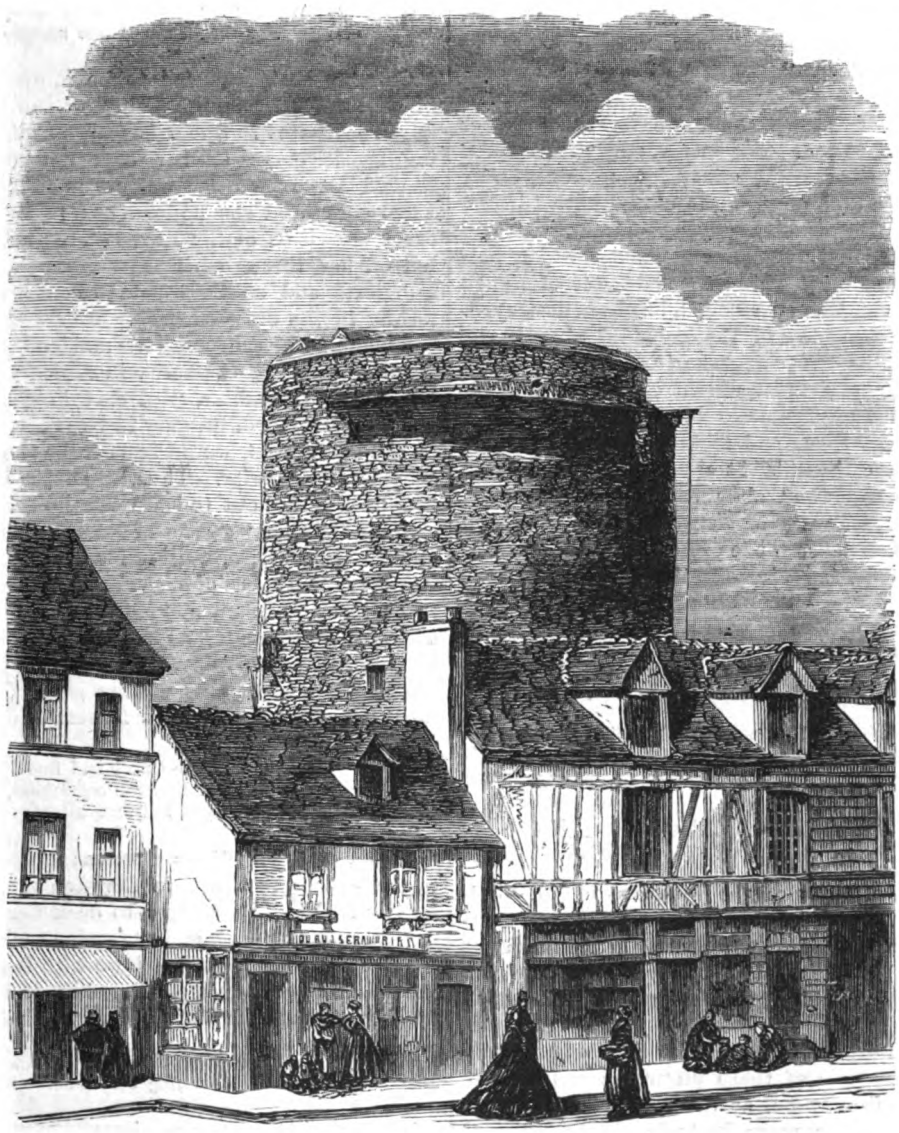
The Abbey of St. Denis has been the burial-place of kings from the time of Dagobert, 638, and is one of the most sumptuous and gorgeous edifices in the world. It was nearly destroyed in the great Revolution, but has been carefully restored. It is a fine example of Gothic grandeur. Time, which engulfs so much, has swept away the throne of St. Denis. On entering the great bronze doors we descend four steps between the massive columns built of white stone. We walk up the long nave to a high, raised altar, all white and gold. The white stone tombs of the kings, with their folded hands, seem to represent a silent worship. The stained windows are absolutely dazzling in color. The clerestory of the nave is luminous with figures of the kings in a glory of colored splendor. The glass in the central chapel of the Virgin is said to be the oldest in France. The stone staircase leads into the crypt full of royal tombs. We were glad to come up into the glow of the nave again.

Here, upon Our Lady's altar of St. Denis, the Maid left her armor complete, though she still followed the King. These relics were afterward hung to a column of the temple, till the English carried them off as trophies. For the idle King had not followed up his victories, and the Maid's counsels were disregarded. Jealousies tore the army asunder and weakened it. But Jeanne kept up a brave heart, even when no more in command. She conquered the fortress of St. Pierre le Moustier, going first to Bourges.

Bourges is in a meadow-land stocked with grazing cattle. The people are provincial-looking and wear sabots. We walked up the hill through the picturesque and dormer-windowed town to the colossal gray cathedral of St. Etienne. It has five sculptured portals and two naves. Among the striking peculiarities are the lozenge-shaped piers of the western end, and externally, the massive, double flying buttresses. In Bourges is the house of Jacques Cœur, the goldsmith, who was a great capitalist in his time. It was said that all the gold of France passed through his hands. He provided the sinews of war for the King, who showed his gratitude at last by seizing his goods and banishing him. Bourges might be called the French Nuremberg, it is so full of odd gables, dormers, spires and turrets, and every sort of architectural freak. No. 44, on the way to the station, has a molding of lions and thistles mingled with birds feeding out of baskets. There is a shield on the door—heart-shaped—and held by cupids like a valentine.

There is something fresh and bowery in the landscape. The moist land makes a brilliant greenness, the trees are Autumn-tinted, and the white houses, with bright, tiled roofs, stand out gayly from the gray background. The cherry leaves are reddening about the homesteads. The dark-eyed women are fine-featured and fresh-colored. They wear coal-scuttle-shaped cottage bonnets, trimmed with black velvet, planted bolt upright on the top of their heads.

St. Pierre le Moustier, the place Jeanne rode forward to besiege, lies at the junction of the Loire and Allier. The high peaked hills, and gray and purple rocks, are set in greenest grass, but, as we see it, the foliage is changing to brown and yellow, varied by the scarlet leaves of the wild cherry. The mountains are covered with brushwood mingled with beech and fir. The ascents, with their zigzag terraces, have an Alpine aspect. The rivers are full of stone banks and islands.



THE PRISON OF JEANNE D'ARC.

St. Pierre le Moustier is a small village commanded by the ruins of the stony old tower that was held at that time by the enemy. Jeanne prevailed against them and took the fortress.

Montargis was the next important point. The tide was against Jeanne now, for the King had proved himself worthless, and the court was taken up with its pleasures.

Montargis is a flowery spot. On the balconies belonging to the tiled-floored rooms, blossoms overflow their pots everywhere. The women wear still, as in the days of Jeanne, the small, transparent frilled cap of lace or linen. We saw them washing their clothes in the river that flows below those old, wooden-fronted houses, with galleries overhanging the stream. High up among pink, feathery tamarisks, is the castle known as the "Cradle of the Infants of France," because it was used as a royal nursery. There was a fresco here, telling the tale of the dog of Montargis. It was before the eyes of Charles VII. that the sagacious dog singled out his

master's murderer, but time has destroyed it. All that is left of the castle now is a tower and a few remains of walls.

When we reached Compiègne and stood in the Church of St. Jacques, where Jeanne received communion on the 24th of May, 1430, there was a grove of fir trees about the altar of the Madonna, and the whole place was fragrant with white flowers in her honor. The church, however, has been much altered since that day. In the fifth side altar, to the right, there is a painted window representing Jeanne receiving the sacrament. She is clad in complete steel, her standard waves in the background, and her saints, the "voices," appear above her. At Compiègne she was captured by the enemy.

Our journey in Jeanne's footsteps draws to an end. Sold into captivity by her own people, she was guarded in various places till the order came for the prisoner to be brought to Rouen. The way lies by the flowered ramparts of St. Valery, amid ruined fortifications, on by many small towns and picturesque churches.

Rouen still looks picturesque, with its close streets and glorious cathedral, that "romance in stone," which possesses parts belonging to all ages. The tower of Rouen Castle, where Jeanne was imprisoned, has been destroyed. Not far from the shadow of the splendid church she met her cruel death—the youngest of Christian martyrs. "Oh, Rouen, Rouen, I must die here!" she had cried, as she entered the city.

We stood in the Place and looked through the open doorway into the cathedral. It seemed so peaceful and sacred, with its shadowed altar and colored windows above the shrine, that war and rumors of wars drifted away from us. The dense shade of horse-chestnuts, all in flower, lent a cloistered coolness to the garden; the lilac and the May filling the air with perfume—all breathed the spirit of peace. We almost persuaded ourselves in the sacred stillness that:

> "The war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flag is furled,
> In the parliament of man—the federation of the world."

A GOSSIP ABOUT GARMENTS IN OUR BALLAD LITERATURE.

Some years ago, through the kindness of Mr. Bradshaw, the late librarian of University Library, Cambridge, I had an opportunity of turning over the pages of an exquisitely written MS. of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The MS., which is supposed to have belonged to Gower, is illustrated with extremely interesting pictures of each individual story-teller in contemporary attire. More than one of these pictures are, however, missing; stolen, it may be, at the suppression of the monasteries; or in the more barbaric eighteenth century, when ancient MSS. were used as curl-papers and covers for the children's copybooks. The pictures which remain are interesting from their historic value and their singular artistic merit, both in draughtsmanship and coloring.

It is a curious satire on our modern inventions and improvements, that we have no pigments nowadays which would not look dirty and faded, even in skilled hands, beside these drawings which were probably wrought lovingly in the Scriptorium by some unknown Angelico, who may have wended in a pilgrimage to Becket's shrine himself in former days, or even watched the author of the "Tales" himself coming to see his old acquaintance Gower at his lodgings in the Priory, upon the Southwark side of London Bridge. The definite word-painting of ballad literature has its affinities with the delicate and vivid coloring of the best period of the illuminator's art. A word is sometimes all that is let drop concerning outward form, but in the very brevity of the description lies its irresistible impressiveness. Few that have ever read the ballad of Sir Patrick Spence can have forgotten the brief touch which indicates the ladies being dressed with care as for the coming of the lords they loved:

> "Oh lang, lang, may the ladies stand,
> Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair
> Waiting for thair ain deir lords
> For they'll see thame na mair."

Or who, again, can fail to be impressed by the significance of color in the picture of the loathly lady "all in red scarlette"? She seems all burning in her shrinking sensitiveness to her own deformity. "A worse formed ladye than she was, no man mote ever viewe." I feel convinced she underwent a martyrdom under the cruel criticisms of Sir Kay, before the spell of sorcery fell off her through her marriage with Gawaine. It is a delicate and subtle touch to concentrate the inward feeling in the outward garb.

Zenelophon, the beggar maiden, "all in gray," wedded by King Cophetua in Africa; and fair Bessee, the beggar's daughter, "all clad in gray russett," indicate the uniform of beggary in ballad literature. Green, on the other hand, would seem to be the color most suggestive of prosperity. Thus, when the bailiff's daughter of Islington sets out to learn her lover's fate in London, she pulls off her "gowne of green," and puts on ragged attire. Gil Morrice, waiting for his mother in the forest, is arrayed "in robes of grene"; and Drayton's Dowsabel, that all-accomplished maiden who could bake and spin, and sing and broider, as well as help the priest to say his matins on a holy day, was clade in "frolicke greene." She makes a very pretty picture going forth in the sweet Springtime to pick meadow flowers and honeysuckle in green attire and hood

> "So neat and fine
> In color like the colombine,
> Ywrought full featously."

Yellow was sometimes worn as mourning in the sixteenth century. Thus, in Corydon's "Doleful Knell" for fair Phillida, he designs to deck her bier with "sundry-colored flowers" and "sundry-colored ribbands," "but chiefly black and yellowe with her to grave shall goe." And again, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, we find a lover saying:

> "Black and tawnie will I weare,
> Which mourning colors be."

There may be some reminiscence of this custom in the Scotch idea that yellow is unlucky. Certainly it proved unlucky for an English queen, for we learn from Hall's "Chronicle" that when Catharine of Arragon died (January 8th, 1536), "Queen Anne (Bulleyn) ware yellowe for the mourning." After the ill-fated Queen had been beheaded, on the 19th of May of the same year, "the kyng for mourning ware whyte."

Sometimes the picture of the ballad heroine is heightened by analogy. Fair Rosamond, when suddenly discovered by the cruel Elinor, "was like an angell sette"; and it is said of fair Annet, "she shimmered like the sun" when entering the dim old abbey where her lover was about to wed the brown bride who had "gowd and gear."

Embroidered lingerie was evidently worn by either sex. Fair Annet tells her maidens to array her in her smock—"one half is o' the holland fine, the other o' needlework"; and the indignant widow of the winsome Gilderoy informs us that she bought her robber bridegroom "a wedding sark of Holland fine, wi' silken flowers wrought." But Gilderoy was evidently somewhat of an exquisite, for he had roses "tull his shoone" and stockings of "silken soy," and loved the fashion of Sir Piercie Shafton better than his homely Scottish plaid. This golden freebooter is said to have existed in the days of Mary, Queen of Scots. The ballad I have quoted is an elegy over his execution, and really seems, from my little touches, to be written by a female hand.

Even in modern times, what pilgrim to the shrine of Worth could wish for a more fair attiring than the Passionate Shepherd offers to his love?

"A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Inbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold."

And yet, it may be, Sir Walter Raleigh is more in the vein of modern thinking when he answers to the shepherd, in "The Nymph's Reply," that flowers fade speedily, and Winter drives the flocks out of the fields, and Philomel becometh dumb, "and all complain of cares to come."

"A honey tongue, a heart of gall
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall."

HOLIDAY TIME IN RUSSIA.

The Russians are twelve days behind us in their mode of reckoning, for they still retain the "old style" in their dates, so that their New Year's Day falls on January 13th, new style.

If we were to visit at Christmas time the house of a Russian gentleman, we should find a party mostly consisting of grown-up people. A large tree, beautifully decorated, and lighted up with dozens of colored candles and lanterns, is certain to be the centre of attraction. On a table close by are ranged the gifts for all who are present, while another table is laid out with sweetmeats, dessert and wine. A Russian child is generally a dull, inanimate little being with no life in it, and, as a rule, we should find at this Christmas party that the children gaze at the brightly illuminated tree with a sort of stupid stare, and receive their presents with a stereotyped "Thank you" and a courtesy or a bow, after which the presents are carefully put by to be ready for the journey home. An American child will go into ecstasies over a toy, and show its pleasure in a thousand pretty little ways, although, of course, there are exceptions, and we have many children, too many, in fact, who are so shy that not even the present of a toy would make them forget their self-consciousness.

A Russian child is seldom shy. In this respect the children of France and of Russia resemble one another very much; but the French children are very much more lively and vivacious. It is really quite laughable to see these old-fashioned, sedate little boys and girls aping the manners and language of their seniors in their supremely ridiculous way. We must be understood to be talking at present of the well-to-do-classes. Amongst the peasantry we see the very opposite, for the village children are shy and reserved in the presence of strangers.

On looking round again at the party and the Christmas-tree, another peculiarity makes itself apparent, and that is, that although the grown-up people may be dressed in the latest fashion, the children are attired in the most peculiar way, especially the boys, who up to the age of twelve or fourteen wear a sort of blouse or tunic, with wide knickerbockers, and long boots up to the knees. During the past few years it has been noticed that the example of Paris in the matter of dressing children is being followed to some extent, and the Paris style will no doubt soon be more generally adopted; so that the appearance of the company at a youthful evening party will in time be considerably changed.

The long Russian Winter has a prejudicial effect on the health and general physique of the children of the upper classes, who are kept very much indoors during the cold weather; we therefore find that the majority of them can scarcely be called robust, and, in fact, at first sight they appear to be in a rapid consumption, so sallow is their skin and so peculiar their eyes. Taken altogether these pasty-faced little creatures are a sickly lot, always ailing and complaining.

Now that we have spoken thus much of the younger children, let us say a word about the older children, the young men and maidens who are old enough for courtship and matrimony. Their holidays are not spent as are our holidays. There seems to be no spirit in the majority of Russian youths of eighteen and twenty years of age. For, to take an example, although there is so much ice and snow for seven months or more in the year, the boys do not take to skating and snowshoeing and other Winter pastimes and pursuits; it is the young foreigners in Russia who do all the skating and snowshoeing and the going down ice-hills, as they do in Canada. The young man of St. Petersburg society does not pride himself on being a good football-player, a cricketer, a skater, a rider, a good shot, a good oar, or an expert swimmer. He prides himself on being a good dancer and a lady killer, and is proud in proportion to the number of cigarettes he can consume daily.

SOME THINGS THEY DO DIFFERENTLY IN CHINA.

It really is amusing to note in how many things Chinese customs are diametrically the reverse of ours. We shake hands with our friends; they shake their own hands, or rather wag their own clinched fists. American women cover their heads when they go out; Chinese women consider this very bad style—in fact, most objectionable; so even when they do wear headdresses they are open on the crown. American gentlemen remove their hats in presence of honored guests; Chinese gentlemen deem it courteous to keep the head covered. An American of the present day likes to keep his hair close-cropped; a Chinaman lengthens his long plait artificially that it may touch his heels. A young American rejoices in the early stages of his beard and mustache; but a Celestial knows that not till he is gray-headed may he indulge in the growth of such decorations. But when an American *does* shave, he generally (at least in America) is his own barber; whereas no Chinaman, however poor, would dream of shaving himself. He would consider that he was thereby demeaning himself. Of all contraries, what can be stranger than to see a whole race taking the greatest pride in the said long plait and shaven forehead, which are simply badges of subjection

imposed on the nation only two hundred years ago by the Mantchu conquerors!

Furthermore, a young dandy of America considers his walking-stick an essential; in China the use of such a luxury is only permitted to aged and infirm persons.

FOOTPRINTS OF JEANNE D'ARC.—ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION. SEE PAGE 360.

This law, which was passed in A. D. 903, replaced a far more arbitrary ancient law, which prohibited any man under fifty years of age from carrying a walking-stick, but permitted persons who had attained that age to use one when within their own grounds. This, then, was a privilege accorded only to the wealthy. On reaching his sixtieth year a man might walk about his own town or village, stick in hand; but not till he arrived at the ripe age of fourscore was he at liberty to support himself at all times with a trusty staff! Next to a walking-stick as the companion of an American's rambles comes his dog, instead of which the Chinaman carries his caged singing-bird. To him the dog is the guardian of the house, and is expected to remain ceaselessly on watch. In the matter of games, American children play battledore and shuttlecock with their hands; Chinese boys use their feet as the battledore, and occasionally catch the shuttlecock most expertly on their forehead.

In England, when it was customary to put offenders in the stocks, it was their feet which were imprisoned; the Chinese equivalent is the cangue, the huge wooden collar, or, rather, large square board with a hole in the centre, through which is thrust the head of the criminal. We read our books from left to right, the Chinese from right to left. We write their names on the back, and arrange our bookshelves accordingly; they write the names on the end, and lay them so that the end shall be visible. In riding we hold the bridle in the left hand; a Chinaman holds it in the right. We have our address printed on the face of a neat, small visiting-card. If a Chinese visitor deems it necessary to note his address, it is inscribed on the back of a very large piece of crimson paper, which does duty as a card. Our doctors are content with feeling the pulse in one wrist; a Chinaman feels both as a preliminary to feeling many more, for he recognizes four hundred and one distinct pulses.

THE EARLY NEW ENGLAND MINISTER.

THE minister and his family were in the front rank of social life in early New England days. To the people's adviser deference was paid. To the minister even the smallest of the boys took off their hats. The people of the town may have disagreed with him, still his position in society was acknowledged. He was the educated man of the town. In the early days he was the physician also. The first medical work published in America was by the pastor in Weymouth. It treated of smallpox. Vaccination was met with the strongest of opposition. The clergy opposed what was thought to be a means of intervening the will and providence of God. This discussion had much to do in separating the profession of medicine from the ministerial office. The minister likewise did much of the legal business of the people. Lawyers were rare men until toward the War of the Revolution. There was a dislike toward them—a feeling that they would take advantage of the people's rights. But America owes a debt of gratitude to the young barristers of the Revolution. They were true to the people and their best interests. When John Adams wished the hand of Abigail Smith, the people were anxious lest the dignity of Parson Smith's family would

MONUMENT TO JEANNE D'ARC, ROUEN.

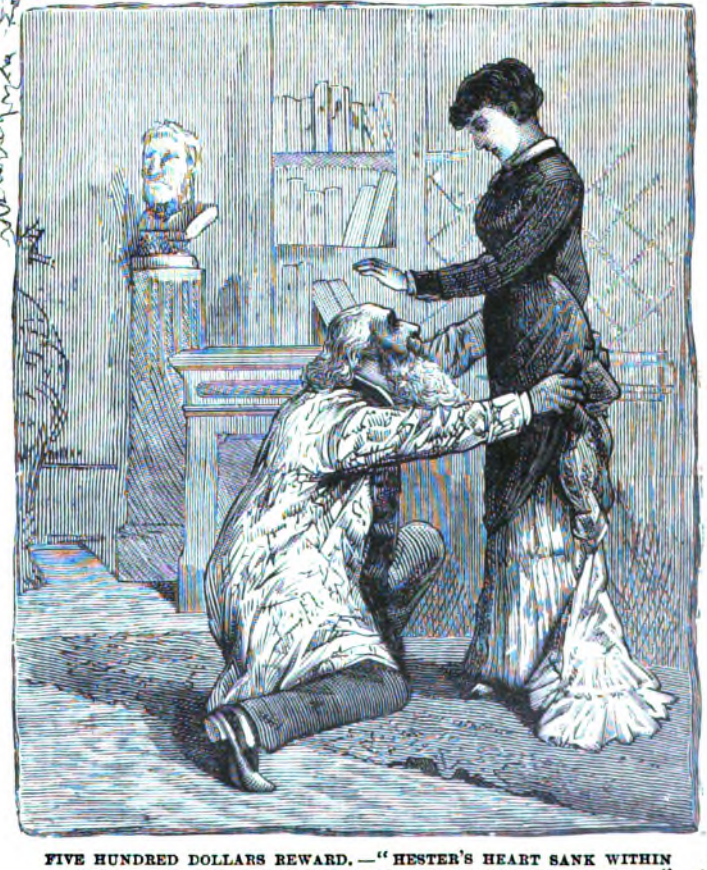
suffer. The next Lord's Day after the marriage he preached from the text, "And John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil."

VIRTUE is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

By Florence B. Hallowell.

Two passengers left the train at Barnesville one pleasant afternoon in May. One was a tall, slender young man, with a pleasant face, frank blue eyes, and fair hair and mustache. The other, a young girl, dressed very plainly in gray serge, and wearing a thick brown vail which entirely concealed her face. But her figure was so graceful, and showed to such admirable advantage in the close-fitting dress, that the young man looked at her with very evident admiration in his eyes as he passed her on his way to the steps leading from the station platform. His look was not returned. The girl's eyes were riveted on a large placard which was tacked up on the door of the waiting-room, announcing that five hundred dollars reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderers of one Rachel Taylor, of Essex, and half that amount for the return of the



FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—"HESTER'S HEART SANK WITHIN HER AS SHE UNLATCHED THE GATE AND WALKED UP THE ROAD." . . . "'YOU WON'T BETRAY ME!' SHRIEKED THE OLD MAN, FALLING ON HIS KNEES BEFORE HER."

property stolen from the house of the said Rachel Taylor on the 23d day of April. All communications were to be addressed to Holmes & Clifford, Attorneys at Law, Essex.

"It does not seem possible!" muttered the girl. "My old friend! Poor soul! What a sad end to her strange, lonely life!"

Then she turned as the station-master came near, and asked him if he could direct her to the house of Mr. Derwent.

"It's 'bout a mile from here," he answered, "mebbe a little more. Keep on up the road till you come to a lane on your right. Turn down that, an' Derwent's is the fust house you come to. Are you goin' to stop there?" he asked, with the curiosity which a monotonous country life is apt to engender.

"Yes; I am Mr. Derwent's niece," answered the girl, quietly, "and if you can manage to have my trunk sent up to Mr. Derwent's, I shall be very much obliged."

The man promised that the trunk should follow her almost immediately, for he would "have his son gear up the horse to once," and Hester Derwent left the station and took the road he had indicated as leading to her uncle's house.

She was a good walker, and it was not long before she came in sight of the place which she expected thenceforward to call her home.

A situation more lonely could scarcely be imagined. The house stood a long distance back from the road, and was completely surrounded by trees and shrubs. It was a low, six-room cottage, with a slanting roof and small dormer windows, about which vines grew thickly.

Over the greater portion of it crept the heavy trailing ivy, in which wild birds had built their nests. The decayed, sunken steps before the door were covered with vines. Several of the shutters, torn from their hinges, lay where they had fallen, and over them, too, was creeping the heavy ivy, which threatened to encompass everything. The chimneys were broken, the woodwork about the doors and windows warped and split, and moss was growing thick and green on the moldering roof. The grounds were an intricate tangle of brushwood. Flowering shrubs, which had been planted here and there, had grown, from lack of attention and pruning, into wild, unshapely trees. Rose-bushes, blooming luxuriantly in red, white and yellow, grew in every direction, and wild vines and unsightly weeds choked up the paths.

The rustic seats, dropped here and there, the fence and the gate, were broken and dilapidated, and about the whole place there was a look of such ruin and decay, that Hester's heart sank within her as she unlatched the gate and walked up the weed-grown path.

She had known very little of her uncle, and had not seen him for eight years; but she had imagined him such a man as her dear father had been, and was entirely unprepared to find him living in such a desolate abode.

Such a spot would never have suited the nature of Hester's father, who had gloried in sunshine and life and gayety.

The young girl's knock on the worm-eaten door was answered, when her patience was almost at an end, by an old, wizened-faced woman, who appeared to find it extremely difficult to comprehend that the handsome young lady on the steps was her master's niece.

But she consented to admit her, and after directing her to knock on the door of a room to the right, hobbled away into the kitchen again to resume her culinary operations.

"Come in," said a clear, manly voice, as Hester knocked timidly, and she pushed open the door and found herself face to face with the young man she had seen at the station.

"I was told that Mr. Derwent——" she began.

"Mr. Derwent went up-stairs a moment ago," interrupted the young man, kindly, seeing her hesitation and changing color. "He will be back very soon. Won't you sit down? Let me introduce myself. My name is Wilfred Clifford, and——"

"Wilfred Clifford!" interrupted Hester. "And you don't know me? You don't remember Hester Derwent?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Wilfred, seizing both her hands in a warm grasp. "And why are you here? I thought you were at school still!"

"I have been in a convent for eight years," said Hester. "Uncle sent me there when father died. I was to graduate in three weeks, but scarlet fever broke out in the school, and all those who *could* leave left at once. I did not take time even to telegraph to uncle. I knew that he was keeping house here, and that my coming a few weeks sooner than he had expected would probably make no difference to him. But I did not think to find him in such a place as this."

"Certainly it is not a proper home for you, Hester," said Wilfred, tenderly. "Such ruin and decay may suit your poor old uncle, but you deserve something different."

"I must make the best of it, since I have no other relative in the world," said Hester. "I will try to lighten the gloom. Do you remember what a lovely home we had in Essex, Wilfred? And to think your poor aunt should have met such a terrible death! I knew nothing about it until I saw the card at the station."

"It was a brutal murder," said Wilfred, his handsome face darkening perceptibly. "You know she would never trust her money and valuables in the bank. She thought them safer in her own care, and hid them away where she imagined no one would ever discover them. She once showed me a small chest nearly full of rings, bracelets, stones of great value, and heavy gold chains. Most of them were heirlooms in her family, and had descended to her from many generations. But she never told me where she kept them, and I never asked. I often tried to convince her that they would be safer in the bank, but she would not listen to me. The 23d of April I went to Ferrytown to visit my old friend, Frank Floyd, who had arranged a fishing-party for me. I left only a deaf old servant with my aunt. How I have reproached myself with my carelessness since! But I had grown so used to the idea that the valuables were securely hidden that I never even thought of danger. I did not return until the following night, and then it was to find my poor old aunt dead. She had been found on the floor of her bedroom, with her head almost severed from her body. In her desk was her will, in which she left all her property to me, and a letter, in which she told me that there was a false floor to the closet in her room, and on lifting that up I would find the chest containing the jewels and a canvas bag full of gold pieces. Of course, neither chest nor bag was to be found, and, with the exception of the house and lot, I am as poor as ever. And those I will sell if it is ever necessary to raise the five hundred dollars I have offered as a reward for the apprehension of the murderers."

"Has no clew been discovered yet?" asked Hester.

"None whatever. The matter is shrouded in the deepest mystery. But my partner, Dacey Holmes, is work-

ing like a tiger in the case. He is as shrewd and sharp a fellow as I ever met, and I have faith that he will unearth the villains yet. It was so unfortunate that he was not at home on the night of the murder. But, an hour after I had left for Ferrytown, he was called to Canada on some private business, and did not return until I had been home several hours myself," replied Wilfred.

At this moment the door opened to admit Mr. Derwent, an old man, with stooping shoulders, an uncertain gait and long white hair, which hung over his coat-collar. So much grayer, older and weaker did he look than when Hester had seen him last that she scarcely recognized him.

He seemed greatly surprised to see her, and it appeared to Hester, who was exceedingly sensitive, that he was annoyed and a little distressed by her arrival.

He said very little, however, but, turning to Clifford, gave him a small package, directing him to give it to Mr. Holmes as soon as possible.

"I suppose you would not care to remain all night," he added.

"I must not even think of it," said Wilfred, "much as I would enjoy talking over old times with Hester. But at any time Holmes may discover some clew to the murderers, and I must be on hand to consult with him if necessary. I should not have left Essex to-day for even the few hours that it takes to make a trip here, but Holmes could not possibly get off, as he had a case in court, and he wouldn't trust his letter to you by mail. He seemed anxious to have it put into your hands without any delay, so I offered to run down with it."

It seemed to Hester as if a peculiar expression, ironical and a little sad, rested on her uncle's face as Wilfred spoke, but it was gone in an instant, and he shook hands cordially with his visitor as he bade him good-by.

"I will come down again, Hester," the young man said in parting with her, "and try not to feel lonely."

But as time passed Hester grew very lonely indeed. From morning to night she was thrown on her own resources for amusement and occupation. Her uncle appeared only at meals. All day long he remained shut up in a little room he called his study, though Hester could not imagine what he found to employ him there; for the room contained no books, and was furnished with only a small, deep desk, a table and three chairs.

Wilfred Clifford kept his promise, and came occasionally to see Hester, and she looked forward to his visits as a traveler in the desert looks forward to reaching the water which will give new life to his frame. But it seemed to the poor girl as if her uncle was annoyed by Wilfred's coming, and more than once he refused to see him at all, so that her joy in the presence of her old friend was not unmixed with pain. She saw very plainly that Wilfred was learning to love her, and she knew that he was becoming dearer to her with every day; and she dreaded the coming of the time when her uncle must learn this, so sure was she that he would refuse his consent to her marriage.

She had been several weeks at the cottage before she saw Mr. Holmes. One morning her uncle announced that the lawyer would be with them that evening, and that dinner must be put off until the arrival of the late train.

"As he comes to see me entirely on business, you need not feel obliged to remain with us," said the old man. "He is good enough to come to me, instead of requiring me to go to him. We will be occupied in the study until late looking over—some—papers, and you'd better go to bed early, my dear."

"Yes, uncle," said Hester, quietly.

"It may be that I shall have to go abroad for a time," continued the old man, a little hesitatingly. "But it is not certain. Holmes will decide for me to-night; so you need not worry yet, Hester."

"I did not know that your business ever took you abroad, uncle," said Hester. "But I think the trip would benefit your health. You don't look well, and every night I hear you moaning and tossing in your sleep. Last night you screamed aloud several times. It really frightened me. Don't you think you ought to see a doctor, uncle?"

"No, no," said the old man, rising from his seat and moving toward the door. I'm not ill, Hester—I'm only tired; and sometimes I have the nightmare."

He left the room, and Hester, wondering at his strange, nervous manner, resumed her occupation of clearing the breakfast-table, which she had paused in the more closely to observe her uncle.

She was in her room when Mr. Holmes arrived, and overheard his greeting to her uncle, who opened the hall-door to admit him.

"So you expected me? You received my note, then? I think we can push matters now without any trouble."

"Hush!" said Mr. Derwent, tremulously. "My niece may hear you."

"Why the deuce do you have a niece, I'd like to know?" said Holmes, as he entered.

Hester wondered what kind of a man Wilfred's partner could be to talk so roughly to an old man, and she was predisposed to dislike him.

But she speedily forgot her half-formed prejudice when she met him an hour later at the dinner-table. His appearance was prepossessing. He was a handsome man, with keen, dark eyes, an olive complexion, regular features, and a long, black mustache, which he habitually caressed as he talked.

Though dignified in manner, he was as gracious as possible with Hester, who was young enough to be considerably flattered by the notice he took of her, and the delicate compliments he contrived to pay her before the meal was over.

As they rose from the table he took her hand and gave it an unmistakable pressure.

"I know your uncle intends to bury me in that gloomy little room he calls his study, Miss Hester, so I must say good-night and good-by now, though it is so early. Duty before pleasure, you know, and, however much I might desire it, your uncle would not let me off. But I shall hope to see you again."

As Holmes spoke, bending his dark eyes searchingly on her face, Hester saw her uncle's countenance grow dark and angry.

"Come," he said, more sharply than she had ever heard him speak before, "don't waste your time in silly speeches. Leave that to younger men."

"And better ones, perhaps," said Holmes, in a very significant tone; and little as there appeared to Hester in the words, they seemed to affect her uncle strangely. He shuddered, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"I sometimes think your uncle is a little—peculiar," said Holmes, hesitating over the last word.

"I often wonder if Miss Taylor's death had anything to do with the singular change which has come over him since I last saw him," said Hester. "They were great friends when we all lived in Essex, and I know he thought very seriously once of marrying her. I remember hearing my father speak of it, and say that the old

lady was more than willing. Was not her death horrible! And has no clew to the murderers been found?"

"Not yet," said Holmes. "And still—may I tell you something in confidence? I think, perhaps, you ought to know it."

"Please tell me," said Hester. "If it is anything about the murder, I will certainly take a deep interest in it. When Wilfred is here we talk of very little else."

"Ah!" with a peculiar look which made the blood rush to her cheeks. "I fancy I could find other subjects of interest. And, if what I suspect has any foundation, Wilfred ought to avoid the subject of his aunt's death."

"What do you mean?" asked Hester, turning pale at his significant tone.

"Only that Wilfred Clifford was tired of waiting for his old aunt's money; that he, of all people, ought to have known—had a better chance to know—where the property was secreted, and——"

"Stop!" interrupted Hester, trembling. "I w ll not listen to any more. You wrong him by your suspicions. They are unfounded. He was away at Ferrytown—that can be proved."

THE VASE.—FROM A PAINTING BY FORTUNY.

"Perhaps so," said Holmes, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I hope so, certainly. I am sorry I gave you even a hint of my suspicions. I had no idea, of course, that you would resent my confidence." And with a smile and a bow he left the room.

Hester went to her room and tried to think matters over calmly. She would not admit to herself that she was at all influenced by what Holmes had said of Wilfred; but, nevertheless, she was vaguely troubled and distressed.

The night was close and warm, and, thinking that in her present condition of mind sleep would be impossible, she concluded to go down into the garden.

She descended the stairs as noiselessly as possible, so as not to disturb her uncle or Mr. Holmes, whose voices she could hear as she passed the study-door, and gaining the garden, sank down in the first seat she saw—a rustic bench under a cedar-tree.

She was about to abandon herself to the quiet beauty of the night, and the fragrance of the flowers blooming about her, when she was startled by hearing a voice say:

"Well, now, that matter is settled, the sooner we go to work the better."

"I wish you could arrange to go," replied a voice that Hester recognized as her uncle's. "You always put the worst part off on me."

"Do I?" with a sneer. "I scarcely think you took on your shoulders the worst part of that business we entered on last April."

"There's a great deal of risk in going——" began Mr. Derwent.

"Oh, drop the subject. You've got to go, and that ends it. I have explained my reasons until I am tired. Are you sure that niece of yours is in her room?"

"Oh, yes; I heard the clock strike eleven a few moments ago. She is always in bed by nine at the latest."

"We don't want any surprises. Where's the old woman?"

"She went home to stay all night."

"Good. Where's the key to the desk?"

At this juncture Hester turned around and found that she was sitting within two yards of the open window of the study, the shutters of which were closed, however. She did not rise, but remained motionless, half paralyzed by what she had heard. What could be this busi-

ness upon which they were engaged, and which would be ruined by a surprise? Turning the matter over in her mind, Hester at last determined to penetrate the mystery. It was not curiosity which urged her to decide thus. She was singularly free from any desire to possess herself unbidden of the secrets of others. No, it was a feeling which she could not smother, but something was going on in that room which merited detection. For her own sake, she must know whether her uncle could be trusted with her welfare.

Softly she advanced to the window, and trembling in every limb, peered through a crack in the shutter. What a sight met her eyes! As she looked she could scarcely repress a cry of astonishment. On the table in the centre of the room lay a glittering heap of jewelry. Massive old silver, some of the pieces incrusted with precious gems; gold chains, rings, costly bracelets, sets of valuable stones, and a necklace, tiara, cross, and pin of diamonds. A fortune was spread on that little table, a fortune which Hester felt sure did not belong to the two men in whose possession she saw it now.

With small instruments, both Derwent and Holmes were busily separating the diamonds and stones from their settings and then pushing them into little heaps as they fell on the table.

To whom did this fortune belong?

Hester had little difficulty in determining this question.

A small canvas bag and a square, black chest on the floor by the lawyer's chair gave her an unmistakable clew. She felt sure that she saw before her the murderers of Wilfred's aunt. And yet one of these men was her uncle—her father's brother—into whose care she had been committed eight years before!

What was her duty? What steps must she take, now that she had made this terrible discovery?

She stood at the window until the work within the room was completed. She saw Holmes fill a belt with stones and fasten it about her uncle's waist. She saw him take from a similar belt about his own body a handful of gold, which he gave to Mr. Derwent. She knew now why her uncle was going abroad. It was to dispose in perfect safety of the illgotten booty.

It was daylight when at length she sought her room

A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"LYING CROUCHED BEHIND THE LOG, I WATCHED EAGERLY FOR THE FIRST MOVEMENT OF THE QUARRY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"AT THE REPORT OF MY RIFLE THE DEER SPRANG CLEAR OUT OF THE WATER, AND THEN FELL BACK WITH A GREAT SPLASH."

again. But, though she undressed and lay down, she could not sleep. That was impossible with such a load on heart and brain.

She descended to breakfast looking wan, pale and haggard. She had not decided what course to pursue. She recoiled from the thought of exposing her uncle; but could she, in justice to either the living or the dead, remain silent?

Holmes had left early in order to catch the first train to Essex; she was spared the trial of meeting him again. But she found it impossible to preserve her composure even before her uncle, who eyed her very sharply as she sat listlessly behind the coffee-urn, but who made no comment on her want of appetite.

As they rose from the table Hester formed a sudden resolution. She found a longer silence unendurable. Approaching her uncle, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Uncle," she said, "last night I saw you in your study, and saw the work upon which you were engaged. How could you stain your hands with the blood of your old friend?"

Her voice was solemn and impressive, and as she spoke Amos Derwent turned fairly livid.

He staggered back against the wall like a man struck by a sudden blow.

"I did not do it—I never touched her," he gasped. "I was outside all the time. It was Holmes. I never knew she was murdered until I saw it in the papers. He did not tell me. He kept it from me as long as he could. Hester, I swear to you, I thought it was only a robbery at first. But I knew it would come to light. I told Holmes that Wilfred would find out some day that he didn't go to Canada that day."

His voice had risen to a shriek. He was trembling like a leaf in a storm.

"Why did you take the money and jewels, uncle? Why help to defraud the innocent?" asked Hester, sternly.

"He—he made me," gasped the old man. "He had a hold over me. I couldn't help it."

He dropped into a chair, and, entirely overcome, let his head fall on his breast and burst into tears.

"But this property must be restored, uncle. It must

be given to Wilfred Clifford. You must not keep it another hour."

"You won't betray me," shrieked the old man, falling on his knees before her, and clutching her dress with both hands. "Oh, Hester, spare me, spare me! Remember that your father was my brother. Don't betray me!"

"If I only knew what was right!" sighed Hester, as she helped him to his feet.

He did not answer; but she saw his face become suddenly distorted, his trembling increase. The next moment he fell in a fit at her feet.

Half an hour later the village doctor arrived breathless at the cottage, having been summoned in hot haste by the old servant. But his skill availed nothing. He found no use for the medicine-box he had brought; for within ten minutes of his arrival old Amos Derwent breathed his last.

* * * * * *

Late that evening, as Wilfred Clifford sat alone in the small parlor of the neat little house which his aunt had left him, he heard the sound of steps on the graveled walk. He answered the ring at the bell himself, and to his great surprise saw that his visitor was a woman. He did not recognize her until she came into the lighted hall and threw back her vail.

"Hester!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I," she said, in a low, tense voice. "Strange, is it not, that I should come alone to your house late at night? But I have come to tell you where you can find the murderer you have been seeking so long."

* * * * * *

An hour later Dacey Holmes, in his room at the Essex Hotel, was roused from the heavy sleep into which he had fallen by a loud knock at his door. He opened it, and was confronted by two policemen, who held a warrant for his arrest on the charge of willful murder of Rachel Taylor. The evidence was against him, and he was convicted, paying the penalty of his crime a few months later.

To the last he maintained his cold, dignified demeanor, and ascended the scaffold with a cynical smile on his handsome, dark face.

Wilfred Clifford and Hester Derwent were married a few weeks later, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the bride never returned to that desolate cottage where she had made such a terrible and important discovery. Nor did she ever claim the five hundred dollars reward. Love paid the debt, and her heart was more than satisfied.

A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

A TRUE STORY.

By Bang.

"It was in the Cheat River country, in West Virginia, that I killed that fellow," said the doctor, answering the look of admiration I had cast upon the finely mounted head and horns of a large buck which hung upon the wall of his cozy dining-room. "And a hard time I had of it, too," he went on. "Let me tell you of it," and settling himself back in his chair, his eyes glistening with the pleasure of his recollections, he told the story:

"It was in 1878, in November, that our party of five were encamped for our annual hunt on the banks of the Cheat River, away up among the mountains. We had had fair sport, for deer were plentiful, and bears could usually be found without great difficulty.

"At one particular 'stand,' however, we had had unvarying bad luck, and all of the party felt nettled about it; for each in turn had been stationed there, and although the hounds had always crossed the river at that point, as if in pursuit of deer, yet no one had had a shot.

"This stand was situated on the mountain side, close to the bank of the river, and about four miles distant from our camp.

"On the day in question I was assigned by our leader to that point, the other members of the party (excepting Old Jake, the mountaineer, who was to 'drive' for us), being stationed at various stands between my station and the camp.

"Starting from camp at four o'clock on that cold, frosty morning, having first secured a promise from Old Jake that he would hold back the dogs until I should have had ample time to reach my stand, I made my way as best I could over the fallen trees and through laurel bushes across the mountain.

"It was a dreadful walk. Road there was none, and by the time I had reached the crest of the slope overlooking an old log near the river-bank which marked the 'stand,' daylight had come.

"As I stopped for a moment to get my breath before beginning the descent, the yelping of a hound was borne to my ears on the fresh morning air, and a moment later a fine doe ran out on the sandbar on the far side of the river, swam swiftly across, and, passing within twenty yards of where I should have been, disappeared in the woods.

"Had I been less fatigued, or had the route to camp been less rough or difficult, I should at once have returned. As it was, however, I kept on down the mountain, and in two minutes was seated on the roots of a mighty oak close behind the old log which marked the 'stand.'

"Here I could see the stream for a quarter of a mile above me, and the sandbars which marked its further bank in that direction. Below me, for the distance of a mile, the banks on both sides were precipitous, and afforded no place where deer might cross.

"Musing on my ill-luck in reaching the stand too late, I yet, with a hunter's instinct, kept a keen watch upon the opposite shore.

"In a few minutes I again heard the musical baying of the hounds, and presently there stepped out upon the opposite bank, some three hundred yards up the stream, a lordly buck. To slip down and lie on my face, with only my eyes peering around the end of the old log, was the work of an instant.

The deer, after hesitating a moment, walked quickly into the water, and, reaching the middle of the river, swam rapidly down-stream. To my surprise he did not turn toward shore, but headed for a large rock which raised its head in midstream, just opposite my hiding-place.

"On reaching this rock the deer swam around it till near its lower side, then turning about, with head up stream, he drew himself close alongside of the rock, and lay there motionless, only the tips of his horns being visible to me, though his whole head was doubtless out of water.

"Another minute, and two of the hounds burst with loud yelps from the forest, and, following the hot trail to the water's edge, sprang into the stream, swam across to my side, and there quickly finding the trail of the doe, took it up eagerly, and were almost instantly lost to sight among the trees and rocks.

"The buck had not moved, nor had I stirred a muscle.

How he sustained himself in his position in that swiftly-running stream I do not know. Perhaps he was treading water, but it is more probable he had found a foothold on a shelving ledge of the rock.

"For half an hour after the disappearance of the dogs, the buck quietly retained his place, while I, lying crouched closely behind the log, watched eagerly for the first movement of the quarry.

"I was greatly excited, for in all my experience in deer-hunting, which had been considerable, I had never known a deer to act as this one was acting.

"At last, and just as I had asked myself if it could be possible that the buck would spend the day where he was, the deer's horns disappeared behind the rock, and a moment later his head came in view.

"He was swimming up-stream, and for a moment it looked as if my hopes would be realized, and the deer choose my side of the river for his place of landing.

"Should he land there, he would of necessity pass within twenty yards of my hiding-place, in which case he and I would probably dine together that evening. Should he, however, decide to cross the river and land on the opposite bank, he would, on reaching shoal water, be not less than two hundred and fifty yards distant, and my chance of getting him at that range would be very small.

"I was not left long in uncertainty, for in a moment the broad antlers turned toward the *opposite* shore.

"To say that I was disappointed inadequately ex-expresses my feelings.

"For a moment I was in despair; then, grasping my rifle firmly, I ran swiftly to the river-bank, and waited for the deer to land.

"Presently his feet struck the sand, and a moment later his body was lifted from the water as he waded toward the shore.

"At this instant I gave a sharp whistle, the buck's head turned quickly toward the sound, and almost simultaneously with the movement, the sharp crack of my Winchester rifle broke the stillness of the air. At the report the deer sprang clear out of the water, then fell back with a great splash. In my intense excitement, only partially relieved by the shot, I gave a mighty shout.

"But he was far from dead, and I did not permit my hopes to deceive me as to his true condition. He continued to thrash the water lustily, and I rightly (as it turned out), conjectured that my bullet had taken effect in his head, and that the wound was not fatal.

"I had aimed at the neck, and the shot was a good one at the distance, but unless I could succeed in speedily reaching the deer, I was sure he would recover himself sufficiently to escape me.

"For ten seconds I was greatly troubled to determine upon the proper course to be taken. To swim acrosswas out of the question. The river was swift and deep, the air was frosty, and I had no inclination for a bath under such circumstances. Suddenly I remembered that a few days before I had seen the prow of a dug-out at the entrance of a brooklet a few hundred yards up-stream, and with the thought I rushed toward the spot.

"The underbrush was quite dense, and the surface of the ground covered with rocks and old logs, over which I stumbled in my haste, with thought only of the deer lying kicking in the river, until, with bleeding face and hands and torn clothes, I reached the brook. To my delight the boat was where I had before seen it.

"Now this boat would not have commended itself to the eyes of one accustomed only to the boats of civilization, nor would such a craft be considered altogether 'safe' by the reflecting mind; but during my hunts in this unsettled country I had seen many such in use, and had learned to look on them as very good make-shifts in the absence of better watercraft.

"Built of rough lumber, with flat bottom, to enable it to be easily drawn over the 'rifflers,' it was twenty-two feet in length by thirty inches in width at its widest point. The stern was square, and the swell to the point of greatest width was very slight; the bow was sharp. That this snaky craft was leaky I could not doubt, for two inches of water lay in the bottom, and the sides showed unmistakable signs of contact with the rocks of the river.

"In my excited condition of mind, however, I would have used a raft had no other means of passage been near, and I did not hesitate to spring into the boat and push out into the river. There were no oars or paddles, but only a long pole, which did service in their place.

"I remember that my only deliberate act at this time was to lay my rifle across the stern seat out of danger from water, for all my cartridges were in the 'magazine' of the gun, and should they get wetted, my chase would of course be fruitless.

"As the boat swung clear of the bushes, I cast an eager glance to the sandbar on which my thoughts had been fixed. The deer was gone!

"For an instant my hopes were dashed, but they were as quickly revived, for, far away down the stream, my eyes fell upon a black spot, which I recognized as the head of the buck, moving downward with the current. Shoving the boat into the swiftest current, and heedless of the rocks against which I constantly struck, I pressed on in pursuit.

"I was not skilled in the use of the pole and could not keep my boat straight in the stream; half the time it was floating sidelong, and several times it turned completely round, but with all this I yet gained rapidly on the swimming game. It was necessary that I should reach him quickly, for the deer was rapidly nearing a point where he might land. This was a narrow path leading up the river-bank into the forest, and was distant about a mile from my late stand.

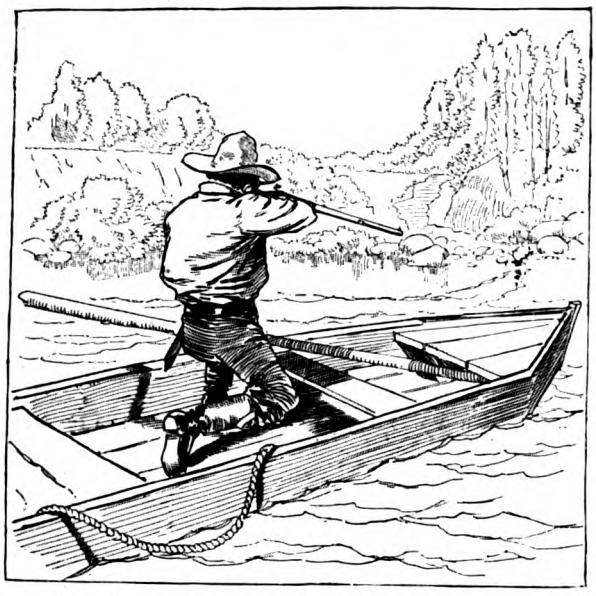
"Below this pathway there was no place at which the deer could land before reaching the stand on which was stationed the best rifle-shot in our party. To kill the deer before he should reach the pathway, or at least to prevent him in some way from landing at that point, was now my purpose, and to this end I bent all my energies.

"Although I had gained rapidly on the game from the first, I was yet quite two hundred yards distant from the deer when he turned toward the pathway. I could go no faster. I had already strained my muscles to their utmost, and was streaming with perspiration, and I realized at once that I could not cut him off, or get between him and the bank.

"To hit, with a single ball, at two hundred yards, so small an object as a deer's head, when the shooter is in a rocking, dancing boat, requires greater skill than mine; but it seemed my only chance of success.

"Grasping my rifle, and kneeling in the bottom of the boat, unmindful of the water, I fired one shot at the low swimming head.

"The water dashing in the face of the deer at the report of the rifle, showed I had aimed six inches too far forward, and had not struck the game, but to my delight the shot turned him, and again he headed down the river.



A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"KNEELING IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, UNMINDFUL OF THE WATER, I FIRED A SHOT AT THE LOW SWIMMING HEAD."

"Throwing down my rifle and seizing my pole, I pushed on with increased excitement.

"Up to the time of this shot the deer had been apparently unconscious of the pursuit, but now he swam with desperate force and energy.

"Loss of blood, however, and his already long-continued effort had fatigued him, and as my boat came closer and closer in his wake, he seemed to abandon the idea of escaping by swimming, and heading toward a sandbar in the middle of the river, presently felt the river bottom, and wading into the shoal water until the ripples of the river broke about his knees, stopped quite still, and, bristling with fear and rage, stood facing his pursuer and awaiting his approach. He presented a magnificent appearance, but I had no time to admire him except from a hunter's standpoint, for the current bore me swiftly toward him, and I felt that the end drew near.

"When only forty yards distant I turned to grasp my rifle and give the death shot.

"Imagine my feelings when I found the gun—in the water in the bottom of the boat, where, in my nervous excitement after the last shot, I had carelessly dropped it.

"I could have cried with vexation, but, hoping against hope that the cartridges would yet explode, I threw the gun to my shoulder, and, with deadly aim on the buck's shoulder, pulled the trigger.

"There was a snap, but no report. The cartridge was wet. With nervous haste I tried the second cartridge with like result; the third and fourth, and all their fellows followed, each snapping in turn, and all this time the current bore me steadily downward directly upon the deer, which yet kept his ground.

"I was within ten feet of his sharp horns when the last cartridge failed me. What was I to do? My gun was useless, and I was without other weapon, saving only a short hunting-knife and the pole with which I had pushed the boat. Well, I knew that neither of these would suffice to protect me from the mad rush of a wounded buck.

"With the snap of the last cartridge, I dropped my gun, and, jumping overboard, seized the boat with both hands, and held it between me and the deer. The water was waist-deep and very cold, but such was my state of excitement I scarcely felt the cold, and only thought now how to secure my game.

"Prudence told me not to attack him with my pole and knife, and my experience with wounded deer had been sufficient to warn me not to let him attack me if I could help it.

"I realized that, but for the boat which afforded me a cover from any possible attack, I should be in a dangerous position, and that I might now very properly regard myself as the game and the deer as the hunter.

"The buck saved me the responsibility of deciding on my next step. He had been glaring at me across the boat, the bristles on his neck raised, and showing every sign of rage.

"Now he suddenly lowered his head, and, unmindful of my boat barrier, dashed straight at me.

"Had I reflected an instant I might have held my ground, but there was very little time for reflection, and respect for the truth requires me to admit that as the buck's breast struck the boat and his horns lunged fiercely at me across the narrow barrier, I retreated precipitately, losing my grasp on the boat, leaving it and its contents to float down the stream. Nor did I stop to further dispute the deer's right to the sandbar, but, unmindful for the moment of the cold water, plunged into the stream and swam vigorously toward shore.

"As I landed, dripping with water, a glance behind me showed the buck quietly wading toward the lower end of the bar, as if intending to again take to the water, and my boat turned slowly into an eddy a short distance below. During my swim I had formed my plan of further action, and without stopping even to shake myself when I reached the shallow water, I started at full speed down the river. I could not climb the bank, but I could run in the shallow water at the margin, and thus perhaps reach our next 'stander' before the deer could find a landing.

"As I commenced my run, another look at the deer showed him again swimming down stream. He had a short start, but I could run faster than he could swim, and when, ten minutes later, I reached the 'crossing'

A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"HE SUDDENLY LOWERED HIS HEAD, AND, UNMINDFUL OF MY BOAT BARRIER, DASHED STRAIGHT AT ME."

MOLL PITCHER TAKING CHARGE OF A GUN, AFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, N. J.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

above the stand I was fully two hundred yards in advance. He had just then headed toward the shore, and was evidently determined to land at the crossing.

"Rushing up the bank in breathless haste, I dashed through the woods toward the stand.

"A moment later Captain Derby's startled face showed itself from behind a great oak tree. He was about to make some inquiry, and perhaps did so, for my sudden appearance and disordered condition were enough to excite question, but I cut short all attempts at conversation by snatching his rifle from his hands and running back toward the crossing. I was none too soon, for as I reached the bank the deer's feet struck the sand, and he ceased swimming. As his neck and shoulders cleared the water, I threw the rifle to my shoulder, and holding my breath to steady myself as much as possible, pulled the trigger.

"This time the cartridge did not fail, and the crack of the gun closed the career of as gallant a buck as ever trod a mountain path, and the most exciting hunt of my life."

MOLL PITCHER AT MONMOUTH.

Moll Pitcher was one of the true heroines of the American Revolutionary War, and no account of the battle of Monmouth is complete without the record of her part in it. The battle was one of the most bitterly contested of all the struggles of that war. It was fought June 28th, 1778, at Freehold, in Monmouth County, New Jersey.

The American forces were under command of General Washington, and the British under Sir Henry Clinton, who had evacuated Philadelphia ten days previous, with the intention of marching toward New Brunswick, and embarking by way of the Raritan River. In this intention he was frustrated by the American army, which was encamped at Valley Forge. Washington, hearing of Sir Henry Clinton's movements, sent out a force to intercept him. Sir Henry Clinton changed his route, and on the evening of June 27th was encamped on the high ground near Monmouth Court House. The American advance was at Englishtown, about five miles distant, under General Lee, the main body of the army being three miles in the rear.

Early on the morning of the 28th, Lee's division and the rear guard of the British came in conflict. Lee intended to hold his position until the main body came to his assistance, but his men became demoralized and began a disorderly retreat. It was charged that Lee also shared the demoralization, and when Washington, coming up with the main body, met him in retreat, he, with a severe rebuke, ordered him to rally his men and return to the field. The occasion is said to have been the only time that General Washington ever uttered an oath. The battle lasted all day, and resulted in a victory for the Americans. During the night the British silently retreated.

The intense heat of the day was fatal to many of the soldiers of both armies; yet, notwithstanding the heat, smoke and blood of the battle, Moll Pitcher stepped forward among these heroes and took a place in history from which she can never be dislodged.

When the British attacked the regiment of Livingston and Varnum's brigade, which lined a hedgerow that stretched across the open field in front of a causeway over a morass, the scene occurred which is depicted in our engraving on page 377.

Moll Pitcher was the wife of a cannoneer. She was a sturdy camp-follower, about twenty-two years old. During the action her husband was managing one of the field-pieces, and she was constantly employed in bringing him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed the brave cannoneer, and the officer in command, having no one to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. The intrepid wife saw her husband fall to the earth, and heard the order given by the officer.

"Not so!" cried she. "I will take his place and avenge his death."

She sprang to the piece, and there in the thick of the battle she loaded and fired with all the coolness and bravery of a veteran. The skill and courage she displayed attracted the attention of all who saw her. All day long she held her post, firing shot after shot into the ranks of the British.

The next morning, after the battle was over, covered with dirt and blood, she was presented by General Green to Washington, who admiring her courage and coolness, gave her the commission of a sergeant, and by his recommendation her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. But this distinction did not satisfy the enthusiastic soldiers who had witnessed her valor. They dubbed her Captain Molly, which title she bore for the rest of her life.

The French officers, who were charmed with her bravery, made her many presents. She would often pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and the admiring soldiers would almost fill it with money.

The battle of Monmouth was not Moll Pitcher's first experience under fire. She was in Fort Clinton, on the Hudson, when it was attacked by the British about nine months before the Monmouth battle. When the Americans retreated from the fort as the enemy scaled the ramparts, her husband dropped his match and fled. Molly caught it up, touched off the piece and scampered off. It was the last gun fired by the Americans in the fort.

Soon after the battle of Monmouth, where her husband was killed, she left the army and retired to a place between Fort Montgomery and Buttermilk Falls, on the Hudson, where she lived till her death. She was usually attired in the petticoats of her sex, over which she wore an artilleryman's coat.

She was a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced Irishwoman, with a handsome, piercing eye. Unfortunately, after the death of her husband, she fell into evil ways, and her death was in consequence of her dissolute habits.

SOME COMMON DANGEROUS PLANTS.

By W. Hamilton Gibson.

The Summer season, when so many city-bred children run wild in country parts, always brings reports of cases of poisoning by eating, or even touching, poisonous plants. It may be well to describe and picture the most dangerous of these to enable young and old to take heed.

If there are ever circumstances under which the lack of botanical knowledge is most realized and deplored, it is when one is smarting under the dreadful effects of unknown poisonous weeds, which make the unsuspecting passer-by a victim unawares, and often send him to a bed of intense suffering.

The study of botany, so little observed in our country, is here brought down to a practical basis, and to this extent becomes a necessity, as a preservative against bodily

danger. It is true that some persons are proof against the poisonousp roperties of these plants, but this is the great exception, as the majority of individuals are seriously and often dangerously affected by them. Happily there are comparatively few instances of plants in our country whose mere contact with the skin is poisonous. There are other means, however, by which the system may be inoculated. Many varieties of plants yield tempting fruit, fair to the eye and agreeable to the palate, but of a most disastrous effect when, through tempted ignorance, they are taken into the stomach.

Plants of this character are the more easily guarded against on account of their conspicuous appearance; but the former class are often so unpretending in aspect and so intermingling in their habits of growth, that they strike their victim without a warning, and, what is still more aggravating, without any immediate sensation by which they they may at the time be discovered. Thus the nettle manifests itself, and thereafter, though inconspicuous, is always detected and avoided.

We are not in the habit of troubling our readers with botanical articles, but in a case of this kind, of such universal interest, it will, no doubt, be appreciated.

First and foremost among our poisonous plants, in universality and potency, is the Poison Ivy. This plant, as its name implies, is a creeping shrub. Its leaves are composed of three shining, green, pointed leaflets, as shown in the illustration on page 380, disposed on the end of a stem of about two or three inches in length. The flowers are small and inconspicuous, growing in little bunches from the axils of the leaves. The vine is decidedly of a rambling habit, and may often be seen either trailing along the ground and rooting at intervals, or climbing up the trunks of trees or on walls, attaching itself like ivy, and altogether presenting a beautiful appearance. It is exceedingly common, and has an odd trick of growing in thickets, amongst whortleberry-bushes and blackberry-vines, seemingly for the very purpose of stinging on the sly.

The leading characteristic features of the plant are truly represented in our engraving; these, together with its trailing and climbing habit, will easily render any one able to detect it. The leaves shown in our engraving have smooth edges, but they are sometimes slightly toothed also, and the twig is of a very light-brown color. Its botanical name is *Rhus toxicodendron*, and its poisonous properties are utilized in medicine.

The symptoms of poisoning by this plant do not manifest themselves until about a week or ten days after the contact. The first indication is in swelling and redness on different parts of the body, generally on the hands and face, as these are the parts more likely to come in contact with the leaves. These symptoms are followed by inflammation in large blotches, after which small pustules arise. These become filled with watery matter, and are attended with intense burning and itching. In two or three days the eruptions suppurate, after which the inflammation subsides. It operates somewhat differently and much more quickly on various constitutions, however, and some persons are even incapable of being poisoned by it at all.

The writer himself has often seen his fellow-schoolmates, in a spirit of braggadocio, rub their faces with the leaves, without subsequently suffering therefrom, while others have been laid on their backs for weeks by the mere *touch* of the branch. It is said that persons of irritable habits are most liable to be affected. Country people generally have such a dread of this plant, that they often fasten their suspicions on various twining plants, perfectly harmless in themselves, but bearing a slight resemblance to the poison ivy.

Chief among these is the common woodbine, or Virginia creeper, and it is so often associated with noxious qualities that its beauty and usefulness as an ornamental shrub are entirely overlooked. An illustration in point comes to the writer's mind, and as it may serve as a timely warning to others, it may be well to mention it.

A gentleman of the writer's acquaintance, possessing a beautiful home and farm on the Hudson, was very bountifully blessed by a rich and natural growth of this Virginia creeper. It ran over his fences, stone walls, and many of his trees, and gracefully festooned from them, and in the Autumn clothed them with brilliant scarlet. A rustic arbor on the premises had become completely overrun with the luxuriant vine, and the effect was remarked upon by many. Like many of our *wise business* heads, this man's head had little of other knowledge in it, and that of botany and natural history was entirely *absent*.

Well, it happened one day that two of his children were attacked with the most violent symptoms; their faces became swollen, and then followed ulcers of a serious character. The doctor was sent for, and pronounced the symptoms those of poisoning. They were treated accordingly. After the doctor had taken his departure, one of the neighbors came in to offer his share of advice, which was in substance as follows:

"Naow, squire, it's fetched 'em at last. I've been tellin' Abby all along that the pesky stuff wud fetch ye arter a while, an' it's jest a s'prised me that the hull on ye ain't been laid aout with it before. Well, *thar*, goodness an' truth! time an' time agin, when I've been goin' by the gate toward the post-office, and seen them 'ere children er yourn playing in that summer-house, it's made me feel tarnal ticklish over 'em, an' I've said, *time* an' *agin*, an' told Abby so, teu, that I'd bet my bottom dollar they be broke out before the week was passed; an' now they've done it, an' if yeu take my advice, yeu'll cut the pesky weed down an' burn it. You needn't look so surprised, squire; what I'm tellin' ye is fur yer own good. *That* ar weed is '*pison shumake*,' an' it'll nigh on teu kill some folks. That's jest what's done it, you may depend, an' I swaon I wonder it h'ain't done it afore."

Such advice coming from a practical farmer, in whose judgment the "squire" had implicit confidence, was imdiately received and acted upon. The vines were ruthlessly sawn off at the roots, the picturesque arbor was laid bare of its beautiful luxuriance, and the many fences which hemmed in the place were forced to expose their angular outlines for the first time in a dozen Summers.

It was a great mistake, and a peep into a *Botany* might have prevented it. The woodbine is botanically known as *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, and has several popular names, the American Ivy and Five-leaved Ivy among the rest. It may always be identified by its five leaves, arranged on the end of a long stem, and toward Fall by its small berry-like fruit of a green color when young, and afterward purple when ripe. Its habits are exactly similar to those of the *three-leaved*, or *poison* ivy, and the leaves generally assume a brilliant crimson color in the Autumn.

There is another shrub belonging to the same family as the Poison Ivy, than which it is said by *some* to be even more poisonous. We refer to the Poison Sumach (proper), Poison Elder, or Poison Dogwood, all of which names are commonly applied to the plant. I have spoken of the Ivy as being the most potent of our poisonous plants, but perhaps that remark might be allowed to

apply to these *two* plants, inasmuch as they both affect different persons similarly in a greater or lesser degree, thus rendering it difficult to decide between them.

The Poison Sumach, unlike the Ivy, is a tall shrub, often attaining the height of fifteen feet. Its leaves are composed of from six to thirteen smoothish leaflets, arranged on a simple stem, as shown in our engraving. The flowers are there indicated also. They grow in little clusters from the base of the leaf-stalk, and are greenish in color.

THE POISON IVY.

The poison of this plant acts much more quickly than the previous variety, but the symtoms are very similar, and it frequently happens that the hands and arms, and even the whole body, become greatly swollen from the simple act of touching or carrying a branch of the shrub. It is also affirmed that the poison may be communicated to some by merely *smelling* the plant, while others may handle it with impunity.

An interesting story is told by an English botanist of two sisters, one of whom could do anything she desired with the tree without ever being affected by its venom, while the other felt its exhalations on approaching within ten feet of it, or even at a still greater distance when to the windward of it.

This same authority says that he himself was perfectly proof against the poison, and that once some of the juice from a bent twig of the tree squirted into his eye without subsequent trouble, while the hand of another person, which was sprinkled with the same juice, became as a piece of tanned leather, and the skin afterward peeled off in scales. This will show the marked difference in its effect on different persons, but, as a general rule, it is not safe to experiment with the plant, as probably the exceptions of poison-proof individuals are rare.

These varieties constitute the chief examples of plants whose mere contact with the skin is dangerous.

We now come to another class of poisonous plants, which are more conspicuous, and which seize their victim through his misplaced confidence in their delicious-looking and tempting fruit. Of these, there is no variety better known than the common Bitter-sweet (*Solanum dulcamara*), so often seen growing by river-banks, scrambling over hedges or fences, brilliant in effect, with its dropping clusters of oval scarlet berries.

POISON SUMACH.

This is in truth a most beautiful and ornamental plant, if one is only content with "devouring it with the eyes" instead of the mouth. But children generally will not be content with looking at it. The berries really look as if they were *made* to eat, but the eyes are deceived, and the stomach will always prove the better judge. When eaten, they produce violent vomiting, followed by severe purging and subsequent exhaustion.

The Bitter-sweet is also known as the "Deadly Nightshade," but it is seldom quite so severe in its effects as this name would imply, and, indeed, never, unless the berries are eaten in extraordinary quantities.

In our illustration we give a cluster of the berries, with one detached, which is of the natural size. They are of a brilliant, polished scarlet when ripe, and begin to assume this color toward the middle of August. The leaves vary considerably on the same plant, sometimes being simple, and often compound or divided into three lobes, as shown in the engraving. There will also be found instances where but one of the side-leaflets will be present. The flowers are of a delicate lavender-tint, with a yellow projecting centre.

The Bitter-sweet belongs to the same genus of plants as the potato, and, like it, has tuberous roots, from which it is said to receive the name of "Bitter-sweet," as these roots, when tasted, are at first of a decided bitter flavor and afterward leave a sensation of sweetness in the mouth. The young stems are collected in the Autumn for medicinal purposes and possess the same bitter-sweetness as the roots.

Who does not know the Poke-weed, with its immense rank growth of one year, its thick purple stems and purple-black berries? Perhaps if we call it the "Red-Ink Plant," some of our boys will better remember it.

The French call these berries "American raisins," but it would not be safe to infer from this that a handful of them could be eaten with impunity. Although not even as poisonous to the system as the bitter-sweet berries, they, nevertheless, affect some persons very seriously, and particularly young children.

In our illustration we give drawings of the leaf and berries, which will readily bring the plant to mind. It is astonishing, sometimes, to see the extent of the growth of this plant in a single year; a height of ten feet is not very uncommon where the soil and situation are favorable.

THE BITTER-SWEET.

The Poke-weed (Fig. *a*) is botanically styled *Phytollacca decandra*, and is much esteemed in some parts of America and the West Indies as an article of food; for, despite its poisonous properties, the young shoots of the plant when boiled lose all their dangerous qualities, and form a very palatable dish, generally known under the name of "greens."

The root of this plant is very large, and is used to some extent in medicine as a cathartic and emetic. The berries yield a rich dark-purple juice, and are extensively used by schoolboys in the manufacture of red ink, and in the staining of nice clean clothes. The "ink" produced from them would be very desirable if it did not fade; and until some bright schoolboy invents a method of *fixing* the color, he will never be able to do much with it as an *ink*.

A ramble through the woods, or other moist, shady

places, during the months of September and October, will often reveal a brilliant cluster of crowded scarlet berries growing close to the ground, almost hidden from sight by the low undergrowth of ferns or weeds, and only betraying its presence by its vivid richness of color. The cluster of berries, often attaining the size of a hen's egg in dimensions, is the fruit of the plant commonly known under the names of "Jack in the Pulpit," "Wake Robin," "Lords and Ladies," and "Indian Turnip," (Fig. *b*.)

The plant properly belongs to the *Arum* family, and is scientifically named *Arum triphyllum*, or three-leaved arum. It may be seen in bloom throughout our moist woods during the month of May ; and our illustration of the flower and leaf will readily bring it to mind.

Both the berries and root of this plant are poisonous,

INDIAN TURNIP AND FRUIT. POKEBERRY.

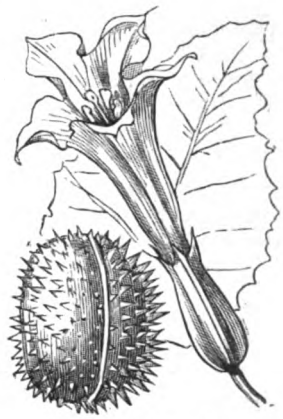
although there exists that same discrepancy in regard to its manner of affecting different individuals that we have mentioned in the other instances. The writer has known the case of a boy who would devour a whole cluster of the berries without seeming to be affected, while a single berry taken into the stomach of another person was perceptibly and inconveniently felt.

It is well to let the berries alone, at all events, and be on the safe side ; for, although they are seldom really dangerous in their effects, they sometimes produce serious derangement of the system.

In regard to the root, let our young readers take warning. It will often happen—particularly in the country, where the plant is most easily found—that some mischievous young rascal will be seen circulating among his schoolfellows or playmates, exhibiting what he calls a "Honey Root," or "Sugar Root," nicely pared, while with remarkable generosity he urges all his fellow-playmates to "take a bite" of what he makes them believe is a delicious morsel.

He invariably succeeds in finding at least two or three eager ones who are only too willing to partake. The "bite" is taken, and the mouthful partially chewed. There is at first an accompanying expression of disappointment ; this is soon followed by a look of suffering, and the mouthful is spit out in disgust, amidst a roar of derisive laughter. This is a common and contemptible trick amongst country boys, and often leads to very serious consequences.

The root or corm bears some resemblance to a turnip in shape, but is somewhat smaller. When first taken in the mouth, scarcely any taste is perceived, but in two or three seconds the tongue begins to smart with a most intense burning and pricking sensation, as if that entire member were literally stuck *full* of sharp needles. When this extends down the throat, it becomes terrible ; and if it happens that a piece of the root has been swallowed, the most violent vomiting is likely to ensue. The simple contact of the tongue to the cut surface of the corm is enough to excite intense irritation. What, then, must it be when a mouthful is taken and crushed between the teeth !



THE MAD-APPLE.

We would caution our young readers never to tamper with so dangerous a vegetable. This acrimonious property seems to leave the root after it becomes dry, and then the irritation it produces may be relieved by the application of milk, butter, or oil. It is said that a slice of this root applied to the skin, will raise a blister ; and, if we are to judge from its effects on the tongue, we need not wonder.

We now come to a common poisonous plant, by no means the *least* in its dangerous properties—the Thorn-apple, or Mad-apple ; called also, from its offensive odor, "Stinkweed." Many of our young readers will recognize it from the accompanying engraving, and will doubtless have seen it, time and again, throughout the Summer, growing in waste places about barnyards, compost-heaps, etc., bearing thickly its white spiral flowers and prickly pods. This plant cannot be said to be of that class which bear tempting fruit, as the name *Thorn-apple* and *Mad-apple* too evidently imply. However this may be, it certainly *must* possess some charm, if nothing else than its oddity, for children are repeatedly poisoned by eating leaves, flowers or seeds, and sometimes, in rare instances, even fatally so ; for all parts of the plant are poisonous. It is called, in some parts, the Jimson-weed, the name being a corruption of Jamestown, some of the first settlers of that pioneer city of Virginia having incautiously cooked the leaves for greens, mistaking it for some plant so used at home.

THE MAY-APPLE.

The Thorn apple, or, to speak botanically, the *Datura stramonium*, is one of the few *positively dangerous* of our native poisonous plants, and it is to be regretted that the warning which nature gives us in studding the fruit with

spines is not always heeded. Young children are generally the ones to be affected. They are not aware of the danger, and are attracted by the ripe and bursting pods rattling with the loose seed, and it is not an uncommon thing in the country to see children thus amusing themselves in gathering the seeds of the plant. Generally speaking, the mere *gathering* of the seed is not dangerous, but there are said to be cases on record where the mere *odor* of the plant has produced violent symptoms of poisoning. It is a proverbial fact that young children are woefully indiscriminate in regard to what they put into their mouths, and the writer himself, at the age of four years, learned a severe lesson in regard to this fact, from a fit of sickness brought on by a small meal of these very seeds of the Thorn-apple.

Its effects upon the system are different from any of those previously described. It is an example of that class of plants known as narcotics. They produce sleep and insensibility. When a small quantity of the seeds of the *Datura* are taken into the stomach, they produce a sort of intoxication, followed by a deep and long sleep. The leaves produce a like effect, but not to such a degree as the seeds. Taken in large quantities, it will bring on violent convulsions, prolonged stupor, delirium, and even death.

The plant is common throughout all the warmer parts of the globe. It is a large, coarse weed, often growing to the height of three feet, with dark, jagged leaves, and thick, smooth stalk. A glance at our illustration will convey a correct idea of its principal features. Properly regulated, it is a useful medicine, and has been very beneficial in asthma, epilepsy, neuralgia and other disorders.

The May-apple is the American species of the genus *Podophyllum*, and is known very commonly under the name of mandrake, although it should not be confounded with the other plant of that name (*Atropa Officinalis*), which entirely differs from it, belonging to an utterly separate family. The May-apple is a low, herbaceous plant, and grows in damp, shady places in woods. It has a thick, creeping root-stock, sending up, each Spring, a single stem, bearing two large, deeply palmated and peltate leaves, with a solitary nodding white flower at the junction of their stems. The flower is inclosed in the bud by six thin sepals, which lose their hold and fall off as the flower expands. The petals are six or nine in number, with about as many stamens surrounding a very small, egg-shaped ovary. This ovary ultimately becomes a large, fleshy, oval berry, completely filled with seeds, enveloped in pulp.

The color of the fruit is a light-yellow, and it somewhat resembles a lemon, for which reason it is in some localities known as the wild-lemon. The May-apple is, however, its most universal name. The leaves of the plant contain a poisonous narcotic principle; but the fruit is said to be eatable, though of a mawkish flavor. Pigs, it is said, are fond of it, and in some parts of the West feed upon it eagerly.

The root-stocks possess active medicinal properties, and it is in this portion of the plant that its chief virtue lies. It is from here that the extract podophyllum is obtained. This extract is in very general use among American eclectic physicians, and is said to be an excellent substitute for mercurials, and also to act equally well as a cathartic; although, if taken in too large doses, it is dangerously drastic.

The botanical name of the plant is *Podophyllum peltatum*, on account of its peltate leaves. It is common in the West, but seldom met with in the Eastern States.

The root of this plant was used by the Indians as a poison, although the fruit was eaten. If an Indian girl was disappointed, or was rebuked by her mother, she would often seek death by means of the May-apple.

The French—better botanists than the English colonists—at an early date became aware of its medicinal properties.

These seven species form the chief instances of poisonous plants which are commonly met with, and in thus presenting them to our readers, we believe we have done them a service.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

MANUFACTURES FROM THE AIR.—The process of Brin Brothers is about as follows: First, the air is drawn, by means of a partial vacuum, through a vessel of quicklime, which absorbs all the carbonic acid and moisture, and reduces it to a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. These gases are then drawn into the retorts, heated at 500 degrees, and the artificial lung absorbs the oxygen, while the nitrogen is drawn off to a gasometer for conversion into ammonia, etc. The Brins have, for the first time, made the artificial lung indestructible. The use of baryta for the purpose is not unknown; but hitherto the baryta has been perishable, and has required renewal every four-and-twenty hours, at great expense. They make it virtually indestructible and unchangeable. In this way they claim to have effected an absolute revolution in chemistry, for with a lung for the machine, and the atmospheric air for the material, they can make just as much oxygen as they like, and its uses, present and prospective, are almost innumerable and incalculable. For ventilation, aerating water without carbonic acid, for increasing the heat of blast furnaces and the light of lamps, its uses are self-evident. The nitrogen, which was at first looked upon as wasted, has, by a process due to the same inventors, been turned into ammoniacal salts for manure. Most of the uses of these products were known. What is claimed is the almost fabulous reduction in the cost of production. The chemical text books, according to Messrs. Brin, are at fault as to the possibilities of baryta. They all teach that it is destructible; and the Brins maintain that, as they know how to treat it, it is indestructible. Oxygen in large quantities means a revolution in half the processes of chemical industries.

IMPROVED JAVELLE-WATER.—The *eau de Javelle*, or "Javelle-water," has long been a popular bleaching fluid for domestic use, not only in France, where it originated, but throughout the civilized world. The *Chemist and Druggist* gives the following formula for a cheaper and better article of the same kind—Chloride of lime, 100 grammes; water, 3,000 grammes; washing-soda, 125 grammes—a gramme is neatly fifteen and a half grains English. Put the chloride of lime into a tall earthen vessel which is provided with an easily removable cover. Add water to make a smooth paste, and continue to pour in water, stirring all the while with a wooden rod, till about half a litre has been added. To this add the soda, previously dissolved in the rest of the water, stirring well all the time. Cover the vessel, let it stand for five hours, and decant the fluid, or filter it direct through a funnel with a little cotton-wool into a wide-mouthed vessel. The preparation should be kept in a cold, dark place. To bleach linen, dilute this fluid with an equal quantity of water, and with the mixture moisten the linen. But the liquor must not be in contact with the linen for longer than fifteen minutes; at the end of that time it must be well rinsed in fresh water. To remove fruit or wine stains, or iron-mold, wet the spot with the liquor, and wash it thoroughly in clean water when the stain has disappeared. This solution is poisonous. If by accident any of it should be drunk, administer plenty of oil and send at once for a doctor.

A MUSTARD-SPONGE.—Dr. B. W. Richardson recommends the use of a sponge for mustard poultices. He says: "A sponge makes the best of mustard-carriers. The nurse mixes the mustard in a basin with water until the mass is smooth and of even consistency. Then she takes the soft mass all up with a clean sponge, lays the sponge in the centre of a soft white handkerchief, ties up the corners of the handkerchief neatly, to form a hold, and applies the smooth convex surface to the skin. This mustard-sponge, warmed again by the fire and slightly moistened, can be applied three or four times, is good for several hours, and saves the trouble of making a new poultice for re-application, often a matter of importance during the weariness of night-watching. The sponge can be washed clean in warm water."

HELIOGRAPHY.—The silvered balls frequently seen in gardens are advocated by Mr. Hate, in a note to the French Academy of Sciences, for heliographic purposes, in preference to plane mirrors. Their advantage lies in the greater intensity of the luminous point, which can therefore be seen to greater distances. From experiments made by him during the past Summer, he found that with a sphere of a small diameter the image perceived at fifteen kilometres with a lunette had a splendor comparable to that of a star of the second magnitude in a field feebly lighted. Such an image, which can be produced at little expense, would, he thinks, be useful in topographical triangulation.

ALUMINUM IRON AND STEEL.—Mr. T. Nordenfelt has found that castings of wrought iron or mild steel may be obtained solid,

without changing the intrinsic quality of the metal, by the addition of the metal aluminum, either alone or in the shape of an alloy. The aluminum makes the molten metal more liquid, and thus the gases in the metal pass away easily, the metal runs freely into the molds, and a more perfect product is obtained. He has discovered that even a minute quantity of metallic aluminum added to the molten iron has an appreciable influence. By this new invention, for which he has taken out a patent, Mr. Nordenfelt has succeeded in making perfect castings from the softest wrought iron, which castings in every respect retain their ductility and nature of wrought iron, though their tensile strength is greatly enhanced. The iron or steel is melted in crucibles, converters or metal smelting furnaces of any description, and the addition of the aluminum or alloy of aluminum is made to the metal when molten, shortly before it is to be poured. The addition may, however, be made earlier. It is convenient to provide a plug in the cover of the crucible, which is removed when the metal is completely melted, a tube is inserted into the aperture, and the aluminum to be added is passed down the tube. The tube is removed and the plug replaced, and the metal is soon ready for pouring.

BALATA.—The dried milk of the bullet-tree, or *Mimusops globosa*, from Guiana, is likely, says a contemporary, to come into greater use as a substitute for india-rubber and gutta-percha. According to Sir William Holmes it possesses much of the elasticity of india-rubber without its intractability, and much of the ductility of gutta-percha without its friability; while an American firm of manufacturers recently pronounced it "the best gum in the world." According to a recent report of Mr. Denman, Government Botanist of British Guiana, its strength is very great, and it is specially applicable to belting for machinery. Balata withstands exposure to light and air, whereas gutta-percha is apt to deteriorate under exposure. The electrical properties of the gum are also said to be equal to those of gutta-percha. Balata is now regularly collected in British Guiana; but it is usually worked up at home as a superior kind of gutta-percha; whereas it is a different gum, being softer at ordinary temperatures and less rigid in cold ones. It appears, in fact, to occupy an intermediate place between india-rubber and gutta-percha, and is growing in use as it becomes better known.

WORMS IN ICE.—Professor Leidy had examined a block of ice which was part of the stock of ice stored at Moorestown, N. J., and had been nearly a year in store; it was full of air-bubbles and water-drops. On being melted a number of worms were liberated, and proved to be in a living and quite active condition. It is probable that while imprisoned in the ice they may not have been frozen, but perhaps remained alive in a torpid state in the water-drops; but it seems remarkable that these animals should remain so long alive in the ice, and yet die, as they did, almost immediately, in the melted ice-water. Of course the fact points to the advisability of not employing spongy ice as an article of food. Dr. Leidy, believing the form to be as yet undescribed, gives a diagnosis of it under the name *Lumbricus glacialis*. It is from 4 to 6 centimetres long, of from 35 to 50 segments; oral segment unarmed, eyeless; succeeding segments with four rows of podal spines, in fascicles of three.

IT is estimated by the Marquis de Nadaillac (*La Nature*) that Europeans can endure temperatures as widely apart as 130° C. at least. Thus, on January 25th, 1882, a temperature of — 65° C. was recorded on board the *Verna* and *Dijmphna*, when blocked by ice in the Sea of Kara, east of the Straits of Waigatz. On the other hand, M. Duveyrier, in the country of the Touaregs, in Central Africa, has seen the thermometer rise to 67.7° C.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE darkest hour is when you can't find the matches.

YOU should never run into debt if you can get anything else to run into.

WHEN a young man wants to protect a young lady, he naturally puts his *armor round her*.

OUR ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the *higher branches*.

IT is admitted that a woman may not tell her age; but it is a stern fact that her age is less considerate. It tells on her.

A YOUNG man was seen lately at Aberdeen with two heads on his shoulders. It was not a curiosity, as one belonged to his Highland lassie.

MISS F., a belle of more than one season, hearing her aunt say, "Men wear muffs," exclaimed, "It is not a matter of the past tense at all; men *are* muffs?"

A YOUNG lady who read that hops were being seriously injured by wet weather, declared that no amount of wet weather would prevent her from going to a good hop.

A MIRACLE.—One of Sir Garnet Wolseley's officers, who happened to have a glass eye, was one day examining a prisoner, a zealous follower of the Mahdi. "Why do you believe in the Mahdi?" asked the officer. "I believe in him," replied the man, "because he can work miracles." The officer immediately took out his glass eye, tossed it up in the air, caught it, and put it back into its place. "D'ye think the Mahdi could do that?" he asked. The man was appalled, and couldn't say another word.

A BACHELOR statesman said it would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty, because there isn't a woman living who would not come to be assessed.

"HOW CAN I tell classical music?" That is easy enough. When you see everybody applaud and look relieved after the piece is finished, then you can know that it is strictly classical.

YOUNG LADY: "And how is Johnnie getting on at the school, Mrs. Polyglot?" "Oh, beautifully, my dear! He's learning six languages—French, German, Latin, Greek, Algebra and Euclid!"

AT a college examination a professor asked: "Does any question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student. "Not at all. The questions are quite clear. It is the answers that bother me."

"WHAT do these letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied, encouragingly, "I presume it is because they can't sit down."

"THE early bird, you know, catches the worm." "Yes, father, I know the early worm got caught for his pains." "Nonsense, my son; that worm was not an early riser. He had not been to bed; he was crawling home."

A GAME of three sticks, a ball and a bat,
The first we protect with the latter;
For of cricket, like pancakes, the goodness, you know,
Depends very much on the *batter*.

JONES has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

"ARE you in favor of enlarging the curriculum?" asked a school-board member of a farmer in his district. "Enlarge nothing," replied the old man; "the building's big enough. What we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

A PROMPTER at the Comédie Française who had prompted Rachel for years, one night put his grown-up son in the box. "Where are you going, father?" he asked. "In front, to see Rachel play; I have never seen her," was the reply.

WE have just received a small circular setting forth that "Mrs. H. B. Parsons, *née* Mrs. F. C. Wood," is retiring from business, having sold it, etc. Fancy having been born already married. Quite a novelty in experiences, I should imagine.

IN order to induce Dr. Johnson to take greater notice of the performance of a celebrated violinist to which he was inattentively listening, a friend told him that the piece was very difficult. "Difficult, sir! I wish it were impossible," was the doctor's reply.

THE price of real estate was under discussion at the club, when one gentleman remarked: "Jones, old boy, I know where you can buy just the nicest little home—splendid cottage, grand fruit trees, and all that—for a song." "Just my luck," said Jones, "I can't sing a note."

"MA," said a little four-year-old," I saw something run across the kitchen-floor this morning without any legs! What do you think it was?" The mother guessed various legless worms and things, and finally gave it up, when the little fellow said, "Why, ma, it was water."

"IS MR. BROWN at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Mrs. Brown in?" "No, sir, she's out." "Young Mr. Brown, then?" "No, sir, he's out." "Is Miss Brown in?" "No, sir, she's out." "Ah, then, I'll come in and sit by the fire till they return." "That's out too, sir!"

THE Spanish ambassador one day entered the room in which Henry IV. was on all-fours, with his little son on his back. The King stopped, and looking at the ambassador, said to him: "Pray, sir, have you any children?" "Yes, sire, several." "Well, then," said the King, "I shall complete my romp."

A TEACHER took an apple from one of his boys during school hours. After a while, the teacher ate the apple while the pupils were busy with their sums. The lad, noticing this, began to cough. "What is the matter with you," inquired the teacher. "Oh, please, sir," answered the boy, "the apple has gone down the wrong way!"

"MY husband is a brute," declared Mme. X. to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, say, dear, what is the matter?" "He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw a candlestick at his head; then, what do you suppose he did?" "I don't know." "Why, he stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other." "The brute!"

A GENTLEMAN who could not pronounce the letter R was asked to read the following:

Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs
For roasting the rabbit so rare.

He evaded the difficulty in the following ingenious manner:

Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the side
For cooking the bunny so little.

THE PETS.—FROM A PAINTING BY R. EPP.

FLORA.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE TRAGIC CLOSE OF A STRANGE REIGN.

IT will be well to relate the life of the late King of Bavaria while the materials for a truthful biography are available. In a very little time most of the facts concerning Louis II. will have become overlaid by a mass of popular legendry. The mysteries of the King's life and the dramatic circumstances of his sudden deposition and suicide have naturally impressed the public imagination in Germany very deeply; indeed, the suicide by which King Louis's insanity was conclusively demonstrated to those who reason after the practical manner of a coroner's jury has had quite the contrary effect on many German minds, and has raised a doubt as to whether the King ought ever to have been declared mad. Already doctors have begun to dispute on this point; some maintaining that the determined way in which the King destroyed himself was incompatible with that particular form of mental disease (softening of the brain) with which other doctors certified him to have been afflicted. The truth is that the trustworthy witnesses as to Louis II.'s life are very few. The King's relations and Ministers were those who knew him least. The high court officials who approached him were by profession discreet, and spoke little. Those who did speak — subordinate officials and discharged servants for the most part—often exaggerated; and their fables assumed ludicrous proportions in passing from mouth to mouth. In Germany the private lives of kings are not pried into by the Press. While Louis II. lived, no newspaper either in Germany or Austria would have dared to report, and still less to criticise, his acts too freely. All the stories which circulated about him thus came from gossip. So lately as last January the Bavarian Ministry caused it to be denied in the Press that the King was in the least degree mentally incapacitated from ruling. It was said in this *communiqué* that

THE LATE LOUIS II., KING OF BAVARIA.

His Majesty generally corresponded with his Ministers by letter, but that his notes were always lucid and shrewd. It was also mentioned at about the same time that the Government, having wished to prosecute a journalist who had the hardihood to attack the Recluse of Hohenschwangau, the King had forbidden the prosecution, saying: "Let him write what he likes so long as I live as I please."

Nevertheless there came a time when the King could no longer be allowed to live as he pleased. Ministers grew afraid of the responsibilities which they were incurring toward the Opposition and the country by carrying on the Government in the King's name without any certain control or co-operation from the King himself; and from the moment when it was settled, between the Bavarian Prime Minister, Baron de Lutz, and Prince Bismarck, that this situation must cease, all men's tongues were suddenly loosed. During the few days while it was being officially demonstrated as a state necessity that a Regency must be established, every man who could adduce evidence as to the King's unfitness to reign had his say. The newspapers of Munich, Berlin and Vienna teemed with revelations; and from the most obviously veracious of these—that is, from the accounts of persons whose position enabled and whose duty compelled them to speak the truth—it is possible to trace out the story of Louis II.'s strange life with substantial completeness.

The exact measure of his character and genius will not be known until a selection is published of the hundreds of letters which he wrote to Richard Wagner. In these he laid his mind bare as a friend speaking to a friend. Enough is already before the world, however, to support the conclusions that if Louis II. was in his later years incompetent to reign, his intellectual vagaries never exceeded that which has been regarded as mere eccentricity in many poets, authors and artists. If he had not been a King he might have lived a life like Byron's. He was certainly less hypochondriacal than Tasso, than Cervantes, than Rousseau, than Goldsmith, Cowper, Chatterton or Alfred de Musset. Proportions being considered, he was not more extravagant than Lamartine or the late Alexandre Dumas. The former ruined himself to go on a tour to the East in a wondrous steam-yacht fitted up like a boating-palace, and his debts had to be paid by means of public lotteries. The latter squandered more than $600,000 in building his "Villa Monte Cristo," in which he lived less than two years; and he eventually died without leaving a franc that could be called his own, though he had earned more money than any French author before him.

But even if we merely examined Louis II.'s fitness for the high part which he was cast to play in life, it may be questioned whether he would not have discharged his kingly duties fairly well to the end had he not been surrounded with men who were too complacent toward his whims at the outset of his reign. One firm, self-respecting Minister could have kept him to his duties by declining to serve him unless he did what his station required. But successive Bavarian politicians appear to have found it convenient to let their master enjoy a liberty which left them uncontrolled. From all that has transpired it is evident that the King was five years ago acting in a way which conscientious advisers ought not to have permitted. It matters nothing that the parliamentary necessity for checking the King had then not yet arisen. When this necessity did arise, Ministers had to undertake a task which their too-long subserviency had rendered impracticable. The King had hardened himself in his waywardness, and was no longer to be advised or coerced.

Louis II. was born at Nymphenburg on the 25th August, 1845, during the reign of his grandfather, the frivolous and eccentric Louis I. His birthday falling on the festival of St. Louis was considered a very auspicious circumstance by the autocratic King and by the Clerical party in Bavaria—the more so as Louis I. had himself been born on the 25th August. Good royalists saw in this coincidence a presage that the child would live to rule according to the strictest traditions of Divine Right, and the fact is said to have had some influence in determining the subsequent conversion of his mother, Princess Marie of Prussia, from the Lutheran to the Roman Catholic religion. On the other hand, the royal child's birthday, the extravagant religious odes that were published in his honor, the Jordan water used at his baptism, and the presents ostentatiously sent to him by the Count de Chambord, Don Carlos, and Emperor Ferdinand of Austria and Czar Nicholas, served to mark out Louis II. in his cradle as an object of aversion to German Liberals. Prince Maximilian, the heir-apparent to the throne, lost much of his popularity through the reactionary character imparted to the festivities for his boy's christening, and he had not yet quite re-established himself in the good graces of the Bavarian people when the Revolution of 1848 broke out.

Louis I. was compelled to abdicate, and the crown passed to Maximilian II., who made an excellent constitutional King. The foreign idea of constitutionalism does not require that the sovereign shall be a passive instrument in the hands of his Ministers for the time being, and this King Max never was. He did not stand by with his arms folded while rival politicians pelted one another with fragments of the Constitution. He had the moral courage to interfere when parliamentary intriguers would have sacrificed national interests to party schemes; and since he was not afraid to brave those occasional outbursts of grumbling which beset every person, King or man, who does his duty, he earned the grateful respect of his people whenever events proved him to have been in the right. The royal prerogative also suffered no diminution in his hands, but was rather fortified and consolidated; so that after sixteen years' reign King Maximilian left the kingdom in a flourishing and loyal condition to his son. His sudden death after a day's illness on the 10th March, 1864, was mourned as a national calamity; but the fairest hopes attended the accession of Louis II., who inherited his father's popularity, and was believed to have been trained to appreciate the value of so precious an heritage.

An honest and enlightened King, Maximilian II. was in private life not particularly genial, and both his sons, Louis and Otto, had been brought up with great strictness and simplicity. Their father allowed them no pocket-money but what they earned by good marks at their lessons—on the modest scale of one pfennig per mark—and he would fine them a thaler without compunction if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority at eighteen, he was provided with an establishment of his own, and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese: "Am I now my own master?" he asked, with a smile, of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then you may bring me some chicken and a *mehlspeisen* (pudding)."

Queen Marie, though a fond mother and much beloved by her sons, shared her husband's masculine opinions

about the education of boys. It had been a custom in the Prussian Royal family for the last ninety years that all the young princes shall be taught the rudiments of some manual trade. Prince Otto, by his mother's desire, learnt carpentering and turning; but Prince Louis, who very early evinced a taste for architecture, chose to be a mason. He had then just entered his teens, and during a fortnight he worked for a couple of hours every day with the masons who were building a new coach-house at the Palace of Nymphenburg. At the end of that time he announced to his mother that he had finished his apprenticeship, for that he could lay a brick as neatly as any workman. "But could you earn your living at the trade?" asked the doubting Queen. "I could make my fortune at it," replied the boy, with a laugh, which showed that he did not see much practical utility in his recent occupation; "why, surely, if I offered myself as a bricklayer any master-mason would be glad to take me into partnership; my name would bring him more business than my hands could do."

On another occasion, seeing his brother busy at a lathe, Louis remarked, demurely: "There is Otto taking his precautions for when the world shall be turned upside down. When princes become turners, I suppose Fritz the carpenter will be a king."

Maximilian II. chose his sons' tutors with the best judgment, and the boys were apt pupils when they had learned to like their masters; but in this respect Louis was much more difficult to please than Otto. Up to his fourteenth year the boy was so nervous with strangers, and so impressionable as regards physiognomies, that if a face excited any repulsion in him, he manifested positive terror. The King, wishing to cure his son of this nonsense, as he called it, long insisted that the boy should retain in his service two or three servants whose features he loathed. But when Prince Louis met these men he would tremble and shut his eyes, or else turn away with his face to the wall. It was not ugliness or deformity which kindled the boy's antipathy, but an intuition that the person he saw was not what the French call *sympathique*. In a land where "spiritual affinities" are so much believed in that romantic young students take to themselves "spiritual brothers," this faculty for making friends or foes at first sight is better understood than it would be in a country where a close friend goes by no higher name than that of "chum." With uncongenial tutors, Prince Louis would sit dumb and stupid; and this fact coming to be plainly recognized by his mother as a bar to his education, she prevailed on the King to let the boy's fancy be humored within reason. Obnoxious servants were removed; tutors were engaged only on probation; and this indulgence soon produced good results, for the Prince outgrew much of his nervousness, and learned to control his emotion at the sight of disagreeable faces. In after life, however, he always remained a firm believer in the science of Lavater, as he did in phrenology and in systems for reading character by the shape of the hand or handwriting.*

* He once quoted to Count Charles d'Holstein the following anecdote about Lavater. The Swiss philosopher was giving a lecture at Zurich, when a stranger, who had been listening attentively to him, left the room. Lavater broke off in his lecture and said: "Gentlemen, my theories are of course fallible, but judging by them I should say that the person who has just left the room has his conscience loaded with some great crime, and from his features I should say that this crime was murder." It was subsequently ascertained that the person in question was Lillichorn, one of the officers who had joined in the conspiracy for assassinating Gustavus III. of Sweden. He was living in Zurich under an assumed name, and Lavater had no acquaintanceship with him.

The famous Dr. Döllinger was one of the tutors who exercised the happiest influence on Prince Louis. Giving a general direction to his pupil's studies, the learned and able churchman acted on the principle that the future King ought to know a little of everything, and to choose for himself the one or two subjects which he would like to study thoroughly. He has often said, however, that he was disconcerted by the ardor with which the Prince applied himself to every branch of study except political economy and mathematics. Quick at learning languages, ancient or modern; passionately fond of history; deeply interested in theology, and intelligent in his comprehension of books relating to the science of war; Prince Louis was equally assiduous in his music and drawing lessons, and in all corporeal exercises. He learned to drill smartly; became a graceful fencer and a bold rider. But the sensitiveness of his character was shown by the deep mortification he experienced whenever he met with any mishap in his athletics, which exposed him to ridicule—and the dread of this ridicule caused him to go to the riding-school or the gymnastic-room with a much more serious face than he wore when sitting down to his books. In this, as in many other things, he was the opposite of ordinary young men. Once, when he had rolled off his horse into the sawdust of the riding-school, his military tutor, Colonel Heckel, laughed. Prince Louis turned to him with a white face, and said: "Pray teach me, colonel, to fall in a way that shall not be comical. There ought to be nothing laughable in an accident which might happen even to a good rider before a hundred thousand men."

Another day, fencing with one of his occasional companions, young Count d'Orff, he showed great impatience at being touched several times on the arm and shoulder. At last his adversary made a straight lunge and struck the spot over his heart: "There is nothing ridiculous in that," observed the Prince, good-humoredly. "If we had been fighting in earnest the thrust would have killed me."

For dancing the Prince never felt much predilection, but he learnt to dance—generally with one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting for a partner. He hated polkas and waltzes to quick time, but could enjoy a waltz to slow time or a stately quadrille; and after his first appearance at a court ball, when he was eighteen, he spoke to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies about reviving the minuet. His impression of this first ball does not seem to have been favorable, for he described it years after, in a letter to Wagner, as "all confusion, gasping, and stamping of feet."

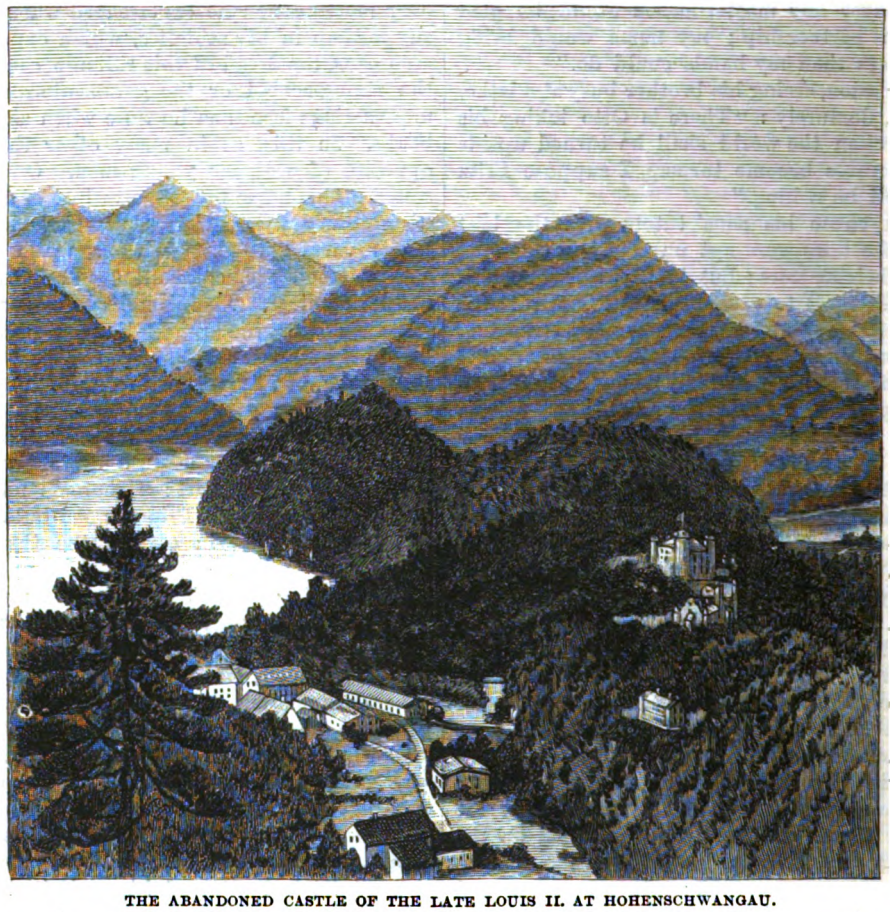
Until he had attained his majority Prince Louis was scarcely ever seen in public except in the royal box at the Munich Theatre. He and his brother were allowed to attend occasional performances of tragedy and opera, but they never figured in court ceremonies and very seldom at the court dinner-table. They were also debarred, somewhat injudiciously, from taking walks with their tutors through the streets of Munich or any other town near which they happened to be residing. If they went to visit a museum they drove there in a close carriage, and very early on a Summer morning before the shops were opened; so that in this way they grew up unaccustomed to the sight of the workaday world and to the hum of men's voices. A great deal of the King's passion for solitude in after life must be attributed to this early training.

Residing always amidst enchanting scenery, Louis learned to love the silence of forest paths, and the beautiful prospect of hills, valleys and lakes. He could

sit for hours gazing at a landscape ; or, like the youth in Gray's Elegy, stretch himself at noontide under a tree,

"And pore upon the brook that bubbled by."

One of his favorite walks was along the shores of that Lake Starnberg where he was to find death. Here he often sauntered with Dr. Döllinger, who discoursed with him about the glorious future that seemed to be awaiting him in this life ; but without ever succeeding in getting him to define his aspirations. As Prince Louis was eclectic in his tastes and studies, so was he without precise aim in his ambition. That his ambition had strong pinions and would soar high was the only thing clear, and Döllinger inclined to think that his pupil had the cravings if not the genius of a great commander. The Prince loved to put on the bright blue uniform of the Bavarian Army, to talk of "grand legions, fields of glittering bayonets, fluttering banners, and charging squadrons." Military marches in which there was much blaring of trumpets and clashing of cymbals made him thrill and start to his feet. Still he would not or could not shape into words the visions that haunted him. His ambition was like that red spot which dances before the eyes of those who have been staring at the sun.



THE ABANDONED CASTLE OF THE LATE LOUIS II. AT HOHENSCHWANGAU.

Called to the throne by the sudden death of his father at less than a day's notice, Louis II. had served no political apprenticeship whatever ; he had little experience of men, none of the world, and he was almost a stranger to his subjects. But few young sovereigns ever had so prepossessing an appearance or excited so much popular enthusiasm on their accession. Herr Edward Mantner, a well-known Austrian author, thus writes of his presentation to the young King in 1864 : "A little more than eighteen years of age, he presented a most striking appearance—he was, indeed, the most idealistic youth whom I have ever seen. His figure, tall, slight and graceful, had perfect symmetry of form ; his luxuriant hair slightly curled, together with the first light flush of beard upon his cheek, gave his head a resemblance to those magnificent works of ancient art in which we find the first manifestation of the Hellenic idea of manly strength. Even had he been a beggar he could not have failed to attract my attention ; and nobody, old or young, man or woman, rich or poor, could resist the fascination of his presence. His voice had a pleasant, sympathetic tone ; the questions which he put were clear and definite ; his subjects were judiciously chosen and full of spirit withal. His mode of expression was wise, easy, natural, and at the same time select—while his vivacious countenance intensified every new impression produced by his words. The charm which his appearance created has never been destroyed in me ; on the contrary, it has been heightened, and the picture of the youthful monarch is still impressed in indelible colors upon my mind."

Abundance of testimony similar to this leaves no donbt that there was the making of an able ruler in Louis II. Unfortunately, the Ministers in office at this time were a prosy set of men, who failed to develop in him any interest in his kingly duties. By way of teaching him to be a constitutional sovereign they instructed him carefully as to all the things which a modern sovereign must *not* do —and under this head were included all those spontaneous acts of grace and generosity which a youthful, kind, and chivalrous nature loves to perform. Louis II. granted pardons, pensions and promotions with a profusion as startling to the recipients of these favors as it was to the Ministers who had to ratify them ; but, by dint of remonstrances, politicians made him weary of well-doing. They reached their climax when the King allowed himself to be accosted in the street by a woman who threw herself upon her knees, and obtained his promise of pardon for her husband, who had just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for fraud. Too high-minded to let his word be broken either in the spirit or the letter, the King ordered the man's release, in spite of Ministerial protests and threats of resignation ; but at the same time he had the candor to own that he had been wrong ; and after this the Queen Mother persuaded him to leave the business of governing to his Ministers until he had grown a little older. She trusted that when he reached manhood a happy marriage might bring him under the

influence of some good and sagacious princess; an untoward fate, however, so willed it that at this juncture the young King was already falling under the baleful power of Richard Wagner.

Whatever may be thought of Wagner as a musical genius, he was not, by his character or discretion, fitted to be the mentor of a king young enough to be his son. The fanatics who see in his most cacophonious compositions the proofs of his sublimity are often also the idolatrous apologists of his egregious vanity, his puerile affectations and his disorderly private life. Wagner was living at Vienna in a style above his means, and sorely worried by creditors, when King Louis, who knew his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" before ascending the throne, summoned him to Munich to bring out his new opera, the "Phantom Ship." This was in 1864, and in that same year Wagner's "Rienzi" was performed with success at Cologne. There is not much to be said for "Rienzi," and the "Phantom Ship" is a far worse composition; but the young King—who had already studied the two

CASTLE AT NEW SCHWANSTEIN.

pamphlets in which the composer expounded his so-called principles, railing at all that is antique in art—was disposed to admire with his ears shut. He bestowed on Wagner an annual pension and a court appointment; gave him rooms in his palace, a seat at his table, and became his disciple.

Wagner used his good fortune with so little tact, spoiling his royal patron with flattery, putting extravagant projects into his head, and encouraging him to give arrogant answers to all who opposed him — that the King's family and Ministers took alarm, and public opinion grew uneasy. Wagner wanted to have a new opera-house built in Munich, for the performance of his own works chiefly, if not exclusively. The architect, Godfried Semper, prepared the plans of a grandiose theatre according to his designs; and the site which the composer chose was the eminence which closes the Maximilianstrasse, and on which the Maximilianeum was then in process of erection. The City of Munich very properly refused the site; and public feeling in the country ran high against the composer for his impudent request that the late King's foundation should be cleared away to make room for his theatre. Among the enthusiasts who noisily took Wagner's part in this dispute was Cosima, Franz Lizst's daughter, then married to Hans von Bülow. This lady was subsequently divorced, and became Wagner's second wife; but at this time she was not his wife, and stories were brought to the King which offended the young sovereign's high sense of morality. With a heavy heart Louis II. consented that Wagner should be ordered to leave Munich, and the composer's departure was officially announced on the 6th of December, 1865, by a proclamation in which the King was made to assure his people that "their love and confidence were to him of the highest importance."

This forced parting with Wagner was the first great grief of the King's life. He felt it more than he had felt the death of his father, who had never been his confidant, and before long the separation proved intolerable. Letters took the place of personal intercourse, and among the treasures stored up at Wahnfried is a voluminous correspondence filling several boxes, which the Bavarian Monarch addressed to the poet composer. On leaving Munich, Wagner went to Geneva, and here he remained throughout the year 1866, during which time the King found no means of paying him a private visit, as he much wished to do.

It was the year of the war between Prussia and Austria. Louis II. had little to do with maintaining the traditional policy of Bavaria, which kept that kingdom to the side of Austria; but his own personal sympathies were strongly on the Austrian side. He was too young to command the Bavarian armies. This duty was intrusted to Prince Luitpold (now Regent); but in six weeks the great war was over, and Prussia, victorious at Sadowa, had become the leading state in Germany, and destroyed Austria's hegemony altogether. It has been said that Louis II. felt a deep disgust at the ignominious termination of the war, and lost all pride in his army thenceforth. This is not true; but the victories which the Prussians had won by their needle-rifles certainly produced in him a woful disenchantment as regards the capabilities of personal bravery in modern warfare. He often spoke bitterly of the time when some nation would invent a steam or electrical cannon that would mow down so many regiments per minute; and when Russia proposed the assembling of an international convention at Geneva to prevent the use of the explosive bullets invented by the Frenchman Pertuiset, he said: "*Cui bono?* If battles are to be fought with machines, let us all do our worst against each other, till we get sick of carnage and come back to the time when nations will settle their differences by choosing each their champions, who will fight hand to hand."

It may be added that Louis II. had a general abhorrence of firearms, even for sporting purposes. Receiving a splendid bear's skin as a present from the Czarevitch (now Czar), he inquired how the animal had been killed, and learning it had been slain with a cutlass, he returned to the donor a beautiful hunting-dirk with a golden hilt, and a damaskened blade bearing an inscription to the effect that the weapon was worthy to be worn by a sportsman who would despise all other arms.

In the year after Sadowa, it was announced that Louis II. had been betrothed to the Princess Sophia of Bavaria, younger sister of the Empress of Austria. A few months later the match was broken off, and the princess has since become Duchess d'Alençon. Marriages between cousins being most unsafe in families where there is any predisposition to mental derangement, this particular alliance was not the best that could have been suggested; but it is impossible to acquit Richard Wagner of having prevented the young King from entering into some engagement that would have been more suitable. The supreme egotist who knew how to cloak his worldly designs under pretense of an all-absorbing passion for Art, had doubtless no wish that a wife should interpose her influence between himself and his crowned patron; and he never seems to have exerted his influence to provide for the King domestic happiness. He might have done so easily enough, for Louis in his infatuation accepted his words as those of an oracle. Leaving Geneva, Wagner had gone to Lucerne, and from the beginning of 1867, the King took to visiting him constantly. Riding on horseback and attended only by a groom, Louis II. would dash over the Swiss frontier in the night, dismount at the composer's door, and sometimes stay a whole week with him. Remembering that Wagner was at this time more than fifty-five years old, and a pretty shrewd man of business where his own interests were concerned, it cannot be supposed that he was unaware of the mischief he was doing to the King, by encouraging these clandestine visits which withdrew the young sovereign more and more from state affairs. Nor can it be imagined that he acted without a set and selfish purpose in monopolizing for æsthetic disquisitions time, thought and talents, some portion of which, at least, were due to serious matters. One cannot repel the suspicion that the elderly Wagner must have laughed yawning in his sleeve, after those long interviews in which his adroit flatteries were answered by ardent, boyish vows of music-culture and celibacy—the purity of the single life being one of the maxims which the composer most fervently preached without practicing. Wagner could afford to laugh, for the King gave him more than words—decorations, diamonds, money without stint, and whole-hearted worship.

Yet Louis was not insensible to feminine charms. In his twenty-second year he became deeply attached, it is said, to a perfectly beautiful peasant girl, the daughter of a small innkeeper in the Bavarian Alps. The King met her and fell in love with her in one of his adventurous excursions amid the wild beauties of the Bavarian Highlands. Her name was Rose, and she became known as the "Rose of Lindenhof." For a time it seems that she was unaware of her royal lover's rank; when she learned the truth, vanity turned her head, her ambition flew too high, and she was dismissed with a handsome dower.

The King next formed a platonic *liais.n* with a lovely opera singer, on whom he bestowed a profusion of jewels; but what he liked in her was her voice, and when she began to abuse the power which she believed herself to possess in order to inveigle the King into a morganatic marriage, the connection came to an end. She was deeply grieved at this, and exhaled her sorrow in a short poem which contained lines that may be thus translated:

"Slender as a young fir, Boy with the sparkling eyes and virginal face—You look as if a woman could lead you with a silken thread—But strong as an oak and cold as the king of forests in Winter—No chains of steel or bands of iron would hold you."

Meanwhile the King's relatives had not given up hopes of seeing him marry, and several match-making princesses endeavored to put their attractive daughters in his way. One who succeeded in such a scheme by intruding upon the King's privacy whilst he was walking in a garden, had occasion to regret her temerity, for the King flew into a violent rage, and the same day informed his mother that he intended never to marry. After this an estrangement arose between Queen Marie and her son. It came on gradually, and was chiefly caused by the Queen's attempts to win away the King from Wagner's society.

Wagner returned to Munich in 1868. The public feeling against him had subsided, for his clandestine relations with the King during his exile were a matter of secrecy. He was summoned to superintend the rehearsals of his "Meistersinger," the first performance of which took place on the 21st November, 1868. Wagnerians from all parts of Germany had come to Munich for this performance, and at the end of the first act loud calls were raised for the composer. To the general surprise, he appeared in the royal box standing by the King's side, and remained there for the rest of the evening, bowing his acknowledgments by the King's desire whenever his name was acclaimed. Courtiers shivered at this breach in royal etiquette; but from this time it became evident that there was no severing the unlucky and unseemly bond between the King and the composer, and the bond grew; in fact, stronger than ever.

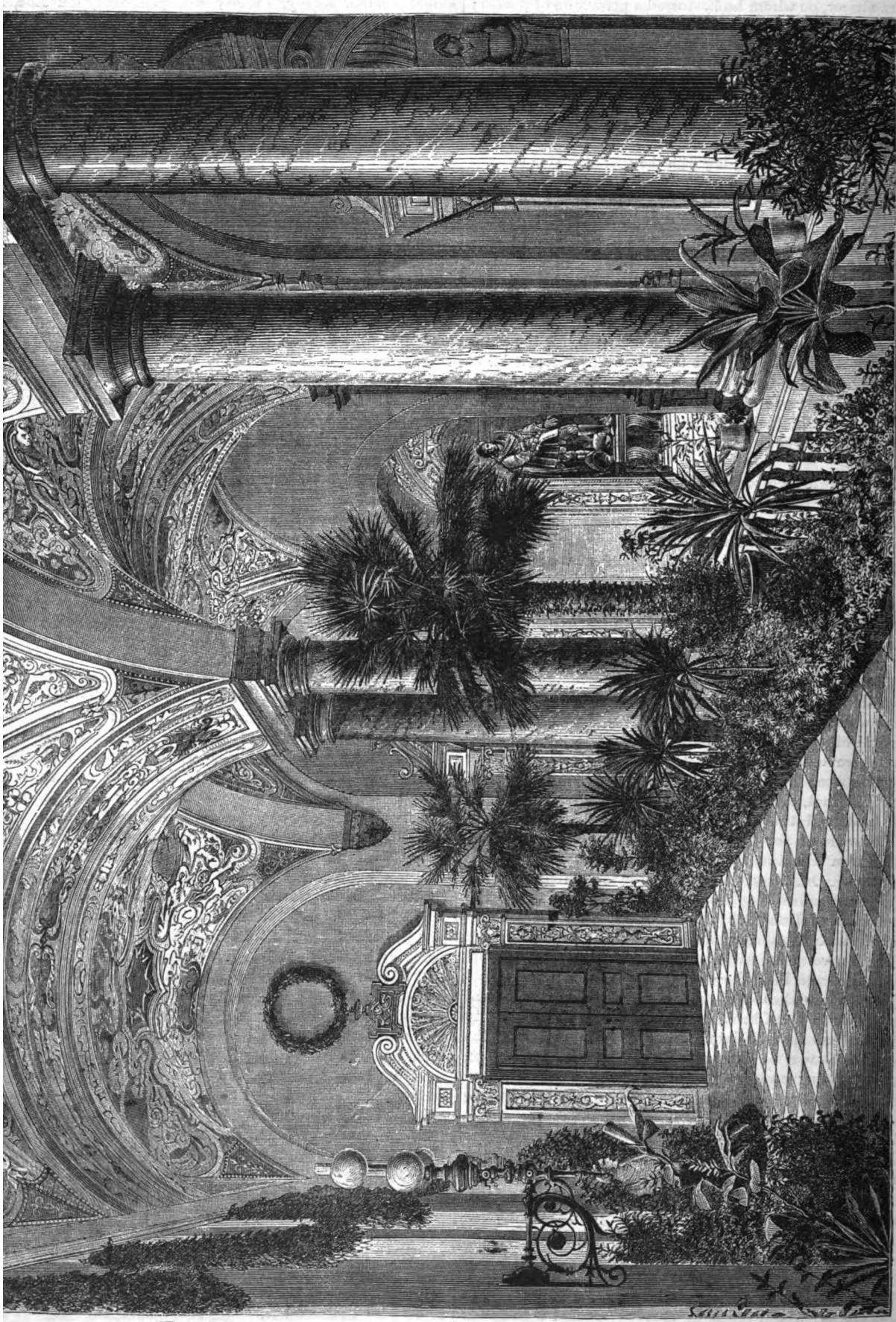
It mattered the less so far as Louis II.'s popularity was concerned, for he was soon to give proof of a spirit which won him the approval of all the Liberals in the kingdom. On the summoning of the Œcumenical Council he energetically supported Dr. Döllinger in resisting the dogma of Infallibility; and in 1870, on the declaration of war by France against Prussia, he promptly took the initiative of promising to King William the support of Bavaria. In both these cases Louis II. acted in opposition to the wishes of the Ultramontane party, who had a majority in the Chambers; but he had a large party with him, as he had later, when he proposed that the Imperial Crown of Germany should be conferred upon King William; and again in 1871, when he not only permitted, but patronized, the assembling of the Old Catholic Congress in Munich.

This was the happiest period of Louis II.'s reign. He had endeared himself to the Bavarian people, and to the whole German Vaterland. His subjects, reassured as to his capacity for asserting himself on great occasions, placed a full confidence in him, and politicians understood thenceforth that his personal authority must be reckoned with. As a consequence, the murmurs against his manner of living died out. Court festivities were given by Prince Luitpold and other members of the royal family, whom the King amply supplied with funds for this purpose, so that there should be no grumbling about dull times among Munich tradesmen; and occasional acts of mercy, charity and generosity on Louis II.'s part were enough to remind the people that their monarch still lived, thought and felt for them in their troubles, although he was not often seen in their midst. From this time, indeed, the King began to travel a great deal. While at Versailles, during the siege of Paris, he had been profoundly impressed by Louis XIV.'s palace; and he made several secret excursions into France to behold this wonder again; not to mention the semi-public visit which he paid to Versailles in 1875, when the fountains were set playing in his honor. He also made several flying trips to Italy, Austria and Hungary, always with a view to visiting the most renowned palaces and castles; and it was in the course of these excursions that he matured his plans for building—not a multitude of castles and villas, as public gossip had erroneously alleged—but one single palace of surpassing splendor, which should survive as a perpetual monument of his reign.

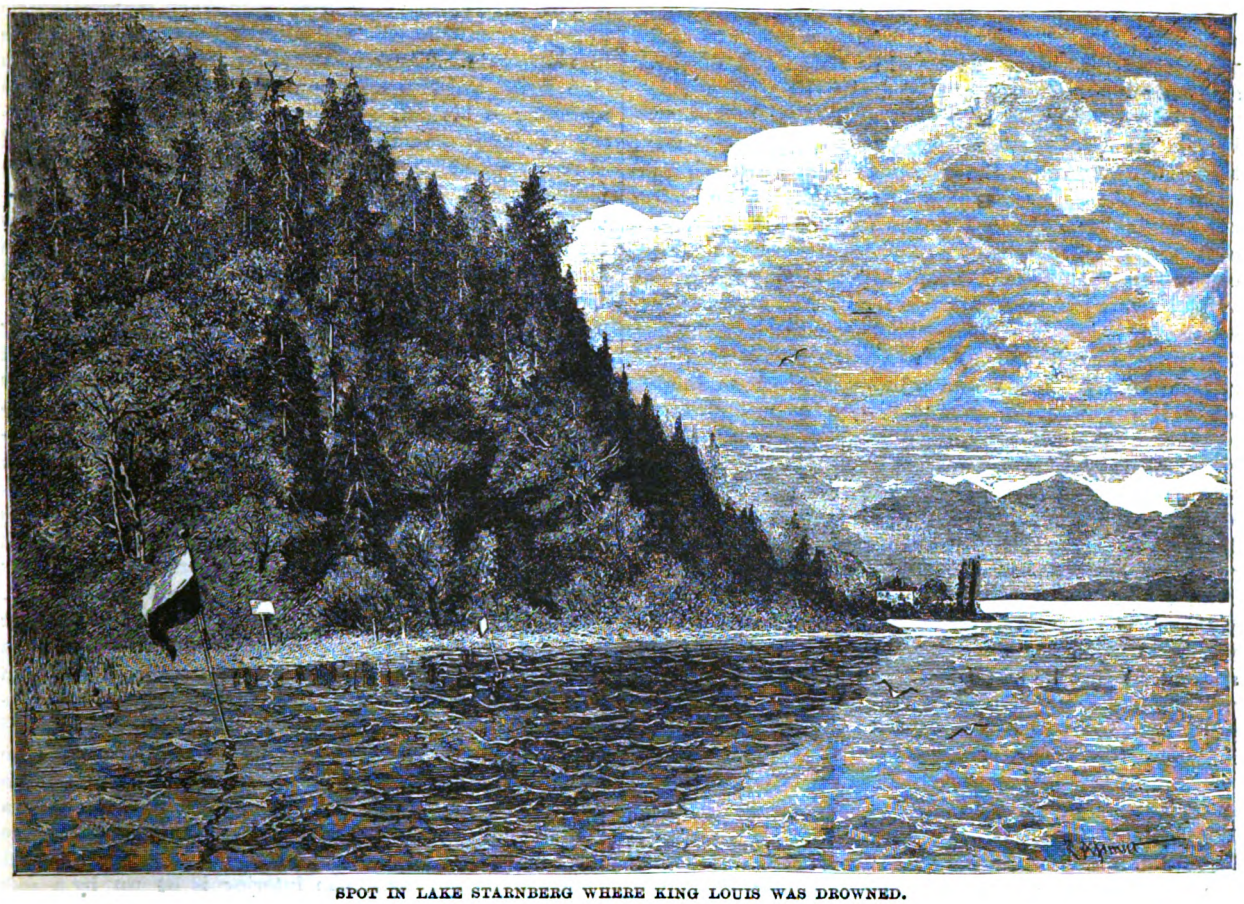
The King's mania for building has been considerably exaggerated. The palaces of Lindenhof, Hohenschwangau and Berg, which he most often inhabited, were not built by him; but enlarged and refurnished with admirable good taste. The money spent on these dwellings has not been wasted, for all of them will remain available as princely residences. On the other hand, the building of the castle on Lake Chiemsee was a royal folly, just like the building of the Pyramids, and the creation of St. Petersburg in the midst of a swamp. If the Pyramids had been left half finished, if the creation of St. Petersburg had been abandoned because of floods and sinking foundations, people would have wagged their heads at the ruins as they will at those of the Chiemsee Palace, the which, if completed, would have been admired and boasted of to all time. It must be remembered, however, that the debts which the King contracted for this enterprise did not exceed $2,000,000—a sum which a few years of economy would have enabled him to pay off. Remembering what sums were lavished on Versailles, the Trianon and Marly—how taxes were wrung from a starving people to pay for these palaces, and how thousands of wretched crown serfs had to rear them by *corvées*, that is, forced, unpaid labor—Louis II.'s "folie" compared advantageously with Louis XIV.'s.

A much greater folly was the building of that huge theatre at Bayreuth for Wagner's glorification. Here, in 1876, the tiresome tetratology of the "Nibelungen Ring" was performed for the first time, before the German Emperor and a brilliant but not overjoyed audience. The cost of these performances, without reckoning the building of the theatre, exceeded $100,000, only a quarter of which was recouped by the sale of tickets. The rest of the expense was borne by the King, who by this time took it quite as a matter of course that the composer should dip continually, and with both hands, into his purse. Wagner required satin costumes to give him inspiration while he was composing—now scarlet, now gray, now peacock-blue. Nothing would serve him but that his singers and songstresses on the stage should wear real jewels, sport armor of sterling silver, and drink out of precious Renaissance goblets. Unfortunately, while the King thus ministered to his foolish fancies, Wagner's music did not improve. He never composed anything to equal the "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"; and royal patronage may be said to have been as deleterious to his genius as it was hurtful to the doting young King who bestowed it.

Most of the King's acts of prodigality were owing in



CORRIDOR IN THE SCHLOSS BERG ON LAKE STARNBERG.



SPOT IN LAKE STARNBERG WHERE KING LOUIS WAS DROWNED.

RECOVERING THE BODY OF THE KING.

some way to Wagner. Identifying himself with the character of *Lohengrin*, Louis II. loved sometimes to enact the part of that hero. Attired in a sheen suit of silver armor, and standing in a skiff drawn by a swan which moved by clockwork, he would glide over Lake Starnberg in the night while a *prima donna* sang to him from the shore. At other times he would sit on the battlements of the Castle of Berg, and watch the tenor Nachauer singing *Lohengrin's* part in the skiff. All this cost money, for tenors and *prime donne* never went away empty-handed. Nachauer ended by receiving the King's suit of silver armor, and thousands of pounds were disbursed for jewelry and works of art given to songstresses.* The private performances of Wagner's operas also cost immense sums. These always began at about midnight, when the public performances were over, and every member of the company, including the lowest callboy, got a substantial fee. It was not often that the King had private performances of any works except Wagner's; but once the company of the Vienna Hofburg being in Munich, the King ordered a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" for himself, and the eminent tragedienne Frau Volter has published an account of what took place: "The King's presence," she says, "was not revealed to us in any way. The clink of an electric bell announced that he had entered the house, but we knew not where he sat, and we played under the strangest sensations to rows of empty stalls and boxes plunged in gloom."

The private performances became more frequent, and the King's hankering for solitude increased after insanity had declared itself in his brother. He and Prince Otto had lived on the most affectionate terms. Otto lived after the usual manner of rich young princes, and seemed fitted to enjoy long and robust life. The rapid decay of his intellectual faculties, which followed the first symptoms of his mental malady, seems to have frightened the King, who from this time often fell into a brooding melancholy, and shunned intercourse with strangers. He still went through the ceremony of receiving foreign Ministers accredited to his Court, but he had to nerve himself to these interviews by drinking champagne. There is no doubt that he drank more than was good for him without ever getting tipsy. His favorite beverage was a mixture of white wine and champagne, covered with fresh violets or rose-leaves. He occasionally smoked cigarettes, but more commonly a *narghilé*, and for a while he tried opium-smoking.

If Wagner had been the King's true friend, now would have been the time for him to act with all his might against the melancholy which was taking possession of his master's mind. It is pitiful to think of the sycophantic old man superintending the construction of the huge tank which the King caused to be erected on the roof of the Palace in Munich for repetitions of that eternal "Lohengrin" performance. The King wanted the water to be blue, and a quantity of copper vitriol was thrown into it for this purpose. The vitriol, however, corroded the zinc of the tank, which one day burst and deluged the apartments below, causing immense damage.

It was soon after this affair—that is, about six years ago—that the King met with an accident, which nearly cost him his life. He had begun to turn night into day, and in one of his nocturnal gallops on a mettlesome horse, he was thrown so badly that he was never able to ride again. The effect of this was that he lost his slim figure and became corpulent. He also had to give up many of his wandering excursions on foot. At Kuffstein there is a small inn which he had been very fond of visiting, and where he had often spent two or three nights at a time, nobody daring to disturb his *incognito*. There is likewise a dairy-farm at Schacken, where he made occasional sojourns. The farmer pretended not to know who he was, and took care that nobody should accost him as King. If by chance some visitor fell in with His Majesty and spoke to him as an equal, the King would enter into conversation pleasantly enough, but if any sign of recognition were made, he would turn away in ill-humor and seek fresh quarters at once. His sociability, when he was not pestered with obsequiousness, goes far to disprove the idea that he was a misanthropist.

Obliged to forego riding, the King did not lose his nerve for rapid motion. On Summer nights he took long and furiously fast drives in a barouche drawn by four horses, and on Winter nights in a four-horse sledge. The correspondent of a Viennese paper, who last Winter met the King in one of these night-drives, wrote of it thus: "Hundreds of laborers are employed daily in keeping in order all the roads in the surrounding district, removing undue accumulations of snow or obstacles of any kind. The sudden appearance of the royal sledge at night in some unexpected quarter seems like a scene out of a fairy tale. As it approaches it looks like a golden swan with wings displayed; within, one may see the pale-faced King reclining on the richly embroidered blue velvet cushions. The interior is lit up by a soft but brilliant electric light, which illuminates everything around to a considerable distance. It flashes by the wondering spectator, who has scarcely time to notice the agraffe of brilliants which adorns the artist's hat of the King, or the uniform of the young aide-de-camp who sits by his side."

The death of Richard Wagner, in 1883, threw the King into paroxysms of grief which lasted for weeks; but without unsettling his reason, as some have pretended. On the contrary, during the twelvemonth that followed his bereavement, Louis II. isolated himself less than before. He gave more frequent audience to his Ministers, and applied some attention to state affairs. He is said to have discussed very seriously the advisability of extending to Bavaria the anti-socialist legislation which Prince Bismarck was inaugurating in Prussia. His own inclinations were adverse to repressive laws, but he entertained great admiration for Prince Bismarck as the restorer of German hegemony on the Continent, and ended by formulating an opinion in writing that Bavaria had better act as the Chancellor desired.* After this, however, Louis gradually relapsed into his old ways, and, as though to banish haunting thoughts, gave himself up more and more to his fantastic drives and to his colossal scheme of palace-building. He would no longer hear music in his own palaces, for it reminded him too painfully of the friend he had lost. All the pianos on

* A disagreeable adventure happened to one of these ladies who was singing to the King in a boat. Seeing His Majesty much moved by her lay, she ventured to pass her hand through his hair. Indignant at this familiarity, which destroyed his illusion, the King gave her a shove which threw her into the lake, and Wagner had to fish her out of the water with a boat-hook.

* Louis II. had conceived a great antipathy toward the Crown Prince of Germany who, as Inspector-general of the Armies in Germany, visited Bavaria every year. The King would never receive him on these occasions, though he ordered that every hospitality should be shown him, and placed palaces at his disposal. Jealousy has been assigned as the motive of this aversion, but it is more probable that the Crown Prince having expressed some blunt opinion about Louis's mode of life, a whisperer had carried the matter to the sensitive King, and given him mortal offense.

which Wagner had played in his hearing were locked up and covered with crape.

As it has been already said, Louis II. was, during the last years of his life, manifestly unfit to reign, but whether he became actually insane is another question. If he could have been simply deposed, as the eccentric Duke of Brunswick was in 1830, and sent to live out of the country where and how he pleased, he would probably by this time have betaken himself to China or India—countries which he longed to visit, and where he sometimes said he should like to set up new kingdoms under laws of his own. This yearning after fresh realms, and dusky, uncivilized subjects, appears to have struck the Bavarian mad doctors as a very insane ambition, for they have gravely cited it as a proof of the King's dementia. With such gentlemen the hero of Locksley Hall would not have escaped uncertified. Other proofs adduced of the King's insanity have been his irritable use of a riding-whip upon a servant who had displeased him (just as if the Great Frederick and his sire had never laid their canes on German shoulders); his having caused the death of a man by ordering him to try experiments with a flying-machine (here, perhaps, the Icarus was madder than his master); and finally, of course, that gold-absorbing palace on Lake Chiemsee—a monstrosity to doctors who cannot admit that a king of these times should have the same tastes as a Kubla Khan.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

The fact remains that when it was found inexpedient to depose the King, and impossible to let him continue reigning, doctors were made to enter his service under the disguise of footmen and private soldiers, and so watched him for six weeks. It does not generally take so long to discover whether a man is mad. However, the certificate was signed, and Louis II. had no time to escape when, at the eleventh hour, some faithful servants warned him that his person was about to be seized.

His liberty once taken from him, the King's imagination must have quickly revealed all the horror of the years that awaited him. That he should have preferred death to this fate may have been a proof of madness, but it is not a self-evident proof. Nor is it altogether proven that the King did with premeditation destroy himself. It has been suggested that he may have intended to escape into the Tyrol by crossing Lake Starnberg in an open boat, for there was a boat moored a few yards from the spot where the King's body and that of Dr. Gudden were found in shallow water. It may be, therefore, that the fierce struggle between the King and the doctor on the water's edge, in the water and under water, was a struggle for liberty, and that the death of both was accidental.

Dr. G., of Edinburgh, was distinguished alike for his gallantry and good-humor. One evening, at a ball in the city, a certain lady of mature age had the misfortune to receive some slight mishap to the profuse drapery on her train. "Ah, doctor," she exclaimed, in referring to the incident afterward, "it was extremely vexing to lose part of my train; I am afraid I appeared very awkward." "Madam," he responded, "by no means—though you did lose a portion of the train, believe me you still retain your own elegant carriage."

AN IDYL.

By Clifford Kitchin.

She hangs above the swift mill-race—
Her girlish tresses backward thrown,
Lips sweet as roses meadow-grown,
Blue eyes that light with Saxon grace—
And ponders on the frothing moan
Tossed by the river in its chase.

Vain bubbles! Leaping to the sky
And whirling in your flashing whirl,
And striving ever higher each pearl,
That fleecy urge your breath and sigh
And wreathe in alway idle curl,
And reach her only when you die.

And, loitering throstle, foolish peal
Of plaintive voices questioning,
Be sure it were a wicked thing
For thee to dare her kisses steal;
An empty song, and wantoning
For lips that poorer hearts might heal.

And chanting softly till they call
Back schoolday dreams of hours from old,
About her head the breezes fold;
Or gay laburnum-blossoms fall
To print their faces to the mold
And ease their spirit of her thrall.

Cease, envy, cease my heart to fray!
Nor breeze nor blossom can remain:
Go, zephyr, join thy tardy train,
And wither, golden flower, away!
And we, too, for our deeper pain
May win no freedom if we stay.

AN AMERICAN LADY ARTIST'S ADVENTURE AT PERA.

By Oscanyan.

In 1881, the all-absorbing topic of the day, as gathered from private letters and public local journals, among a large class of the inhabitants of Stamboul, and that, too, by no means the least influential, was the sad condition of the famine-stricken people of Armenia.

The most heart-rending accounts reached the metropolis daily, but were kept from the public. The national—that is, the Armenian—newspapers of the city, dared not publish all they heard and learned, for fear of offending the authorities, and the Turkish or Mussulman papers did not care to give any publicity to events occurring in the country that tended to bring discredit to the Government in the sight of civilization. Indeed, they chuckled inwardly, aware, as they were, that any event that tended to diminish, or even destroy, the Christian element in the country, subserved the policy of the Government, which it was studiously seeking to attain. Hence all appeals of the Armenians through their official representative, the Patriarch, were regularly bagged, or pigeon-holed, with a consolatory promise of accustomed diplomacy, *Backaruz*, "We'll look into it."

As to the various other journals published there in different foreign languages, which enjoyed a degree of immunity on account of their limited circulation and incomprehensible jargon to the mass, even they were obliged to exercise prudence and act cautiously, for fear of suspension or total suppression. Under the circumstances, the people of every class, creed and nationality had united and formed committees to devise ways and means for the relief of the suffering Armenians. Accordingly, balls, musical entertainments, theatrical benefits, raffles

and exhibitions of many different kinds were the order of the day.

Among these, the exhibition of oil-paintings displayed at the rooms of Messrs. Abdullah Brothers, the well-known photographers in Pera, was remarkable because of its intrinsic merit, and of the accidental romantic incident connected therewith.

The collection on exhibition contained two paintings from Ayvazovsky, the renowned Armenian artist of St. Petersburg, whose productions always and everywhere engage the attention of lovers of fine Art. Artistically speaking, they were of a very high order of merit—rich and tender in color, admirably drawn, and painted with a firm and yet delicate brush.

The one representing a marine subject, in which specialty Ayvazovsky is particularly successful, was a specimen of his happiest efforts. A sun setting over a stormy sea; grand rocky headlands rise abruptly from the shore on the left hand; a vessel driven into a narrow cleft, soon to become a wreck, the water pouring from the deck; a dead body thrown upon a boulder, and a half-drowned man creeping from the fringes of the surf, are most artistically combined, and effectively show the violence and fury of the gale. The spirited drawing of the small figures is most remarkable.

THE TRAGIC CLOSE OF A STRANGE REIGN.—THE ROYAL CATAFALQUE.—SEE PAGE 385.

But the principal merit of the picture lies in the exquisite coloring and glow of the sunlight, which radiates from the centre of the canvas with a pure intensity almost equal in effect to the celebrated sunset of Rubens in the gallery of the Louvre. It touches the purple and violet headlands with a dreamy flash of exquisite beauty, and streams across the wind-tossed waters, bathing in a golden haze a ship which is rounding the furthermost point of land.

The action of the wind upon the waves is exquisitely rendered—a task attempted, but seldom accomplished—perfectly representing the poetry of motion. You seem to see the flattening of their foamy crests as the gale sweeps across the stream of quivering light, and the troubled flight of the seabirds helps the illusion.

The other painting, the smaller of the two, was of the mediæval school, representing, "Our Saviour Walking on the Waters."

In the near foreground the prow of a rude boat comes out of the right-hand corner of the picture. It is crowded with the Disciples, who are eagerly leaning forward, gazing with wonder at the figure of the Saviour advancing over the waves and slightly bending toward St. Peter, who has his hands thrown out as if in the act of sinking.

The principal figure, painted with a delicacy of finish, appears as a spirit, from whom the whole light of the picture radiates and streams across the sea. One brilliant star, high up in the clear darkness of the sky above the head of Christ, carries the line of light completely through; but this is balanced by the heavy, sombre mass of the boat and fishermen, and by the idle oar floating negligently in a slanting line across.

Apart from these two contributions of Ayvazovsky, which the people flocked to see and admire, there was also a sketch of "Seraglio Point," by a Miss Lowry, of New York. Although a mere *ébauche*, yet it proved to be an object of interest to the visitors, owing to the romantic incident connected therewith. We will elucidate the circumstance for the delectation of those who enjoy comedy and for the special benefit of playwrights, who are ever on the lookout for a subject for a farce or an *opéra bouffe*.

Whether incited by a spirit of emulation—for it is said that Miss Lowry, though an amateur artist, is gifted with considerable talent—or whether prompted by that female instinct, a feeling of sympathy for a sufferer, Miss Lowry had determined to add also her mite to the collection, and with that view she had, on a fine day, and in company with a gentleman to the manner born, repaired to Scutari to sketch.

At a particular point already in her predilection and commanding a full view of the city, the tripod-cane was loosened and adjusted, and Miss Lowry was seated thereon. The portfolio was produced, her head shaded with an umbrella by her gallant attendant, the services of the pencil were soon availed of, and the rubber duly called into requisition.

The work was fairly under way, when, to the surprise of the fair artist, a motley crowd of women and children had gathered around her, assailing her Anglo-Saxon ears with unintelligible jargon, which ran somewhat in the following style:

"Look at it, Ayshé Hannum, how cleverly she has transferred the Mosque of St. Sophia on to that paper!"

"Oh, look, mother—look here! How the dogs are fighting! How can she see them so far off?"

These observations had, of course, reference to a whim of the fair artist who, to delight her juvenile admirer, had supplemented the sketch with the adjuncts prevalent in the streets of Constantinople.

"*Evet jannum*" (Yes, my darling), "I see them. She ought to be ashamed of herself to set the poor animals by the ears."

"But how can she see them so far off?"

"Look at her eyes, my son. How dark and piercing! They are capable of penetrating the very walls of the mosque itself!"

These interesting *têtes-à-tête* were, however, interrupted

"THE OFFICER, ACCOSTING THE ARTIST, INQUIRED IF SHE POSSESSED THE NECESSARY PERMIT."

This was addressed by a youthful damsel, evidently yet in her teens, but holding an infant in her arms, to a matronly lady by her side, who promptly replied:

"*Evet, kizzum!*" (Yes, my daughter), and, scanning the features of the artist, added, with a significant shake of the head, expressive of admiration, "*Keor olossujah!*" (literally, damn her eyes! but idiomatically used as an endearing term to signify "Dear me!" or, "Upon my word!" or, "Yes, indeed!")

"These Giaour girls are a wonder! How is it our girls can't do those things?"

"They are *chock sheytan!*" (the very devil is in them) was the consolatory rejoinder.

During these marginal notes, a lad, deeply interested in the progress of the work, put in an exclamation:

by an individual who had elbowed himself through the crowd and gained the centre of attraction.

He proved to be no less a personage than a police-officer, and desired to know the cause of the gathering.

When informed that a "Giaour woman" was sketching, the officer, accosting the artist, inquired if she possessed the requisite *teskéré*, or permit.

"Permit!" exclaimed, of course, Miss Lowry, in utter amazement. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"True!" was the stoic rejoinder; "but I cannot let you proceed, unless you can procure a *teskéré*."

Nettled at the interference of the officer, Miss Lowry retorted in a curt reply, "Very well," and began to pack up, determined to get rid of the fellow.

As she was about to walk off, the officer remarked:

"Now you will please to accompany me to headquarters."

"Headquarters!" ejaculated the astonished lady. "What for?"

"Because I will have to report you, and I should want your corroborative testimony."

Seeing that there was no way of getting clear of this officious fellow, and considering the proposition as an amusing incident, Miss Lowry consented to accompany him to headquarters.

She was ushered into the presence of a young officer in Turkish military uniform, who, having heard the report of the police-agent, showed signs of perplexity, and sank into a deep reverie, nervously twirling his mustachios all the while, as if trying to solve an intricate problem. At last, as if waking from a dream, he turned his head toward the perplexed lady before him, and with a contented smile, indicative of a happy thought, said:

"Mademoiselle, I shall have to send you to the *Medjless* (the Grand Council). They may act as they please in the premises."

The comical feature of the circumstances having assumed a serious character, Miss Lowry, half alarmed, pleaded, with unconscious irony, that she was not aware that she had committed a state offense, and begged to be released.

"All right, my lady," observed the ostentatious functionary, "I believe you; but I will not assume the responsibility to discharge you;" and, with an air of supercilious authority, added: "Officer, take the lady to the *Medjliss!*" Tableau! Curtain!

The second act of this melodrama opens with the apartment of that august conclave yclept the *Medjliss*, discovering a number of individuals seated around a long centre-table, the person at the one end acting as president, and Miss Lowry, with her companion in distress, acting as interpreter, at the other. The president, having heard the case as reported by the officer, turned his head to one of the functionaries and said:

"Now, Ahmed Effendi, please note down whatever this lady deposes in her own behalf."

The functionary thus addressed, being the regular secretary of the council, took up a reed which is used for Turkish writing, examined its point, and placing a slip of paper, highly glossed, upon the palm of his left hand, which serves for a desk, glanced at his superior, intimating that he was ready.

The president, with an air of self-importance almost equaling that of the "middle man" in a negro-minstrel company, addressed Miss Lowry:

"Now, mademoiselle, please state your nationality."

"American," was the prompt reply, accompanied with a proud toss of the head.

"Very well, mademoiselle. What brings you here to Constantinople?'

"A simple desire to see the famous city, sir."

"But you are reported, mademoiselle, to be engaged in sketching the city, and here is the proof." So saying, he took up the sketch furnished him by the police-officer, and after minutely scrutinizing it, exclaimed, with deep admiration: "It is wonderfully exact and admirably executed. Look at it, Hassan Effendi," and handed it to the person addressed, who, in turn, after close inspection, passed it on to his next neighbor, until it went the round, every one exclaiming, "*Mash Allah!*" (Praise be to God!) "*Adjayib!*" (Wonderful!) "Now, do tell us, mademoiselle, what is the object of this minute sketch?"

"Since your Excellency is pleased to evince a degree of curiosity in the matter," put in Miss Lowry, with a sweet smile, "I take pleasure in stating that there is now a collection of works of art on exhibition in Pera, for the benefit of the famine-stricken people of Armenia. Wishing to contribute my mite toward it, I undertook to sketch the city from a favorite spot, which I thought would show it off to advantage."

"Pray, mademoiselle, do you come all the way from America to help these Armenians?"

"No, sir. I happened to be here, and, hearing daily of the distressed condition of that unfortunate country, it was natural to feel sympathy for suffering humanity. We Americans are a sympathetic people."

"Do you hear that, Hassan Effendi?" exclaimed the president, addressing one of the members of the council. "It was not enough for us to be perplexed and tormented with Bulgarian, Serbian, Montenegrin and Greek questions, but we are to be vexed and troubled with these American Giaours. Really, there seems to be no end of foreign interference in behalf of our subjects under some pretext or other;" and, turning around to Miss Lowry—"Mademoiselle, circumstances induce me to send you to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to have this matter thoroughly investigated; but seeing that it is late in the day (for by the time you will reach the Porte there will be no one there, and the officers who have you in charge will be compelled to place you in custody of the *Imam* (the parish priest) for the night—I know you would not like that)—and since you say you live at the same hotel where the American Minister resides, I will let you off on your own recognizance, and send the report of the incident to His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who will look into it, and send for you if necessary, or explain the affair to your Minister."

Whilst the president was thus delivering himself with becoming dignity, the fugitive observations and commentaries put in as marginal notes by some of the other members of the council were not only edifying but quite characteristic.

"Look at her, Aali Bey; so young and pretty, too!" whispered one to his neighbor.

"Yes, by Allah! quite charming! I wonder if she would marry me if I proposed to her?"

"I would advise you, Bey Effendi, not to dream of it. These Giaour girls are queer creatures. They are not as docile as ours—indeed, they are quite strong-minded. When Hassan Effendi returned from America, he brought an American wife with him; but, to his utter dismay, he found that she had, soon after their arrival, deserted him, because she discovered that there were two other wives in the house."

"How preposterous!" was the unsophisticated ejaculation which escaped the lips of the exquisite Bey Effendi.

But to return to our heroine.

Miss Lowry could not but be at first quite amused, regarding the whole affair as altogether Pickwickian; but when the possibility of being confined in the parish priest's house for the night was set before her, she became terrified.

Accordingly, the prospect held forth by the president of immediate release was soothing in the extreme, and she acknowledged her gratitude with a graceful bow, and asked for her portfolio.

"Portfolio!" exclaimed the president. "Oh, no, mademoiselle! We'll have to send that along with our report to the Porte, whence, after due and careful investigation of the affair, it will be remitted to you officially through the American Minister."

Seeing there was no help for her, and glad to get clear of these most officious functionaries, Miss Lowry left her portfolio behind—and would in all probability and under the circumstances, have left, too, the splendid Cashmere shawl which adorned her graceful shoulders if that were the price of her ransom—and walked off.

Sure enough, in a few days, the portfolio reached her through General Longstreet, the actual United States Minister at Constantinople, who, one evening after dinner was over, accosted her with his wonted urbanity and with a quizzical smile:

"Here, Miss Lowry, I have the pleasure of returning. to you an article which was taken away from you, and which I am confident you will be pleased to recover."

The whole affair having by this time been bruited abroad, and Pera society highly amused at the comical incident, Miss Lowry became at once a heroine, and her sketch an object of curiosity.

Hence the milk in the cocoanut!

Who will say that the Turks are wanting in patriotism or devoid of vigilance over the interests of their country? *Vive la Turque!*

HOW NEWPORT, R. I., LOST ITS OLD GREATNESS.

Besides the current versions of the incidents of the British occupation of Newport and the conduct of the German soldiers during their stay, given in Bancroft's and Arnold's and other histories, there are some unprinted papers that throw light from the other side. The manuscript journal of Fleet Green, a resident, covers the period from June 7th, 1777, to October 25th, 1779, and gives a very vivid description of the discomfort of living in a town occupied by a foreign garrison and in a state of siege. The Germans, of course, were obliged to enforce strict martial law; arrests were frequent; many of the inhabitants were sent, and more allowed to go, to the mainland, and the houses and other property of these absentees were used by the soldiers. All the churches except Trinity, the State House, the Redwood Library and many public and private buildings, were used for hospitals and other military purposes. Great destruction was done in the siege and in both defense and attack. The markets were put under martial law; the citizens were obliged to work on the fortifications and were punished for refusing to work on Sundays; houses were plundered under pretense of inspection, and appeals to the military authorities were scarcely entertained. The people as well as the soldiers suffered from the severe Winter and the small supplies of food and fuel—bread was made out of oatmeal and rye ground, houses and wharves torn down to supply firewood, and every rumor of success or defeat from afar received alternately with dismay by the Loyalists and joy by the Patriots. At last, in October, 1779, the town was evacuated, and when at last an account was taken of the losses sustained, it was shown that poor Newport had lost a large trade, —which gave it its importance—and many of its foremost merchants, as well as a great sum in the destruction of property. This could be replaced, and the State of Rhode Island and many other States, notably South Carolina, helped it in its hour of need. The arrival of the French fleet and army brought back a temporary show of prosperity; but when peace came at last Newport found itself stripped of all its old greatness, and naturally attributed much of its loss largely to the German soldiers, part of its garrison during the weary years of the British occupation, the siege and the war.

BEES.

We find frequent mention of the bee as far back in the world's history as any written record can carry us. In the book of Judges we read how Samson found a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of a lion, which he had slain some days before; we may suppose that birds and beasts of prey had feasted on the flesh, and that the bees had used the skeleton as a hive. If this was so in the land which was said to flow with milk and honey, it may help to explain the general opinion of the ancients that bees were produced from the dead bodies of cattle; a fable of which Virgil gives us a poetic version in his fourth Georgic, from which we gather the belief then prevalent, that after nine days the bodies of bulls or heifers that have been duly slain

"Are all filled
With buzzing bees, which through their broken sides
Rise up and form a spacious floating cloud."

It is safe to say that this little insect has been regarded from very early times as worthy of especial notice. Pliny tells us that Aristomachus was so excessively attached to bees that he spent fifty-eight years of his life in the study of their habits. Among ancient Egyptians bees were held in such high esteem that they were used as an emblem of the power of kings; their honey symbolized the rewards of merit, while their stings indicated the punishment in store for evil deeds. Butler, in "Hudibras," refers to this:

"As the Egyptians used by bees
To express their ancient Ptolemies."

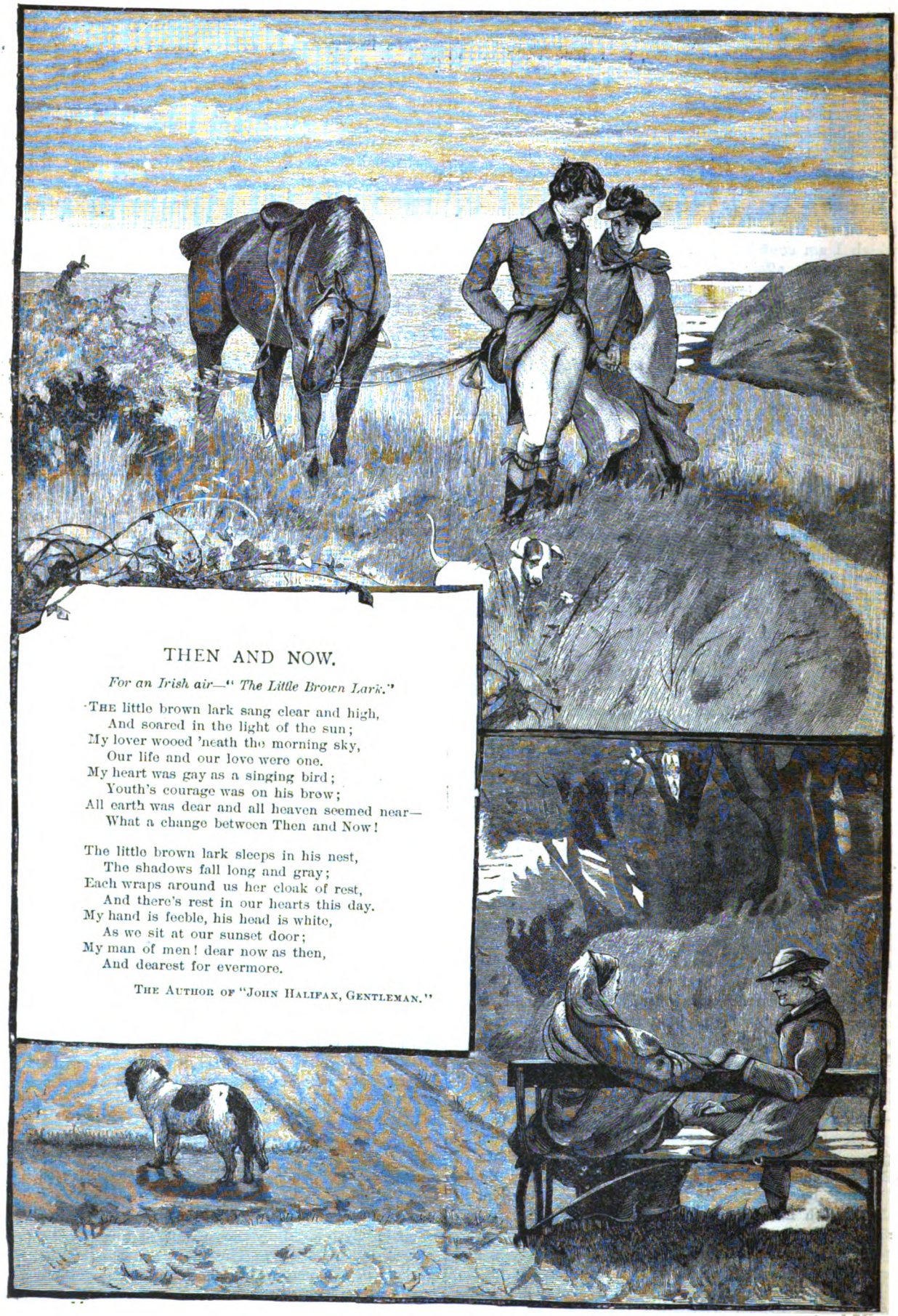
POETRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The following clever verse, though not exactly answering the purpose of the puzzle for which it was devised, we give as an example of the wide range of language which can be commanded even under an extreme restriction. It will be observed that it contains but one vowel throughout:

"Eve, Eden's Empress, needs defended be
The serpent greets her when she seeks the tree;
Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep;
Gentle he seems—perverted schemer deep,
Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh, prefers,
Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
Sneers when she weeps—regrets, repents she fell,
Then, deep revenged, reseeks the nether hell."

A NEW "NOM DE PLUME."

A French author, finding his reputation impeded by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in workman's attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier's shop, in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement; the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon purchased by everybody. The harmless deceit filled the pockets of the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing incessant praises of an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing.



THEN AND NOW.

For an Irish air—"The Little Brown Lark."

THE little brown lark sang clear and high,
And soared in the light of the sun;
My lover wooed 'neath the morning sky,
Our life and our love were one.
My heart was gay as a singing bird;
Youth's courage was on his brow;
All earth was dear and all heaven seemed near—
What a change between Then and Now!

The little brown lark sleeps in his nest,
The shadows fall long and gray;
Each wraps around us her cloak of rest,
And there's rest in our hearts this day.
My hand is feeble, his head is white,
As we sit at our sunset door;
My man of men! dear now as then,
And dearest for evermore.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

A YACHTING ADVENTURE.—"HE STEPPED DELIBERATELY INTO THE WATER, AND WADED TOWARD HER. 'CAN I BE OF ANY USE, MISS ALLANDALE?'"

A YACHTING ADVENTURE.

By Margaret Malvern.

Two pretty girls were seated upon one of the lower steps of the staircase in the Hall—or Fish Pond, as it is facetiously called—at Rodich's Hotel, Bar Harbor. One, the younger, was looking rather disconsolately about her.

"The old days are gone for ever," she sighed.

"The present ones are good enough for me," responded her companion, a tall, elegant-looking girl, dressed very much, and with a fine figure, spoiled by a waist too small by several inches.

"Oh, of course," said the first speaker, pettishly. "You like the crowd and the dressing, and all the other things that I *hate*. You have no idea how jolly it was when one wore a blue flannel gown from morning till night, and never thought of changing it, even for a dance. And now one has to be fine or look like a dowdy," and she glanced at her fresh but simple dress. "Fancy everything having changed so in three years! I wish we had not come. I would have begged papa to let me go to the Adirondacks if I had known about *this* sort of thing!"

"Don't be silly, Vi."

"It is all very well for you," continued Vi, crossly. "You are engaged, and are satisfied to sit on the piazza under a great sunshade and read Beresford's letters, or a novel, until it is time to put on another gown and go out for a round of fashionable visits. It is a shame to desecrate this dear old island by having afternoon teas and dinner parties, Evelyn"—suddenly changing the subject. "Just look at this object coming in the door, is he not too absurd?"

"Hush," whispered Evelyn, hastily, "that is Mr. Vesey, who owns the *Lalla Rookh*!"

"And you call him a yachtsman!" said Vi, in subbued, though contemptuous, tone. "A man dressed as if he were going to walk down Broadway, with a rose in his buttonhole and a silver knobbed cane!"

"Would you have him go about smelling of tar, and with a sailor's hat on the back of his head?" said Evelyn, impatiently. "Do have a little more sense, Vi, and give up your antiquated notions of how one should dress and act at Mount Desert."

"But it really *pains* me," Vi persisted, pathetically, "to see a yachtsman arrayed so gorgeously, when he would look far more interesting in flannels or knickerbockers, or something a little unconventional. And if he was a nice sort of fellow, how jolly it would be to go on his yacht. But that man," indicating by a backward nod of her pretty head whom she meant, "is simply hopeless!"

At this moment a tall, rather stout and very fashionable-looking woman came up to where the girls where seated. She had on a *pince-nez*, and held a card within two inches of her nose, scrutinizing it closely but with a puzzled expression.

"Evelyn, my dear," she said, "I have just had this card brought me, and I can't at all make out who it is. I am sure I never heard the name before. It must be a mistake."

"Who is it, aunt?" Evelyn asked, as she put out her hand for the card. "Mr. Winthrop Vesey," she read aloud. "We were just speaking of him. He owns the *Lalla Rookh*."

"And pray what is the *Lalla Rookh*, and what has that to do with the fact of a stranger's card having been sent to me?"

"Nothing, of course, aunt; but the *Lalla Rookh* is such a lovely yacht. How pleasant it would be if you chanced to know the owner."

"There is evidently some mistake," the elder woman repeated. "Are you sure he asked for Mrs. Allandale?" she continued, turning to the hall-boy, who had followed her.

"Yes-m; Mrs. Allandale of New York."

"Perhaps he has a letter of introduction," quickly suggested Vi.

"Then why did he not send it with his card?" demanded Mrs. Allandale.

"I am sure I don't know," said Vi, meekly. "He probably forgot it. With so much grand dressing to do no wonder he can't remember any but his own imperial highness."

"Why not see him, aunt, and let him explain if there is any mistake," said Evelyn.

"Perhaps that would be best," Mrs. Allandale acknowledged, though rather doubtfully still. "Tell the gentleman I will see him," she said to the boy. "Show him here."

"Here!" cried the two girls in one breath. "Why, aunt, you can't receive him seated on the stairs!"

"Nonsense; of course not," said Mrs. Allandale, with dignity, and she looked about her for a chair. But there was not an empty chair to be seen, and after ascertaining this fact, and realizing the impossibility of securing a seat in such a crowd, she started toward the drawing-room. "You can tell him where to find me," she said to her nieces as she left them.

"Now, is not that like aunt," exclaimed Evelyn. "Fancy our having to accost a strange man and enter into an explanation as to why he does not find Mrs. Allandale where he was told to seek her."

"I will tell him," Vi said, airily. "I am sure I don't mind speaking to him, even though he be arrayed in all the glory of Solomon."

By this time Mr. Winthrop Vesey had steered his way through the groups of people and reached the staircase.

"Are you looking for Mrs. Allandale?" Vi said, sweetly, as soon as he was near enough to hear when she spoke.

"Oh, thank you," Mr. Vesey said, looking surprised. "Yes, I am. Can you—er——"

"Tell you where to find her? Certainly. She begs you will follow her to the drawing-room."

"But how shall I recognize her there?" asked Mr. Vesey, gazing uncertainly about him.

"She has on a plum-colored cashmere dress, and wears a little Valenciennes lace cap trimmed with lilac ribbon," said Vi, innocently.

"Violet!" murmured Evelyn, reproachfully, too dignified to utter more of a rebuke at her cousin's levity before a stranger. Then rising, she continued: "As the hall-boy seems to have left you to find your way about alone, if you will come with me I will show you to my aunt."

"Thank you a thousand times," Mr. Vesey said, in a tone of relief. "I have a letter of introduction from Mrs. Allandale's son, but I unfortunately forgot to bring it with me."

"Indeed! From my cousin Beresford?" said Evelyn, as they made their way toward the drawing-room. "You saw him at Newport, I suppose?"

"Yes; I was with him a good deal. We were old classmates at Harvard, and it was a great pleasure to meet him again. I have the honor of speaking to Miss Allandale, have I not?"

"No; Miss Floyd."

"I beg your pardon," Vesey said, quickly and with some embarrassment. "I understood Miss Allandale was here with her aunt."

"My cousin Violet Allandale and I are both under our aunt's care," Evelyn explained.

By this time they had reached the drawing-room, and Mrs. Allandale met them near the door. Evelyn left them together, after a word of introduction, and presently rejoined Violet on the staircase.

"Well?" said Vi, interrogatively.

"There is nothing to tell," Evelyn answered, quietly; "except that he is a classmate of Beresford's, and brought a letter of introduction from him."

"Oh," said Violet; and then, after a moment, looking laughingly at her cousin: "Did he say when Beresford was coming?"

"He said nothing about it."

"Perhaps he has found some other attraction at Newport?"

"Very likely; it is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Oh, of course. Tell me, though, did his highness ask us aboard the *Lalla Rookh?*"

"He certainly did *not*," replied Evelyn, with emphasis.

"How mean!" said Vi. "I would have forgiven him his silver knobbed cane if he had asked us to go for a sail. As it is, I shall have to go for a row to console myself. Will you come?"

"No, thank you. Remember, Violet, aunt does not like you to go out in a boat alone."

"I can't help it," Violet exclaimed, impatiently, as she walked off. "I must find some amusement. We scarcely know a soul in this Bedlam of a hotel, and I certainly do not intend to waste this perfect day in the house. It is

high tide, so I'll row up the bay as far as the Fletchers', and stop with the girls for a game of tennis, if they are at home."

Evelyn made no further objections, and Violet sauntered down the steps and out upon the gay and busy street.

The day was indeed perfect, and the blue of the bay as vivid as if an Italian sky was reflected therein.

It was an animated scene, the sidewalks thronged with people in brilliant Summer *toilettes;* talking in groups; hurrying down to the wharves; shopping at "Bee's"; girls with sailor-hats and collars; men with Tam o'Shanters and knickerbockers; every variety of face and figure and form; every variety of vehicle, from a three-seated buckboard to a small Victoria; village carts crowded with children, laughing and shouting and urging on their safe and stolid ponies; riding-parties jostling one another as they made their way through the crowd, and picnic parties starting on a long day's pleasuring in noisy, merry mood.

Violet, paying little attention to what was going on about her, walked down the hill to Connor's Wharf. She glanced critically at the boats for hire, and, selecting one that looked trim and neat, she stepped lightly in and bade the boatman push off. She used her oars skillfully, and was soon out in open water pulling easily for the bar.

Lovely the prospect!—the green, rocky islands, the distant Goldsborough Hills! Violet looked with loving eyes, and exulted in the beauty. She kept near the shore where the reflection of trees and rocks darkened the water. The tide was with her, and it was an easy row to the Fletchers'.

They were playing tennis on the lawn, and a number of young people were seated in a rustic shelter-house waiting their turn to play. Violet fastened her boat to the little dock and joined them. She did not care particularly for the game, but she liked to be outdoors, and felt very much at home with the Fletchers, who were natural, jolly, good-natured girls.

The morning passed quickly, and it was one o'clock before she bethought herself of the possibility of her aunt's uneasiness at her long absence. She found her boat grounded on the beach, the tide going down, but as the bar was still under water there seemed no doubt but what she could get across. At any rate, she would make the attempt, as otherwise she must row around Bar Island, an undertaking she did not feel at all inclined for.

She was rowing with all her might, noticing somewhat uneasily how shallow the water was getting, when a sudden grating noise warned her that she was aground. After a few vain efforts to pull off, she gave it up and looked dismally about her. The boat was in six inches of water and she must either wade ashore or wait for the tide to recede still further. A contemplation of a pair of pretty little feet clad in black silk stockings and low shoes determined her to wait with what patience she might. The predicament, though very annoying, was not dangerous, and Violet would have found some amusement in the adventure if she had not the dread of Mrs. Allandale's alarm and displeasure before her. She looked about her to see if there was any one she could call upon for help, but there was no rowboat in sight.

A gentleman was walking leisurely along the shore, apparently in search of a short cut to the harbor. He stood for a moment and glanced in her direction, as if he thought the boat and its occupant a pretty picture in the landscape. Violet recognized the cutaway coat with a flower in the buttonhole. It was Mr. Vesey, and very out of place he looked, she thought. He started to walk on, hesitated, and then, to her dismay, stepped deliberately into the water and waded toward her, as if a matter of course.

"He looked too absurd," she confided afterward to Evelyn, "with his long, gray trousers and Derby hat. If he had only been dressed in flannels the effect would really have been picturesque."

But there he was, lifting his hat and saying, "Can I be of any use, Miss Allandale?"

Violet said, "Oh, thank you, but I don't know what there is to do but wait."

"I could carry you ashore if you would allow me."

"Oh, no," cried Violet, hastily.

He tugged at the boat a moment to see if he could move it, but it had settled down into the bed of sand and mussel shells, and refused obstinately to budge an inch.

"I have an idea," he said, suddenly, and turned back to the shore.

There, on the edge of some ragged turf, was a canoe—a rather dilapidated, cranky looking one to be sure—evidently the property of some of the Indians whose camp was near by, but still a canoe that could be paddled safely in three inches of water.

Mr. Vesey dragged it to the water's edge, and stepping in pushed it easily to where Violet sat in her boat.

"If you will get in at once, Miss Allandale, "I can paddle over the bar without any difficulty. There is plenty of water between those two rocks. I know the way very well."

"But the boat," meekly protested Violet, as she prepared to obey.

"I will send one of Connor's men for it. Give me your hand, please. Steady yourself by my shoulder."

No one knew better than Violet how to get into a canoe, and she was seated in a moment.

Mr. Vesey steered with skill, and in a comparatively few minutes Violet was landed at the wharf.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, putting out her hand. "I hope you won't take cold," and she looked anxiously at his wet feet.

All the glory of the gray trousers and polished boots had departed, and they presented a very unfashionable and disreputable appearance.

Mr. Vesey laughed, and said there was no danger of that. "I am only sorry I cannot walk to the hotel with you, Miss Allandale. I will call this evening if you will allow me."

Violet murmured, "with pleasure," as if she were accepting an invitation to waltz, and watched Mr. Vesey call a boatman and row away to his yacht with a feeling of self-reproach at the unkind things she had said of his fine clothes.

"You see he evidently did not regard them himself," she explained to Evelyn, "and waded into the water as coolly as if he had been in bathing dress."

A very friendly and pleasant acquaintance with the owner of the *Lalla Rookh* was the result of Violet's adventure, and almost every day they went with little parties for a sail on the yacht, lunching on board, and exploring all the islands and coves in Frenchman's Bay.

The Summer sped along, as Summers will at Mount Desert, days and weeks slipping by, till one suddenly finds a big wood fire is a very comfortable thing, and the mountains in their Autumn coloring beautiful to look upon, but rather chilly for picnics.

Beresford Allandale had been unable to join his mother and *fiancée* in August, as some business in New York

detained him; but he finally wrote that they could expect him early in September, and he would remain a week and accompany them on their journey home.

"Of course," said Vesey; "if we have a good sailing breeze nothing would be simpler. We have been as far as that very often."

THE MANDOLIN-PLAYER.— STATUE BY JORGEN LARSEN.

"Suppose we go to South West Harbor to meet him," suggested Vesey, on hearing the news.

"On the yacht?" Mrs. Allandale asked, rather dubiously.

"Oh, aunt, please consent," implored both of the girls.

"And if the breeze failed, and we were obliged to be out all night?" Mrs. Allandale objected.

"I could make you perfectly comfortable on board," said Vesey, "or, if you preferred, you could stop over at South West Harbor."

After a little further discussion it was so arranged, though Mrs. Allandale secretly thought it very imprudent, for sailing in Frenchman's Bay was quite another thing to the open sea. But a bright sun and fine breeze greeted them the morning they were to go, and they started in capital spirits.

The girls were both good sailors, and Mrs. Allandale could also be depended upon unless it was very rough. She rather prided herself upon her endurance, and spoke with condescending pity of women of her own age who were less fortunate.

The *Lalla Rookh* was a small schooner yacht, pretty and stanch, and was as trim and bright as the loving hands of her crew could make her. The deck was spacious enough for a limited promenade, and there were lounging-chairs, and rugs and awnings in abundance. The little cabin was a very picture of luxury and coziness, and the two good-sized staterooms were filled with all the comforts that yachtsmen so well know how to surround themselves with.

The day was unspeakably lovely, the breeze plentiful but soft — a "weather breeder," the Yankee sailing-master called it to Vesey, and looked doubtfully at the tender blue sky. But Vesey was not to be deterred from his promised pleasure, and insisted that the weather would hold good long enough for their purpose. The fact is, he had fully made up his mind to tell Violet something that he had been aware of himself for some time past, and he thought no other place or opportunity as appropriate.

Two men, Mr. Claxton and "Dandy" Dodson, as he was familiarly called, were asked to join the party. "Otherwise I never shall get a chance at Violet," Vesey thought.

Mr. Claxton was a middle-aged beau, very well satisfied to sit by Mrs. Allandale and tell her all the latest news and gossip, besides raking up many an old story with a racy little bit of scandal in it, of which he had an unlimited supply.

Dandy Dodson knew very well that he was expected to amuse Evelyn, and as he thought her "awfully stunning," and was too impecunious to have any serious views for himself, he was quite as willing to devote himself to an engaged girl as to any one else.

So Vesey leaned on the brass railing beside Violet, and they looked at the wooded and rocky shores as they glided by, and said which cottages they preferred; and thought how jolly it would be to have a sea house on "Thrumbcap"; and exclaimed at the grandeur of Great Head; and wondered which was Anemone Cave; and, in short, did and said what everybody else does under the same circumstances.

BEAUTIFUL LAKE GEORGE.— SEE PAGE 407.

It is, under favorable conditions, about a four hours' sail to South West Harbor. The Portland boat would be there at two, so the *Lalla Rookh* sailed at nine o'clock promptly in order that they might have ample time.

Vesey felt a little nervous as the morning passed, and he had not yet been able to say what was on his heart. Violet eluded him every time he began to speak with any

earnestness, and persisted in talking nonsense and turning everything into a joke. But at last he grew desperate and told her very positively that he had something he wished to say which he begged she would listen to seriously.

Violet looked a little frightened, but stood motionless with eyes cast down while he told her with somewhat faltering eloquence that he loved her.

"I am sorry," she murmured.

"Don't say that, Violet. Surely you will not refuse me? Why, I came to Mount Desert on purpose to see you. Beresford told me so much about you that I loved you before I saw you."

Violet tried to laugh at this almost boyish outburst.

"Of course that's nonsense," she said.

"It is not nonsense," Vesey persisted; "I swear it is the truth. And when I saw you there, on the staircase at Roderick's, before I knew who you were, I thought how pretty you were. And then I was awfully afraid you were Miss Floyd, and you can't tell how glad I was when I found I was wrong."

Violet could not help thinking that if Beresford should hear him, he would expect the skies to fall.

"But I don't like you well enough," she said, in a low voice; "I know I do not. Please say no more, Mr. Vesey. You make me very unhappy, and besides, I am so afraid aunt will notice something."

She felt like crying and glanced uneasily around at the unconscious couples who were seated under an awning chatting gayly.

Vesey leaned over the railing, and with gloomy eyes looked down into the water.

"Well, I suppose I must give it up," he said, at last, "and bear it as well as I can. Don't imagine I will annoy you again, Violet. It is over and done with."

And then he asked her if she would like to sit down, and brought her a parasol and arranged a rug about her, and tried in every way to be kind and natural as usual.

They reached Southwest Harbor in due time, and shortly afterward the Portland steamer came in. Vesey had gone ashore in a rowboat with a couple of sailors and returned with Beresford, who was surprised and enchanted at finding his friends awaiting him.

It was a very cozy-looking little circle that gathered in the *Lalla Rookh's* cabin at luncheon as they sailed away from Southwest Harbor. No one could have imgined that two of the party were sad at heart and ill at ease. Vesey behaved exceedingly well, and was the same hospitable and attentive host they had always known him. But Violet was very quiet and was wondering if she had not made a mistake which she would spend a life in regretting.

The day had gradually darkened, not with heavy clouds or fog, but with a hazy, dazzling mist that shifted uneasily and seemed to follow a long line of white light upon the sea. The wind, too, was beginning to blow very hard and from the northeast. The yacht was making great headway and flew like a bird over the water, pitching occasionally in a way which made Mrs. Allandale feel rather uncomfortable.

"Aren't we getting it a little too fresh?" asked Mr. Claxton, who did not like the pitching any better than Mrs. Allandale.

"We are going splendidly," said Dodson, who considered himself an authority. "This breeze will take us into the harbor in a couple of hours."

"Suppose we go on deck for awhile," suggested Beresford.

Evelyn was ready to go anywhere with Beresford as a companion, and Violet was glad to follow. So all but Mrs. Allandale went up on deck, and the men made the girls as safe and snug as possible, tucking shawls and wraps about them.

The sea was almost black, with here and there patches of dark-green or purple. The mist seemed to sparkle as if with electricity, and the surf, as it rushed and climbed upon the rocks and shore looked like the snarling, angry teeth of some great animal.

"What a beautiful sight," Violet could not help exclaiming, for there was something strangely fascinating in the scene to her.

They were nearing Otter Cliffs, and the melancholy sound of the bell-buoy could be plainly heard.

Vesey walked the deck aside in earnest converse with the sailing-master.

"Keep well out," he was saying. "I don't like the look of this at all."

"It's an ugly blow," the man answered, "but we'll make the harbor all right."

They were sailing with closely reefed sails, and yet the yacht sped along as if driven by a whirlwind. She kept pretty steady, except for an occasional lurch, and to inexperienced eyes there seemed no danger. But the men were beginning to give uneasy glances about them, and to whisper together when unobserved by Evelyn and Violet. The wind, now and again, roared behind them with an almost deafening noise, and the waves, rising suddenly, would leap upon the flying yacht as if they meant to overwhelm her.

The dusk was gathering rapidly as they finally entered the harbor. Only a few vessels were at anchor there, and they were tossing and straining in the gale. The *Lalla Rookh's* sails were lowered and came rattling down, flapping and snapping viciously. But it was in vain that they tried to anchor. The sails had steadied the vessel somewhat and now she pitched frightfully, and in spite of every effort was driven upon the bar.

Vesey had very firmly insisted upon the girls going below with Mrs. Allandale. They behaved well and bravely, and the three women sat close together in the cabin holding one another's hands, but uttering no sound.

There had been some discussion as to whether a boat could be launched from the yacht; the water was shallow and it seemed as if they might safely get to land, but the sailing-master opposed the plan and thought no boat could live in such a sea. The tide had turned, and the breakers were rushing in with cruel rapidity over the bar.

Already men were beginning to gather upon the shore, and to them, in the darkening gloom, it looked as if the stanch little yacht must go to pieces. She was swept on and off the bar with tremendous force, and it seemed, indeed, as if she could not long hold together.

It was a wild night. The roaring of wind and breakers was incessant, and the men could scarcely hear one another speak. They realized that they were in peril, and Vesey at last made up his mind that a boat must be launched at all hazards. As he was giving an authoritative order to the sailing-master, a cry came from one of the sailors, "We are drifting over the bar!" It was true, and in a marvelously short time the yacht was in deep water. A reefed sail was hoisted, and they made an effort to steer her into the open bay, but they now found that the fury of the gale was such that they had little or no control over her. She was carried by the waves nearer and nearer the rocks, and played with as if she had been

a floating spar, and then, with a final rush, was dashed upon the shore close under a wooded embankment.

Men from the village had collected in crowds, and with lanterns and reflectors threw a white, glaring light upon the yacht. Every mast and rope could be plainly seen as she rolled heavily, and all around was the weird darkness strangely illuminated by the electrical mist.

Vesey had gone down into the cabin, and had spoken cheerfully to the ladies, telling them that although they were in a most uncomfortable position, he considered that all danger was over.

"There are plenty to help us," he said, "and we can get you ashore without much difficulty. I can never forgive myself," he continued, somewhat huskily, "for giving you such a painful experience. You will never be willing to trust yourselves with me again."

"I will," said Violet, aloud, and very decidedly.

He turned to her with a surprised, grateful look. He was so handsome and manly as he stood in the little cabin. His very expression had changed, and the eager eyes and firm mouth gave a character to his features which heretofore they had lacked. Violet could not now have found fault with his dress, the unstudied "picturesqueness" was what, in a quieter moment, she would have heartily approved. Big rubber boots reached above his knee, a sailor's rough tarpaulin coat and hat, drenched with the salt water, covered him. He might have been a sturdy fisherman fresh from "the banks." And when Violet had time to think it all over afterward she acknowledged that at last he had proved himself worthy of "Old Mount Desert," and had expiated the flower in his buttonhole and silver knobbed cane.

But little remains to tell. The *Lalla Rookh* was secured by ropes thrown ashore and lashed to the trees, and the ladies were safely landed.

That morning at Rodich's the yachting party was in great demand, and Mr. Claxton and Dandy Dodson found themselves suddenly amazingly popular, and were called upon repeatedly to tell the story of their adventure.

Mrs. Allandale naturally retired, exhausted by fright and excitement, to her own room and the care of her maid. Evelyn and Beresford preferred to hide away from the rest of the world, and found a secluded corner in the drawing-room, where they were perfectly happy in each other's society.

Violet allowed herself to be questioned and pitied and caressed by all the girls of her acquaintance; but she was nervously watching the door all the time, and when Vesey's tall figure appeared, she started up at once and went to him.

How his eyes lighted when he saw her! He drew her out on the piazza, which so late in the season was quite deserted.

"Oh, Violet, did you mean what you said?" he asked, imploringly.

"What did I say?" innocently asked Violet.

"That you would trust yourself with me again."

"Yes, I meant it," said Violet, firmly.

"For life?" he whispered."

"For life," she answered.

A NEW LANGUAGE.

The arrangement of a language for universal usage has received the attention of a great many famous polyglot students, but owing to the many difficulties encountered in the various projects, it was not until quite recently that the new method of intercommunication between alien nations was brought into practical use.

Volapuk is the name of the new language, arranged by a Frenchman, and steps are now being taken to introduce it among all the commercial nations of the globe. There are already a dozen professors employed by the Volapuk Association, and at a recent examination of the pupils there were 128 who passed with all honors.

The Rouen Industrial Society has taken up the matter with great enthusiasm, and in an invitation to the Paris press for its representatives to assist at a civic banquet in that large commercial centre the bill of fare was given in Volapuk, with a French translation. The most remarkable dishes were jupalot ko fotavat, magabagoks, pelotol and peillils flifik, or, in plain language, leg of mutton with venison sauce, roast peafowl and early green peas. The words appear to be of somewhat too barbaric character to please the modern linguists, who would rather seek the universal language in a Latin origin. Then again, it will require the adhesion and support of the leading nations to insure its success; but as certain as music can be interpreted successfully in all lands, despite the nationality of the artists, there will come a time when a common tongue will interpret our meaning among educated classes all the world over.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS ALONG LAKE GEORGE.

By Emily Pierce.

Of all the elements of scenery, water is the most various in its character, and capable of the greatest diversity of effect. Think but a moment, and how rapidly examples proving this assertion rise to memory—the long swell of the Pacific; the blue waves of the Mediterranean; the clear expanse of the St. Lawrence; the surf-rolling Mississippi; the dark trout-stream shaded under the American forest; the Scotch "burn stealing under the long yellow broom"; the fountains at Versailles; the huge welling springs of Texas and Mexico; the cypress-skirted Lake of the Dismal Swamp; the sunny borders of Como; cold, desolate, fir-encircled Superior.

There is nothing more replete with associations of every character, bright or sombre, traditional, historical or mythical.

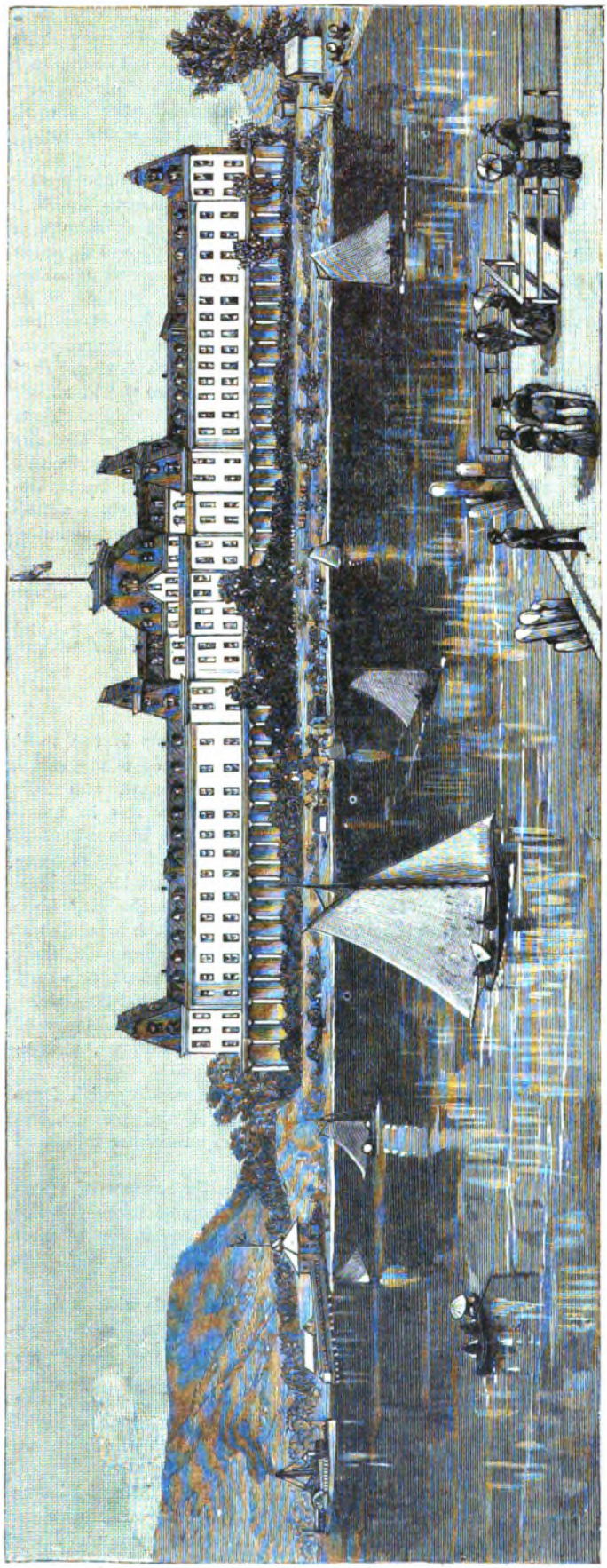
Powerful influences they prove, impressing with force not only the refined nature of poet and painter, but strongly marking the rude and superstitious minds of common humanity.

The invisible boundaries of seas, the sources of unexplored rivers, the depths of unfathomed lakes—all are fields in which the robust native imagination of man finds pleasant room to wander, and whence it brings hosts of vague, fantastic forms.

The depths of the sea were peopled with naiads. Across the sullen Avernus was the path to Hades. The renowned Domdaniel, seminary for all evil magicians, was under the waters of the Red Sea.

The northern mind saw the mermaid haunting the shores of Orkney—the kelpies rising from the twilight pool. O'Donoghue emerges on moonlight nights to sweep over the Lakes of Killarney.

From the cold and forbidding lake on Mount Pilatus the troubled shade of the unjust Governor of Judea rises to spread cloud and chill over the country around. Holy wells and sacred rivers are found from the shores of the Western Ocean to the mountains of India.



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.

America, however, has never been peopled by fairies, save in the active brain of childhood. No elfin stories nor hobgoblin superstitions are associated with her localities.

Through translation into our Anglo-Saxon tongue, we have even lost most of the romance that clings around the traditional legends of our red predecessors on this soil. Still our land abounds in scenery, picturesque and beautiful; is flooded with historic memories, and our northern borders teem with reminiscences of the exploits and experiences of those early fathers whose lives of peril and self-abnegation needed not the touch of a magic wand, like the pen of Francis Parkman, to make the ground whereon they trod seem almost like holy ground, and to throw over the lakes of the North an interest that time serves to deepen, and research to enhance.

For all our land, so flooded with broad rivers, inland seas and mighty cataracts, there is no body of water more beautiful, richer in historic interest, or abundant in nineteenth century attraction for tourist and scholar, artist or lounger, than that bright green sheet of water, thirty-four miles long, hidden among flanking mountains in the upper portion of the State of New York.

Andia-to-roc-te of the Indian, *St. Sacrament* of the French, Horicon of Romance, Lake George of the conquering Briton and of to-day.

"Pure Horicon! lake of the cloud and the shadow!
Soft shimmer your moonlight and dimple your rain!
And the hearts far away—if by seaside or meadow—
Still think of your blue, with a lingering pain!

"Among the far islands that glitter in heaven—
On the dim, undiscovered, and beautiful shore,
Some glimpse of a lovelier sea may be given
To the eyes of the perfect—but never before!"

All the same, the poetic name of "Horicon" is no longer used save for a wayside pavilion, or for the swift little steamboat that puffs up and down the lake, carrying its loads of Summer excursionists with a patience that seemed unfailing, until one bright day last August, when it broke beneath the load and went aground. Horicon, "The Silvery Water," was simply a fancy of Cooper's, who, when questioned as to "the wherefore and the why," said, "the French name was too complicated, the American too commonplace, and the Indian too unpronounceable for either to be used familiarly in a work of fiction."

The past of Lake George is as teeming with interest as its present is teeming with people, for to write it down as the favorite Summer resort is "drawing it mild," indeed. During the months of July and August it is overcrowded; there seems no breathing-space, no rest, no room.

Every prominent point along its banks, every retired nook near its shores, are alive with restless humanity, and upon the green surface of its waters every kind of craft that can be rowed, towed, steamed or paddled, are seen in never-ceasing motion. There are to be found every grade of hotel, boarding-house, pavilion and caravansary, varying in size, comfort and

price, from the canvas tent to that Queen Anne Castle known as "The Sagamore," the present pride of Bolton.

The ingenuity of man has been taxed in invention of names suitable to points alongshore, and they vary all the way from "Paradise Bay" to "Antony's Nose," which last we almost graze in passing, and the facetious passenger on our left declares to be a "Rum 'un."

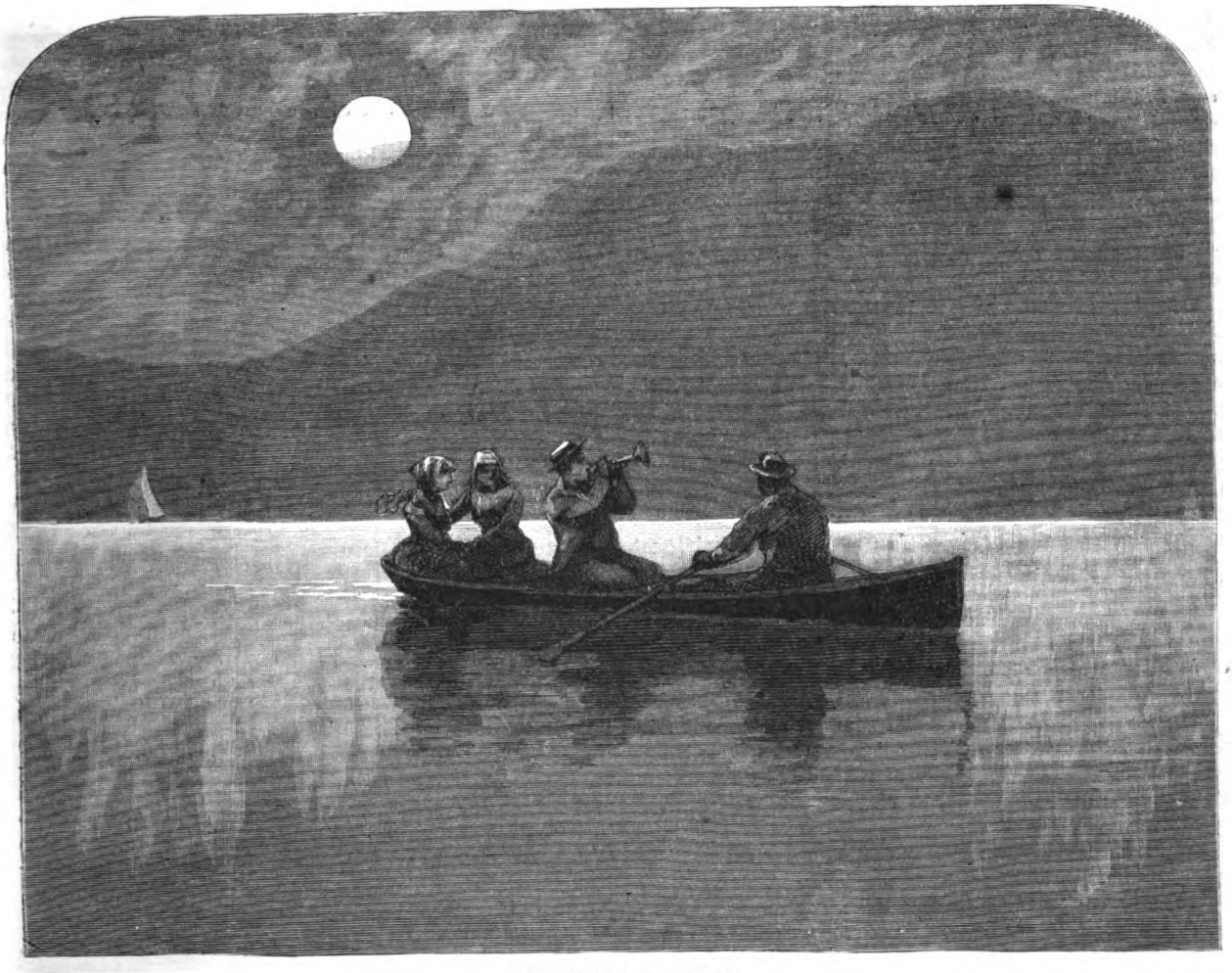
The surface of the lake is broken by innumerable little islands, and happy seem the owners thereof, who have built Summer homes, some not much larger than dove-cotes, where they play the "Alexander Selkirk business" to their own satisfaction.

Many of these enchanting islands are but a few feet in diameter, and look as though they merely floated on the water. We are told by the boatman who rows one about that the islands number 365, just one for every day in the year. We didn't dispute him.

In 1883 there was a law enacted prohibiting the further sale of these same islands, which lend so great a charm to the landscape, and the office of Forester was established, under whose protection they were placed, and under whose careful eye the tourist of investigating turn of mind may land his craft upon the "beautiful isle," but from which, under severe penalty, he may not even bear away as much as a walking-stick.

The famous "Canoe Islands," about three miles down the lake, are widely known, being a favorite camping-ground of the small army of canoe cranks who hold yearly meets here—or, rather, such was their habit in the near past; but Lake George has become over-peopled, and our enthusiast in this line has packed up the tin cup and black coffee-pot, and quietly paddled away to deeper wildernesses, whose solitary shores he consents to brighten by the added picturesqueness of the gay-colored peaked cap, for which pleasure he pays at the cost of total loss of complexion.

During the months of July and August Lake George teems with nomadic life in all its various phases, and vagrant communities appear and disappear as though by magic; white tents gleam among the dark-green foliage; lonely islands are astir with busy throngs; rocks are flecked with blue and gray; the tree-tops blush with bunting; shores put on a flannelly hue, and shadowy points blossom out in duck and dimity.



THE ECHO ON THE LAKE.

Tennis-courts are marked out, sketch-books brought into requisition, fishing-tackle carefully inspected, and young America of both sexes proceed to enjoy themselves "just as hard as they can."

Among the most notable of the 365 might be placed "Dome Island," the Gibraltar of Lake George, being a huge black rock overgrown with trees, inaccessible by any kind of landing, standing defiantly among its companions, its beetling brows adding picturesque effect to the "Como of the Wilderness."

Tea Island is numbered among the "fortunate isles," for it possesses a tradition. Said tradition declares that Abercrombie buried gold and other valuables here, and a goodly share of the surface has been dug over at

different times by the treasure-seeker, who always murmurs "fish-worms" when discovered in the act.

Elizabeth Island gains fame by being the Summer camping-place of the widely known Manhattan Club, composed of graduates of New York College, while along the shore, on the east, about a mile from Caldwell (the little village known in the postal department as "Lake George"), we find St. Mary's of the Lake. This quiet retreat, built in a grove of young trees, is the Summer place of the Paulist Fathers, who are the only society of the kind in America.

Their convent is in New York, presided over by its founder, Father Hecker. Their work is chiefly that of missionaries. They come here in the Summer after the severe labors of their calling, for the sake of rest and seclusion. The wise forethought that suggested this Summer convent emanated from the fertile brain of the late Charles O'Conor, of New York, who presented to the society the land upon which the convent is built. At the opposite end of the lake, as though to keep the proper theological balance, Rev. Joe Cook, Boston's celebrated but somewhat erratic divine, has built a summer-house, which perches like a pulpit upon a prominent point His birthplace was just over the other side, known as "Front Brook Valley," and here Mr. Cook spends many of his Summer days.

Of all points and places in this enchanting region, Bolton is the most attractive. The Sagamore is artistic and impressive among the old trees. The rustic bridge across an arm of the lake adds its three arches to the picture, while it suggests moonlighted walks and lovers' talks, and that sort of thing, while the Bolton Church, with spire like a New England academy, and bell-tower like a dovecote, even the Daisy Miller of the boat declared "lovely."

The time when all this region puts on its brightest garb, when the water seems greener, the sky bluer, the air most invigorating, is in the perfect October days that come tardily along, offering their latest and best gifts to the few who linger by the lakeside after hotels are closed, tents struck and steamboats drawn into Winter port.

I was so fortunate as to make the last steamboat trip across in October. The picture is carefully framed and put away in the choicest niche of the gallery of memory. To describe it is impossible, to reproduce it would savor of gairish exaggeration.

No lurid chromo sported such colors as dye these islands and paints these mountain-sides. The brilliant forest hue of Autumn in this lake region is beyond imagination. The trees seem like inverted paint-brushes stolen from the palette of a titanic Turner, while the burning bush of Moses has undergone miraculous multiplication here upon the threshold of the north woods, and the wonderful blending and assortment of color upon the tiny islands surpasses the art of man.

With enthusiasm, fanned by ardent desire to possess and preserve a treasure of these autumnal beauties, great branches aflame with color, I longed to fly through the forest armed with a tailor's goose in each hand, and press enough to fill several homes with sufficient light and color to satisfy the most zealous household art decorator.

At the head of the lake the fashionable hostelry, "The Fort William Henry," marks the spot once occupied by the actual fort, where were enacted so many bloody scenes in the dramatic history of our country.

Here, the savage nations of the North and of the South met, and with wily stratagem and relentless fury struggled for the mastery. Here, great armies under the Lilies of France and the Red Cross of St. George fought for the grand prize of a continent.

The existence of Lake George was first made known to Europeans through the writings of Samuel de Champlain, who visited the region in 1609, accompanying a war party of Northern Indians against their hereditary foes of the South.

Two years before this time Isaac Jogues was born at Orleans. He was a child of bright promise, and became a member of the Jesuit Society at Rouen; was ordained a priest in 1636, and the same year was sent as a missionary to the Hurons on the Ottawa River, in Canada. In 1643 he was captured with his party by a band of Iroquois, who had ventured far into their enemies' country, and was carried across Lake George to the Mohawk River—the first white man ever known to have passed this way.

Escaping by the aid of the Dutch at Fort Orange, he returned to France, then again to Canada and south to his old masters, a missionary and an ambassador from the French nation to the Mohawks. He arrived at the north end of the lake, May 29th, 1646, and it being the vigil of the festival of Corpus Christi, he blessed the water and christened it *Lac du St. Sacrament* (Lake of the Blessed Sacrament).

The waters of the Holy Lake were deemed too pure for anything but the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, and specimens were carefully preserved and carried to France to be used for that purpose.

The French encouraged their Indian allies to commit depredations along the English frontiers, and in 1731 built Fort Frédéric at Crown Point.

General Johnson with his army arrived at the south end of the lake, August 28th, 1755, where he encamped and rechristened the limpid waters with the name of the British King. While he waited, the Baron Dieskau, with 1,400 French and Indians, advanced from Ticonderoga to attack Fort Edward, thinking to cut off Johnson's supplies. Changing his plan, however, when near that place, he turned toward Lake George, and, in the pass west of French Mountain, ambushed a force of 1,200 men, who were marching to the relief of Fort Edward, under Colonel Williams. At the first fire Colonel Williams was killed, the English were thrown into confusion and retreated; the retreat became a panic, and the victorious French pursued even unto the entrenched camp at the head of the lake. Here the fight raged for nearly four hours, when the French desisted, and the English, gaining confidence, became in turn the aggressors, and drove back over the battle-ground the victors of the morning.

At sunset of the same day a remnant of the French gathered around the dark-looking little circular pond, near the southern extremity of the lake, when they were surprised by a detachment of English, shot down, and their bodies cast into the water, which became reddened with gore, and ever since has borne the name of Bloody Pond.

This encounter took place, September 8th, 1755, and during the year 1854 a stately monument was erected here to the memory of the hero of that day ninety-nine years before, who secured for himself a better monument than any victory could give, for, while passing through Albany he had made his will, leaving the bulk of his estate to found a free school for Western Massachusetts, since grown into Williams College. This memorial was placed here by the graduates of Williams College, and bears an inscription in Latin and English. From it we

learn that it was "Erected to the memory of Colonel Ephraim Williams, a native of Newtown, Mass., who, after gallantly defending the frontier of his native State, served under General Johnson against the French and Indians, and nobly fell near this spot, in the bloody conflict of September 8th, 1755, in the 42d year of his age."

The earthen mounds of Fort William Henry still stand by the brink of Lake George, and, seated at the sunset of an August day under the pines that cover them, one gazes on a scene of soft and soothing beauty, where dreamy waters reflect the glories of the mountains and sky. Only a few steps are necessary to stray away from the gay throng that crowds the broad piazza of the mammoth hotel, and to reach the remains of these martial fortifications.

The original fort was an irregular, bastioned square, formed by embankments of gravel surmounted by a rampart of heavy logs, laid in tiers crossed one upon another, the interstices filled with earth. It was built under the superintendence of an engineer named Gridley, afterward well known at Bunker Hill. The site chosen was excellent. The lake protected it on the north, the marsh on the east, and ditches with *chevaux-de-frise* on the south and west. Seventeen cannon, great and small, besides several mortars and swivels, were mounted upon it, and a brave Scotch veteran, Lieutenant-colonel Munroe, was in command.

The people of the northern English colonies had learned to regard their Canadian neighbors with the bitterest enmity. With them the very name of Canada called up horrible recollections and ghastly images, and when, in July, 1757, the news spread of the certainty of a French invasion, there gathered together a host four times greater than could now find quarters in all the hotels and cottages along Lake George's teeming shores.

At the beginning of August, Montcalm, with nearly eight thousand French and Indians, advanced on Fort William Henry. On the 9th, after having withstood the siege for six days, the English capitulated, after making honorable terms with the French general, by which they were allowed to retain their baggage and their arms as a recognition of their gallant defense, and were guaranteed protection to Fort Edward.

The bloody massacre that followed, and the utter failure of Montcalm to protect the vanquished ones from the wild beasts which he had brought with him, is a stain on his fame which can never be effaced. The exact number that perished is unknown, but has been estimated as high as one thousand five hundred. After this the French returned down the lake, leaving Fort William Henry a heap of smoking ruins and the bones of the English bleaching in the sun.

It is but justice to say that, during the atrocities committed by the Indians upon the English troops, Montcalm made vigorous efforts to maintain order and decency. Before signing the capitulation he called the Indian chiefs in council and asked them to consent to the conditions, and promise to restrain their young warriors from any disorder. They approved everything and promised everything. The garrison then evacuated the fort, and marched to join their comrades in their entrenched camp, which was included in the surrender.

No sooner were they gone than a crowd of Indians clambered through the embrasures in search of rum and plunder. All the sick men were instantly butchered. Roband says: "I saw one of these barbarians come forth out of the casements, which nothing but the most insatiate avidity for blood could induce him to enter. for the infected atmosphere which exhaled from it was insupportable, carrying in his hand a human head, from which streams of blood were flowing, and which he paraded as the most valuable prize he had been able to seize."

The guard numbered only *three hundred* French, and the insufficiency of this escort became startlingly apparent. Even all semblance of order ceased, and the march changed to a selfish race for life. Too late for the protection of his helpless prisoners, or the fair record of his fame, Montcalm threw himself among the Indians, exclaiming: "Kill me, but spare the English, who are under my protection!"

In 1750 came Abercombie, and with him the flower of the English soldiery, the sturdy yeomen of the new colonies and the bravest clans of bonnie Scotland, with all the pageantry of glorious war. On a Summer morning, with a sky of sapphire and a lake of glass, a thousand boats moved northward to the sound of bugles and of Highland pipes, waking the echoes of the everlasting hills. A little later they returned; not as they went, however, but with banners trailing, and with sound of mourning for comrades lying in the forests and under the battlements of Ticonderoga.

The following year General Amherst built Fort George, and then moved toward Ticonderoga; and before him the French were swept northward, their hold on "the lake which is a gate to the country" gone for ever.

For more than one hundred years comparative solitude reigned upon the shores of the tideless lake; the bones of conqueror and conquered mingled together in common dust; the sweetly solemn music of the waves, rippling on the white beach below, and the sad sighing of the wind among the pines, their only requiem.

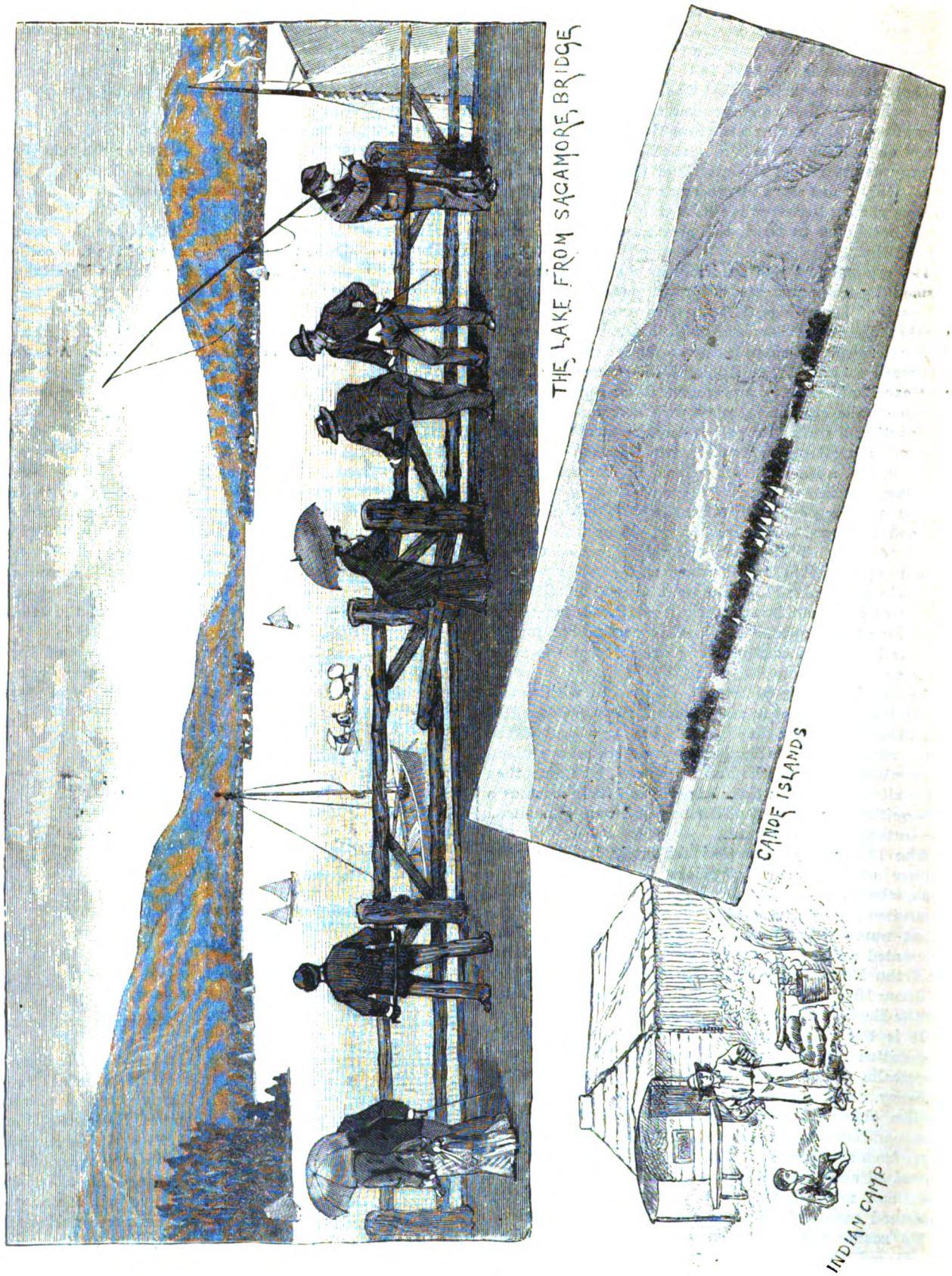
Presto! change! and we have Lake George of the present; pure as crystal, lovely as a fairy dream, Queen of American waters, peerless among the lakes of the world.

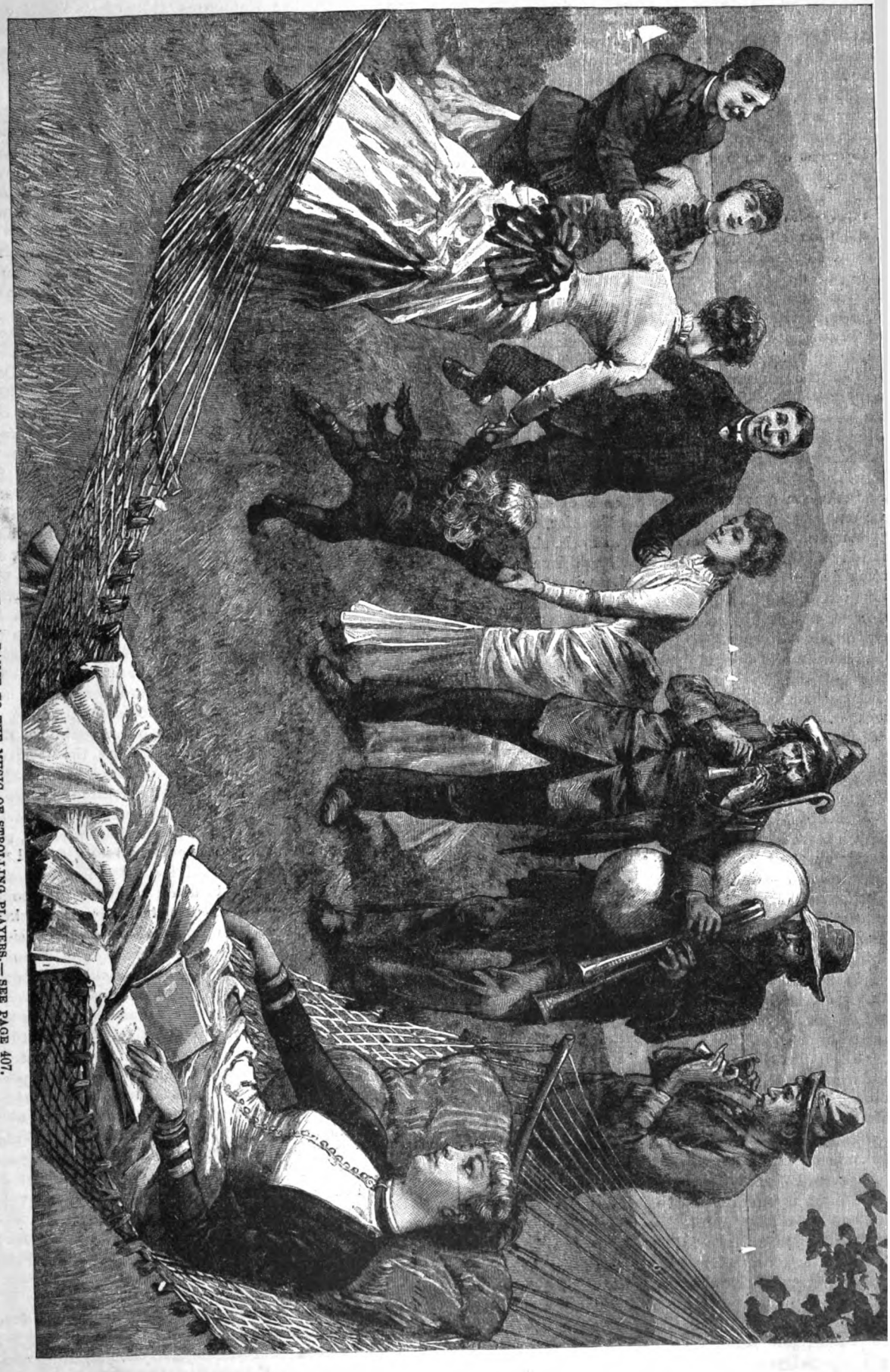
"I see the green, translucent wave,
The purest of earth's fountains;
I see the many-winding shore—
The double range of mountains;
One, neighbor to the flying clouds,
And crowned with leaf and blossom,
And one, more lovely, borne within
The lake's unruffled bosom.

"Strength, imaged in the wooded hills,
A grand, primeval nature;
And beauty, mirrored in the lake,
A gentler, softer feature;
A perfect union, where no want
Upon the soul is pressing;
Like manly power and female grace
Made one by bridal blessing."

FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "Did you ever observe how old age brings out family likenesses which, having been kept as it were in abeyance, while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance and character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass where they never used to appear."

A MAN who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.


THE LAKE FROM SACAMORE BRIDGE
CANDE ISLANDS
INDIAN CAMP



SUMMER SAUNTERINGS ALONG LAKE GEORGE.—A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF STROLLING PLAYERS.—SEE PAGE 407.

WANTED, A NOVELTY.

Long ago was it declared, "There is no new thing under the sun," and the sentence is one of the most familiar and oft-quoted, because its truth is so frequently brought home to us.

Every now and then, when we read in the newspapers of some wonderful mechanical invention, or unexpected development of science, we hug to ourselves the idea that at last we are in possession of a novelty—and a wonderful one to boot; but, as a matter of fact, we have as yet, rarely—if at all—hit on anything that has not been at least thought of and striven for before.

When the "Art of Flying" shall be at last attained, it will be no novelty to the unfortunate inventor immortalized in the "Mark of Cain"; and if people only hunt up the authorities on the subject—and a capital list is given in the book—they will see in the successful flying machine quite an old idea to which success was long denied. In the same way the wonders of our nineteenth century are all children of a past period.

We unite in hailing the electric telegraph as the wonder of the age; bnt the idea is as old as 1637, at least. Scherwenter, in his "Délassements Physico-Mathématiques," published in that year, explains how two individuals can communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle. In 1746 Le Monnier, by a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens in Paris, showed how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire, 950 fathoms in length; and in 1753 there is a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scots Magazine*, in an article entitled "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence," by Charles Marshall. In 1774 we find an electric telegraph in full working order, and capable of transmitting messages. This was the invention of George Louis Lesage, Professor of Mathematics at Geneva, who announced it in 1760, so fully assured was he of successfully carrying out his idea. His instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other, and inclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk, mounted with a little ball of elder-wood, suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the wire, the elder ball at the end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later, in Arthur Young's "Travels in France," we read of a similar machine, the invention of a M. Lomond, of Paris.

Photography is making such rapid strides that we are almost inclined to believe it a novelty; the beautiful pictures we now obtain by its aid in the hands of accomplished artists are so superior to the daubs that satisfied our grandfathers. But the photography of the present is, after all, only a skillful development of a very old idea. Sun-painting by the daguerreotype was known to Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century. The art then lay in oblivion till 1760, when it was clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, entitled "Giphantie," written by Tiphanie de la Roche. Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt made experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver at the beginning of the present century, and that their efforts were attended with some success is proved by the fact that many years afterward, amongst the old household lumber of Watt's partner, Mathew Boulton, was found a representation of the old premises at Soho on a silvered copper-plate, apparently taken by some such process.

We often hear the Thames Tunnel cited as an example of the wonderful genius of modern engineering, but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon was equally wonderful, and that under the wide mouth of the harbor at Marseilles was a far greater enterprise, while both these ancient works were as skillfully executed as the modern.

In the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice there are numerous firearms of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that forestall many of our most recent improvements, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, which, as Sir William Armstrong's, may be considered quite a modern idea, strange to say had been fished up from the Adriatic, where the ship that had carried it had been sunk some hundreds of years. Perkins's steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes.

Steam locomotion by sea and land had always been a dream of scientists, As early as 1543 Blasco de Garay tried to accomplish it in the harbor of Barcelona. Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707. But it was not till the problem of the steam-engine had been solved by Watt that the idea of steam locomotion could be put in practice. Inventors have frequently been unsuccessful by not discovering exactly where they fail, and consequently directing their energies to the wrong points; just as Arkwright would have failed with his spinning-machine because he could not get his valves to the required thickness. And, after all, nothing was wanted except to cha k them; but he had to part with half his profits for the slight but all-important information. Though Denis Papin was unsuccessful in his attempt to effect steam locomotion, to him is due the credit of having first thrown out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and another Frenchman, Gauthey, in 1782, projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise similar to the now familiar pneumatic tube.

The reaping-machine, even, is an old invention. Barnabe Googe, in a book translated from the German, entitled "The Whole Arte of Husbandrie," published in 1577, speaks of it as a worn-out invention—a thing "which was woont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kinde of carre with a couple of wheeles, and the frunt armed with sharp syckles, whiche, forced by the beaste through the corne, did cut down al before it. This tricke might be used in levell and champion countreys, but with us it wolde make but ill-favored woorke."

Even in medical science many of what we consider new methods are only old ones revived. The Romans regularly practiced hydropathy, and established baths wherever they went. The employment of anæsthetics is also a revival. The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus in the thirteenth century, and in his works he gives directions for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his "Traité des Opérations sans Douleur," showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But anæsthetics were known to the ancients, who had their nepenthe and mandragora, while the Chinese had their mayo, and the Egyptians their hachisch—both preparations of Cannabis Indica, and somewhat similar in effect to chloroform.

Gunpowder was known to the Romans, though they only used it for fireworks; and in one particular we are, as yet, behind, for the secret of the terrible and destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether.

Suspension bridges—comparatively new to us—were known in China for centuries; and the people of the same country used coal-gas regularly for lighting purposes long before we did.

These are facts easily ascertainable by slight historical research, but it is possible that they will come as a rude awakening to some who scan them, and who have religiously hugged to themselves the belief that they live in the most wonderful age that has yet dawned on civilization.

"To-day" certainly is better and more comfortable than the "good old times," but it is only a question of progress. It is probable that man's powers have a limit beyond which they cannot go, and a common basis from which in all times they have sprung. The man of to-day is not cleverer than his ancestors, but he has the benefit of the experience of mankind in the past centuries, and he starts from school or college with all that they possessed at his finger's ends, and ever ready for reference in the nearest library, in so far as history is concerned.

THE BESIEGED CITY.

Why are the city streets so still?
And faces, why so wan?
There is no voice of child at play,
No hopeful step of man.

The feeble, faint beside the way,
And some sad women weep;
And here and there, with looks of fear,
The aged slowly creep.

Oh, know you not why women weep,
And children cease their play?
And why men look so gaunt and wan,
And age stoops low to-day?

Ah, me! there lurks an armèd foe
Without the city gates;
And, sadder yet, at each home-door,
Relentless famine waits.

Oh, well for those around whose homes
Flows not the tide of war!
Oh, well for those who only fear
Its echoes from afar!

Oh, happy boys and happy girls,
Thank God on bended knee
For this your fair and pleasant land,
Wherein your thriving cities stand,
From sea to utmost sea!

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By Francis B. Currie.

There is an air of exceeding discomfort on board the steamer *en route* from Savannah to New York. In the cabin a dozen men and as many women grumbled discontentedly, because of the miserable atmospheric dampness which penetrated to all the corners of the room.

It was late at night, and the steamer was plowing its way through a dense fog. There was little said among the passengers, for the bad weather had rendered them low-spirited, and the ceaseless splashing of the huge paddle-wheels and the dismal shrieking of the fog-whistle were the only sounds to be heard.

A gentleman who was evidently accepting his discomforts more philosophically than his fellow-passengers left the *salon* and strolled out on deck to look at the night. He was a man whose age might have been thirty-eight years. He was above the average height and might have easily balanced the scales at one hundred and seventy pounds. His features were strong—even handsome—and his hair was prematurely iron-gray. He was named Kenneth Ward, and was a lawyer of some distinction.

He found the deck insufficiently lighted, and, after leaving the glaring lights of the *salon*, the darkness was bewildering.

To Mr. Ward's eyes, unaccustomed as they were to the night, the water and fog were like ink.

He could see no lights along the coast; not a star was visible. He would have gone indoor at once if something a little out of the common routine of life had not transpired. He was groping his way back to the door, through a labyrinth of camp-chairs, when he unwittingly grasped a hand. It was instantly—I might say indignantly—withdrawn; but, in spite of his astonishment, he realized that it was a woman's.

"I ask your pardon," he said, beginning to descry an object, which, after resembling some of the deck furniture, gradually resolved into the shape of a woman. "I have just left the cabin, and can see nothing in this sudden darkness."

"I understand," she answered.

Even now he could not see her sufficiently well to judge if she was young or old, but he was aware that she had answered him with an effort at self-command which had partly failed. Her voice had trembled perceptibly. He was unable to decide whether she was trying to control a laugh at his expense or was tremulous from a recent spell of crying; for, curiously enough, mirth and grief are often betrayed by the self-same signs.

He would have gone on his way if she had not spoken again.

"Are we traveling very fast?"

"No," said he; "the fog has detained us, and we are traveling very slowly indeed."

She gave a little cry which startled him by its tone of sorrow and impatience. He was uncomfortably conscious of having given her unwelcome news.

"If to-morrow is fair we may regain some of our lost time," he ventured to suggest. "This is considered a fast steamer when the elements are not against her."

"Thank you for the encouragement."

He was returning to the cabin when he observed that she also was moving in that direction. He held the door open for her, and their eyes met for an instant as she bowed her acknowledgment.

For sixteen years Kenneth Ward had been more callous to the gentler sex than most men, yet it must be confessed that this woman made a lasting impression on his mind.

She was about twenty-three years old, and obviously had been crying, for the undried tears were still upon her lashes. As the *salon* lights flashed full upon her, he realized that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

* * * * * *

Like most men who are indifferent to women, Kenneth Ward had a reason for his apathy. When he was twenty years old, it had been his misfortune to fall in love with a young lady of equally tender years, named Carrie Vere, and he had courted her with all the ardor of a young Lothair.

He had been an indigent law-student at the time, and unable to support himself, to say nothing of providing for a wife with Carrie Vere's expensive tastes. Still, with that impracticable faith in chance which is so natural to youth, he proposed marriage to the girl he loved.

It happened that Carrie was wiser in her generation than he. She was rather fond of her handsome young lover, but she was fonder of money than of him. She

finally demonstrated the hopelessness of his suit by marrying her cousin, Richard Vere, a man old enough to be her father, and rich enough to gratify every wish of her unsentimental heart.

It is quite possible that Kenneth Ward had Carrie Vere to thank for his success in his profession. After her marriage he had plunged into his studies with a determination to forget her. Doubtless his devotion to his work at this time in his life was the secret of his subsequent success. At all events, not many years had elapsed before he stood among the foremost in his profession, with an income which would have satisfied even Carrie Vere.

He had been in New York a few days, after his visit to Savannah, when he heard from Mrs. Vere for the first time in over sixteen years. She wrote, asking him to visit her, and stating briefly that she was in need of legal advice. He decided, against his inclination, to see her.

She was nearly thirty-six years old, and had been a widow for two years when she sent for him; yet he found her little changed. Time deals lightly with people of her calm, unexcitable cast. She had seen none of the rough phases of life, but had lived in a conventional, refined atmosphere all her days. She was faultless in her dress and manner; and she was a passionless society woman, a veritable Lady Vere de Vere.

THE BESIEGED CITY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 415.

She may have been shocked to find her lover grown iron-gray and almost stout. (He was certainly a vigorous, wholesome fellow for one who had been crossed in love.) If she was surprised, she concealed her feelings admirably. She was entirely too well-bred to betray any emotion whatever.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "I am in some difficulty, and I am sure you can relieve me, if you will."

He begged her to believe he was entirely at her service.

Her case, as she stated it to him, was this: Her husband had been a remarkably eccentric man, but his wife considered his liking for a young girl named Faith Fordham the most unreasonable of all his whims. This girl, who was described to Kenneth Ward as "violent, ill-bred and annoying," so won the heart of Richard Vere, that he took her into his household and treated her as his adopted daughter. She had lived under his roof for seven years or more when he died.

Mrs. Vere remarked that his death altered the girl's prospects very materially, for he had neglected to make a will, and his wife was his only living relative. Since Miss Fordham's presence in the house was distasteful to her, she had offered that young lady a liberal maintenance if she would go away. Although Miss Fordham's income was small, she had refused this offer, and had complicated matters by running away with some of the Vere family jewels.

Such was Carrie Vere's grievance, and she had sent for her old-time lover to help her out of her troubles. She followed the girl to New York, and knew where she was staying. Now something must be done to induce her to return the jewels.

"I want her frightened into returning my property," Mrs. Vere said, in conclusion; "but I desire no publicity given to the matter. If I can possibly avoid it I want no lawsuit. I must have the jewels at any cost, but before any violent action is taken, I want to try every possible means of getting them quietly."

It occurred to Mr. Ward that his client was too lenient toward her antagonist; but he resolved to follow out Mrs. Vere's instructions, and to manage the very unpleasant affair as quietly as possible.

He went home that night, thinking better of Carrie Vere than he had thought for many years. Here was a woman who had offered to befriend a girl whom she disliked—a woman who, when wronged by her *protégée*, sought no revenge, and only desired the return of the stolen articles.

He formed a plan, simple enough, but which he thought might be successful. He smiled when he concocted it. He had noticed frequently, in the practice of his profession, what an inordinate fear many women have of any legal document served upon them.

A scrap of legal-cap paper, made formidable with seals and signatures, will frighten a woman when no amount of verbal threats would create in her the slightest mental disturbance. He had seen the ignorant classes of society treat a harmless subpœna as fearfully as though it were dynamite, and flatly refuse to have it within doors.

As Miss Fordham was described as being a rather crude

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—"'I LOVE YOU,' SHE SAID, 'BUT I HAVE SUNK VERY DEEP INTO TROUBLED WATERS. I WOULD NOT DRAG YOU DOWN INTO SORROW AND DISGRACE WITH ME.'"—SEE PAGE 415.

personage, he resolved to try to frighten her with a legal paper.

He drew it up in formal, legal phraseology, and with some care. It was an imperative demand that she should immediately return the jewels belonging to Mrs. Vere, and notifying her that if she refused to comply, then vigorous legal measures would be used to restore the property to its owner. The document was signed by Carrie Vere, and by her attorney, Kenneth Ward.

To give less publicity to the affair, Mr. Ward decided to serve this legal notice himself. He put the document in his pocket one afternoon, and went to call on his sweetheart's enemy.

It is a curious fact that few people can hear a description of a person's character without forming a mental picture of the physical appearance of the man or woman described.

Kenneth Ward fell into the common error, and while he waited in the drawing-room for Faith Fordham, imagined her to be a somewhat bold and flashy girl, without any outward semblance of refinement. And, of course, he was mistaken.

She came into the room so quietly that he was unaware of her presence until she addressed him.

He was a man of iron nerves, yet he started violently when he saw her. He realized then that she was not the underbred, uncouth girl he had conjured up in his mind, and she was the beautiful woman whom he had met on the Savannah steamer.

It would be impossible to describe his emotions. This woman then, with the truthful blue eyes and the queenly bearing, was the common thief whom he was to frighten into relinquishing her booty! It would be hard to approach her on such a subject.

He adopted a quiet, professional manner toward her, and acquainted her with his business. He had come to confer with her about the jewels, he said. There seemed to be some misunderstanding about the ownership of them. He was Mrs. Vere's attorney, Kenneth Ward, and he hoped to aid them in making some satisfactory settlement of the affair.

She listened to him, while her manner was in striking contrast with Carrie Vere's collected bearing. At the mention of her antagonist's name she was visibly excited. She answered Mr. Ward without reflecting for an instant.

"I will never return the jewels," she said; "never—never!"

"Think what an unpleasant circumstance you would avert by so doing," he reasoned. "Mrs. Vere is a determined woman, and means to secure those jewels at any cost. Are a few trinkets worth the publicity, trouble and excitement which her action may create? Will they not be more trouble to you than they are worth?"

"No," she said, passionately. "They are worth more to me than anything else in the wide world. I will keep them in spite of all opposition, and although she engages ten thousand lawyers to prosecute me."

He would have smiled inwardly at her extravagance had her suffering been less real. She was flushed and palpitating with emotion, and her nature seemed almost volcanic in its intensity.

He began to think there was more in the case than he had at first supposed.

He took out the document which he had drawn up for the occasion. Somehow, he now wished it had been couched in less severe terms.

"It is my painful duty, then, to serve this paper upon you," he said. "I must have your final answer."

She read it through quickly, but evidently clearly understanding its purport.

Her excitement increased while she read, and he knew it; for she was a woman with a delicate, nervous organization and a passionate, tell-tale face; but he also knew that not a line or syllable in his legal notice had caused her one throb of fear.

She stood in her womanly beauty and weakness, quivering and shaking with emotion, but as fearless as though she possessed the strength of Hercules.

"Do you still refuse?" he asked, gently. "Do you not think that, when you have consulted your attorney, he will advise you to meet Mrs. Vere and try to make some amicable settlement?"

"I shall never consult any lawyer," she told him, "and I will not compromise with Carrie Vere. Tell her I refuse—seriously and conscientiously—her most unreasonable and most unprincipled request."

He had completed his errand, and there was nothing left for him to do but to take his departure.

He had bowed gravely, and was on his way to the door, when she gave that peculiar little despairing cry which had won his sympathy on board the Savannah steamer. He stopped and looked back at her.

She was standing with her arms above her head, in an attitude which a tragedienne might have envied.

He stood an instant and regarded her. This willful girl, who had disappointed him by her indifference to his advice, was a curious study. He returned to her side, impelled by some influence too strong for resistance.

He did not know that when he turned to look at her he turned a serious point in his career; nor did he guess that the influence which was strong enough to impel him to recross the room would be sufficiently powerful to sway his whole passage through life.

"Do you believe," she asked, brokenly—"*can* you believe that I prize these things for their mere intrinsic value? Do you think that I have—stolen them?"

He looked her full in the face, and her eyes met his fearlessly.

Carrie Vere had influenced his whole life for years, and yet she lost her power over him in an instant of time.

"No," he said, rather more impressively, perhaps, than the occasion demanded. "I am sure you were never guilty of a crime."

* * * * * *

Kenneth Ward went to see Mrs. Vere that day, after determining not to assist to prosecute Miss Fordham.

He was surprised at his own determination, and mentally upbraided himself for being infatuated by a woman's pretty face.

He had wished to be of service to Carrie Vere. Every man who has lived down his first resentment likes to be the magnanimous benefactor of the woman who has refused him. But Kenneth Ward was unwilling to aid Mrs. Vere at the cost of Faith Fordham. Although the girl had made no explanation of her conduct, he had a conviction that she *had* a reason for what she had done, and he wished he understood it.

He told Mrs. Vere what he had done, and how the notice had been received, but he omitted mentioning the little scene which had transpired just before he had left Miss Fordham; and, much to his client's calm surprise, he withdrew from all connection with the case.

He was relieved when he learned that Mrs. Vere's anger had abated, and that she did not intend for the present to act further in the matter.

He was a man who, in spite of his reserve with women, was a favorite, and whose acquaintance was large. He

made use of this circumstance to obtain an introduction to Miss Fordham. She had awakened such an interest in him that he resolved to know her and to find out, if possible, what had actuated her to take the jewels.

He had a difficult task before him. A person accused of a misdemeanor is not likely to take kindly to the lawyer who assists in making the accusation.

At first she avoided him, but they met frequently during the Winter, and in time her coldness of manner melted away.

Still, after knowing her for several months, he had to acknowledge to himself that he was no nearer solving the mystery of the jewels than he was at the beginning of their acquaintance.

Carrie Vere was a deliberate woman, who seldom allowed her plans to be interfered with. If any one could have probed through her cold exterior when she married her cousin, Richard Vere, he might have discovered in her a vein of sentiment, the existence of which had never been suspected.

Even matter-of-fact society women have their sentimental weakness, and Carrie Vere had hers.

If she could have afforded it, she would have married Kenneth Ward. She had sentiment enough to lie awake nights and wish Richard Vere's fortune could be transferred to young Ward, but not enough to consent to subsist upon nothing at all.

For years she had been aware that Kenneth Ward had paid no marked attention to any other woman than herself, and she had thought complacently of this fact. She also realized that both he and she were rich enough to marry whom they chose. Time had greatly changed him, but she thought, dispassionately, that it had also improved him. In her collected, logical mind she came to understand that there was at last no impediment in the way of her marriage with him.

She was, therefore, not pleased when she learned of his constant attentions to Miss Fordham. He had expressed indignation at the treatment Carrie Vere had received at this girl's hands, and yet he was known to be constantly in company with the person he had criticised. He was called away to Canada for a month, and while he was gone Mrs. Vere brought matters to a crisis. She began her suit against Faith Fordham.

The papers were full of the affair when he reached home again. It had become universally known that a lady had been the gracious benefactress of a beautiful, unprincipled girl, named Faith Fordham; and it was equally well known that the latter had robbed the beneficent Mrs. Vere of some family jewels, and evinced no disposition to return them.

Kenneth Ward had seen no newspapers during his visit to Canada, and read the account of Mrs. Vere's suit on the train, *en route* for home. So far as he could judge by the sensational and imperfect reports of the affair, Miss Fordham had made no formal defense. She had simply reiterated that the jewels were hers, but she had done nothing to prove her alleged ownership, and she had not engaged the services of any lawyer to defend her.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, as he read the account, "she must be mad. Why, in the name of reason, does she not explain?"

He resolved to see her and urge her to defend herself. He was not now Carrie Vere's attorney, and he could do this with impunity.

He found her at the house where he had served the legal notice. She was paler than usual and his presence visibly affected her unpleasantly.

"Have you come again from Mrs. Vere to ask me to compromise?" she asked. "If so, I beg you will spare yourself the trouble, for I will never consent to her wishes."

"Mrs. Vere has no need to ask for compromises," he said, quietly. "She knows that you have lost your suit by your silence. Unless you give some proof that the jewels are yours, she can take them all."

"And have you come here to taunt me with my helplessness? Are not Carrie Vere and one lawyer sufficient? Do you take pleasure in reminding me that you, too, consider me an ingrate and a thief?"

She had hurled the questions at him in quick succession. She was fairly aroused to the indignities from which she suffered. He wished to excite her so that she would forget her reserve and tell the truth.

"I wish to warn you of your danger," he said. "You have gone into court and declared the jewels are yours, and they are known to have been in Richard Vere's possession for years. You have given no proof of his having presented them to you, and can you not see the inevitable result? Mrs. Vere will win her suit, and you will be disgraced."

She sank down upon a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"They are *mine*," she said, "and I must lose them and my good name because I *cannot* explain!"

She had lost her impetuosity now, and her voice was mournful in the extreme.

"You were Mrs. Vere's attorney, and are doubtless one of her advisers, and yet at one time you said you did not believe me capable of crime. I am sorry I had to lose the charitable opinion you then had of me. It hurts me to know what you believe."

He could not persecute her any further. He lost his caution in an instant. He went over to her side and spoke to her—his voice broken with strong emotion.

"I have wanted you to defend yourself—to let the world know that you are good, and not what your accuser says of you. If you cannot explain, as you say, know that in my eyes you need no defense beyond what I read in your true face. If you value my good opinion, know also that you have never for one instant lost it. Without needing proof or argument, I believe in you so implicitly that I wish to support you in your defense, not as your lawyer alone, but as your husband. I wish to vindicate the woman I love—the woman I would make my wife."

She made no answer, but there was something in her mute figure which expressed attention at least.

He continued his story:

"Do you believe I am here to persecute you? Do you think I could know you all these months and believe you guilty of what you are accused? Oh, my love! you have thought me one of your enemies; and yet I would rather live disgraced and shunned by the whole world so long as I am with you than to live without you in the highest station which this life can give."

She was not a society woman. At twenty-three she was less worldly-wise than Carrie Vere had been at sixteen years of age. She loved this man who offered his love and protection in the hour of her great need, and I believe she never once thought of the social advantage she would derive by marrying him. She ventured to look up into his face; her own was warm and sweet, and was wet with happy tears.

"I love you," she said, "but I have sunk very deep into troubled waters. I would not drag you down into sorrow and disgrace with me."

HER MUSIC FORGOTTEN.— FROM THE PAINTING BY A. W. RÖSLER.

He bent down, and, lifting her to her feet, held her at his side.

"This is your place," he told her, "and here I will hold you while I live."

* * * * * *

Kenneth Ward met Mrs. Vere next day. He called on her at her house and she received him graciously. His own manner was cold.

"I have a letter from Richard Vere to Faith Fordham, which I wish to read to you," he told her, "for it concerns you deeply, and will certainly influence you to withdraw your suit."

If she was surprised, she made no sign beyond the severe compression of her lips. She resigned herself to listen to the letter, which ran as follows:

"You have asked me to tell you your mother's story, and to give you her marriage certificate and the trinkets which she valued. The jewels are yours by inheritance, and I send them and the certificate by this letter. I hesitated at first about the certificate. I have kept it hidden so long that it has come to be one of my daily cares, one which I would not intrust to any one excepting my daughter.

"I met Faith Fordham, your mother, in Switzerland. I was a young man then, and she a mere girl. She was very beautiful. You have her name, and I am thankful when I see how much you are like her. The nearest approach to happiness that I ever feel is when I look into my daughter's face, and see her mother's eyes looking at me through our child's.

"We were married secretly, for every one was opposed to our union. She was 'too young to know her mind,' the sages said. The certificate will tell you the day and hour of our marriage, and who pronounced us man and wife, and who witnessed the ceremony.

"We traveled — my sweet wife and I. We saw France and Italy together. We were like two children out for a pleasure-trip, our happiness was so unruffled and so exquisite. Then we spent a Winter in Rome; and in the Spring you were born, but your mother died.

"My child, can you imagine how I have missed her? I never told a living soul what I suffered or what I had lost. I could not endure having any human creature attempt consolation. I hate the cant that is used about our 'afflictions being sent for some wise purpose.' There could be no wisdom in killing a creature so endeared to me by every human tie—one so loved and so loving. I am as unresigned to her death now as I was on the day when your eyes opened to the light, and hers were closed to it for ever.

"She had a childish pleasure in knowing that so few people knew of our happiness. She frequently said that it gave her pleasure to know that we were not discussed and commented upon like the average bride and groom. No one criticised our wedding finery, for we had none. We were surrounded by strangers, and were absolutely alone in our supreme happiness.

"After her death I resolved to continue to keep this secret. No one should discuss my dead wife any more than they did the living one. I would lock this brief history of happiness away from every being, excepting the two who have a right to know it, my daughter and the woman I have since married, Carrie Vere.

"I told her, in order to explain the unsentimental relationship which must exist between her and me, and in order that you might have your just rights in case of my death. I am so jealous of my secret, however, that I have made you promise never to divulge the facts to any living soul, and I know you will keep your word.

"I send you your mother's jewels. When you wear her necklace, think how *she* valued it, and value it accordingly. Remember how I have held these jewels in my hands for hours at a time since her death, fancying I could feel her warm touch upon them still.

"She was happy in having her secret shared by me almost alone. Be true to her, and keep it for her still. There is only one emergency in which I would release you from your promise. If you marry, tell your husband everything. Give him your full faith, and try to have your married life as perfect as your mother's and mine. Your devoted father, "RICHARD VERE."

Kenneth Ward read every word of the letter, and, as he finished, he showed the certificate.

"Are you ready to withdraw your suit and publicly acknowledge that Faith Fordham is your husband's daughter?" he asked; "or would you have this letter read in court?"

She had not yet entirely lost her self-possession.

"It would be no difficult matter to prove that to be the ridiculous composition of a crazy man. No one of sound mind would have written it."

"Perhaps not. But can you disprove the validity of this certificate? What will society think when it knows that you have been cognizant of the facts of the case, and yet have not given your husband's daughter her inheritance, and have even tried to rob her of her dead mother's jewels?"

"I offered her a livelihood, and she refused it."

She hesitated, bit her lips nervously, and continued:

"I begin to understand why you resigned my case. You had 'gone over to the enemy.' You are more zealous in her defense than you were in my service."

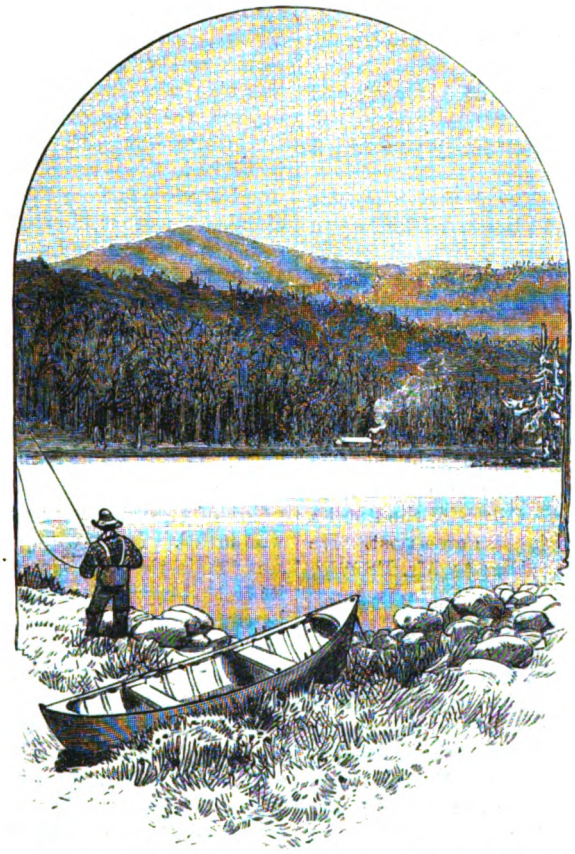
He smiled a peculiar, slow smile that betokened his deep content.

"I would be less than a man," he said, gravely, "if I were not zealous in my wife's defense."

She broke down at last.

"Have you married her?" she asked, hysterically—"married her, without knowing anything but what was ill of her?"

"I have known from the first that she was above suspicion. You knew her history, and believed she was in ignorance of it. She could not talk of her mother to her father's second wife. Her promise to her father had become a religion to her, and she kept it sacredly, in spite of your persecution. I am deeply thankful that Richard Vere wrote that last clause to his letter, and that I



TROUT-FISHING IN THE MAINE LAKES.— TWIN POND. SEE PAGE 423.

married Faith Fordham in time to save her from your malevolence."

"What are you going to do?"

Her lips were so dry that she could scarcely articulate.

"I am going to have you publicly admit that she is your husband's lawful heir, and innocent of all crime. My wife is more merciful than I, and pleads for you, or I think I would not be satisfied without a greater retribution for you. You will have her to thank that you are not disgraced as you wished her to be. It is now time to go to the court-house, where this matter must be settled to my wife's satisfaction."

She went with him, her pride completely broken; and her only remaining hope was in the mercy of the woman whom she had persecuted.

* * * * * *

He went home, a little later, to find his wife waiting for him. All the pallor had left her face again, and her eyes were like stars.

"The work is done," he said, "and we can go pleasuring. Where shall we go?"

She stood toying with the buttons of his coat, and did not answer.

"How do you know that I did not marry you to get out of my difficulty?" she asked.

"Because you would have considered that a greater sin than to break your promise, and because I know you love me, my wife."

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

LET us imagine ourselves starting on a fresh morning in September—early Spring—from a hotel 3,000 feet above the sea level, to visit the Kunimba Valley. There has been a slight frost during the night, and at this elevation the air is deliciously fresh and exhilarating after the heat and dust of Sydney. Opposite the hotel a "laughing jackass" is sitting motionless on a post. He is as large as a big rook, and, according to Mr. Froude, in "Oceana," has "the shape of a jay." He is more like a kingfisher in shape, though; and naturally so, for he *is* a kingfisher—*Dacelo gigas*, the great brown kingfisher, to wit. If we had not slept too soundly in the mountain air, we might about sunrise have heard his peculiar clamor—a low, gurgling chuckle, increasing gradually in tone till it ends in an obstreperous cachinnation, "mocking and malicious," as Mr. Froude says, such laughter as Gabriel Grub heard in the churchyard; but we are not likely to have another chance of hearing it until evening, as his risibility is not easily provoked, except at the beginning and end of the day. He has probably been sitting on the post for hours, and if not disturbed may sit there half the day, especially as the season is still too cold for the snakes he feeds on to leave their Winter quarters and entice him off his perch.

The sun is warm, but not hot or dazzling, and except for a few white patches, sailing slowly at a great height, the sky is still cloudless. There is little wind. We have only a quarter of a mile to walk, and our way lies through the brush. As we go, a king parrakeet, resplendent in scarlet and green, crosses the path, with the swerving, irresolute flight of his tribe; it is almost a question which is the brightest, the burnished green of his back and wings, or the flaming scarlet of his head and breast. He at least is of a green sufficiently vivid. It is too early in the year, however, for us to find many of the parrot tribe on the cold hills, and we meet with few living things.

A turn in the path shows an opening in the bush, and in a moment we are looking forward, fifteen miles across a valley 1,200 feet deep. A *valley* indeed! But like no other valley anywhere existing, save in poet's vision, or fable of eastern enchantment. Here is no "brae," sloping gently from the mountain crest to the bottom of the vale; the cliff on which we stand is absolutely perpendicular, and the vast tract below, except a few isolated hills in the far distance, is perfectly flat. It seems as though the land had sunk gently down in its integrity, bearing with it undisturbed the forest which for many a mile covers the whole broad bottom of the gulf, and leaving a stark precipice in the rent bosom of the earth. The forest below exactly resembles that in the shade of which we stand. Above, the trees grow thick to the very edge of the chasm; below, the branches brush the foot of the precipitous wall. Here and there a patch of grass, green with the moisture of rivulets that run unseen beneath the trees, smiles brightly in the sun. Straight across the valley, ten miles away, the brush becomes gradually less dense, and for several miles on this side of a bank of violet haze, fifteen miles distant, beyond which we cannot see, there is open pasture.

A white house, the dwelling-place of a squatter, lies just within the verge of the forest. The smoke of a gum-wood fire issues from the roof and hangs aloft in an azure cloud. No other sign of human life appears. To the right, a quarter of a mile off, our view is blocked abruptly by a promontory which stands out several hundred yards further into the valley. If we could see beyond it, nothing would appear but the same level floor, covered with the same leafy carpet—so immense is the depth, that the forest scarcely seems more than a thick, yielding carpet—which stretches fifty miles, as we can see, and we know not how much further, on our left front. On this, the left side, we can follow the enormous escarpment, trending slightly forward from our point of view, for four or five miles. Its irregularity is wonderful. Everywhere perpendicular, it stands like some majestic coast, worn by the roll of Atlantic billows; its fretted covers flanked by jutting nesses; its sweeping bays "bastioned impregnably" by broad-fronted capes. Marvelous in proportion and outline, this stupendous curtain of rock astonishes almost as much by the boldness and singularity of its coloring. Whitish gray from the foot upward for four-fifths of its height, it is everywhere surmounted by a broad, even band, or continuous cornice, of a clouded rose-color.

In a degree striking even among the landscapes of a sunny clime, the scene is steeped in color. The deep blue sky, with its few fleecy, gleaming clouds; the vail of shimmering haze and sapphire wreath of smoke; the indigo gulf below, with its emerald glades (like patches on a green sea where sunbeams fall through rifts in an overshadowing cloud), on one side stretching to the furthest zone of vision, on the other bounded by the giant rampart with its battlement of coral—all combine to intoxicate, without satiating, the whole being, like a deep draught of wine "when it is red," in a suffusive libation of sumptuous color. Admiration falls faintly from the lips, or, hushed by the serene glory of the scene, remains unuttered. Many hours might we gaze, forgetting time and care, without any loss of delight or diminution of our wonder; nor could custom stale the joy, or daily familiarity by aught impair the exulting reverence which such a prospect would ever inspire.

We have left little space to describe another scene, not less impressive in its way, but different in many respects. In some, however, it is the same. It is another

valley; it is a thousand feet deep, and its sides also are perpendicular. The cliffs, too, are colored exactly like those others; all the cliffs in the district, indeed, are so colored. The bottom of the valley, again, is flat, and covered, as in the other case, with thick forest. We will take our station at the end of this valley and survey it. The end where we stand is from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and the sides, always about that distance apart, wind before us for seven or eight miles, until the view is closed by a sharper turn than the others. We stand on a large, flat rock, overhanging the abyss. We drop straight from the hand, without throwing it, a stone over the edge of the rock, and as we watch its accelerating fall, in a few seconds it disappears among the trees many yards from the base of the cliff. There is a small waterfall close by us, and there are several others along the head and sides of the valley; but not much water is now going over the cliffs. After rain they must add much to the beauty of the scene, which even now is supremely lovely. Right below us a line of tree-ferns, delightfully fresh and green, shows where the water from the nearest waterfall runs in a small, unseen rill. The trees at the bottom are seventy feet in height, yet they look like shrubs. The tree-ferns look like green stars. If we would descend into the valley, and reach the spot at our feet, we must make a circuit of twenty miles. The whole valley seems, and once may not impossibly have been, a noble fiord, raised by the gradual upheaval of the land until the ocean whose waves once laved its sides and filled its basin to a profound depth—a harbor for an imperial navy—was left many a league away, hoarsely mourning its primeval memories. Such is the scene to which the colonists, countenancing a terrible legend which tells that a bushranger, hard pressed by pursuing officers, preferred a self-inflicted death in the abyss to suffering the penalty of the law, have given the name of "Govett's Leap." But let us not turn away from these scenes of marvel and magnificence with a shocking or humiliating thought. The story is not true. Govett was no bushranger, nor did any one ever take that awful leap. He was a trusty Government official, who first accurately surveyed and mapped this labyrinthine district.

TROUT-FISHING IN THE MAINE LAKES.

By Mary Titcomb.

The famous chain of lakes known as the Rangeley or Richardson Lakes lie mainly in the counties of Franklin and Oxford, Maine. Umbagog, the lower lake of the chain, is, however, on the New Hampshire side of the line. Six lakes—Rangeley, or Oquassoc; Cupsuptic; Mooselucmaguntic, or the Great Lake; Molechunkamunk, or the Upper Richardson Lake; Welokennebacook, or the Lower Richardson Lake, and Umbagog—connected by streams, form a continuous line of water communication for about fifty miles.

There are two other lakes, not really belonging to the Rangeley chain, but connected with them—Parmanchenee, lying in a vast wilderness about seventy miles north of Umbagog, and accessible by the Magalloway River; and Kennebago, about fourteen miles north of Cupsuptic.

Along the shores of two or three of these lakes farmers have made some clearings and settlements; but the main portion is wild forest land, where nature remains in pristine beauty, undisturbed except by those who seek the region for fishing and hunting. Comfortable hotels and camps have been established at convenient points, and stage lines and steamers facilitate access without robbing the distance of its romantic and rugged character.

During the Summer and Autumn months the tide of travel turns strongly in the direction of the lake region. The eastward-bound cars show on every trip numerous amateur fishermen, thin and pale, it may be, from the wear and tear of city life, but fondly clasping a treasured fishing-rod, and joyous in anticipated sport and recreation. For what are more thoroughly curative to an over-wearied brain and body than forest breezes and fly-fishing?

Leaving New York by one of the Sound steamers, or by the night cars, you may reach Boston in season to breakfast, and take the morning train to Portland. Thence a ride of about eighty miles on the Maine Central Railroad brings you, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the beautiful village of Farmington. Here you may stop at pleasure; but if your fishing-tackle is ready, and you are impatient for action, the open cars of the Sandy River Railroad (familiarly called the "Narrow Gauge") are all ready to start.

The car ride from Farmington to Phillips, nearly twenty miles, is most charming, especially toward the close of a summer's day. The broad, green intervals on the west, with the silvery Sandy River winding through them; the rich forests upon the opposite hillsides; the mountain-peaks—"Old Blue," Bald, Saddleback and Abraham—lifting their heads above their fellows; the bubbling brooks; the thrifty farm-houses, all make a sunlit landscape more picturesque than is often seen.

Phillips is nestled among mountains, an hour's drive only from the foot of "Old Blue," and abounds in trout-brooks. There you spend the night, the hotels affording good accommodations. You wake "bright and early" next morning, for there is something exhilarating in the fresh mountain air that begins to fill you with new life. Already you are *hungry*, an almost forgotten sensation. Having appeased your appetite by a bountiful breakfast, you pace the piazza with impatient steps until the four-seated mountain coach, with its fine, strong horses and skillful driver, appears. Then away for Rangeley Lakes!

It is a long twenty miles to "Rangeley City," but the coach is easy, the roads good, the horses accustomed to the hilly route. You are sure to have jolly fellow-passengers, and the wild grandeur of the surrounding country fills you with enthusiastic admiration. As you leave grand "Old Blue" a little behind, the Saddleback range, with its numerous peaks, rises in nearer, clearer view, and Mount Abraham looms up further toward the right. "Beech Hill," a spur of Saddleback, is a famous portion of the route, ascending which, high and higher, you at length reach a point in the roadway 2,500 feet above sea-level. Now a magnificent view bursts upon the sight. If you have wisely secured a seat by the driver and made friends with him, he will grow wonderfully communicative, and enlighten you about this wild region of country. Here are the Sandy River Ponds, whence rises the river of that name, and presently you come to Long Pond, a feeder of Rangeley Lake. Salmon trout live in these waters; but the stage don't stop to fish on the way!

Near the head of Rangeley Lake, about 1,500 feet above tide water, is a hotel and the landing, where any who wish may take the steamer for the trip through the lakes. A delightful excursion it is—the steamboats on the different lakes connecting, with, sometimes, short "carries" intervening—down Rangeley, touching at the

BIG ISLAND POND.

various landings from Indian Rock down the Oquossoc River, over Cupsuptic, Mooselucmaguntic, Molechunkamunk, and so on through the whole series. And all along, here and there, are "camps," and the waters are alive with trout.

But the stage goes on to "Rangeley City," and there, while waiting for dinner, you may as well consider, if you have not already decided, which enticing fishing-ground shall be honored with your handsome bamboo rod. At any rate, if you are to "camp out" you should engage a guide familiar with localities, strong, willing and capable. He will have plenty to do. Luggage to carry, fires to build, trout to fry, coffee and cakes to make, besides leading the way through the wilderness.

Rangeley Lake is nine miles long by three wide, and the pretty hotels that peep out from its wooded shores only make it the more picturesque, and afford pleasant quarters for guests. Oquossoc Island is owned by private gentlemen. The grounds about Indian Rock, a famous old fishing-point, are leased by the Oquossoc Angling Association, composed chiefly of gentlemen from New York and Boston. Their clubhouse is commodious, and a fine building gives excellent accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. "Camps" for fishing and sporting parties extend all along the borders of the lakes down to Umbagog. Even Parmachenee, in the northwest corner of the State, has its "camps," hotels and guides; for trout flourish in its cold waters, and around it are the haunts of the deer and moose. To the north are numberless streams and ponds: that crowning gem among the lakes, Kennebago; Little Kennebago; the Seven Ponds—"seven" being most emphatically an indefinite number—while toward the east are the Dead River Ponds.

There is room for selection in these forest highlands where the Kennebec and Androscoggin take their rise. But, perhaps, having dined, you cannot do better than to take a mountain-wagon three or four miles to the beginning of the seven-mile path through the woods, which will bring you to Kennebago Lake. You can walk or ride horseback, either way is delightfully romantic, and you would be really sorry when the "Forest Retreat" at Kennebago suddenly comes into view, were you not as suddenly made conscious that you are as "hungry as a hunter." But even if you were famishing you could not refrain from lingering on the piazza to watch the sun sinking gloriously behind Mount Kennebago, and tingeing with golden shadows the rippling waters of the lake just at your feet.

Supper, and plenty of fried trout; a sail by twilight; bed. This is a region where eating, breathing and sleeping become luxurious to the tired brain-worker long confined in the city. And for beauty of situation and abundance of trout and game it can scarcely be surpassed. But with your guide you can push on next day to "Little Kennebago," or the "Seven Ponds" district, tramping ten, twenty, thirty miles at pleasure; fishing or hunting by day, sleeping in camp by a huge fire at night, eating the most delicious trout, and growing hale and hearty, always finding a delightful resting-place at the head of Kennebago Lake awaiting your return.

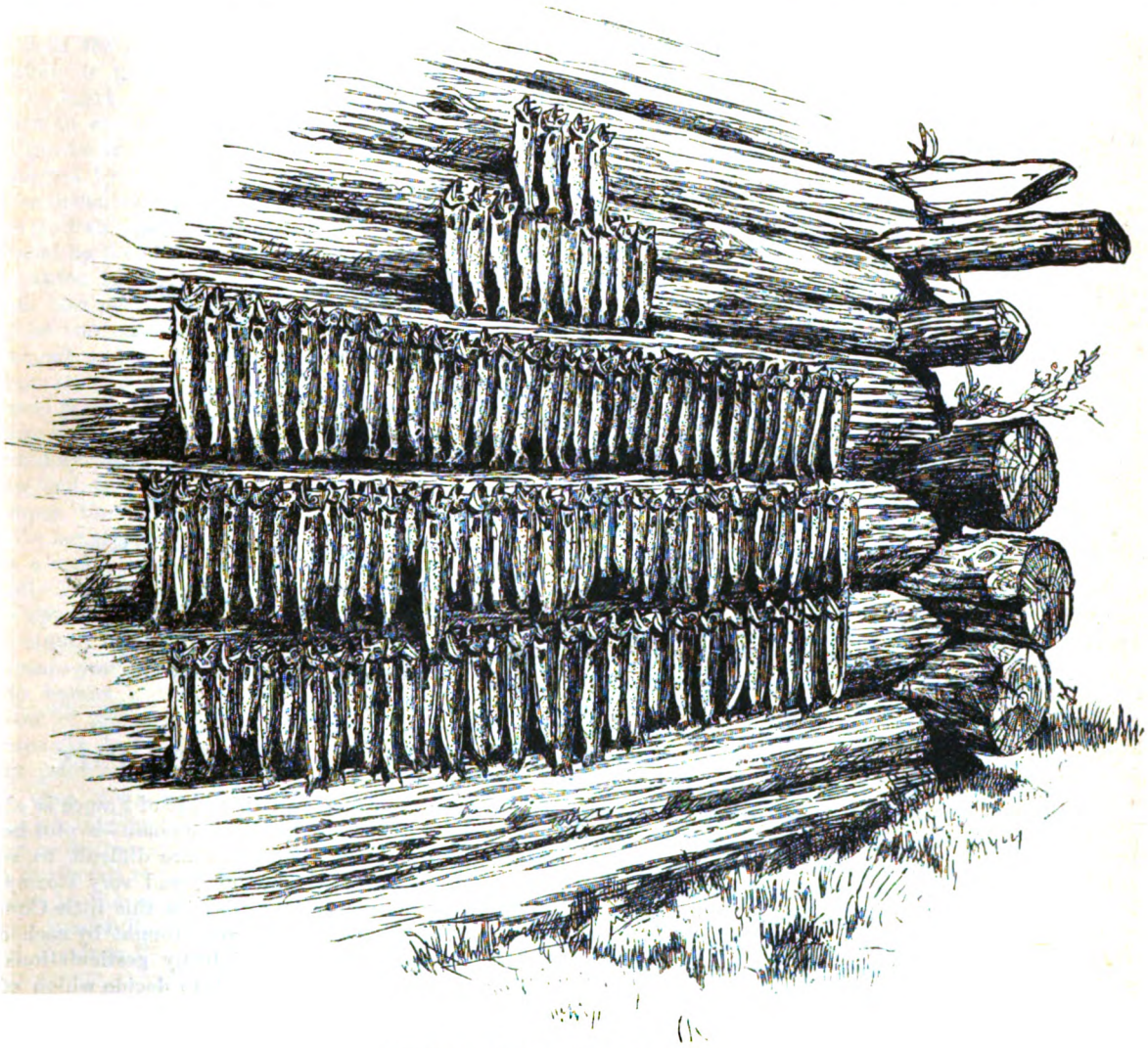
We chanced, once on a time, not long ago, to have a chat with one of these amateur fishermen who was tarrying a day *en route* from the lakes back to New York—or rather, *he* chatted. He was literally bubbling over with vitality. A fortnight before he had gone into the forests, weary and worn, actually suffering for brain-rest. Having visited the lakes before, he knew the keen enjoyment and healing virtue of a fishing-tramp, and was eager to

LOG CABIN, BIG ISLAND POND.

breathe the pure air of the Maine highlands. So, equipped in regular camping-costume, from the tip of his canvas cap to the toe of his high, leather boots, with a full rubber suit in reserve, he had walked from Kennebago through the Seven Pond region, affectionately hugging his fishing-rod and gun, while he trusted to other hands a big bundle of wraps, canned soups, condensed milk, flour, coffee, etc. His old guide, faithful "John," had been engaged just eleven months before; so he knew he would be well-cared for, and had no anxiety on that point.

The young man had grown brown amid the mountain breezes, and comparatively rugged during his two weeks' tramping; and was so overflowing with life and bounding spirits that he effervesced like a champagne-bottle; he couldn't hold in—he had to talk to let off the superabundant gas. A single inquiry, even a word, would start him off, and away he would go, like a windmill in a northwest gale:

"Oh, it is *glorious* at old Kennebago! *Tired?* Why I feel like another man. I've gained fourteen pounds since I left New York—almost a pound a day. No wonder; I ate about five pounds of trout a day—fact—not to mention 'flippers.' *Don't you know what 'flippers' are?* Then you don't know what's *good.* Well, John made them—in a pan. They are about twelve inches in diameter and half an inch thick, and I ate three of those, and a pound and a half of trout, at a meal, and drink a pint dipper-full of coffee—sometimes *two* dippers' full. You needn't laugh. One gets a terrific appetite in these woods. And didn't Charlie and I keep John cooking those 'flippers'! *Recipe?*—Well, some flour and water and baking-powder, that's all. They were *splendid! Shortening?*—No, not a bit—unless there's shortening in baking-powder—and they were first-rate! While John washed the dishes I always retired to the stump—had to—couldn't keep awake after eating. Charlie and I tried which could beat in eating. Well, I came out ahead every time but one. It is so good to feel *hungry!* And one gets ravenous, I tell you, when camping out something like three thousand feet above sea-level.



THREE DAYS' CATCH AT SEVEN PONDS.

"*Black flies?*—Yes, about fourteen millions! *Troublesome?*—Not a bit. Just rub on the tar and oil—you don't feel it any when it's on—and they don't touch you. It's fun to look up and see a cloud of them about two feet above you, meandering around, but never coming nearer. It makes you feel *happy!* If one, by chance, ventures to light on you, away he goes buzz-zz-ing. Ah, he don't like it!

"But those 'Seven Pond' trout! They are just *magnificent!* Wish I could have brought out some of those big fellows to show around—just pulled 'em out by the

dozen. Oh, yes; we put back the little ones—all we couldn't use—for *next year*, you know! I tell you, it is fine sport to haul out one of those three or four pounders. But big trout don't snap at every fly. *Game?*—Lots of it. 'Seven Ponds' is the very place for shooting—partridges, moose, deer, bears, *et cetera*. *We* didn't hunt much, though; the law is on till October, you know.

"Ah! but wasn't it cold some of those nights! *Blankets?* To be sure. John carried a hundred pounds of luggage, poor fellow! 'Twas too much. We had to leave some of our blankets at Kennebago, and borrowed from another camp. That last night at 'Seven Ponds' we had returned those borrowed blankets, and had only our own, and wasn't it cold! John cut half a cord of wood, more or less, and we burnt it all. About twelve o'clock *I* couldn't stand it any longer, so I got up, heated a board, and put it close up by the fire, laid down on it, and went to sleep. By-and-by one side of me got so hot it waked me up. Then I turned over and heated the other side. That was the coldest night! *Take cold?* No! Couldn't take cold up there! Of course you must have warm flannels; then, with rubber-cloth, blankets and a good fire, you can't well take cold in those pine woods. Oh! it's *delicious!*

"*Crowded?* Well, we heard when we got to Phillips that they were full at Kennebago, so we just got a single team and started for Rangeley a couple of hours ahead of the stage. Found they had given us a slow poke of a horse and no whip; but I had a ramrod! a hickory ramrod. So, says I to Charlie, 'You drive and I'll whip.' Tried to find a soft spot on the beast. Couldn't. Another private team appeared in the distance behind us—two good horses, but four people. We were two, and had the start, but an old horse. Found the only way to make the creature go was to fire off my revolver at frequent intervals! That waked him up—ha! ha! There was a slow team before us—a funeral procession or a bridal party—two men, two women in their laps, each woman holding a baby. Got by them. Fast party behind got by *us*. Then they stopped to shoot a loon; we shot by them—got into Rangeley first—ordered dinner *instanter*—hunted up John while it was cooking—set out for Kennebago while those other fellows were looking up guides—got there first, and so got rooms, all right."

And so the young man, brimful of spirits, rattled on, the words rolling from his lips as the babbling brook ripples over its pebbly bed, because it cannot help it. Yet he was a hard worker despite his fun and nonsense, and had not another day to spare from business.

"I'm off for New York in the morning," he said at length. Time's up. No more fun for me; must bone right down to office-work now. But 'tis glorious at old Kennebago and Seven Ponds! Next Summer I mean to spend a month in those woods, live on trout, and grow fat."

A LADY HARLEQUIN.

The following very curious advertisement appeared in a newspaper published in the year 1785: "A card to the gentlemen of the theatre: A lady that wishes much to appear on the stage in the character of a harlequin, but not knowing to whom to apply, takes this method to beg the assistance of any gentleman that hath interest to procure her a master that would take and instruct her for the same, without any other premium than the half of her salary for his trouble, which he may have for any term he pleases. The writer hath no objection to either the army, navy or counting-house, but would seriously prefer the being a harlequin, as the singularity of which seems to strike her fancy most, by reason, she presumes, that such a thing was never before attempted by any of her sex; therefore the favor of a line from a gentlem that may be generously inclined to assist her, withou unmeaning curiosity, will be esteemed an honor, and immediately answered by herself."

FAIR MORNING IS ON THE HARBOR.

By James H. Morse.

Fair morning is on the harbor,
And morning on the bay;
And the boats that were lying at anchor
Now silently steal away.

No wind in the sail to bear them—
They drift with the tide afar;
Till they enter the outer harbor
And silently cross the bar.

It may be the skipper is sleeping,
He sits at the rudder so still;
It may be the skipper is thinking
Of his young wife on the hill.

She wastes no moment in sighing—
With day her labors begin;
Wide open she flings the shutters
To let the still sunshine in.

She pauses only an instant
To look at the steel-gray dew,
From that to the rosebush glances,
Where it sparkles fresh and new.

And down the slope to this harbor,
And over the harbor afar;
For her dear little heart with the skipper
Is just now crossing the bar.

"God bless her!" the skipper is saying.
"God bless him!" the wife returns;
Thus each for the other is praying,
While each for the other yearns.

A FRENCH JUGE DE PAIX.

The small proprietor in this part of France is always adding by purchase to his little domain—a plot here, a field there; and the limitations are difficult to settle. Sometimes the women squabble, and very stormy and often ludicrous scenes take place in this little Court of Justice. Village termagants are brought by each other before the judge, who, amid lively gesticulations and vociferated epithets, is obliged to decide which of the two is in the wrong. Hard as it is to administer justice in such cases, it is harder still to maintain gravity. No matter what happens, the Juge de Paix must remain solemnity itself. It is interesting to learn that the majesty of the law represented in his person is invariably respected. No matter how disorderly the offender or how violent the disputants, the simple "You can retire," of the Juge de Paix is sufficient. It is very rare, indeed, that the services of the gendarme are called in. What a study for an artist, this shrewd old farmer in blue blouse to-day pleading his own cause! The matter of dispute is a certain contract, and he is there to show that the other contracting party has failed in his obligation. His keen, vivacious eyes and weather-beaten face show extraordinary variety of expression. Now he gloats over the assurance that he has carried his point and convinced the judge. Now he exhibits a surprise almost withering

at finding himself imperfectly understood. The ground is gone over again and again with renewed vehemence and animation, the judge and his coadjutors listening patiently. At last he is requested to listen in turn; the judge simply bidding him to appear with certain documents at the next sitting, when the verdict of the law will be awarded. With a parting burst of oratory delivered to the audience, and evidently sure of triumphing in the end, the picturesque old fellow takes his departure. The politeness testified on both sides at the *séances* is very pleasant to witness.

Next stand up two disputants who cannot agree about the boundary-marks of their respective possessions—one a grave, middle-aged man of few words; the other, young, smart, and ready to say on his own behalf all and more than the judge has time or patience to listen to. The affair is promptly disposed of; on that day fortnight, at eight o'clock in the morning, the two disputants are to appear with their title deeds on the contested border-land, and the rival claims will straightway be adjusted by the judge in person.

These instances will serve to illustrate the functions of a Juge de Paix, which are strictly defined. His mission, as defined by the Code, is to judge, conciliate and assist. Each canton has this rural magistrate, whose authority extends also over criminal cases up to a certain point. Thus, he can sentence offenders to short terms of imprisonment, and to fines not exceeding 200 francs ($40), the next stage in administration being the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of the *Arrondissement*. In cases of burglary, murder, suicide, accident or arson, the Juge de Paix is immediately summoned to the scene to investigate matters and take evidence. It is he, also, who sets the seals upon the papers of defunct persons; who represents the law at these "conseils de famille," or family conclaves, a useful institution, and, in fine, acts as mediator generally in matters of domestic as well as civic dispute.

The appointment of these rural magistrates is made by the state. The stipends are small, three or four thousand francs yearly, with a small retiring pension at sixty. Nor do honors and promotions await this humble interpreter of the law. He may rise to the first rank in this capacity, but higher he cannot go. Yet neither his modest position nor simple scale of life humiliate him in the eyes of his neighbors. Provided he fulfills his duty in an intelligent, amiable and conscientious spirit, he is universally respected. And if none of the brilliant prizes of life fall to his share, he at least can lead a quiet existence in the enjoyment of fireside happiness. No sunnier, peacefuller home have I seen in France than that of the Juge de Paix.

A QUAINT WEDDING GAME.

A SINGULAR marriage custom prevails amongst the French Canadians at Côté de Beaupré, north of Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church, the bridal party make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day, and then return again to church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table, the bride keeps her seat, and some one asks with great dignity:

"Why does madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies:

"Somebody has stolen my slipper; I can't walk."

Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vender of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride, and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size, until at last he finds her missing shoe. The groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not watchful, they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way; and they have been known to steal the bride, for whom there must be liberal pay.

A WITTY REPLY.

A CERTAIN nobleman of wit and eminence, whose fatherland was *not* on the English side of the Irish Channel, sent a communication to a brother peer, well-advanced in life, with whom he chanced to have some business transactions, and who was at the time a resident in Dublin.

In reply he received an intimation that the matter in question could not receive his lordship's attention at present, in consequence of his approaching marriage and his departure within a day or two for Bray, where it was his intention to pass the honeymoon. In acknowledgment of the joyful news the following reply was sent: "My dear X.: "Pray make no apology. I congratulate you most heartily on the step you are about to take. It was quite unnecessary to add that you are *going to bray*. Yours very sincerely, Z."

A ROMANCE OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

IN the seventeenth century the House of Brunswick was divided into two branches, the head of one being Duke George, sovereign of Lunebourg. At his death he portioned his dominions among his sons, the eldest having the principalities of Zell and Lunebourg, and the second (George William) those of Hanover and Gottingen. There were other sons who need not be mentioned here. Duke George William fell deeply in love with a French lady, Mademoiselle Eléonore d'Olbreuse, who was maid of honor to the Princess of Tarente, and whom he met at times both in Germany and in Holland. Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse was herself of an old French family of repute, and being moreover possessed of amiable qualities, some of George William's most fastidious connections in the Brunswick family agreed that there should be celebrated a "morganatic" marriage. This accordingly took place; but in due time, the early affection between the couple continuing to subsist, a more formal ceremony superseded the "left-handed" one; and, when George William had, by the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the principality of Zell, the duchess thereof was a personage whom even Louis le Grand would address occasionally as "My cousin."

Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse, so introduced to the historic page, was by the course of events destined to be grandmother of two kings—the one, George II. of England; the other, Frederick II. of Prussia. Considering, as we now may, this remarkable streak of history, and the lines whence come the present heads both of Great Britain and of Germany, the reflective reader may be apt to think of the descendants of this lady's maid to a princess, as Macbeth did of the shadows before him, "Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" But much more of romance remains to be pointed out in this historical episode. In 1666, Eléonore d'Olbreuse gave birth to a daughter, who was named Sophia Dorothea,

and was married in 1682 to her cousin George Louis, electoral Prince of Hanover. She was now Princess of Zell, by the more formal union of her parents, after the "morganatic" ceremony. The electoral prince eventually came to the throne of England as George I., and the son of Sophia Dorothea succeeded to the crown of Great Britain as George II. But the married life of Sophia Dorothea had been a very unhappy one. She was neglected by her husband, and had enemies at court, who appear to have laid a trap for her; and on the visit to

TAMIL GIRL PICKING TEA-LEAVES IN CEYLON.

Hanover of a celebrated gallant of the time, the Saxon Count Koenigsmark, they spread the notion that he was too attentive to the princess. The women around her, who were much more devoted to her husband's interests than to her own, induced her to consent that Koenigsmark should kiss her hand before his departure, and introduced him to her bedroom for that purpose. But from the moment he left the apartment, he disappeared. The matter was taken up by his relatives, and by several of the German courts, for Koenigsmark was a man of some importance in his own country; but nothing was ascertained respecting him. Koenigsmark was strangled as he left the princess's apartment, but it was not known what became of him until the death of George I. Then, writes Walpole, "on his son, the new King's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Koenigsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room. The discovery was hushed up; George II. intrusted the secret to his wife, Queen Caroline, *who told it to my father.*" George II., he also adds, loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and endeavored, as far as he could, to repair the injury to the memory of one who was apparently innocent. But the unhappy princess was consigned, immediately after these occurrences, to the seclusion, or imprisonment, of the Château d'Ahlden, where she remained for thirty odd years, dying in 1726. Her only solace during that period was an active correspondence with her mother, the Duchess of Zell, who came as often as she could to the vicinity of the chateau; but the demise of the duchess, in 1722, preceded only by a few years that of her broken-hearted daughter. Such is the story of Eléonore d'Olbreuse and her only child—mothers of two lines of kings. In the vaults at Zell rest both mother and daughter. The sepulchres there of the princes of the House of Guelph are resplendent in gold and silver; but two simple lead coffins are there also, without ornament or description of any kind, and "when a visitor descends into the vaults, he scarcely notices the magnificent sepulchres in the gloomy archway. He goes straight to those two modest coffins, which recall such bitter sufferings. He knows that there sleep the mother and grandmother of kings."

THE PETERHOFF.

THIS palace is intimately associated with the imperial fortunes of Russia, for it owes its origin to the strange founder of that country's greatness, Peter the Great. After sending his son Alexis to the grave by the fearful tortures used to compel him to confess his treasonable acts, Peter, broken in spirits by remorse and by the death of the only son whom Catharine bore him, erected Peterhoff.

GENERAL VIEW OF PETERHOFF PALACE.

It is twenty-four miles from Petersburg, on the Gulf of Finland, and has been called, appropriately, the "Versailles of the North," from its beautiful fountains and gardens. The palace, built on an elevation of sixty feet, is a long, yellow-stuccoed building, three stories high, with white pilasters and five gilt towers. Great rows of trees invite you to their shade, and clumps of orange-trees and beds of heliotrope and verbena make the air fragrant. The interior has beautiful tapestries, with tables and vases of malachite and marble. From the palace to the water the grounds are terraced with waterfalls, as picturesque as anything in Europe. The Samson, a colossal bronze figure, tearing the jaws of a lion, throws water 80 feet high, and from it to the sea runs a canal, 500 yards long, filled with fountains, which throw water horizontally and vertically. Before the palace is a broad flight of marble steps, and on each

side, marble slabs, over which the water pours constantly.

In the pretty grounds, we sat in a little house which Peter built so that he might look out upon the fleet moored beneath the batteries of Cronstadt, near-by. He loved the navy his hands had created. Here we saw his bed, the coverlet given by the Emperor of China, and the dressing-gown by the Shah of Persia. Here is the table made by Peter himself, and the little box containing the parts of a watch which he had taken to pieces. Close by is a low Dutch summer-house, "Monplaisir," where he often slept, and where his dressing-gown, night-cap and slippers are shown as precious relics. In the Hermitage, near the water, is a unique room, where the dishes descend from the table through grooves cut in the floor, and are replaced by others without a servant being seen. Here is the carp-pond where the fish come up to be fed on rye-flour at the ringing of a bell, as they did in Peter's time.

Some five years after Peter had built this lovely home, disease came upon him. With great solemnity, he caused Catharine to be proclaimed his successor; though some of the nobles suffered torture rather than take the oath of allegiance to a woman. One day he flung himself to his waist in water to save a boat in distress, and died soon after, at fifty-three, in Catharine's arms, unable to speak or write his last wishes.

Catharine lived but two years, naming the son of Alexis as her successor. He reigned three years only, dying of smallpox, at seventeen. After him, Anna, the niece of Peter, ruled ten years, followed by his only daughter, Elizabeth, who was twenty years upon the throne. She inherited much of the ability of her father, encouraged science and letters, was the stanch ally of Maria Theresa, and so defeated Frederick the Great in the battle of Künersdorff, only 3,000 men being left out of 48,000, that he determined to commit suicide, saying: "I shall never survive it. I no longer see any resources. I think all is lost." His kingdom was saved by Elizabeth's sudden death.

She, too, was very fond of Peterhoff, and when she wanted leisure and comfort by the sea, used to come here and cook her own dinner in "Monplaisir," where her father had slept, and where he had gathered a large number of Dutch and Flemish pictures, when he was learning the trade of shipbuilder. In the palace are many curious pictures of her and her maids-of-honor. One represents her on horseback, attended by a negro runner.

After her came her nephew, the grandson of Peter, called Peter III., who, after a profligate life, was compelled to abdicate in favor of his wife, Catharine the Great. When informed of her rise to power, she hastened from Peterhoff in a peasant-wagon. The horse fell dead, and she was obliged to reach St. Petersburg on foot. Four days after this her husband died of "hæmorrhoidal colic flying to the brain," it was said; but he was, doubtless, strangled, with Catharine's knowledge.

For more than thirty years she governed Russia with the skill and ability of Peter the Great. She helped to crush Poland. When her General, Suwaroff, appeared before Praga, he sent seven columns of Russians against it, dressed in their white shirts as for a wedding. The Poles fought like heroes, but the streets were covered with corpses. The dead numbered 12,000, the prisoners only 1,000. He wrote to the Empress, "Blood flows in torrents." Her reply was, "Bravo, Field-marshal! Hurrah! Praga! Suwaroff!" When any of her generals shrunk from war, she said: "The Romans did not concern themselves with the *number* of their enemies, they only asked, 'Where are they?'" She carried on two bitter wars with Turkey, and annexed the whole of the Crimea. Since Ivan the Terrible no monarch made such vast conquests. She expected to gain Constantinople, named her son Constantine, and put on one of the gates to Moscow, "Way to Constantinople."

She secularized church property, a reform projected by Peter the Great; offered an asylum for Moravians and Jews, whom Elizabeth had expelled; built an immense foundling asylum, where 40,000 children were received during her reign; sent for foreign physicians and literati to benefit her country; corresponded with Voltaire and the other learned men of the time; wrote several books; established a remarkable code of laws; founded 200 towns, and was well called the "Semiramis of the North." She bought immense libraries, made the "Hermitage" one of the finest repositories of art in the world, and beautified Peterhoff as her loved place of rest and refreshment. Here is her "Birch Cottage," thatched with straw, where formerly every room was hung with mirrors to give it an appearance of great size and magnificence. In one room of the palace are the portraits of over eight hundred young ladies, made for the Empress during her journey through fifty Russian provinces. Brilliant, yet like other monarchs of the day, sensual, she died suddenly of apoplexy, leaving her country powerful among the nations. Paul, her son, who seems to have had little love for her, was soon strangled by his Ministers for his bad conduct. His palace, which cost 18,000,000 rubles and required 5,000 workmen to build it, is now used for an engineering school.

His son Alexander I. succeeded him, the handsome soldier who, at the grave of Frederick the Great, at midnight, in the presence of the beautiful Louise of Prussia, clasped hands with her husband Frederick William III., and swore eternal hatred to Napoleon Bonaparte. During his reign the "Grande Armée" of 700,000 melted away in that fearful march from Moscow, and the Czar of all the Russias entered Paris in triumph.

He began a vast system of public education; he granted a constitution to poor Poland; he welcomed the British and Foreign Bible Society to his realm, which soon published 500,000 volumes; the secret court of police was abandoned; books and papers entered Russia freely; the emancipation of the serfs began to be talked of, and the world turned toward Alexander I. as the one destined to deliver his country from despotism. He lived unostentatiously, traveling over his vast domain to understand how he could aid his people.

At last his overtaxed mind and body seemed to undergo an entire change. He became gloomy and opposed to liberty; the secret police were reinstated and the public Press put under surveillance. The death of a natural daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached—the child of Madame Naryshkine—and a fearful inundation of St. Petersburg in 1824, unsettled the Czar's mind. As he brooded over the past, he was heard to say: "They may say what they like of me, but I have lived and will die a republican." He expired in the arms of the Empress Elizabeth, to whose affection he seemed to return in the latter part of his life.

At Peterhoff may be seen the little tables and benches with which he played when a boy, for Russia thinks tenderly of what he did for her in his early years.

Constantine, the next brother, would have come to the throne, but for a love affair. He had been married at seventeen to a princess of Saxe-Coburg, and after a few years of unhappiness she left him and returned to Ger-

many. After twenty years he became passionately attached to a young Polish lady, Johanna Garondsinsha, obtained a divorce from his wife, and married her. In order to do this, according to the rules of the Greek Church, he must renounce his crown. He begged his brother to release him from his heirship to the throne, and assisted heartily at the coronation of his second brother, Nicholas. For nine years love seemed to be of more consequence than an empire, and, soon after his death, his wife followed, broken-hearted. History scarcely furnishes a parallel to this willing sacrifice of a throne for love.

Nicholas I., the handsomest man in all Europe, became Czar in 1825. With the strongest of wills and the coldest of hearts, he quelled insurrections with the hand of a despot. He restored capital punishment, which had been abolished by Elizabeth, and had five leaders in liberalism put to death. When the rope broke which held the poet Rileyeff and the multitude could not bear his agony, the governor-general sent to the Emperor for instructions. "Take a stronger rope and proceed with the execution," was the response. Poland was held in subjection, the Jews persecuted, and the Hungarians crushed from Austria by the aid of Russian soldiers. He had married at twenty-one the courtly daughter of Louise of Prussia, Charlotte, the sister of Emperor William of Germany. She was well-nigh as cold as her majestic husband. He was treated as a demi-god, and to none did he unbend save to Charlotte.

At Peterhoff, with his family of four sons and three daughters around him, Nicholas seemed to be the man rather than the monarch. He celebrated Charlotte's birthdays with *fêtes*. He amused his court by telling his corps of pages to "storm the cascades," which was to dash through the fountains, often knocked over by the force of the water, when he who reached the top of the steps first would receive a prize from the Emperor's own hands. Here is his telescope, through which he watched his fleet. Here, during the absence of Charlotte, he built a peasant's hut, as in their travels she had expressed her admiration for one. Upon her return he dressed in peasant's clothes, met her and led her to the hut, assuring her that both it and the builder were hers for ever. The delicate woman was wellnigh overcome by this touching manifestation of affection. When she was ill at Rome he traveled thither *incognito*, that he might give her joy by the surprise.

To gain Constantinople was the ambition of Nicholas. The result was the Crimean War, when he fought England and France with Turkey, and was defeated. The losses hastened his death. The country had become dissatisfied, and urged for liberal reforms. As he lay on his camp-bed of hay, covered with his cloak, he said: "My successor may do what he will. I cannot change." Then he dictated this dispatch to all the large towns of Russia, "The Emperor is dying," said good-by to each member of his family, and blessed them all.

Charlotte said: "Oh, God, could I not die with you?" He replied: "You must live for them," and turning to Alexander, his son, he said: "My desire was to labor till I could leave you the Empire thoroughly organized, protected, freed from all danger without, completely tranquil and happy; but you see at what a time and under what circumstances I die. The burden will be heavy. I have always prayed for Russia and for you all. There, also, I will pray for you. Do you remain always, as hitherto, closely united by family love." Calling for the lady-in-waiting to Charlotte, he said: "I fear I have not sufficiently thanked you for the care you took of the Empress when she was last ill. Be to her what you have been in my lifetime, and salute my beautiful Peterhoff the first time you go there with her." He died holding in one hand the hand of Charlotte, and in the other that of Alexander. Even at the last he could not forget "beautiful Peterhoff."

Alexander II. came to the Empire in troubled times. With the gentleness of his mother, to whom he was ardently attached, he devoted himself to the intellectual and moral elevation of Russia. He removed the censorship from the Press, and began to prepare for one of the grandest acts in history, the emancipation of 23,000,000 serfs. These peasants had been bought and sold with the land, and were as truly slaves as the colored race before our Civil War. Dreadful abuses had crept in. One woman had killed, through various tortures, nearly one hundred of her slaves. Through Alexander the Government bought the land of the owners, mostly nobles, paying four-fifths of the sum at which the acres were valued ($500,000,000), and letting the peasants pay one-fifth. The serfs agreed to pay six per cent. for forty-nine years to the Government, for money advanced. In twenty years the serfs in all have bought from their masters 80,000,000 acres, valued at nearly $500,000,000. A great revolution was thus effected, and the actual tillers of the soil became its owners.

As the years went by, Alexander II. grew conservative and gloomy. He lived openly with Princess Dolgouriki, by whom he had several children, thus estranging the affections of his wife and legitimate children. Nihilism had greatly increased, especially among the educated. Its advocates demanded freedom of the Press, of speech, of public meetings, and of political representation, with a Constitution. In vain the Emperor was warned that if he did not give a Constitution he must die. Several times his life was attempted. He was fired at four times in the palace at St. Petersburg. Dynamite exploded on the Moscow Railroad, destroying the baggage-cars instead of the royal train, for which it was intended. In 1880, the Winter Palace was nearly destroyed by dynamite in the cellar, the Czar and his daughter being saved only by their coming to the dining-room later than was expected. Still, the Emperor could not bring himself to be more liberal with his people.

The fatal hour came at last. March 13th, 1880, the Czar had been viewing the marine corps. On his return a bomb was thrown behind his carriage, and he at once stepped out to see if any of his aids were injured. A second bomb was immediately thrown at his feet, which exploded, so mutilating his body that he died in two hours. The man who threw the bomb perished at the same time, while the planners of the deed, Sophie Peroffskaja, a lady of noble birth, and Jeliaboff, a peasant, were publicly hanged. While the world was horrified at the assassination, it could not look with much favor upon absolutism in this enlightened nineteenth century.

A chapel is erected on the spot where Alexander fell, and here we saw the faithful, at all hours of the day, praying before the lighted candles and contributing to the church.

When Alexander III. came to the throne it was confidently hoped that he would grant the long-waiting people a Constitution, but it has not been done. He retired for months to his Summer palaces, at Gatchina and Peterhoff, well guarded by his army; but finally, it is said, by the advice of Emperor William, his great-uncle, he has mingled with his subjects. We frequently saw him riding with Dagmar, his wife, a slight and sweet-faced woman—quite like her sister, the Princess of Wales. She

was the affianced of his elder brother, who died, and promised him on his death-bed that she would marry Alexander III. She is said to be well versed in politics, and doubtless to her and Alexandra of England, peace has been made possible for so long between these rival nations.

Alexander was crowned at Moscow, May 27th, 1882, with great splendor. The sum appropriated for the festival was 6,500,000 rubles. The Czar entered the city on a white charger. He received the iron crown from the hand of the metropolitan, or head priest, and placed it upon his own head, being anointed with holy oil, after which he crowned Dagmar, and both appeared in their gorgeous robes before the assembled thousands. For a week the nation gave itself up to festivities. Great care was taken against explosives, the populace being forbidden even to throw up their hats, lest they contain bombs. The prettiest feature of the coronation was the riding beside her mother of little Xenia, their youngest child, in the procession, and her throwing kisses to the people. Peterhoff today is the abode of a united and apparently devoted family. Dagmar has influenced her warlike husband to love literature and refinement, and is bringing up their oldest son, Nicholas, to be, it is hoped, an honor to his country. I have seen her riding in Russia, dressed in a gray suit and English walking-hat, bowing gracefully, unattended save by her driver.

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT IN THE PETERHOFF GARDEN.— BY PROF. ANTOKOLSKY.

SUCCESS seems to be that which forms the distinction between confidence and conceit. Lord Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed in a certain paragraph of the newspapers of the day which detailed an action wherein he had assisted. "But never mind," said he; "I will one day have a gazette of my own."

Devoted to Death

By Imogene H. Sykes.

A beautiful face, framed in a lace curtain, paled and gleamed, as the girl bent all her faculties to hear the murmured words wafted to her but faintly on the evening breeze.

An exclamation rang out clear and sharp. It betrayed grief and horror. Then followed rapid words in protest, and the two voices, now grown eager in their turn, sounded all too clearly on the listening ears.

On the porch before her, in the moonlight, sat the two who held for her all the interest of this life, and yet she crouched behind the lace curtains of the open window and listened secretly to their words.

"You do not, then, believe in dreams?" said a low, awe-struck voice.

"No. They are but illusions, vagaries, visions of a distempered mind," firmly answered a man's voice, in impatient protest of such an idea.

"Ah!" cried out the low voice

"ON THE PORCH BEFORE HER, IN THE MOONLIGHT, SAT THE TWO WHO HELD FOR HER ALL THE INTEREST OF HER LIFE. . . . 'IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! MY LIFE IS ALREADY DEVOTED!' SHE SPOKE THE LAST WORDS IN AWE-STRUCK TONES."

in sudden, sharp horror, as the girl raised her face in the moonlight to her companion, with a terrible agony in it.

He caught her hands passionately.

"Gracia! My dear one, speak, tell me your grief," he cried, in tremulous tones, as he held the cold hands to his warm lips, and gazed anxiously in the pale, sweet face.

A bright, glad smile for a moment flooded it.

"You will save me?" she wistfully asked, bending toward him with a child's trustfulness, and flushing as her fingers grew warm beneath his lips.

"From what, my darling? Only tell me your grief, and then I will pledge my life to restore you to health and happiness."

The lace curtains shook in the breeze! But a woman's disturbed face hid its agony in their folds, as the listener crouched down as if beaten at the sound of his loving words.

"He was mine, he was mine until *she* came," she cried, in dumb agony to her heart, as she lay there in a crushed heap of chiseled limbs and heaving breast.

Yet in her agony she listened still, and her eyes caught a strange gleam, her lips grew mocking in their ripe beauty, and she laughed low.

"You know that I wear this black robe for my sister?" said the sweet voice on the porch, now grown tremulous at the betrayal of her companion's love.

"Yes," he replied, gently, looking in her face, as its wistful sweetness shone upon him from out the screen of sweetbrier behind her head, and the moonlight made a graceful silhouette of her black figure. "She died abroad, I understand."

"Poor Edna!" sighed the girl. "'Twas hard to die, and yet sweet, too, just as her life-dream was fulfilled. Yes, she died in Rome, where she had longed to go from childhood, and—I—am—now alone!"

The grieving face hid itself in the sweetbrier for a moment, while her companion clasped one trembling hand in his. She looked up bravely.

"You will think me very weak, Dr. Graham," she said, sadly, "but it seems so hard to me to live, now that my sister is gone."

"No," said the grave, loving voice. "My profession, if not my interest, would tell me of what a high-strung, nervous temperament you are. I can understand your loneliness. But, Gracia, dear one, you will let me comfort you. You will let my love win you back to happiness again."

She stopped him with a cry of despair.

"No, no! I cannot! I must not let you speak so! It is impossible! My life is already devoted!"

She spoke the last words in awe-struck tones, and arose slowly, with her head thrown back, looking upward.

"Sister," she whispered, in thrilling tones, "you have said it!"

Dr. Graham silently watched her.

Here was a case for his skill, and his cool, brave nerves, and for a while longer his love must be content to show itself by care and attention alone.

A terrible strain was upon the girl's mind and heart, he could see, and something beyond the loss of her sister—a loss now six months old—was consuming her like hidden flame, and sapping her life-strength, day by day.

"I am waiting to hear your sorrow, dear," he said, gently, drawing her down to her seat.

She looked with patient sadness up in his strong, true face, and spoke slowly.

"There were but the two of us. And this was our home. A quiet, lovely one; but Edna longed for the Old World. She fostered our limited means until she had procured the neccessary amount, and then we went abroad. In one brief year the whole sum of her life was told, for she seemed but to live in her beautiful artist life. And then her joy killed her, and I laid her to rest where she prayed to lie—a short distance out of Rome. I came back to my home. My aunt and cousin had charge of it, and still remain; they are very good to me, and I love my cousin, for the sake of her beautiful face—she is so like Edna, that the first sight of her on my return was a shock. Doctor, you do not believe in dreams," she continued, half-wildly. "You call them visions of a distempered mind. I do believe in them. For one night my sister came to me in a dream and told me I was devoted to death, and to make no plans, form no attachments, for all would come to naught! That was one long month ago, and the space of centuries have been crowded into the slow-passing days! My blood is like ice, my limbs refuse their power, I feel myself already sinking into a gaping grave, and now—oh, merciful Father, I cannot die now."

"Gracia, my dear one, has my love made life sweet to you?" cried Roger Graham, holding the quivering fingers in his strong palm, and speaking calmly by an effort.

"Yes," she said, sweetly, though shivering with dread, and white as death already in her terrible suffering.

"Will you try to live for me?" he asked, not denying her belief, thinking it wiser to create a counter-feeling.

"Yes, yes, if you will save me!" she cried, wildly clinging to him. "But, oh, the vision will come again—it said it would; and, Roger, if it but touch me I shall go mad!"

He soothed her like a child, holding her frightened eyes against his breast, and urging her to courage and resolution, to combat this hideous vagary of an overwrought system.

"I am strong now, Roger," she said, bravely, as she was bidding him good-night. "You have inspired me with your own nature. You should have a wife of different metal," she faltered, shyly, looking at him with fond blue eyes.

"I have selected my wife out of all the world," he said, proudly. "And when I return, a week hence, she must show me the blush-roses in her cheeks, and greet me with a merry laugh. Mind, I charge you, Gracia, be strong for me."

He kissed her softly, and turned away. The lace curtains parted across the window, and a white-robed woman stood silently regarding the moonlight.

A low cry from the young girl. Dr. Graham looked back and saw the beautiful form outlined by the fleecy curtains. He gave it a long, curious look, with a shade of doubt on his face, then waved his hand and went down the road.

* * * * * *

"Did I startle you, Gracia?" asked a cold, half-trembling voice, as if passion shook it, as the white-clad woman stepped out on the porch.

"You—you—looked so like Edna," faltered the young girl, shivering with nameless dread, "and the moonlight made you seem——"

"Like a ghost, eh?" laughed the other, mockingly, looking down the road with a strange smile. "You poor little coward. So I am like Edna?

"'Yes, the dear saints in heaven—
Dead dust in the ground,
Snatch a grace from the grave
Life never has given.'—

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.—"IN A MOMENT MORE THE GRAY OLD RUINS WERE DESERTED, SAVE FOR A GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS, LIKE A SPIRIT IN HER DELICATE, PALE BEAUTY, AND IN THE EAGER, SORROWFUL LOOK IN HER DARK EYES."

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

By Lucy Blake.

On the Irish Coast, not many miles from the mouth of Queenstown Harbor, there is a little bay, too insignificant and rock-hidden to be noticed on any map, or named in any guide-book, but Bogey's Bite, as it is called in local parlance, is of great importance and dignity in the opinion of the people living in the half-dozen cabins on its shore.

The Bite has good surf-bathing and fishing, and remarkably fine specimens of sea-anemones, and other water-wonders are found near its wave-worn rocks. On a lonely hill, overlooking the sea, the ruins of a monastery stand—St. Wilibald's—with a pillar tower beside them looking down in pity and wonder on the work of

mediæval builders, which falls under the pressure of a few paltry centuries, while it has stood intact since the days when the world was young.

"In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time!
Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveler it shone,
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the monk."

Molly Quilter was a magnate at Bogey's Bite; she owned the best cottage, which had been given the proud appellation of Neptune's Villa, and she took Summer lodgers—the plural number to be reckoned from year to year only, as she could accommodate but one at a time.

Neptune's Villa was a picturesque, attractive-looking little nest; it had a flourishing crop of daisies and dandelions growing in the rich brown thatch of its roof; the stucco-covered walls were tinted a pale blush-color, over which ivy and red-belled fuchsia climbed and swarmed till they clutched the thatch and hobnobbed with its nodding, white and yellow posies. A sapphire-blue lobelia hung like a gauze net from a tiny window in the gable, a great scarlet splash of geraniums flamed upon the bit of grass before the door, and all grew and flourished without other care or encouragement than that given by the sunshine and soft rains. The one guest chamber was resplendent with highly colored pictures of assorted saints, wonders in white crochet upon the table and chairs, a knitted counterpane, into which Molly's defunct sister had woven three years of her leisure hours, and pillows stuffed with "real live goose-feathers, your honor."

Molly's lodger for the hot weeks in the year of grace, 1885, was a tall, fair Englishman, with a big blonde mustache and a fine poise of shoulder that bespoke military training.

"That's the real gintleman!" Molly often exclaimed, enthusiastically, looking after him as he set out of a morning, with his fishing-rod carried by a bare-footed urchin, "one of the right sort as never takes back an odd shillin's change out of a sovereign."

Howard Tracy had youth, talents, money, and unquestionable good looks, and, withal, he believed himself the most unhappy wretch on the face of the globe. A woman was at the bottom of his misery, of course—the prettiest, sweetest girl in all the world, though she had thrown him over and broken his heart for an unexplained whim. He fondly hoped that he would pine away and die of this heart-wound, and thus awaken her sympathy and possible repentance when it was too late, since he could not have her love. Outwardly the disease had, as yet, wrought no great havoc; for Dora Trescot's victim looked strong and robust.

Mr. Tracy was, in truth, very unhappy, and found the quiet of Bogey's Bite far more in harmony with his feelings than the racket and bustle of the fashionable resorts whither his friends and companions had betaken themselves. He was something of a naturalist and conchologist, and found amusement and instruction dabbling in the waters of the Bite, and exploring the adjacent hills. Smoking his post-prandial pipe and conjuring the vision of a lovely girl's face with large dark eyes and a cloud of soft blonde hair out of the smoke-wreaths, he was interrupted in this bitter-sweet pastime by the entrance of his landlady. In one hand she held Tracy's coat, while the other was closed gingerly over the top of a coffee-cup, and woe and perplexity were depicted upon her usually so jolly face.

"Anything gone wrong, Mrs. Quilter? I haven't seen you look so distressed since Patsy got in among the cabbages."

"Indade, an' 'tis far worse than the loss of a few wormy cabbages this time, your honor. The heart in me is like a stone. Look at that, sir," and she withdrew the substantial hand which covered the cup, revealing a large whitish-gray moth, with black spots and lines upon its head and wings; a species which, to the superstitious, credulous Irish eye, bears a strong and fatal resemblance to a human skull. "A death's-head moth, sir, bad luck to it! As I was brushing your honor's coat five minutes since, I found the evil-eyed little baste on the front of it. Glory be to goodness, but my knees is weak entirely from the start it gave me! Ah, but this is the unlucky day, and no mistake!"

"Well, well, my good woman, you caught him before he ate holes in my coat, I suppose?"

"Holes, is it, your honor? And do you think it would be a bit of a hole I'd be frettin' about, and you a rich gintleman, able to buy a coat every day in the year, God bless you? Arrah, not at all; but them moths, bad manners to them, is a sign of great misfortune or death. A sure sign, sir, as I've never known to fail. It was near the second buttonhole on the left side, just above your heart, sir. Sure the finger of Fate is pointing at you, your honor, and you had best go to bed, and stay there safe the rest of the day. I'll serve you your supper there, and be proud to do it."

"I'm very much obliged to you for wishing to save me from my evil fate, Mrs. Quilter, but I must have a more terrible warning than that fuzzy fellow in the cup to keep me at home this fine afternoon. I'm off to St. Wilibald's to finish my sketches."

Mrs. Quilter saw her lodger depart with great reluctance and a renewal of her dire prophecy; but he, being of a cooler, less fanciful race and temperament, went on his way with a laugh at her fears.

After a half hour's climb up a rough, rarely-trodden path, Tracy found himself among the solitary owl-haunted ruins. The best view of the old tower was to be had from the highest point of the monastery wall still left standing, which was to be reached by a fragmentary flight of steps, and a strong clutch at the ivy, and steady foothold upon the broken masonry where the steps ceased.

Tracy swung himself up to this airy perch above the "old, bare, ruined choir, where late the sweet birds sang," and resumed his drawing. His work was very engrossing, and he did not notice the approach to this rarely visited spot of a party of strangers. The sound of their voices far below startled him. He unwisely shifted his position on the unstable wall, and in a moment more he lost his balance and fell, not through to the sunken pavement of the church, which would have been certain death, but to a ledge ten feet or more below, where the strong arms of the centuries-old ivy caught and held him, snug, secure and hidden as a baby owl in its cradle. He was ready to laugh at the semi-ridiculous position in which he found himself, till a sharp twinge in his left shoulder proved that his hasty descent from the top of the wall had not been as easy as he had at first supposed.

"Confound that old woman and her death's-head moth. I believe she is a witch, who foresaw quite plainly the pickle I was going to get into! I wonder if I hadn't better call some of these newcomers to the rescue. With a lame arm I may find it a difficult matter swinging myself down the rest of the way."

"Oh, Beatrice, come and look at Brother Somebody's tomb with a swallow's nest perched upon his stone shoulders instead of a head!" cried a fresh, girlish voice, which electrified Howard Tracy, hung in his ivy net, for it was Dora Trescot who spoke. His had been the maddening privilege to learn every tone of her voice beyond possibility of mistake. To make assurance doubly sure, he peeped down through the clustering leaves and saw the sweet-faced, graceful young goddess who had turned his sunshine into darkness with a few light words.

"How does she happen to be at St. Wilibald's, of all places in the world?" he soliloquized. "I supposed she was at the Isle of Wight. Oh, I remember, she told me once of some Irish cousins at Aspen Grove—that is not more than five miles distant from the Bite—Beatrice Cromarty in particular, whom she hoped to visit some day. Odd that fate should send us both to this lonely little spot at the same time—we, who might better let oceans roll between us."

"What are all these sticks scattered about, Bee? See, they have notches cut in them, as if somebody wanted to remember something," Dora continued.

"You shockingly ignorant little heathen! Those are praying-sticks, twigs and small branches from the Holy Ash, at the other side of the monastery—the tree to which the soldiers hung Brother Cyril. The faithful say their prayers here to this day, cutting a notch in a stick for each petition. Some of the sticks are very old, remnants of the monks' devotions before the place fell into ruins."

"Bee hasn't told you the chief virtue of Brother Cyril's twigs," said one of the cavaliers of the party. "If you break off a fresh branch and stand here in the nave alone, saying your petition to Brother Cyril, he will surely grant it; but it must be spoken in a clear, fearless voice, so that he may hear through the heavy stone slab which covers him. The prayer must be chronicled by a deep, even notch, and the stick laid reverently on the old fellow's tomb. All these rites carefully and religiously observed, you are bound to have your most ardent wish gratified."

"Nonsense, Bob; you will make Dora afraid of her own shadow, with all the superstitious stuff you pour into her too willing ears."

"I tell her nothing more than the peasant-lore which is believed by thousands."

"Will you get me a branch of the famous tree, Bob? I should like dearly to have a few words with Brother Cyril."

Bob vanished, and presently returned with the desired talisman.

"Now, I beg of you that you all withdraw to a respectful distance—a very respectful distance; for what I have to say to the holy brother is quite confidential," said Dora.

"We will go and have a look at the tower; that is surely out of hearing of your flirtation with the sainted Cyril. Here is my knife, and here is your stick; mind you don't cut your fingers."

In a moment more the gray old ruins were deserted, save for a girl in a white dress, like a spirit in her delicate, pale beauty, and in the eager, sorrowful look in her great, dark eyes, and a young man huddled out of sight among the ivy, midway up the wall, upon a broad ledge which had supported a gallery long ago.

Tracy, on this perch, had suffered much of the guilty uneasiness of an eavesdropper, but he had made no sign, as he was strongly averse to appearing ridiculous in Dora's eyes, or accepting assistance from the hands of her friends. If he were really wounded it would be a very different matter; he could then pose as an interesting sufferer, and be pitied and made much of; as it was, they would all laugh at him as soon as his back was turned. He would lie *perdu* until they were all gone, and trust to luck for getting down without their help. Dora's message to Brother Cyril would be some girlish bit of nonsense, of course, to which, under the circumstances, it would not be dishonorable to listen.

For a few moments the place was silent as a tomb; then these words, spoken in clear, sweet tones, ascended to the astonished ears of the young man in his ivy cradle: "Oh, good, kind Brother Cyril, listen to my prayer, and grant that Howard Tracy may some day know that I spoke from a sense of duty, and not as my heart dictated. If he knew the truth he would pity me, rather than be angry. I love him, Brother Cyril, and it is cruel to think that he feels only bitterness toward me."

Tracy, behind his leafy screen, could scarcely restrain a cry of delighted surprise. She had spoken from a sense of duty, and not as her heart dictated; she loved him still. What was the hateful misunderstanding which had reared its ugly head to separate them? He longed to drop down at the feet of the girl who had made this confession, so sweet to his ears; but it would be wrong to so rudely startle her in that lonely place, and so unceremonious a way of letting her know that her words had been overheard might be very annoying—he must use more finesse in regaining his lost ground.

In another moment Dora had disappeared, to rejoin her companions, and Tracy could hear their voices growing fainter in the distance as they all descended the hill together.

"It is time I looked about me for some safe means of getting down to *terra-firma*," said Tracy to himself. "Ah me, my shoulder is in a bad way!"

These were his last rational sentiments for many a long hour, for in looking for a stout twist of the vine to serve as a ladder, he again missed his footing and fell heavily to the ground, where he lay senseless and silent as the graven image upon Brother Cyril's tomb.

When he again awoke to consciousness he was lying in his bed at Neptune's Villa, with Mrs. Quilter bending anxiously over him.

"The saints be praised, he isn't dead!" exclaimed that good woman; "though it's badly broken and bruised he is, with his arm in a sling and a big lump of ice on his head. Faith, sir, and didn't I tell you that them death's-head moths don't give a body a warning for nothing. 'Tis a mercy you're not kilt entirely, for 'twas a big one with a very bad look in its eyes, bad luck to it!"

"Bother the moth. I had forgotten all about it," said Tracy, feebly. "I missed my footing, and would have come to grief anyway, moth or no moth."

"Not a bit of it, sir. I knew you were a doomed man when you went out this afternoon; and as you were so long away, I sent Teddy for you, and sure enough there you lay upon the stones, dead as a herring, as we all thought; but the Holy Mother be praised, you're not gone yet, sir!"

"Do you know, I feel very grateful to that moth, Mrs. Quilter? He has given me an ugly fall, it is true, but through it I have made the luckiest discovery possible."

"More ice, Teddy; it's raving he is again; hear him talking about being in luck, with a broken arm and a lump on his head as big as my two fists."

As soon as he could hold a pen, Tracy wrote a note to Miss Dora Trescot, Aspen Grove, telling her of his accident, and asking permission for an interview as soon as he was able to go out.

Dora answered in person, full of surprise at hearing from her discarded lover in that retired place, and overflowing with sympathy at his misfortune.

The confession, which Howard half dreaded to make (that he had been listener while she made her petition to Brother Cyril), was very kindly received; in fact, these two silly children found disliking and forgetting each other very uphill work, and down on the shining sands of the Bite they renewed their lovers' vows, which had been so rudely shaken. "But why did you send me away, Dora? I'm the same fellow, no better, I fear, than before; and now you are kind and sweet as you were before that hateful time, half a year ago."

"You will keep it a secret if I tell you my reason?"

"I swear to."

"Uncle Stephen, who had the care of your sister Laura's money, got into great financial difficulties, and in a weak, rash moment risked your sister's fortune in the hope of righting himself. Things went from bad to worse, and at one time ruin for him and Laura stared him in the face. I knew this, but I dared not tell you till the disgrace to our family was certain. I therefore dismissed you on some silly pretext. I have forgotten what reason I gave for breaking off our engagement, and tried to hide my misery from the eyes of every one. After a time Uncle Stephen managed to right himself with the world; the crisis was past, Laura's money was safe, but you were gone. Oh, those were terrible days for me; but the clouds are all dispersed now."

"Blessings on Molly's death's-head moth!" exclaimed Tracy, fervently.

On his wedding-day, Howard Tracy's wife gave him a scarf-pin of an odd device—a clever copy, in black and white onyx, of a whitish-gray moth marked with black, which Tracy had carefully preserved in camphor.

"It looks like a skull," people said.

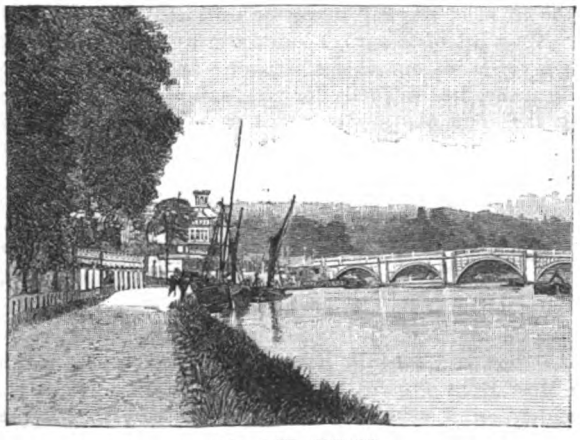
"Yes, it is supposed to be of evil omen," Tracy replied; "but this death's-head moth brought me my greatest happiness."

WALKS AROUND LONDON.

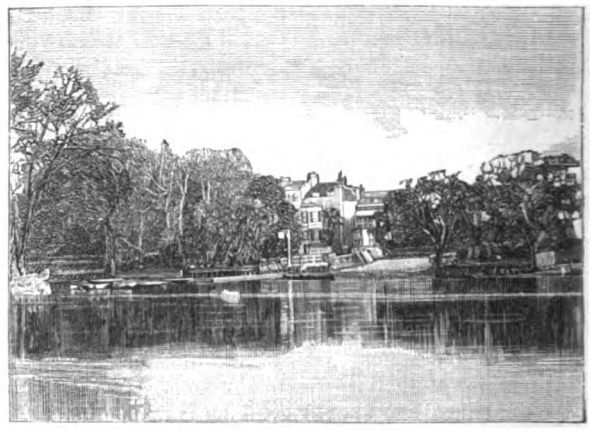
FROM PUTNEY TO RICHMOND.

By Noel Ruthven.

The ordinary American tourist seldom leaves "modern Babylon" save for a run down to Richmond to do a Star and Garter dinner; to Greenwich to do a Ship or Trafalgar ditto, or to the Crystal Palace during rose time. Few, alas, very few, venture as far as Hampton Court, and not one in ten thousand can "up and talk" of the green lanes of Willesden, the dimpled beauties of Chiselhurst or Dulwich, or the bewitching charms of Strawberry Hill or Twickenham Ferry.



RICHMOND BRIDGE.



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

The ordinary American tourist hies to Windsor, Oxford, Brighton, Stratford-on-Avon, selecting the most rapid expresses, and the most expensive hostelries; but that he or she, especially *she*, with her dainty little feet, ever pedestrianizes the wondrously quaint and utterly charming places that nestle, as it were, under the shadow of the great city, I am absolutely prepared to deny; but that that good hour is at hand, consequent upon a perusal of this article, I am equally prepared to assert.

Let my tourist and I sally forth, after a thoroughly English breakfast of sole, followed by broiled kidney and bacon, with the attendant scrumptious muffin and tea worthy of Confucius; let us sally forth, I say, armed with umbrellas—for the tight little island loveth moisture; and with thick-soled boots, for the tight little island loveth mud—and hailing that most seductive of vehicles to sightseers, a "tuppenny bus," ride on the knifeboard as far as—where? Well, let us say Fulham, and we will "do" Putney, reserving Richmond, "ambrosial Richmond," for a *bonne bouche*.

I need not dilate here on the sights to be seen from the top of the tuppenny bus as it trundles up Waterloo Place through Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, and miles of the palaces of the Upper Ten Thousand. We strike Fulham; we descend at a "pub," and we take a glass of beer, treating the cherry-visaged driver, who touches his hat, exclaiming, "Yer 'elths, genlmen!" Then looking to our umbrellas, as wary or timid travelers examine their lethal weapons, we emerge on the Thames, and on a bridge erected to supersede a ferry mentioned in Doomsday Book—a ferry that yielded an annual toll to the lord of the manor of twenty shillings. We gaze up the river. On our right, embosomed in wondrous old elms, is the palace of the Bishop of London; the graves of his predecessors of hundreds of years under his lordship's nose, when, silk-stockinged and aproned, he strolls down to the river to compose a sermon, or work up an appetite, for an Anglican Episcopal bishop's is strong on turtle-fins and the tawniest of port. On our left is Putney, smirking Putney, with its boat-houses, and mansions, and villas, and public houses. Putney and Fulham look at each other across the silver Thames with the quietness becoming two sisters who had "seen a thing or two in their time." They evidently had some motives of jealousy in Norman times; or, perhaps, it proved to be convenient, in order to prevent any further

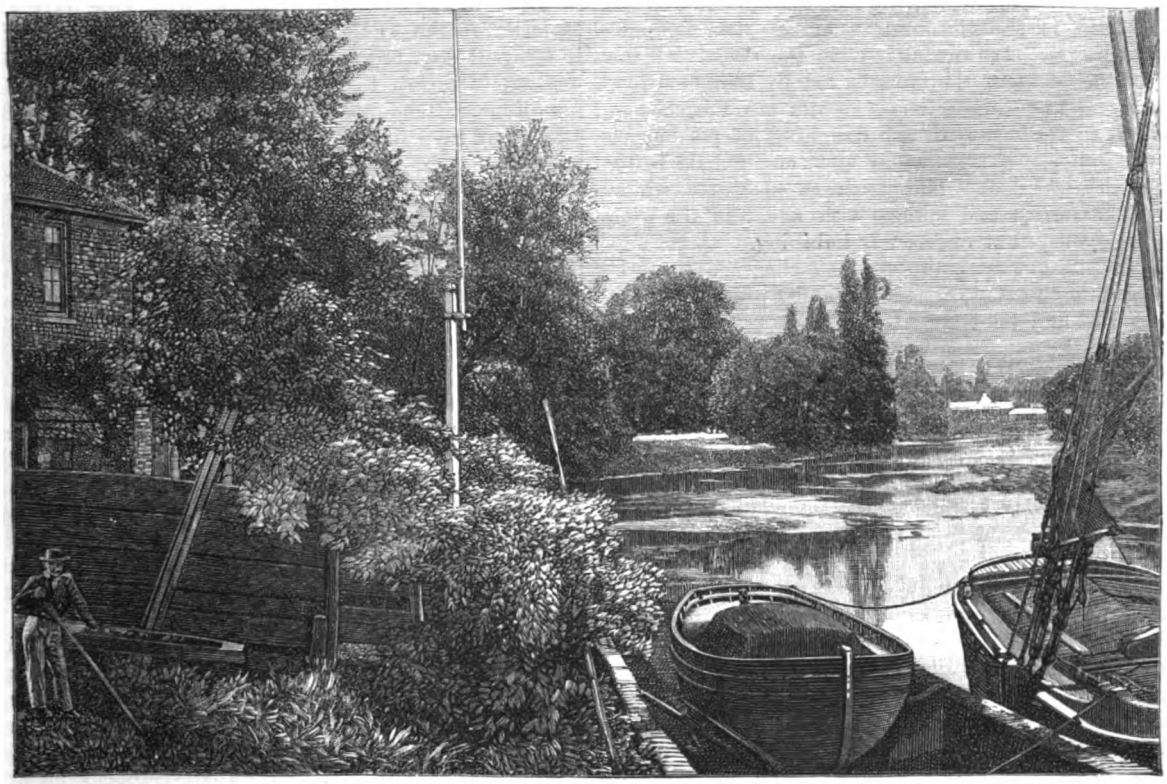
raids on the river traffic, to give both manors to one inheritor. In either case there must have been a reconciliation of a serious nature, for when the two churches were built they were made alike. And a very sensible way of settling such foolish rivalries it was. Legends tell that two sisters built them both, and, "to show that there was no ill-feeling," built them similar. The strategical position made both places famous in the Civil Wars, but of that more by-and-by.

"I was born at Putney, in the County of Surrey," writes Gibbon, the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "in the year 1737. The union to which I owe my birth was a marriage of inclination and esteem. My mother was the daughter of Mr. James Porten, a merchant of London, who resided in a house adjoining to the bridge and churchyard, where I passed many happy hours of my childhood."

Thomas Cromwell, afterward Earl of Essex, the friend of Cardinal Wolsey, whom Shakespeare introduces in his play of "Henry VIII.," was the son of a blacksmith, who dwelt "in a cottage west of the highway leading from Putney to the Upper Gate, and on the south side of that from Richmond to Wandsworth, which was the sign of the Anchor." It is said that as "the great cardinal" was going up Putney Hill on his road to Esher, he received from the King's messenger the ring denoting the continuance of the monarch's favor.

During the boisterous times of the civil wars, when Cromwell's "crop-eared curs" were for smiting love-locked cavaliers hip and thigh, the good Lord Essex, when general of the Parliamentary forces, marched into Fulham, and there quartered his officers, while he established himself at Putney. This was in November, 1642, immediately after the battle of Brentford. The Parliament feared that after the victory Charles would march to London, and ordered Essex to impede such progress if attempted. The shrewd earl, having no means of communication between Putney and Fulham, made a bridge of boats, and constructed forts at each end to conceal his operations. These forts were earthworks, constructed to look like rising ground when viewed down the river; and the middle of the elevation had an opening which admitted the ponton, and protected, as it concealed, the soldiers. These earthworks were visible to the naked eye so late as 1812. The ponton erected by Fairfax prepared the way for a bridge over that part of the Thames, which was completed in 1729 and called "Walpole's Lock," in honor of the great Prime Minister. In 1757 the ice got hold of this bridge and "nobbled" one of the piers just as a coach-and-four were passing over.

At the Fox and Hounds is a bill for breakfast for the Lord Mayor and his Court of Conservancy, on a fine April morning in 1747.



AT PUTNEY.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor's Court of Conservancy Dr., 1747, April 14:

To Bread, Butter and Cheese	£0	6s.	0d.
" Sage and Radishes	0	2	6
" Cold Tongues	0	12	0
" Lamb	0	7	0
" Pickles and Anchovies	0	2	6
" Cool Tankards	0	14	0
" Wine	0	5	0
" Chicken	0	6	0
" Common Hunt (Putney Heath, Wimbledon)	0	5	0
" Barge-master	0	2	6
" Water Bailiff's Deputy	0	1	0
" Lord Mayor's Servants	0	5	0
" Watermen	0	5	0
" Ringers	0	5	0
" The Poor	0	10	0
" Paper	0	1	0
" Ale	0	2	6
" Marshal's Men	0	2	0
" The Use of Room	0	10	6
Total	£5	2s.	6d.

Cool tankards and cold tongues seem to have been most in favor with the worthy conscript fathers. To-day, when his lordship and conservators go a swan-hopping in a gorgeously gilded barge, which they do once a year with touching regularity, turtle and champagne are to the masthead, and a beggarly fiver would simply go nowhere; not even to Putney.

And lo! here comes the barge, towed by twelve enormous horses, lent by Barclay & Perkins, the brewers, for the occasion, bedizened with ribbons and topknots, like the mules that lug the dead horses out of a Spanish bull-ring. My tourist and I hang over the bridge and watch the long, gilded boat coming toward us, while strains of music are mingled with the crackings of whips, shouts of postilions and the cheers of the unwashed, who keep up on the banks with the gallant equipage. Carved and gilt as the gondola from which the Doge of Venice wedded the Adriatic, is the Corporation barge—rich, magnificent, mediæval. An awning covers the deck. At the stern is the band of the Guards, led by Dan Godfrey, and whirling to Strauss's newest waltz are the sons of men high in the city with the daughters of personages of equal importance; the elder male and female being engaged 'tween decks taking those pleasures which bud in the forties and mature with age, like the wine they are joyously but decorously imbibing.

"If that boat went over, *wouldn't* she turn turtle!" Uttering this chestnut, my tourist and I proceed to explore Putney and take the road from the bridge straight through the town.

The old town—the town of history—where Fairfax quartered, lies between the railway-station and the Thames. Fairfax House remains. We visit the church, where the sun-dial grimly tells us "Time and tide wait for no man." The porch is filled with ancient tablets of singular workmanship, some of them 300 years old. The groining of the church roof is a thing of exceeding beauty.

Very fine old-fashioned dwellings still remain in this street that runs through Putney from the bridge, but they are the last of an old time. The regularity of irregularity, the individuality of commonplace, the blending of the internal comfort with the merest tint of external ornament, marked the quaint High Street from the bridge to the station; but it is fast becoming a series of splendid modern shops. We are disgusted, and turning back, strike the towpath along the river, and, rejecting offers of river craft of every sort, shape, size and description, from exceptionally ancient mariners with exceptionally husky voices, stride onward toward Barnes.

There are Barn Elms many among the estates of the English gentry, but none to compare in historical interest with Barn Elms in the parish of Barnes, next to Richmond. There Francis Walsingham did himself the honor to surrender his house to the reception of his royal mistress Elizabeth, and to enact upon that rich plateau a pageant equal to that of Leicester at Kenilworth; and there Cromwell and Fairfax made what people denominated "a merry desecration." Cooped in by a bend in the river, but open to the fine country on the Richmond side of the county, it had, and has, all that can charm an observer and inspire a strategist.

A decade of years have passed since I attended a garden party at Barn Elms, being under the wing of the genial Sir Robert Rawlinson. The little lady who then graced the noble old hall as Chatelaine was a "pocket Venus," and if her person was exceptionally *petite*, her ideas on Woman's Rights were exceptionally extensive. I luxuriated, reveled, in describing to my American tourist the wondrous color of that Summer day, when I discussed Woman's Rights beneath the elms that shaded the Good Queen Bess. The green of that velvet sward! The majesty of the grand old trees! The kaleidoscopic glitter of the *ravissante* toilettes! The gorgeousness of the servants' liveries! The sheen of the silver service, and the noble hall, a fitting background to the whole scene! *Ay de mi*, the hall is a Summer clubhouse now, and mankind, save on special occasions, talk horse and dog, and rod and gun, and discuss the latest professional beauty or the fastest demi-mondaine to the tune of B. & S. under the then lordly boughs.

We pass Lonsdale House, and tap Barnes Common and the Barn Elms. The Virgin Queen's visit was a necessity of her anxious life, and her courtiers had no pleasant time of it. Shrewsbury's son, Lord Talbot, speaking of it in a letter to his father, says: "This daye Her Majestie goethe to Barn Ellmes, where she is prepared to tarry all day, to-morrow being Tewsday, and on Wednensday to return to Wytehall again. . . . I pray God my diligent attendance there may procure me a gracious answere in my suite at her return, for whilst she is heir nothing may be moved but matter of delyghte, and to content her, which is the only cause of her going thither." She had granted to Walsingham and his heirs her interest in the lease of the manor, and the Minister lavished more than he could afford in giving her welcome. The place had borne the name of Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, and was one of her occasional residences.

Subsequent times robbed it of its glories. The little newspaper, *Mercurius Politicus*, in 1659, May 5th, has this advertisement: "Barn Elms House, in Surrey, with orchards, gardens, coach-houses, stalls and grazing for a couple of geldings or cows; spring water brought to the house in leaden pipes; pleasant walks by the Thames side, and other accommodations, is to be let, or otherwise may be divided into two convenient dwellings, with garden, orchard and water to each of them. Enquire farther of Mr. Marshall, a stone-cutter, living in Fetter Lane."

On January 17th, 1667–8, a sort of battle royal, between three combatants on either side, took place in a close near Barn Elms. The parties were George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, attended by Sir Robert Holmes and Captain William Jenkins; and Francis Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, attended by Sir John Talbot, a member of the Privy Council and M. P. for Knaresborough, and Bernard Howard, a younger son of the Earl of Arundel. "It was all about my Lady Shrewsbury, at that time and a good deal before a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham, and so her husband challenged him, and they met; and my Lord of Shrewsbury was run through the body from the right breast to the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and all the rest in a little measure wounded." A pardon under the great seal was granted on February 5th following to all concerned in this tragedy; but Shrewsbury died in less than a year, and Buckingham did not long survive. As for the "lady in the case," Pepys says, she held the duke's horse in the disguise of a page. She was the daughter of Cardigan, and after her husband and her paramour had joined the majority, she married the son of Sir Thomas Brydges. It was at Barn Elms that Monk Lewis wrote his "Crazy Jane," and the scratchings of Fielding's pen have been re-echoed by the oak wainscoting. Congreve loved it, and it was here that the celebrated Kit-Cat Club held its meetings.

We sit by the river side and admire the various craft

as they pass us, almost as if in a dream; but I shall speak of the river life further up. At a particular bend here the current is swift if not strong, and invites a tow for those lazy ones who toil not nor spin. Sun-kissed fresh water mariners are keenly on the alert with two ropes coiled on their tattoed arms, and at a glance seem to mark down their prey.

"'Ave a tow, sir? *Do*, sir? 'Aul you h'up to Kew, sir, a shillin'. Don't kill yourself, sir! You'll want it h'all for Richmond. Don't tire the lady, sir."

These and blandishments of a like nature are used by these gentlemen of the "long rope" to earn their beer money. They succeed very often, not with the lads who spurt past with saucy chaff, but with "the gent as takes his gal out for a 'appy day," and with *paterfamilias*, who is puffed after the first five hundred yards.

Hammersmith has always had a notoriety. Of it Bowack writes (1705): "This village . . . for about a hundred years past has been a Summer retreat for nobility and wealthy citizens, especially from about the year 1620 and the late unnatural rebellion." Hammersmith boasts a suspension bridge—no, not quite so extensive as that which connects Brooklyn with New York, but in its day just as great a wonder. The traditions of the riverside are not of much value to my companion and me. Such as they are we go over them *con amore*. In the Mall was a house frequented by wits, known as Dove's Coffee House. Thomson is said to have written one of his "Seasons" in an up-stairs room overlooking the river toward Chiswick. The Duke of Sussex had a cottage beside Dove's, in which he kept a collection of meerschaum pipes.

To the bricks given by Sir Nicholas Crispe, Hammersmith owes St. Paul's Church, consecrated by Laud. Crispe stood by the King (Charles I.), raised a cavalry regiment at his own charge, and led them on. Against the north wall of the chancel stands a fine bronze bust of Charles I., having an inscription: "This effigie was erected by special appointment of Sir Nicholas Crispe, knight and baronet, as a grateful commemoration of that glorious martyr, King Charles I., of blessed memory." Under it is a pedestal of black marble, on which stands an urn containing the loyal heart of Crispe, with suitable inscription.

About a quarter of a mile from the Suspension Bridge once stood Brandenburg House, the most noted of all the Hammersmith mansions. Crispe spent £25,000 in building it. In 1647, during the revolutionary troubles, Fairfax made the house his headquarters. After the Restoration Crispe again occupied it till his death in 1666. In 1683 Prince Rupert bought it and gave it to his mistress, Margaret Hughes, the actress, familiarly known as "Peg," who was kissed by old Pepys, and of whom he speaks as "a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest." The old mansion changed its owners, till, in 1748, it came to the celebrated George Bubb Doddington. Here, till 1762, he led a joyous life with his associates, and then the house passed to his nephew. It was subsequently let to Mrs. Sturt, and became noted for that lady's frolicsome festivities. The Margrave of Brandenburg Anspach, after selling his ancestral estates to the King of Prussia, bought this house in 1792, and gave it its modern name. It was rented in 1820 by Queen Caroline at the time of her famous trial, and the whole neighborhood was kept in incessant excitement by the popular enthusiasm. Here, in 1821, the unfortunate Queen died, and in the following year the house was pulled down and the material sold. A small private lunatic asylum now occupies the grounds.

Sir Samuel Morland and William Kidd resided at Hammersmith. Morland had Vauxhall House, and there exercised his marvelous inventive powers. The side table in the dining-room had a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams. His coach had a movable kitchen with clockwork machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks or roast a joint. Adjoining his house in the Mall he put up a pump with an inscription: "Sir Samuel Morland's, the use of which he freely gives to all persons; hoping that none who shall come after him shall incur God's displeasure by denying a cup of cold water, provided at another's cost and not their own, to either neighbor, stranger, passenger, or poor thirsty beggar. July 8th, 1695."

For Sir Samuel is claimed the invention of the steam engine, and he must be admitted to have been one of those who then touched the border of the great discovery.

To William Kidd belongs the honor of placing the animal and intellectual creatures on a common platform, regulated by love. He had but to sit upon a stile between two fields, in both of which were grazing creatures, and without a sign from him they would be all about him in a very short time, looking up in his kind face, and receiving his kind touch. He used to say of the dog that there was an alphabet in the wagging of his tail, and that he knew the whole language by heart.

Having endeavored to acquire the alphabet alluded to from the tail of a surly-looking coach-dog—white with black spots all over—and learning little to reassure us, we walked onward to Chiswick, the river at this point almost horseshoeing. In tapping the Church of St. Nicholas we stumbled upon a very treasury of sacred remains. In the churchyard we stood by the tomb of William Hogarth, and read and committed to memory Garrick's inscription:

"Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

"If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honored dust lies here."

My American tourist considered Johnson's lines to be much better, claiming for them more freedom, and he repeated:

"The hand of him here torpid lies
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here, closed in death, the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in his face."

The readers can decide for themselves.

One of the superb residences of the Dukes of Devonshire—the Marquis of Hartington being heir to all—is here at Chiswick, and is called Chiswick House. In Lady Chatterton's most tiresome "Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections" are some fragments that deserve a better setting. "*Wednesday, 10th July.* This delightful day we spent at Chiswick, wandering over the beautiful gardens and interesting rooms of the Duke of Devonshire's villa. Besides the fine pictures which adorn the walls, and the lovely views from the windows, the historical recollections connected are most interesting. Here died two of the most celebrated modern statesmen, Fox and Canning. Mr. Rogers, who had visited Fox several times in his last illness, showed us the room. And we saw in another room, to which it had been removed, his deathbed. We then went up-stairs to see Canning's room, described by Bulwer in the *New*

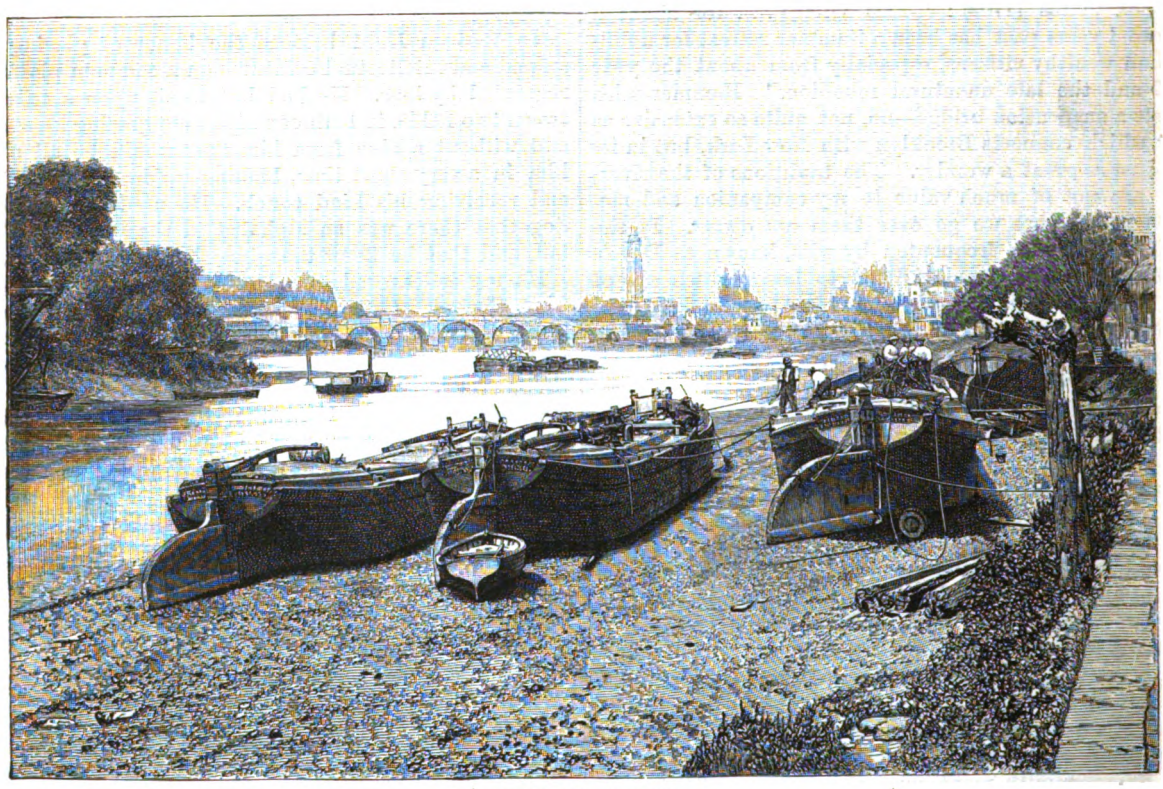
Monthly Magazine. It is a small, low chamber in which Canning died. He chose it for himself; it had formerly been a sort of nursery, and the Duke having slept there just before Canning came, it was considered more likely to be aired and free from damp than any other apartment. It has not even a cheerful view, and nothing can be more common than the wall-paper and furniture." Canning passed the last three weeks of his life at Chiswick. The housekeeper showed the downstairs room where he read family prayers on Sundays.

But, besides in these instances, Chiswick was the scene of many of the incidents in the life of the beautiful Duchess whom Gainsborough portrayed most effectually, and who was the professional beauty of that period. Fox, in his contest with Pitt at Westminster, resided here. Pitt frequently made Chiswick his home. The two rest together in Westminster Abbey, and my companion quoted Byron:

> "—Where are they—the rivals; a few feet
> Of sullen earth divide their winding-sheet.
> How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
> Which hushes all! A calm unstormy wave,
> That oversweeps the world!"

A world-known collection of pictures is within the walls of Chiswick House. Ah, me! I spent a long and red-letter art day among them with two men of light and leading: one, genial Tom Taylor, art critic for the *Times;* the other, John Chippendale Montesquieu Bellew, whose elocution still causes my blood to leap as it recalls itself while writing his name. That *was* a day. What a feast on Vandyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Zucchero, Reni, Poussin, Titian, Domenichino and Salvator Rosa. A supreme panorama in art history.

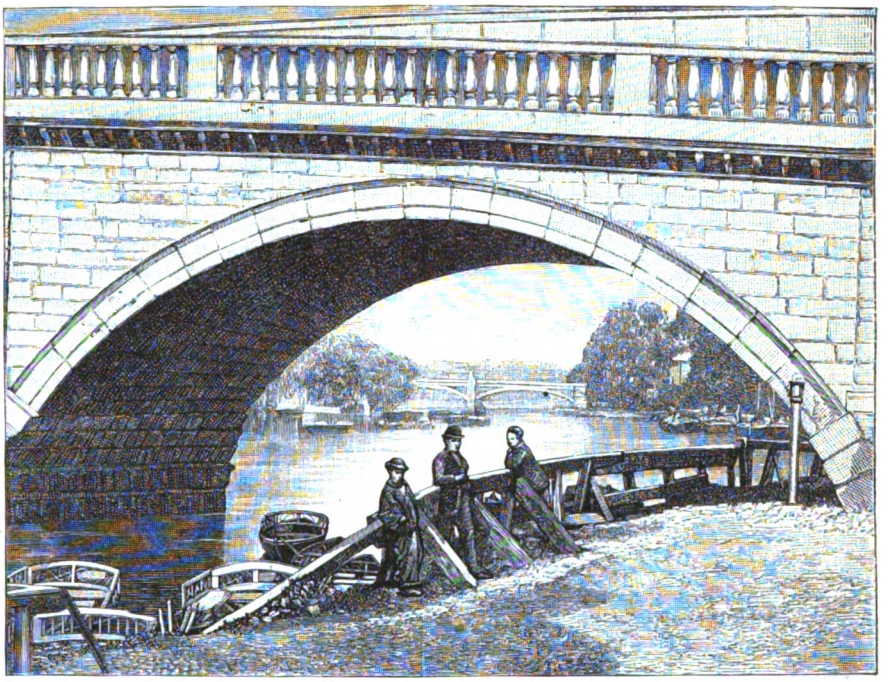
The most charming Queen-Anne residences are here to be had for $200 a year. From the oldest time the malting and brewing business had a home in Mortlake. When Chelsea ended its porcelain days, Mortlake had a good share of such distinction, and held it worthily. In James I.'s and Charles I.'s reign there were also famous tapestry-works under royal patronage, under Sir Francis Crane, in imitation of the royal works of France. James and his son Charles carefully patronized that artist; found him capital and ultimately a pension. Mention is often made of the work done there for embellishing mansions, as at Knole, where are portraits and pictures from Crane's factory. Charles, who was the most generous and best-qualified friend of the liberal arts in Europe, had three suits of gold tapestry made there at a cost of £6,000. He settled an annuity on Crane of £1,000, and subscribed £2,000 a year to keep the manufacture booming. Upon the artist's death, in 1635, the King bought the factory, and, at the suggestion of Rubens, purchased Raphael's Cartoons, in order to their being copied at Mortlake, depositing the originals at Hampton Court. They are now to be seen at South Kensington. After the King's beheadal the tapestry house was seized until the Restoration, but Charles II. did not revive the works.



THE THAMES AT KEW.

But Mortlake has to deal with the mysterious sayings and weird days of Dr. Dee, the celebrated astrologer, and likewise of Partridge, the almanac-maker, whose death was so humorously predicted by the witty Irishman, Jonathan Swift, sometime Dean of St. Patrick's. Dee, who had studied astronomy, put it to solid worldly uses. He was charged with practicing enchantments to the prejudice of Queen Mary's life, but was acquitted. On Elizabeth's accession Leicester desired him to adopt the astrologer's art, in order to "fix" a lucky day for her coronation. This he did. Her most gracious Majesty took him into her service, became his pupil, and, as he says, made him numerous but unfulfilled promises of advancement. The honest inhabitants of Mortlake, whither Dee repaired in dudgeon, burnt his books,

stuffed lizards, snakes and other *impedimenta* of his occult profession, and things looked very blue for the luckless astrologer; but a comet came to his rescue, upon which he lectured before Her Majesty for three days in succession, and being restored to grace, was "commanded" to compile a geographical description of the countries of the earth discovered by Englishmen. His love for incantation, however, led him astray, and he became a sort of swell tramp, till he announced that he had discovered a powder that would transmute baser metals into gold. Fortune smiled upon him, and he obtained the Chancellorship of St. Paul's, with other pickings. James, the canny successor of Elizabeth, gave the astrologer no countenance, and Dee died in 1608, and was buried at Mortlake, his secret for turning lead into gold disappearing with his dust.



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

The church at Mortlake was first built in 1348, and has been rebuilt again and yet again. The parish accounts begin with Elizabeth, and here are some quaint items illustrative of the habits of the times, which my companion carefully entered in his memorandum-book:

Paid for a covenant, and a frame to set it in -	3*s.*	0*d.*
Paid 2 men for taking down the fount - -	14	0
Laid out when they carried the Common Prayer Book to Margaret's Hill in Southwark, and then to Kingston - - - - - -	14	0
Paid to a poor man that had been plundered -	0	4
Paid to a poor minister - - - - -	1	0
Paid for blotting out the cherubims in the church	2	6
Paid for a frame and whip that hangs in the church for drunkards - - - -	1	0

There are many old monuments in the church, and old tombs in the churchyard, rich food for the note-book. John Partridge's (the almanac-maker) tomb is in the yard. He did not imitate Dr. Dee, but, like the modern Zadkiel, made obvious prophecies of sufficient ambiguity to allow for some fulfillment, and, in fact, profited by the ignorant credulity of the time. He became sworn physician to Charles II. and William and Mary. At Mortlake dwelt Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "The Letters of Junius," and the house looked "sweet and solemn" as we gazed upon it.

We stroll by the river in the direction of Kew, created by the wife of the podgy-heroic George II., Queen Caroline. She wanted a place for her boy Frederick, and selected this. Kew, as a botanical institution, is unsurpassed in the world, and has given to every nation under the sun more than it has ever received from them all.

The following eulogy is, as *Dick Swiveller* would say, "a one-er."

"So sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,
Imperial *Kew*, by Thames's glittering side.
Obedient sails from realms unfurrowed bring
For her, the unmarred progeny of Spring.

"Delighted Thames through tropic umbrage glides,
And flowers antarctic, bending o'er his tides;
Drinks the new tints, the sweets unknown inhales,
And calls the sons of science to his vales."

LION HOUSE.

When Frederick, Prince of Wales, set up housekeeping, he leased the estate from the Capel family, the fee-simple being purchased by George III. His mother, the Dowager Princess, took great interest in the improvement of the grounds, and the house was adapted to her wants at a great expense. She erected strange fantastic temples about the place, all of which have vanished

except the Temple of Victory. The Temple of Victory is supposed to immortalize the battle of Minden. King William IV. added the Pantheon. The Pagoda is a curiosity. It is more than 160 feet high, and 49 feet diameter at the base. It has 10 stories, each of which is one foot shorter than that below it. The exotic gardens, museum and other features were begun by George III.'s mother. It was in these gardens that Frederick caught the cold of which he died, at the age of forty-five. A wit of the *genus* Labouchère dismissed the subject thus:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I would much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The old Observatory was presented to the British Association by the Crown, and the large one was converted into a public receptacle for botanical specimens, as a means of dispensing a knowledge of botany. The old botanical garden belonging to the Crown occupied eleven acres, but the present arrangements cover 300 acres, and permission has recently been given to smoke anywhere, everywhere, a concession sought for many a long day.

George III. took an especial delight in horticulture, as he was especially fond of the delicacies of the season (a boiled leg of mutton and turnips was His Majesty's favorite dish). His fruit-trees were cultivated to great perfection. No expense was spared in rearing esculents of all kinds, and to superintend their culture he frequently visited Kew Gardens. It was in one of these visits he saw and noticed William Cobbett. This young man, with a few half-pence in his pocket and Swift's "Tale of a Tub" in his hand, had been so captivated by the wonders of the gardens that he repaired thither in search of employment. His Majesty saw the clownish boy with stockings tied about his legs by scarlet garters, inquired concerning him, and desired that he might be continued in his service.

One more little story as Madame d'Arblay tells it. In it we have the sycophantic simplicity of the little countess, and the unintellectual homeliness of the household. The King was the country squire. An attack had been made on his person, and Miss Burney thus claps it into her diary:

"*Aug.* 8, 1786. An exceeding pretty scene was exhibited to-day to their Majesties. We came, as usual, on every alternate Tuesday, to Kew. The Queen's Lodge is at the end of a long meadow, surrounded with houses, which is called Kew Green, and this was quite filled with all the inhabitants of the place—the lame, old, blind, sick and infants—who all assembled, dressed in their Sunday garb, to line the sides of the walk through which their Majesties passed, attended by a band of musicians, arranged in the front, who began 'God Save the King' the moment they came upon the Green, and finished it with loud huzzas. This affected the Queen to tears, and speaking of it afterward, said, 'I shall always love little Kew for this.'"

The church, or rather, chapel, was built by subscription, in 1714, on a site given by Queen Anne, and in her honor the church bears the name of St. Anne. George III. enlarged it, and George IV., in 1823, placed in it the organ—said to have been Handel's—on which his father had been wont to perform.

In the church are several monuments, one to an old courtier, Sir Peter Lely, celebrated as a fashionable portrait-painter, who lived and died at Kew. There is also a monument to Gainsborough.

As this is in no sense a guide-book article, but merely a walk in the country, I may confess to repairing from the church to a tea-garden, where my tourist and I had more beer, and, yes—why not?—a game of skittles, on a lawn that was as green and as smooth as a billiard-table, with no awe-inspiring rules as to *massé* shots or tearing of the cloth. Others are having beer and skittles, and elders were looking approvingly on, smoking long churchwarden pipes, and chuckling over either the good or the bad play. We "Lunnoners" attracted no attention. We were a pair of clerks out for a holiday, or out of work. So we drained our pewters and played our game, and, refreshed all round, started once more along the river for Isleworth.

Nordon writes, 1593, that "Thistleworth or Istleworth is a place scytuate upon the Thames, not far from whence, between it and Worton, is a copper and brass mill, where it is wrought out of the oare, melted and forged. The oar or earth whereof it was contrived is brought out of Summersetshire from Mendip Hill, the most from Worley Hill. Many artificial devices there are to be noted in the performance of the werke." This industrial character Isleworth has maintained to the present day.

I drew my companion's attention to Gordon House, a magnificent mansion close to the river, embosomed in trees and rising from a very Turkey rug of bloom. This dwelling was inhabited by the late Earl of Kilmorey, who died about seven years ago at the age of ninety-four; and, if Ninon de l'Enclos retained her admiration for the sterner sex into the eighties, *on dit* the evergreen Earl held on to his for the fairer one far into the nineties. Wicked, gossiping and lying people gave Gordon House a harem-ful name. The present Lord, then Newry, did not hit it off with his frolicsome parent, and went to India with the Prince of Wales. He is a jolly good fellow, and the lads of the Marlborough and Brooks Clubs gave a sigh of relief when came the tidings of the old chappie's demise, giving Newry the title and the "ready."

From Gordon House to All Saints' Church, the Thames affords one of its most picturesque charms in the well-known Isleworth Cut. A delightful bit of road leads to the famous Scyon House, the Duke of Northumberland's London estate. The site of Scyon was at first a monastery of the Order of St. Bridget, the only one of the kind in England. It was suppressed by Henry VIII., who reserved it for his own use. It was presented by Edward VI. to the Protector Somerset, and after his attainder and execution to the Duke of Northumberland. Lady Jane Grey resided here when the crown was offered to her, the accepting of which led to her death and that of the Duke, when the estate once more reverted to the Crown, and was restored by Queen Mary to the Sisters of all the Saints, and especially of St. Bridget. Elizabeth, however, dispossessed them, and gave Scyon to the Earl of Northumberland, in whose family it still remains.

The character of the scenery at this part of the Thames can never be exhaustively described. Every change in the clouds, or in the position of the sun, moon and stars, and every ebb and flow of the tide, with the eddying currents of the water and wind, exhibit new beauties, and call forth exclamations of enchantment. And as you gaze upon or wander about the place, oh! what past story rises to the mind! The whole locality is for the

exercise of contemplation and rumination ; and there is scarcely a phase of character prominent in English history, political, domestic or social, that has not its intense associations with this spot. It is here that I would wish to see the American student of England's history, book in hand, conjuring up the past, the silver Thames at his feet "swishing" past him to the sea.

On that broad greensward in front, upon which peace seems to be perpetually smiling, was fought the culminating battle between the Royalists and the Parliament in 1642, of which Dr. Lingard reports : "Charles had left Oxford and was wasting time at Reading, thereby permitting Essex to march unhindered toward London. Kingston, Acton and Windsor were garrisoned for the Parliament, and the only passage to London lay through the town of Brentford. Charles had reached Colnbrook, where he was met by the Parliamentary Commissioners suing for peace. The conference lasted two days, during which Essex threw three regiments into the town, which made Charles indignant because of the breach of faith. Two days after, notwithstanding the obstinate resistance of Essex, he took Brentford, after driving part of the garrison into the river, and taking fifteen pieces of cannon and five hundred men. The men he set at liberty, and the treaty between the King and Parliament came to an end. The Parliament reproached the King that, while he professed the strongest repugnance to shed the blood of Englishmen, he had surprised and murdered their adherents at Brentford. Charles indignantly retorted the charge on his accusers. They were the real deceivers, who sought to keep him in his position till they surrounded him. The upshot was that both gathered their forces, and the two armies faced each other on the green, but neither ventured to charge.

Distinguished men of all sorts have occupied the parsonage belonging to the church at Isleworth. Notably in the Commonwealth, one Richard Byfield obtained preferment from the then patron of the living, Sir John Evelyn, and when in office did not consult his chief to the extent that courtesy would dictate. Presently a quarrel ensued concerning the repairs of the church, and the vicar, being a very warm zealot, went to Cromwell with his complaint. Cromwell contrived to get both of them together, and listened until Evelyn charged Byfield with aspersing him in his preaching, when Oliver told the vicar that he had committed a breach of manners ; for Sir John was a man of honor in the country, who, if he had done aught amiss, should have been complained of privately and with respect. Byfield protested that he had no malicious intent ; and thus Cromwell made them good friends at parting.

Sir Richard Walpole's house—called Lacey House, from having been built by Lacey, the actor—was at Isleworth, and was afterward the residence of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; and then the Duchess of Kendal's mansion—she who made infamous one of the Georges by her scandalous courses—was here, but changed by the whirligig of time into a concert hall, if not an eighteenth-century variety show. Mrs. Clive resided— But this is not a house-agents' list, and we must on to Richmond, where, at the Star and Garter, a bottle of G. H. Mumm is on ice, and several Maids of Honor (of whom more anon) await our coming.

As we strolled along the "silvern Thames," drinking deep, deep draughts of the beauteous scenery around us, we called to mind that Richmond, which we were now approaching by such delightfully easy stages, had been, as Syenes, Sheene or Sheen, one of the earliest-known residences of England's Kings. A great number of public acts of Edward I., II. and III. are dated "from our Palace at Sheene." Edward III. and the Queen of Richard II. both died here, as did also Queen Elizabeth. The original Palace has become dilapidated. Henry V. rebuilt the whole structure, and resided there in his later days. When Henry of Richmond had ended the long strife of the Houses of York and Lancaster on Bosworth Field, he retired to Sheen, and, having rebuilt the Palace, renamed the place after Richmond, in Yorkshire, from which he received his title, and died here in 1509.

Henry VIII. preferred Windsor to Sheen, but dwelt there during the last days of the life of Anne Boleyn. A hill in the Park, commonly called "King Henry's Mount," is still shown as the spot from which he watched for the rocket announcing her execution. When Wolsey, "the great Cardinal," had to resign Hampton Court, Henry permitted him to occupy the Palace of Richmond, where he kept up an almost royal state, although then under a cloud. The people, taking their inspiration from the popular King, made epigrams more or less severe on "the butcher's doggie who doth lie in the Manor of Richmond," but Wolsey heeded them not. While the King kept Christmas in London solemnly, because of a visitation of the plague, Wolsey, at Richmond, bated no jot of his accustomed splendor. Later sovereigns delighted in Richmond, notably the Virgin Queen, who staid there frequently. Charles I. educated his children here, improved the Palace, followed his hounds, and inclosed the Park with a brick wall. After his death the Commissioners of the Long Parliament took possession of the Palace and Park and made a survey. The Palace is therein described "as a large and fair erection of 3 stories, covered with lead, and having 14 turrets." The principal features were the great hall and the chapel. The former was a singularly beautiful room, 140 feet long and 40 feet wide ; the latter, a noble structure, 96x40 feet "with cathedral seats and pewes." This the Parliament destroyed in 1650, the materials realizing £10,782. The Parliament ordered a sale of the Palace, but the Commissioners only dismantled the building, confiscating the furniture, tapestries and pictures, and a great part of the lead on the roof. In this condition Charles II. received it at the Restoration ; but the Merry Monarch, being in his usual hard-up condition, and having no funds to repair it, it fell into a ruinous condition, and during the last century a greater part was taken down. Near by stood a Carthusian Priory, founded by Henry VII. to expiate the death of Richard. The Gatehouse for a long time remained, a superb specimen of fifteenth-century Gothic. The historic associations of the Priory should have saved it from the iconoclasm of the last century. It was within its sanctuary that Perkin Warbeck took refuge on the failure of his enterprise, and from it was removed to the Tower to enter that portal of doom known as "The Traitors' Gate." In the Priory, Cardinal Pole lived in studious retirement for two years, and Stow tells that when the Earl of Surrey returned from Flodden Field he brought with him the body of the Scottish King, and would not bury it. Stow says he saw it lying, wrapped in lead, in a lumber-room at the Priory in 1552. Here Sir Wliliam Temple took to gardening and to raising cherries "from May to Michaelmas." Here William III., of "great, glorious, pious and immortal memory," now being so freely invoked by the Ulster Orangemen, walked and talked with Dean Swift, offered to make him a "captain of horse," and showed him with his own royal hands how to cut asparagus in the Dutch manner. And here lived Esther Johnson, or Stella, Swift's

HOUSE AT PUTNEY.

Richmond Park, through which my companion and I walked almost listlessly in our keen appreciation of its beauties, is one of the noblest domains in England, its area covering upwards of 2,000 acres of undulating and beautiful timbered land, with twelve miles of wall. In the Commonwealth it was given to the citizens of London for ever; but at the Restoration the easy gift of the Long Parliament was canceled, and the Park became again loyal, and many were the tricks and jobberies at court, and great the "boodle," concerning the offices belonging thereto. Queen Anne gave Rochester the Rangership, and his successor sold the whole back to George I., who at once granted part to Walpole, who built the great Lodge in the Park at a cost of £14,000, and resided there to enjoy his craze for hunting. The Princess Amelia subsequently became Ranger, and tried to exclude the public, whereby she raised a storm that compelled her resignation.

In Richmond Park Sir Walter Scott, in his delightful novel, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," causes *Jeanie Deans* to meet the Queen on the memorable occasion when she pleaded for her sister's life. Queen Charlotte lived at the Lodge in 1762, and George III., in one of his "fits of fancy," had it pulled down.

The White Lodge in the Park was for some time the residence of George II. whilst Prince of Wales, who kept his little court in the gayest fashion. Among its frequenters were the lovely "Molly Lessel," of whom Thackeray reports certain royal scandals, but who is said to have been the original "Lass of Richmond Hill"; the two Miss Gunnings, one of whom ran away with the Duke of Hamilton, and was married to him at Mayfair Chapel at half-past twelve at night with a brass curtain-ring. Walpole calls them double-duchessed. The Maids-of-Honor attached to the Court were too numerous for the accommodations at White Lodge, and the Prince of Wales built a small row of houses for them, called "Maids-of-Honor Row," and for their delectation the royal confectioner invented a cheese-cake which he named after them. A Richmond confectioner obtained possession of the receipt, found the cheese-cake exceedingly popular—I vouch for it—and in a few years retired with a small fortune. The original receipt was sold for £300 or $1,500.

Donkeys belong to the traditions of Richmond. Their milk had the reputation of special efficacy in consumptive cases, and as animals of service were much in request for climbing the hills. Here is the "correct card" of a donkey owner:

"Excellent ass's milk I sell,
And keeps a shed for hire
Of donkeys famed for going well—
They seldom ever tire.

"One angel honored Balaam's ass,
And met her on the way;
But Carroll's troops through Richmond pass
With angels every day."

Few of the surburban retreats within easy reach of London can compare with Richmond, and fewer still surpass it. Poets have sung its praises, and prose has attempted to describe its attractions. Sir Walter Scott spoke in rapture of the "huge sea of verdure" which spreads around Richmond Hill, and of its "crossing and intersecting promontories of tufted grass tenanted by countless flocks and herds." Sweet glimpses of river scenery await us at every turn, and lanes where Nature discards *parterre* primness in order to lounge in green *déshabille*, are found in bewildering variety. Richmond has sufficient attractions in the stretch of Thames over which it looks to make it famous. Dotted with swans sailing gracefully past its verdant islets, the river glides along as softly as a dream. Here Collins commemorated Thomson, who lived and died at Richmond, in the words:

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
Where Thames in Summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspends the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest."

Looking over the same scene, Wordsworth still more poetically commemorated Collins, sometime a resident at Richmond, in the stanzas, the verse of which gives, as no other poet has ever given it, the spirit of the scene:

"Glide gently thus, for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river, come to me."

The best view of the surroundings of Richmond is obtained from the Terrace, a wide, graveled walk at the top of the hill, shaded with giant elms, and provided with seats. Far in the distance, to the right, the proud towers of Windsor Castle may be seen, cameo-cut against the sky, while on the left the horizon is bounded by the soothing outlines of the Surrey Downs. The whole intermediate space is apparenly one vast vriginal forest, a hazy calm of bluish smoke here and there denoting the existence of some lordly dwelling-place.

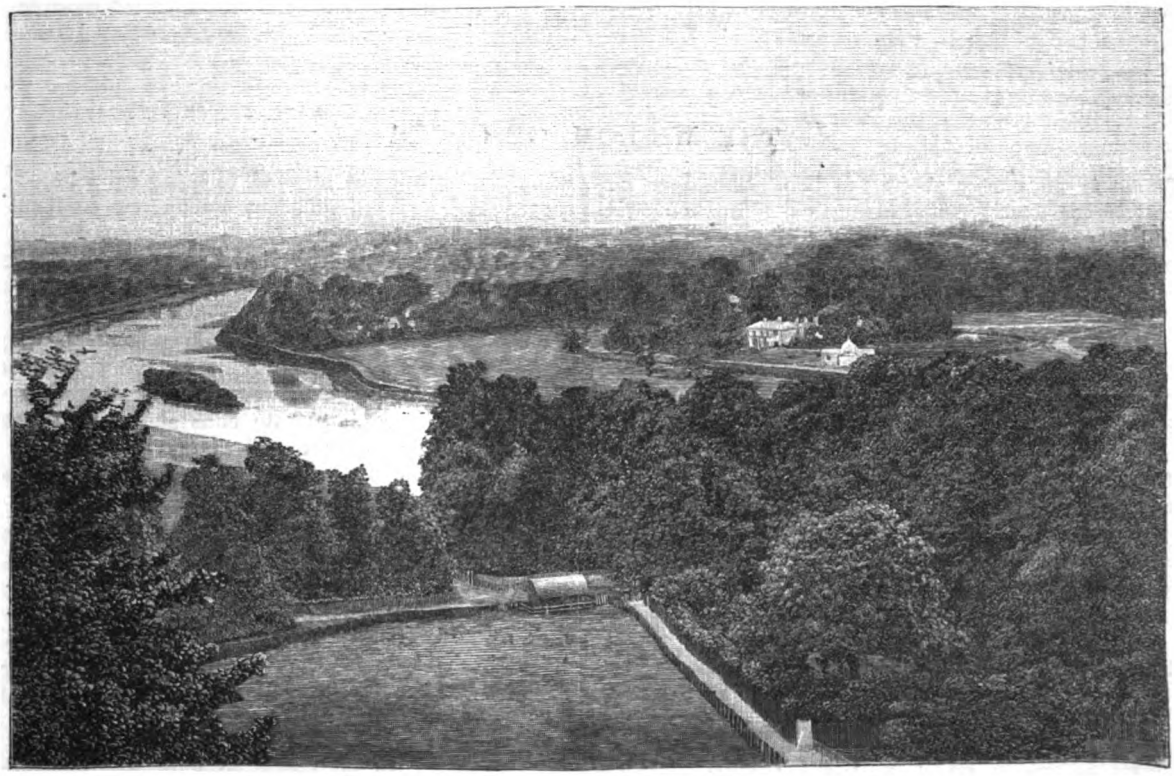
At the top of the hill is that famous hostelry known as the Star and Garter, whither my companion and I wended our way.

To "tool" a four-in-hand from town to the Garter for a little dinner is high fashion, and on a bright July evening, ere the season breaks up, the space opposite the hotel is lined with the best turn-outs in London—in the world. The swells are the swelliest, and the womankind either the swelliest or the fastest. The duke is jostled by "some fellow on 'Change," the duchess by a "rapid" actress under protection. The Guardsmen are after Ouida's own heart, the fair ones in *toilettes* by Felix or Worth. Here is the tailor-made costume seen in its perfection, and Smalpage in his glory.

My companion and I stood "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" gazing at all this "frivol," then we turned in to our little dinner: ox-tail soup, sole, a leg of Welsh mutton, roasted, a bit of Stilton, and a dozen or so apiece of maids-of-honor, washed down by a couple of bottles of G. H. Mumm, *frappé*. Here Edward Duzer and I lounged upon the terrace bathed in moonlight and perfumed with the odors of rarest flowers, and then we resolved upon stopping at the Star and Garter for a week, and—we did so.

THE accident patients of a general hospital are of all classes. When a man is injured on the railway or in the street, no one stops to ascertain his social position, or whether he can afford to pay the heavy fees of a fashionable surgeon; the general impulse is, to get him to the nearest hospital as quickly as possible. In this manner scarcely a day passes without the papers mentioning the admittance into a hospital of individuals very far removed in the social scale from the Lazarus class, on whose behalf hospital appeals are commonly made. The late Lord Shaftesbury made many such appeals for money for hospitals, never thinking, probably, that these institutions would be of any use to himself. Yet when, in a moment of insanity, he shot himself in Regent Street, London, it was to a hospital he was driven to receive surgical aid, and thereby afforded a striking illustration of the value of the hospital to the rich as well as to the poor.

TIME IS MONEY.—A gentleman who died recently in Paris left a legacy of $5,000 to his niece in Iowa, who, it appears, died about the same hour of the same day. The question which died first turns upon the relation of solar to true time, and must be determined by the difference of longitude. If the niece died at four o'clock A.M. and the uncle at ten A.M., the instants of their deaths must have been identical. Assuming that to be the hour of the testator's death, if the niece died at any hour between four and ten, although the legacy would apparently revert to his estate, it would really vest in her and her heirs, since by solar time she would actually have survived her uncle.



VIEW FROM THE STAR AND GARTER.

WHENCE ARE POEMS.

(DEDICATED TO MISS BERTHA MAY IVORY.)

By Benjamin G. Smith.

Whence are poems, do you ask me,
Are they made or do they grow?
I will very gladly tell you
All the little that I know.

Poems may be chains of silver
With alternate links of gold,
Here and there a flash of diamonds
Of a value can't be told.

If you say such chains are costly,
Wealth so great is found with few;
Why then make your little poems
Out of drops of morning dew.

String on silken cords the finest
By the smallest spider spun,
Hang between two blushing rosebuds
Where they tremble in the sun.

True, the dew is evanescent,
Only water, soft and cold,
But than flashing diamonds clearer,
Brighter far than links of gold.

Plait you then a crown of flowers,
Red and white, with leaves of green,
Daisies and the early primrose,
Little drops of blood between.

String you then a fairy necklace
For the wearer of the crown,
Out of tiny ovals speckled,
Little eggs of blue and brown.

Look around then for the fairest,
Find the fairest of the fair;
Beg her kindly take the necklace
And the floral crown to wear.

Or take rays of lunar rainbow
Weave with threads of morning cloud;
Weave a poem or a garment
Fit for bridal or for shroud.

But, alas! the swiftly woven
Work of fancy disappears;
Hopes or castles built in cloudland,
Pass away in falling tears.

Poems sometimes flow as rivers,
Sometimes like the mountain streams,
Making mystic music murmur—
Such as may be heard in dreams.

And sometimes a poem grander
Sounds along a lonely shore,
When old ocean, rolling restless,
Wails his song of "Evermore."

Poems sometimes rise as towers,
Telling from their heights sublime,
Story through the ages hoary,
In a ringing rhythmic rhyme.

Solemn poems, born in darkness,
May the nightly stars unroll,
While with glimmer, glow and glitter
Slowly pacing round the pole,

These with rhythmic grace and movement,
All their lights and shadows fling,
Telling tales of growing wonder,
Ever while they march and sing.

Everywhere are poems written,
Where God's love and truth entwine;
All creation is symbolic
Of the word and work Divine.

All the outer forms and spaces,
From the star-dust to the sod,
Grow and glow from mystic poems,
Written by the hand of God.

New York. —*St. Louis "Spectator."*

THE WISDOM OF COCKS.

There is no poetry about the hen. She does not appeal to the finer feelings in any way. No housewife would pay any attention to a moral lesson to be derived from a hen. She has no morality; her diligence and intellect are equally inconspicuous; the one is not called for, the other is irremediably wanting. Milton damns her informally. The poets generally look upon her with but contemptuous recognition of her existence. The sight of her comfortable form and homely presence inspires the boy with irresistible longings to throw stones at her and chase her clacking round the farmyard. His mother, indeed, cuffs his ears for this contraband method of developing his physical powers and accuracy of aim; but the hen is too foolish to watch the retribution even from the door of the hen-house, and is as undignified and noisily alarmed on every subsequent occasion. The good wife herself does not scruple to take advantage of the hen's lack of ratiocinative power, and induces her to lay hundreds of eggs, instead of the paltry dozen or so nature intended her to produce.

The hen never suspects that she is being made a convenience of, and goes on year after year, endeavoring to make up a nest, taking no lesson from the happier experience of more favored birds, or even of the occasion when she herself was allowed to bring up a brood and grow proud and self-sufficient among her companions. Who ever heard of a hen that fed abstemiously that she might remain slim and not be eaten? She comes rushing along with unseemly haste whenever any one calls "Tucky tuck-tuck-tuck tucky"—itself an absurd and demeaning formula, suitable only for a hen—gluttony in every feather, and lack of grace in every movement. She never distinguishes between the cry of the boy who summons her for his private ends and of the mistress who is perhaps going to select one of the flock for dinner. Up she comes and takes no warning, and shows no concern when her sister is snatched away from her side, has her neck drawn, and is actually plucked in her presence. Perhaps she even carries off some of the feathers to decorate that make-believe nest of hers.

The cock is an important bird. He is historical. A cock assured Themistocles of his victory over Xerxes. Aristophanes tells us that he reigned supreme over Persia before the time of Darius and Megabazus. Numa Pompilius was inspired by a cock, and Romulus was influenced by the same bird in his decision as to the site of Rome. He was sacred to Mars, Apollo, Mercury and Æsculapius. Mohammed found a cock in the first

heaven, so huge a bird that his crest touched the second heaven. The Moslem doctors say that Allah lends a willing ear to him who reads the Koran, to him who prays for pardon, and to the cock, whose chant is divine melody. When this cock ceases to crow, the day of judgment will be at hand. The cock on church spires is to remind men not to deny their Lord as Peter did. Peter le Neve says that the cock was the warlike ensign of the Goths, as it is to the present day of the Malays, and that it was put up for ornament in Gothic churches.

The crowing of the cock has always exercised an indefinable influence on mankind; it covered the shuffling Peter with shame; it has furnished innumerable poets with stocks of phrases; it has even become a means for the expression of Parliamentary opinion. In some places, it is true, the cock is regarded with not altogether unmalevolent sentiments. An African tribe complains bitterly that it was all through the cock that they remained black, and different from the rest of mankind. The great creating Spirit, it is said, set himself during the daytime to model the human race. By sundown he had fashioned about fifty different figures out of clay, but they were all more or less brown, and some of them were quite black. He set them up in a row and inspected them before it got quite dark, and then it appeared that they would look better if they were white. So he mixed a great pot of whitewash, and set about daubing them by the light of the moon. But it was troublesome work, and he did not get on very fast. At last, when he had still a score or more to whiten, day dawned, and the cock crew, and he came to the conclusion that the rest must remain as they were. And so it has come to pass that some of the races of mankind are red and brown, while the poor negro has remained quite black—and all through a troublesome cock, who would crow when he was not wanted.

The Orang Subimba have little greater regard for domestic fowls, though they carry their aversions further, and will have nothing to do with them, whereas the African at least consoles himself for his wrongs by eating his enemy. The Malayan tribe in question were wrecked on a voyage to the Island of Celebes, and, as they were not able to get themselves new boats, had to remain in Bantam. They staid for some time on the seacoast, and lived by fishing; but the cocks they had with them acted as vile betrayers, and constantly brought down attacks from pirate praus and robbers, who discovered the villages, however carefully concealed, by the persistent crowing of the cocks. Accordingly, the Subimba abandoned their ravaged settlements, and moved up into the interior, where, before establishing new communities, they took a solemn oath that they would never again keep fowls or till the ground. The noisy village cocks attracted the enemy, and the tilling of the ground attracted from the jungle the wild birds, who, besides committing great ravages themselves, did not scruple to crow as loudly as if they belonged to the place. Therefore the Orang Subimba rejected their national bird, and when they wanted to see a main of cocks went to the villages of their more fortunate neighbors, who were strong enough to protect themselves against robber bands.

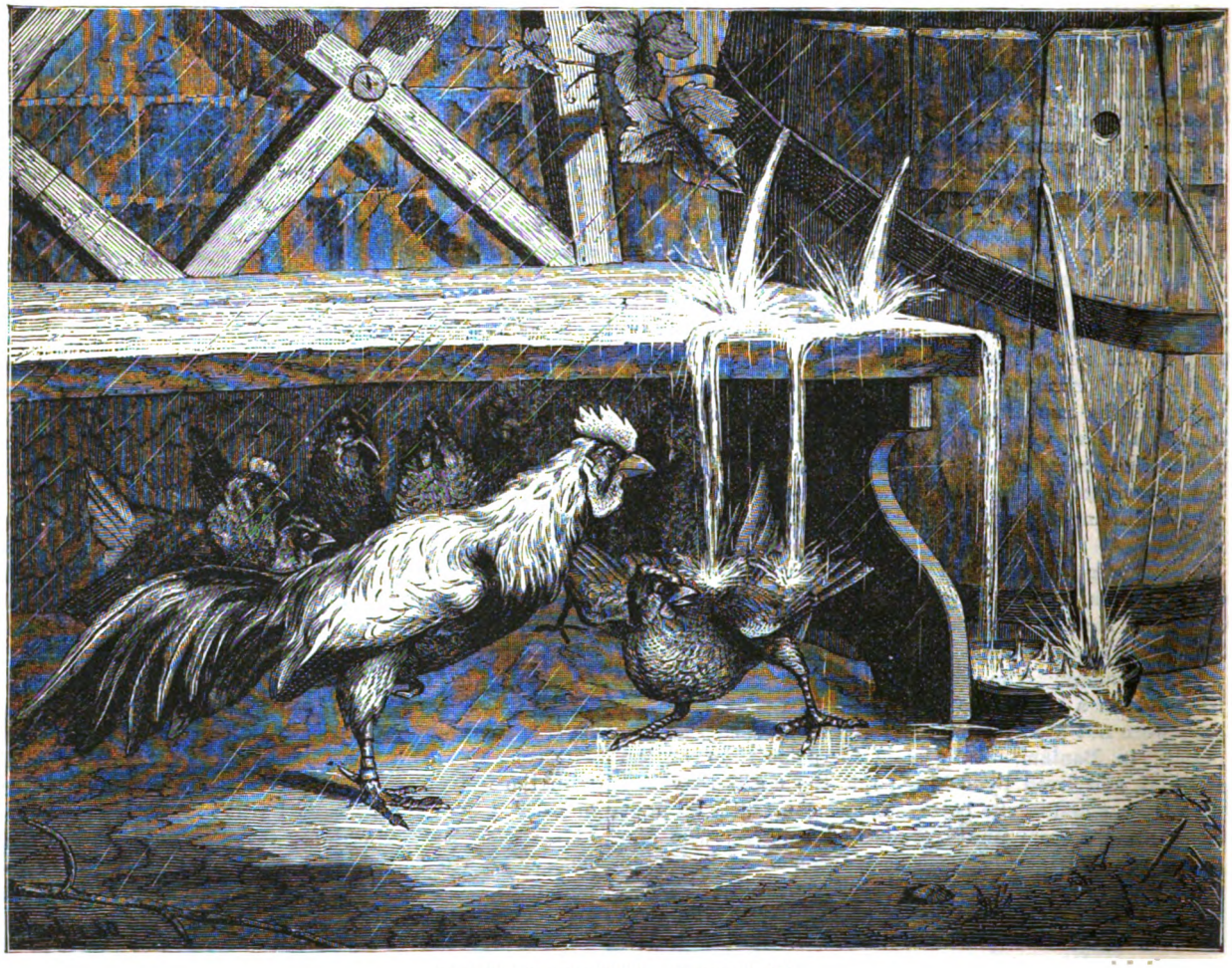
Both these tales, if they are not altogether creditable to the cock, at any rate recognize in him an importance which is denied to the bird by prosaic westerns. But elsewhere the rousing bird of dawn is in much greater estimation. The Burmese credit him with a knowledge of astronomical lore which is wanting in mankind of these latter days. In the last world-cycle before the Buddha had come upon earth to "preach the Law and give the millions peace," cabalistic learning had attained very great importance, and was most elaborately worked out and written down in a series of books. When, however, the hermit Prince had attained the supreme wisdom, and was traveling about expounding his doctrines, there was nothing he so much denounced as the taking of life and the exercising of uncanny arts. Accordingly he so worked upon the feelings of the people, that one day in Baranathee he prevailed on them to destroy all their deadly weapons and the forbidden books of the black art. All the spears and swords and javelins and bows and arrows; all the fishing-nets, harpoons and fish-hooks, gins and snares, and traps of all kinds were gathered together, and piled in a great heap, and on the top were placed the books of the Baydin containing the harmful spells, incantations, and other sinful mysteries. Then fire was set to the pile, and it was burnt away. Dewadat, the graceless, plotting cousin and brother-in-law of the Buddha, managed to steal away one volume of the cabalistic books, and it is from this time that the knowledge of divination and necromancy still existent among mankind is derived. But when the great heap was entirely consumed and the smoldering embers had died out, there came a flock of fowls, who pecked away at the ashes and assimilated so much of the lost books that the knowledge of the Mantras pervaded their whole system. The most obvious manifestation of this power is in their constant knowledge of the exact time of day. The cocks descended from these fowls, who have since always remained in Buddhist countries, unite together in crowing at four periods of the day—at day-dawn, at midday, at sundown, and again at midnight. Their persistent crowing at midnight is the clearest proof of their faculty, for it cannot be supposed that the cocks have any particular enjoyment in exerting themselves at that untimely hour, any more than the performance is agreeable to the majority of their human auditory. It is, therefore, manifestly a proof of their innate astrological lore. The cocks find respect for this in Burmah. In Europe, it is to be feared, the practice would not be endured. The stern justice of the Middle Ages would have treated such proceedings with very great severity. The cock and his magic powers would have been felled with the rod of witchcraft. According to the Chronicle of Basel, a cock was actually burnt in August of the year 1474, on the Kühlenberg, for evil practices—to wit, that he had been so far worked upon by the demons of the under-world as to commit the indiscretion of laying an egg. Such a performance was undoubtedly undignified on the part of the cock; but there is not much to be said for the men either.

But the estimation in which the cock is held by the Burmese is as nothing to the regard that the Karens have for him. The Karens are another colony of the tribes that migrated southward from the great Tartar plains; and, having been gradually dispossessed of the fat lowlands by the more energetic Burmans, now live mostly in the hilly country to the east of Burmah. Their veneration for the bird is the more singular, since, according to their own traditions, they have but little cause for it. In ancient times, so their myths relate, God gave to the Burmese a book of palm-leaves, to the Chinese a paper manuscript, and to them a sheet of skin, each severally containing the divine laws and a system of writing. The Burmese and Chinese carefully preserved their books, and studied them diligently. The Karens, on the other hand, were careless of their skin, and a pig got hold of it and tore it in pieces. These the cocks of the

settlement got hold and ate up. Thus it has come to pass that the Karens have never had a national literature, and have always been subject to the more learned Burmese and Chinese. But they wisely considered that it was little use revenging themselves on the greedy fowls. On the contrary, it was more than likely that those birds were wiser than themselves. For, since the original laws had been deposited in their bodies, it was beyond a doubt probable that, with the assimilation of the fragments of hide, there had remained with them a knowledge of the precepts taught by the first code. The best thing the Karens could do was, therefore, to appeal to the cocks for guidance in their affairs. The method in which this appeal is made supplies to a vengeful nature solace for the wrong originally committed by the poultry. A great part of the Karen religion consists of spatulancy —an endeavor to find out from the markings on fowl's bones how the inquirer should be guided in his undertakings. The usual plan is to agree beforehand that there shall be such and such similarities in the marking of the bones, most commonly the thigh-bones. The indentations where the tendons join on shall be identical or different; they shall be stretched out or contracted; deep or shallow; there shall be faint lines on them, or these shall be altogether wanting.

The correspondence of these stipulated particulars with the appearance of the bone on inspection, determines the character of the conclusion to be derived from the augury. The rite is always a very solemn matter, and is preceded by prayers and incantations. The number of nice distinctions in the form and markings of the bones is very puzzling, and the whole question is a special science, not to be trifled with by ordinary laymen. How the science may be degraded may be seen in the custom still prevalent at English dinner-tables in the country, where the young people break the merrythought of a fowl between them with the object of finding out who is to be married first. It is much to be feared that there is more laughing than praying over this rite.

But the Karens are very much in earnest about the matter. Practically, nothing is done among them without previous reference to the haruspices. A Karen will not go to the next village or marry a wife, swallow medicine or name his child, sow out his crops or send a message, without being assured by inspection of a cock's thigh-bones that misfortune is not likely to come upon him. In the absence of conclusive evidence the village authorities decide by scrutiny of thigh-bones whether an accused person is innocent or guilty, and subsequently revealed facts have no power to overthrow the decision obtained. The girl will seek evidence that her plighted lover will not draw back from his vows; the warlike chief will consult about the probable issue of a foray or a hostile expedition; all trust implicitly in the omens to be derived from Thiekeu's fowl, Mokhie's fowl, the bird of India. This recognition of the wisdom and knowledge of the cock is no doubt embarrassing in its consequences. It is a question whether it compensates for the loss of life. But it is certainly better to die in order to guide a man's actions than to satisfy his appetite.



THE WISDOM OF COCKS.— SEE PAGE 446.

"MRS. WIMPLE SPRANG HASTILY BEHIND A JAPANESE SCREEN THAT ORNAMENTED ONE CORNER OF THE LIBRARY, AND AWAITED DEVELOPMENTS."

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

CHAPTER I.

COME BACK TO STAY.

Mr. Horace Wimple's library, in his handsome house on West Fifty-second Street, was, in its normal condition, the most attractive room among its many attractive rooms; for with the wealth of the husband was combined the good taste of the wife, and the result was pleasing in the extreme to the most fastidious taste in the adornment of this, the room where the happy couple spent most of their time, when they were home at all. But, on the morning in question, the beautiful apartment was not in its normal condition; on the contrary, it was bestrewn with packages and wraps and rugs and bags and other evidences of a sudden and voluminous arrival, so to speak.

Nor was the smiling face of Mrs. Wimple's first maid, Mollie, in its normal condition. It was puckered into all those lines and creases which, to the initiated, indicate the very acme of dissatisfaction. With a parrot-cage held disgustedly at arm's length and a sleek Maltese cat squeezed spitefully close to her side by a very strong and very plump arm, Mollie stood in the middle of the room sourly surveying the still accumulating pile of feminine belongings. Her displeasure found wordy wrath as Pritchard, Mr. Wimple's stately butler, appeared in the doorway with the last installment of luggage, consisting of a lunch-basket, an umbrella and an air-pillow. Mollie's gray eyes snapped ominously as Pritchard

dumped his load down, with a visible exasperation: "My goodness gracious me, Pritchard, if it ain't enough to turn a body against life to have her coming back with all this dunnage! You don't suppose she's come back here to live, do you?"

"Oh, not at all likely," Pritchard answered, in his most sarcastic vein. "Maybe it's the style where you come from for folks to pay morning calls with five trunks and an express wagon full of traps."

"Five trunks, Pritchard?" Mollie emphasized her horror with upraised hands and voice.

"Five!" Pritchard repeats, with solemn emphasis; "neither one more nor one less. And she standing down there at this blessed minute trying to beat the expressman down to half rates!"

"Oh, she's a sweetener! I've lived with her, Pritchard. I know her. She used to keep house for the master here before she fooled her husband into marrying her. A lively time us girls used to have under her, too, I can tell you. And, as I never did hear that vinegar improved with time, God help us all, I say!"

"God help the coming mistress, I say."

Close upon the heels of Pritchard's indiscreet observation, the object of these somewhat severe comments and the cause of all this commotion in the Wimple mansion, appeared on the threshold.

The self-possessed Pritchard started visibly, as a searching voice asked:

"What is that, Pritchard? No prevarication, if you please!"

"No offense, I hope, mam! I was just saying to Mollie that you'd be a God's help to the young mistress, mam!"

Pritchard's face was even redder than usual from the low-stooping effort to straighten the Smyrna rug under the centre table, to which household duty he had directed sudden energy as Miss Prior had loomed in the doorway.

"No offense, Pritchard," the lady answered, in a mollified tone, "but it is always best to have an understanding at once. It will save trouble later on. If there is one thing I do pride myself on, it is moral courage, and I never pass over a half-heard sentence!"

From Mollie an audible groan escaped. Mrs. Prior quickly turned her batteries of tongue and eye in that direction.

"What is that, Mollie?"

But poor Mollie was clasping the hand just released from the parrot's cage to one of her rosy cheeks.

"Just a twinge of the toothache, mam. The same old tune tooth, I mean!"

And as Mrs. Prior had turned to finish her remarks to Pritchard, the meaning glance that Mollie shot at the butler was entirely lost on her.

"You may depend on it, Pritchard, when things don't go to suit me, I shall tell you of it. Mollie knows me of old." With which ultimatum, she turned toward the large mirror between the front windows and began taking off her wraps and hat. "You may go now, Pritchard, and see after my trunks. I can't tell you exactly where to put them, as Mrs. Wimple has not thought enough of my coming to have a room prepared, nor even to stay at home to bid me welcome. A pleasant reception, I must say, into my own brother's house; my own home by birthright, too!"

Mrs. Prior was evidently discomposed, but confined any further evidence of it to a somewhat vicious display of energy in drawing off her new black kid gloves.

"The mistress was looking for you to come to-morrow, Mrs. Prior, and she told me you was to have the blue room. I'll show you up now, mam, if you say so," said Mollie.

"The blue room?—it's as chilly as a vault! I don't suppose there's been a fire in it for a year."

"There's a register in it," Mollie began, apologetically.

"A register! As if I didn't know that, Mollie, before you were born—well, no, not quite so long ago as that!"

"And I was going to build a fire in it to-morrow morning early, seeing as how your letter said——"

But Mrs. Prior interrupted with exceeding asperity.

"Never mind what my letter said. To-morrow! Always to-morrow! Mollie, I am afraid you are the same old procrastinating creature who used to try me so sorely. I shall examine the room myself," with which Mrs. Prior disappeared from view with magical celerity, taking her evident years into consideration.

"And *you* are the same old exasperatin' creature that used to try *me* so sorely," said Mollie, sulkily, loading up with a few of the smaller packages; but before the loading process was complete Mrs. Prior loomed into sight once more, her humor by no means improved by her short excursions.

"Now, Mollie, you know me of old for a straightforward, plain speaker and plain dealer. I never was afraid to tell the truth in spite of everything. If there's one thing I do pride myself on, it's moral courage. It is very evident to me that things have been going on at sixes-and-sevens here ever since my poor Horace put a butterfly of fashion at the head of his establishment."

At which all Mollie's *Irish* was up in a second, for next to the Holy Catholic Church and her father confessor, Mrs. Horace Wimple ranked as the object of her adoration.

"Who calls Mrs. Wimple a butterfly of fashion?"

"I have good authority for thinking her one, Mollie."

"Then, mam, beggin' your pardon, all I've got to say is, that if you're goin' to pitch into the young mistress, I'd be obliged to you if you'd pick out another listener. May I show you to your room, mam?"

"'Pitch into your mistress'! Mollie, when I was at the head of this establishment, a servant who was given to such vulgar language would have been dismissed without a moment's warning. As for your showing me to the blue room, or any other room, no! here I stay until Mrs. Wimple sees fit to make me welcome. I suppose she does sometimes come home, doesn't she?"

"She's mos' as good as a nigger slave for keeping in doors," Mollie, answered, in her most resentful manner.

Mr. Prior settled herself rigidly among her lares and penates on the sofa, as she said, loftily:

"You may go, Mollie. It is evident time has not improved your disposition, which always was one of the very worst I ever saw. But, as I have some feeling for dumb brutes, I would like to have my cat and parrot fed. You can take them with you."

Mollie laid one ungentle hand on the cat, who was stealthily exploring his new quarters with a mind evidently ill at ease, and got scratched for her lack of civility, and another ungentle hand on the parrot's cage, who resisted the familiarity by pecking viciously at her through the top bars of his prison-house.

"It's evident time hasn't improved your disposition, which always was one of the worst I ever saw," she said, addressing herself pointedly to the parrot, whose cage she held at arm's length as she slowly made her exit.

Mrs. Prior's gaze followed her until she disappeared

behind a door that really banged behind her. It was with a sense of defeat that the lady settled herself still more uncomfortably among the countless packages.

"A more impertinent creature than that girl Mollie never lived. Nor a more efficient housemaid. Not that I'd have her hear me acknowledge that much for worlds. There'd be no standing her another moment. Well, this is a home-coming to me! One might as well be at the railroad waiting-room for all the welcome one receives. Dear, dear, what quantities of money Horace must have squandered since I left him. This room alone tells the tale. Ebony and satin and gilt and marble and bronze, till one's very eyeballs ache with the glitter of it. Brocatelle and plush were considered good enough for me. Hush! That's the carriage now. It's Fanny, at last, I suppose."

A sudden languor of great fatigue overtook Mrs. Prior's angular and upright form. It was a limp and dejected vision that fell upon pretty Mrs. Wimple's astonished eyes when she reached the library-door. Her surprise found apologetic expression as she came forward with hands cordially extended.

"Why, my dear sister Eliza, how could we have made such a mistake? I am quite sure Mr. Wimple said you were to arrive to-morrow. I should never have left your welcome to the servants. You must really pardon us all around, Horace for mistaking, and me for seeming neglect."

Mrs. Prior extended one long, thin hand, upon whose rigid fingers the rings rang metallic chimes. Her face was coldly unresponsive to the sweet apology that beamed in her young sister-in-law's eyes.

"Oh, it doesn't in the least matter, Fanny. It's nobody but me. I supposed you would be coming home some time between now and night. But I confess I am somewhat astonished at Horace. He used to be the soul of exactness and courtesy, but I suppose he is falling into slipshod habits, too," she sighed, profoundly, as if the universal degeneracy of the Wimple household was bearing too heavily upon her tender heart; but Mrs. Wimple answered, with that serenity in which she had long since resolved to panoply herself against Sister Eliza and her darts—this was not their first encounter:

"Not with slipshod habits, Sister Eliza, but Horace has become a perfect slave to his business. He seems absolutely crazed on the subject of money-making. You must help me to lecture him."

She was not unconscious of the close scrutiny her rich attire was receiving while she was talking, but that was another of Sister Eliza's "ways."

"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Prior said, finally. "Perhaps he finds it necessary to overwork himself in order to stop leakages. Depend upon me to do my duty by Horace as well as the rest of you, Fanny. You are very young. I am almost old enough to be your mother. If there is one thing I do pride myself on, Fanny, it is the possession of enough moral courage to tell the truth, and to fit the cap to the right head every time."

"Yes, yes, dear," Mrs. Wimple began, rather nervously, adding, with that sweetness of voice and manner which made the capture of hearts such an easy thing for her always:

"I hope you will be with us long enough, sister, to scold my dear husband out of his gloomy preoccupation, and out of all the bad habits I have allowed him to fall into. Now, then, I must go see if your room is nice and warm."

She rose from the sofa where she had made a place for herself by Mrs. Prior's side and started toward the door, but turned back as Sister Eliza said, tartly:

"Stay?—I hope I'll stay long enough! Your remarks would seem to suggest something migratory or transient about me. Perhaps it is just possible, Fanny, that you did not see the letter your husband, Mr. Wimple, my brother Horace, wrote me upon the death of poor dear Mr. Prior?"

"No," said Fanny, with gentle dignity; "I did not see the letter, Sister Eliza, but its contents, I make no doubt, were just what they should have been. Whatever arrangements my husband has seen fit to make for the comfort of his sister meet with my entire approbation. Horace was so confident of that, that he did not think it worth while to submit his letter to me first."

While she had been talking, Mrs. Prior had been fumbling excitedly in her pocket for something which evidently was not there; upon which she seized her lunch-basket, but fortunately discovered the nature of its contents in time to prevent a catastrophe, violently exchanged it for her hand-bag, which she emptied incontinently into her lap, fished out a letter and, with melodramatic effect, offered it to Mrs. Wimple.

"You will oblige me, sister-in-law, by reading this letter before I can possibly consider myself welcome."

Mrs. Wimple drew back, proudly.

"I positively decline such a breach of courtesy. I beg you to consider me entirely at one with Horace in making you welcome."

"All that sounds very wife-like and amiable," says Mrs. Prior, adjusting her glasses to read the letter herself, "but Eliza Prior never was the woman to put her foot down without knowing exactly where she was putting it. You will oblige me!"

With sharp emphasis, she then read aloud the following letter:

"My Dear Sister Eliza—The sad intelligence of your bereavement has just reached me, and I write to tell you that the old home is ready to open its doors to you once more. You have no children, neither have we, so make up your mind to cast in your lot with us. I am not entirely unselfish in this. I want you to come for Fanny's sake more than my own. My business necessarily absorbs the most of my time, and she is the sufferer by it. She is left too much alone. She does not complain, but I sometimes fancy she is not as happy as I would have her. Perhaps the cares of housekeeping are too much for her. You might relieve her of them. Perhaps she misses the freedom of her country home——"

Here Mrs. Wimple's soft voice broke in upon Mrs. Prior's rather declamatory style of reading:

Sister Eliza, "I decline listening to another word."

"Well, I'll skip all the gush and sentimental nonsense, and read the important part of the letter. That you shall hear!"

"As you please," said Mrs. Wimple, with cold resignation.

"You will understand by the foregoing that you are invited to come and make your home with us, and I hope you will ease my young wife's shoulders of any burdens which I, in my clumsy ignorance, may have laid upon them."

"So you see, Fanny," Mrs. Prior continued, folding the letter up, triumphantly, "I have good cause to feel that I am needed here."

There were tears in Mrs. Wimple's voice, if not in her lovely eyes, as she answered:

"Horace is very good to me, but he should not have written so to you."

"If not to me, pray then to whom?"

"To no one," said Fanny. "If I have burdens to bear I shall find the strength to bear them alone."

"You acknowledge, then, that there is a skeleton in this handsome closet?"

But for all answer to this cruel thrust, Mrs. Wimple turned toward the bell, rang it for Mollie, and, with a glance at the clock on the mantel said, quietly:

"We dine at six, Sister Eliza, and it is now half-past four. You must rest awhile before dressing."

Mollie, answering the bell promptly, once more made of herself a laden burden-bearer, and preceded Mrs. Prior out of the library.

Not until she was quite alone did Mrs. Wimple indulge herself in the tears that it had been so hard to repress in presence of this coldly selfish woman, who had come like a serpent into her Eden more than once before, but this time—oh, horror of horrors!—it was to stay! And with the current of her tears ran a bitter soliloquy more pregnant with reproach than anything her gentle heart had ever harbored toward her husband.

"And so," she sighed to herself, "this is the remedy my poor husband has sought for the woes of his own inflicting. How can I tell him that he is at the bottom of my only trouble, my desolate loneliness? What are we both but slaves—bond slaves? He to his counting-house and ledger; I, to the vapid routine of a fashionable woman's life! We are housed together and eat at the same table, but are strangers yet. Never an hour of restful communion! never a moment of blissful repose! When I plead for a little more of his dear society, he chides me; gently, it is true, but chides me with lack of interest in his advancement. Advancement to what? To a few more thousand dollars in bank? a few more feverish chances in Wall Street? a few more care-worn creases in his brow? a few more hurried paces to the grave? That is all. Oh, I would be happier milking the cows on my father's farm, with Horace cradling the wheat out in the glad sunshine, than treading this wearisome round of frivolity! Why do men marry women if the union means no unity of life? Oh, Horace, let me enter into your inner life, be partaker of your cares and sharer of your hopes! not simply the lay figure that indexes the degree of your prosperity for a gaping crowd; and you will not need another's help to cheer your wife!"

Plunged in her sad reverie, Mrs. Wimple did not notice the closing of the front door; did not hear approaching masculine footsteps; did not hear anything until her husband's voice fell on her ears very near the library-door. It was only a casual remark to some one with him. Doubtless, they were pausing by the hat-rack to divest themselves of their top-coats.

She glanced about her in terror. It was Horace, and a stranger with him. And she sitting there, all tear-stained and woe-begone! There was no time for reflection, no avenue of escape! Doubtless he would take his guest into the dining-room presently for a glass of wine. Until then—well, until then—— Mrs. Wimple sprang hastily behind a tall Japanese screen that ornamented one corner of the library, and, crouching breathlessly upon a hassock that chanced to be there, awaited developments.

CHAPTER II.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

APPARENTLY her husband had much to say to this unexpected guest of hers, for she could hear his voice in earnest monologue until they entered the room where she lay perdu, and then he only broke the thread to indicate a seat to the stranger, and to seat himself, whereupon he immediately resumed, in tones of what sounded like earnest gratitude:

"I assure you, Steinray, I am completely overwhelmed by your unexpected proffer of assistance. Gratitude never finds easy expression with me."

As the name of "Steinray" fell from her husband's lips, Mrs. Wimple cowered closer to the screen, and for a moment hid her blanching cheeks in her trembling hands. Steinray! What memories of pain and shame and anguish the very name awoke! How many years since she had heard that name; and, oh! how she wished she might never have heard it again. Of course this friend of Horace's was never that Steinray! Fate could never play so malicious a trick as that. In a whirl of agitation these thoughts swept through Mrs. Wimple's brain during what seemed to her an interminable pause of silence before her husband's guest made any answer. When he did, the cool, cynical tones had something horribly familiar in them. She could fancy him clinching his teeth as he said:

"There, there, my dear fellow, don't gush! Whatever you do, Wimple, don't gush! Such dem'd bad form, you know. As for gratitude, there's no question of it in this case. You've got yourself into a deuce of a mess in Wall Street, and I've placed a few idle thousands at your command to tide you over the rocks! That's all. Trust me for getting it all back with interest."

The cynical laugh with which the stranger supplemented his words did away with the last remnant of doubt in Fanny Wimple's agitated heart. It was *that* Steinray. But what was he doing here, under her own roof, and apparently occupying the position of her husband's benefactor? Fate, then, could be very ironical and very cruel.

"It is kind of you," she heard Horace say, "to make so light of so great a favor. But my sense of obligation is just as great."

"What if I should tell you I had already begun to draw interest on my loan?" said Steinray.

"I should say that I didn't in the least know what you meant."

"I mean this——" Fanny's heart beat in thumps! How deliberate he was. She could hear Horace push the cigar-box toward him. The smoke of the cigars they had lighted soon after coming in was already floating through the lonely room and into her lungs. "I mean this," Steinray said once more. "You have insisted upon supplementing a business transaction with a social benefaction. You have promised me an introduction to your lovely wife. The fame of Mrs. Wimple's goodness and beauty has penetrated even to my vagabond ears——"

But Mr. Wimple interrupted him with an earnest protest:

"Vagabond! My dear Steinray, how can you underrate yourself so? I am sure with your mind and culture and address——"

But Steinray interrupted in his turn:

"My dear fellow, don't gush! Whatever you do, don't gush! Such deuced bad form, you know!" Laying one finger on his left cheek, he leaned across the table by which they were both sitting, to ask, in a voice of concentrated bitterness: "Do you see this beauty spot, Wimple?"

"Well, yes," Wimple answered, reluctantly. "One is compelled to see it, you know, Steinray; but then, after all, what does it amount to? Otherwise, you know, you are a strikingly handsome man."

"Thanks!" said Steinray, with his harshest laugh.

"I have long since gotten past all need of solace. I've grown quite used to hearing people say, 'Steinray would be a very good-looking fellow but for that scar.' In fact, I've outlived every emotion in connection with it but one."

"And that is?"

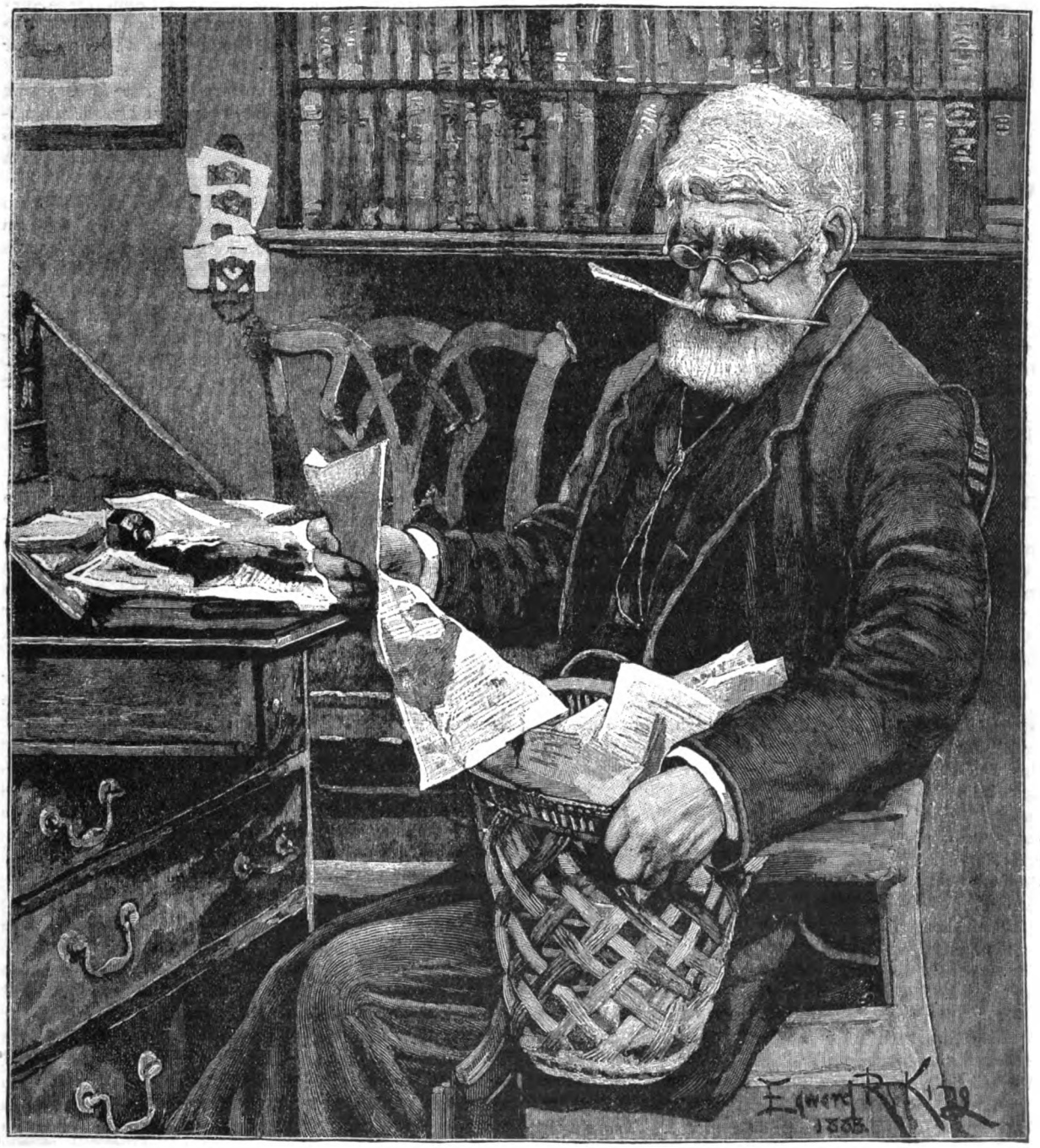
"The determination to have revenge for it."

"It is not a birthmark, then?"

"No. It's not a birthmark."

"Nor the result of accident? Excuse me, Steinray, I don't want to seem curious; but, then, since you've spoken of it, I don't want to feel indifferent. Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the story."

"No, sir, nor the result of accident. It was the work



"ENRAGED!"—DRAWN BY EDWARD R. KING.

As these words fell upon her ears, hissed, almost, as they were, in a voice of savage earnestness in her husband's, Mrs. Wimple clasped her hands about her slim white neck as if to stifle any audible outcry. Oh! if Horace would only get up and go away from this serpent that had crawled into her Eden! How calm and well-bred and placid her husband's voice sounded following after Steinray's passionate hiss.

of a—bah! what am I about. How came we to stumble on this interesting topic? I'm not used to being so egotistical."

"Well, I really don't recall what led up to it. It began by your calling yourself pretty names."

"Thanks! Vagabond, exactly. I believe, on the whole, if you will be indulgent, I should enjoy a little egotism for once. I had social aspirations myself once, Wimple.

Meant, when the proper time came, and I had made enough money, to get married and set up an establishment, and take a pew in church—in short, to hang out every sign of respectable citizenship. But now—well now I don't care a continental for anything out of Wall Street."

"But why not? You are young, you have a colossal fortune, a splendid figure, fine carriage——"

"My ability to give my wife a fine carriage would be more to the point," said Steinray, sarcastically.

To which Mr. Wimple, bent upon the *rôle* of comforter, replied, encouragingly:

"Why, just look around you at the one-legged, one-armed, one-eyed, lop-sided fellows that get married every day. You know there's such a deuced variety of motives that actuate women nowadays in marrying. What half of them marry for the evil one himself can't find out. But you! Come now, Steinray, place your case in my hands. You deserve the blessing of a good wife; some one to love you and to cast an aureole of brightness about your days."

"My dear Wimple, don't gush! Whatever you do, don't gush. Such excessively bad form, you know. Since this accursed mark was put upon me I have shunned the presence of woman as I would shun the fiend incarnate. The woman who would marry me now would take me for my money alone. I am not insensible to the refined influences of a home like yours. Perhaps in the presence of your lovely and devoted wife I may find rational enjoyment; but this is an experiment. This is the interest on my loan."

"My Fanny will gladly make you welcome to our small circle. The dear child will never know what a load of obligation you have placed her under. She is such a child that I keep my business troubles from her. I would as soon think of harnessing a butterfly to a dray as of burdening her with my sordid anxieties. Now, then, let us get through with these papers and adjourn to the parlor, when Mrs. Wimple will join us."

It seemed an age to the woman, crouching there on the hassock behind the tall Japanese screen, before Horace found the papers he was in search of in the desk between the windows! An age that the two men consumed in examining them, and folding and unfolding, rejecting and accepting and indorsing. She wanted them to go away and leave her at liberty to fly to her own room, and there, on bended knees, to ask God to protect her darling Horace from the evil influence that had come into his life so strangely.

Upon the subdued voices of the two men and the rustling of papers, a shrill clamor suddenly arose. There was the commingling of a parrot's metallic shriek, a dog's jubilant barking, and a woman's wild protest.

Mr. Steinray looked up in undisguised amazement. Could that shrill feminine outcry proceed from the throat of the lovely and refined Mrs. Wimple? Horace Wimple rose suddenly with an amused smile on his face.

"Excuse me; but those familiar sounds inform me that my lately widowed sister has arrived. She is a day in advance of her promise. With your permission I will go and bid her welcome and announce your presence to Mrs. Wimple."

He went, and it seemed to Fanny an age before he came again. She was glad that the rustling of the papers had gone on uninterruptedly in his absence, otherwise the beating of her frightened heart would certainly have made itself heard.

"It is much later than I thought it was," said Horace, coming back more briskly. "We will adjourn to the parlor at once and leave these papers for office hours to-morrow."

Upon which he swept the papers into one pile, laid them back in the desk, turned the lock with a click, and said, with peremptory cordiality:

"Come, Steinray."

At last they were gone! Like some hunted, wounded thing Fanny Wimple dragged herself up from the hassock and came out into the deserted room. Was that the bright-eyed, smiling creature who had hidden herself behind the tall screen little more than an hour before?

A deathlike pallor had overspread her face. Dark rings encircled her great, lovely eyes; her lips were tight-drawn and white. For a moment she stood motionless near the table where the two men had been sitting, then the pain in her face and heart found voice:

"Frederic Steinray here in my home! It bodes no good to me. Oh! it bodes all of evil to my precious Horace. I shall tell him all as soon as the serpent crawls away to his own hiding-place. Horace must not, shal not, take aid from the worst enemy I have on earth. Oh! what an ordeal this dinner-time will bring me."

With her hands clasped tightly about one another she slowly traversed the long room and disappeared. Her footsteps lagged, her proud head drooped, her heart ached.

CHAPTER III.

A MENACE.

SURELY Mrs. Wimple must have possessed some of the chameleon's boasted powers of self-transformation, for when, a very few moments later on, she swept into the parlor, self-possessed, serene, in full dinner costume, with a big bunch of jacqueminot roses pinned against the jetted vest of her black silk dress, she was yet another woman from the pallid creature that had crept from the shelter of the Japanese screen.

With what pardonable pride Horace Wimple took her little jeweled hand in his, and led her forward to make her known to his friend Steinray! With what a burst of inward rage and jealousy Mr. Steinray bowed low over the little hand, as he muttered some conventional commonplace about "honor done him," "supreme pleasure"! etc. With what a brave show of calmness, while her heart was beating so violently that the jacqueminots in her corsage rose and fell tumultuously, Mrs. Wimple went through with the farce of a first meeting with this man who had crossed her pathway in life; once to his own hurt and now again to—whose? What a fine thing good-breeding is! What a necessary thing the society mask is! How else could these two people have sat out the tedious decorum of that dinner-table and have given no sign of the smoldering fires within? How else could they so intelligently and intelligibly have discussed such abstractions as Irving and Terry and Patti and all the other glittering mortals that make life a holiday for the gay and rich, the while memory was sweeping away the dust of years, showing them to each other as they had last stood face to face with fire in their eyes and hatred in their hearts.

As in a dream Mrs. Prior's voice came to Fanny's ears across the table. She was talking to Horace, and her voice and words were both plaintive. She was telling him of the hardships of her railroad ride; of the insolence of the officials; of the inadequate arrangements for the comfort of the traveling public. Mrs. Prior was never without a quiver full of grievances, and Horace was listening to her with that half-amused patience

which had always made Fanny feel so sympathetically inclined to take Sister Eliza off his hands; but while she saw and heard it all, she did not feel sorry for him this time. What was Sister Eliza, with her ancient grievances and her somewhat prolix way of laying them before her friends, to this new trouble that threatened Horace?—a trouble of which he was so innocent and she so powerless to avert, unless—unless—— Yes, she must show herself this man's equal in duplicity and craft. Craft and duplicity toward Horace? No. Never. If she had only told him at once that she knew this man! She had had no opportunity to plan her campaign, it had all come upon her so suddenly. But she would tell him yet. She would tell him as soon as they were alone together. She felt better when she had come to this decision, and beamed upon Sister Eliza with a sweetness deserving of better results.

It was Sister Eliza who drew Horace bodily away from the drawing-room door as they all went back from the dining-room, saying:

"I'm going to take you away from your company for about ten minutes, Horace. Fanny hasn't found time to bestow much thought on me yet, and I'm that worn out with my railroad trip that I can't think of sitting up another half hour. I want to consult you about poor Miggs."

Miss Miggs was the honorary title that Horace had long ago bestowed upon Mrs. Prior's parrot, and with a laughing apology to Steinray he turned aside from the drawing-room door and disappeared, with his sister clinging tenaciously to his arm. And so it was that Mrs. Wimple found herself alone with her most unwelcome guest. With an impulse toward directness which she did not stop to analyze, she raised her eyes to his face and said, in a voice she could not make quite steady:

"Mr. Steinray, you are here for no good purpose. Any true friend of my husband's would be most gladly welcome to me. I accidentally overheard your conversation with my husband. Foolishly alarmed at being caught unprepared for company, I hid myself behind the screen in the library, supposing that my husband would simply pass through that room on his way to this one, with his guest. When Horace comes back to us I will tell him that he must not accept assistance from you of all men."

They were seated opposite each other in front of the asbestos logs, that kept up a gaseous fiction of a wood fire. He did not once take his great, blazing black eyes off her face as she uttered this threat with a tremulous voice, and with the swift color coming and going on her soft cheeks. He was pulling at his long mustache vigorously, and the scar on his cheek flamed red, a sure sign of anger with Mr. Frederic Steinray.

"Why from me of all men, Mrs. Wimple?" he asked, in his suavest tones.

"Because—because——" Her self-possession was completely gone. That merciless stare unnerved her. That flaming scar routed her. Rising, she said, huskily: "I will recall Horace."

But intercepting her with a commanding gesture, Frederic Steinray said, authoritatively:

"You will call no one, if you please. I think a few moments' reflection will convict you of precipitation."

Fanny resumed her chair haughtily, and said, with a defiant ring in her soft voice:

"I accept the issue."

"Brave words! Ignorantly spoken!"

He was standing up now—had risen to intercept her flight, by force if need be, and as he folded his arms and looked coolly down upon her, with that accusing scar gleaming in angry redness upon his cheek, it was with an effort that she answered him, calmly:

"Perhaps not so ignorantly as you imagine. I know that you desire to help my husband for no good purpose. I have discovered thus, accidentally, that he is financially embarrassed! Accident has placed it in the power of the only enemy I have on earth to aid him——"

"Let me interrupt and correct you, Mrs. Wimple. Accident has had nothing to do with the coming together of Frederic Steinray and Horace Wimple," said Steinray, in his slow, even tones.

"Then you knew he was my husband?"

"I have never lost sight of you since one memorable May morning, gone six years now, when I was a Summer boarder at your father's farm, and you were—well—were given to horseback exercise and the use of riding whips."

She looked up at him as he almost hissed the last word out. She could see nothing but implacable resentment in his eyes and the red fury of that scar! Her hands came convulsively together on her silken lap. It was a cry, not an inquiry, that fluttered over her lips.

"Then tell me!—and, oh, tell me the truth—why have you come here in the guise of friendship? I can see that time has not softened your sense of injury."

His answer was both insolent and irrelevant:

"You are certainly very handsome. Even more lovely than when in that soft springtime you stole my heart and brains. More tony, as one might say."

Mrs. Wimple flushed to the temples with hot indignation. Once more she attempted to sweep past him to leave the room. He seized her hand and laughed mockingly at her indignant protest. With much show of gallantry he led her to a sofa and seated himself by her side.

"You forget that I am a wife," she said, while the jacqueminots rose tumultously, "a wife under the protection of a husband who would be only too quick to punish the slightest disrespect shown me."

"I forget nothing! Come, let me show you how absolutely retentive my memory is. As for condign punishment and all that sort of thing, we will discuss it later on." He extended a long, sinewy, brown hand and possessed himself forcibly of hers, as it nervously toyed with the red roses at her breast. "It is a little hand! A soft white and pink thing, with pearly nails and delicate blue tracery. Who could imagine that this tiny wrist and hand had ever ruined a man for life?"

In vain she struggled to release her hand as she said, hastily:

"My hand rashly avenged the wrong put upon my dignity. I deplored the act the moment it was done. I deplore it now. You thought the farmer's motherless girl fair game for the gallantry of the city boarder. Only a kiss, you pleaded! But what good of all this retrospection? Horace Wimple's wife will not need to do battle in self-defense."

But he only tightened his hold upon her hand, as he said, unabashed:

"Your attention, if you please, while I vindicate the accuracy of my memory and refresh yours. Retrospection is not only a good thing under some circumstances, but a necessary thing."

"Mine needs no refreshing," said Fanny, shuddering at this close and enforced contact; "the memory of that hour has never left me."

He touched the scar on his cheek with his left forefinger, as he answered, in tones of concentrated bitterness: "It has remained with me visibly."

"You are merciless!" she moaned.

"You were merciless!" he answered; "but we wander from the text. I am going to vindicate the accuracy of my memory and then give you a specimen of my knowledge of palmistry. This little, soft white-and-pink hand gives me the power of second sight. It waves me backward and beckons me forward. In the past"—looking intently into her hand—"it shows me a blithe, light-hearted, gay young man, handsome and possessed of the average mortal's satisfaction in his good looks. It shows me this city youth domesticated as a Summer boarder, with a farmer's daughter, his entertainer's child. The farmer's daughter was pretty, refined, bright, and possessed of aspirations. What was the inevitable result? The city sojourner lost his heart to the country maiden. But his people were a proud and relentless lot"—Mrs. Wimple had long since moved from her seat by his side on the sofa, where he, with a good imitation of the seer, sat going over an episode in their common past, which was full of pain for them both—"and he hesitated with natural reluctance to ask the farmer's daughter to exchange her milk-pans and chicken-coops for the aristocratic mansion where his tony sisters held sway. Sit down, if you please, Mrs. Wimple," as his tortured victim rose once more to her feet; "if you have your husband's best interests at heart you will hear me patiently to the end. I know this part of my vision is a little unpleasant in the recital, but you and I will understand each other comfortably before we get through."

Horace Wimple's fair, young wife resumed her seat. Her cheeks were deathly pale, but there was a fire in her eyes that would have scorched anything less seared and hardened than Frederic Steinray, known among his own familiars as the woman-hater.

"But he could not leave his fair enslaver, so he dallied and delayed long after the changing leaves and the chilling frosts had warned him to be gone. At last comes a peremptory demand for his return to his own home. The farmer's daughter was addicted to horseback exercise. The city sojourner pleaded for one final gallop through the beautiful Autumn woods. In those days he was afflicted with a tendency to gush. He never gushes now. Deuced—ah, beg pardon—bad form, you know! They went. Their young love made sad havoc with good resolutions. As good or ill luck would have it, the maiden's saddle-girth broke. The necessity for mending it brought the enslaved into dangerous proximity with the enslaver. There, in the cool, fragrant woods, he laid his case plainly before her and asked her to consent to a secret marriage, the secret to be kept until his father's death and all danger of disinheritance past. He represented to her that the old gentleman was in his dotage, and, inflamed by love, he placed an embracing arm about her waist, claiming a kiss as the reward for his efforts in her behalf. He implored her for an answer. She gave it! Promptly! Gave it in one quick descending blow of a cowhide riding-whip, whose sharp lash cut into the flesh of the wooer's face, converting him in one hot moment from a handsome, light-hearted lad into a smarting, scarred revenge-thirsty woman-hater! Bah, I gush! Gush is such deuced bad form, you know, Mrs. Wimple."

She put out her hands with a motion of disgust.

"I feel your hot breath upon my cheeks now, as you tried to force your plan upon me. The punishment may have been severe, but it was deserved."

"Bear those words in memory, Mrs. Wimple. You will have occasion to use them again, only the application will be somewhat different." She looked up at him with frightened eyes, as he now stood by the mantel-shelf leaning against it in careless grace.

"Oh, I know what you would do. I know what you mean. You would wreak your hatred of me upon my husband's innocent head. But it will be easy for me to thwart you. I am not afraid to tell him the whole truth. I will do it this night, before he has placed himself under any obligations to you."

"Rash as ever," he said, sneeringly. "Your plan might work admirably, if financial embarrassment were Mr. Wimple's only difficulty. But you interrupt me. That is bad form."

"I have endured long enough. Not one more word. My husband shall know all about that miserable episode in my past life before he sleeps to-night."

"Even at the expense of his personal liberty?"

"I do not understand you."

"It is scarcely to be expected that you should. It is not necessary that you should know more than this: I have that in my possession," he said, lowering his voice to a menace, "which would disgrace Horace Wimple in the eyes of the world that does him honor now. It is my wish that he know nothing of our previous acquaintance until I appoint the time. At *his* peril you will make any allusion to this interview."

Upon these strange words, Horace Wimple's own bright, cheery voice broke in apology, and his wife's lips were sealed.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHAIN FORGED.

"UPON my word, Steinray,"—Mr. Wimple came forward, saying, heartily—"there's no knowing what you do think of me, but things are a trifle complicated with us this evening. My sister, Mrs. Prior, recently widowed, has come back to make her home with us, and, by some mistake, she is a day ahead of the time we expected her. She seems to fancy all the world combining—you know how these things are—to make her a little more wretched than she is. So I had to stay with the dear old lady a little longer than I expected to."

"No apologies, my dear Wimple; I could have found it in my heart to forgive you and your estimable sister if your condolences had occupied another half hour," Steinray answered, with a light laugh, adding, as he glanced smilingly in Mrs. Wimple's direction, "you left me in most excellent hands."

"I don't know that I am sorry that you and Fanny have had such a fine opportunity to cultivate each other," Horace said, his great, earnest eyes resting fondly on the face of the wife dearer to him than everything else in the world; adding, to her: "My dear, it is no mere addition to your list of fashionable acquaintances. I have brought you in Steinray. He is already enrolled among my best friends."

"How many *bests* have you?" said Steinray, laughingly, forestalling Fanny's evident effort to say something.

Perhaps even in that hardened soul pity found temporary lodgment and pleaded for the innocent young wife who sat there, writhing with the pain of a first concealment from the husband who was the sole owner of her affections, and before whom, up to this present moment, her every action had been gladly opened for inspection.

"I am afraid, she said, finally, in her low, sweet voice, consciously putting deceit into words for the first time in her life, "that Mr. Steinray would make a sacrifice to

politeness in claiming my acquaintanceship as an acquisition. I have been ineffably stupid all the evening."

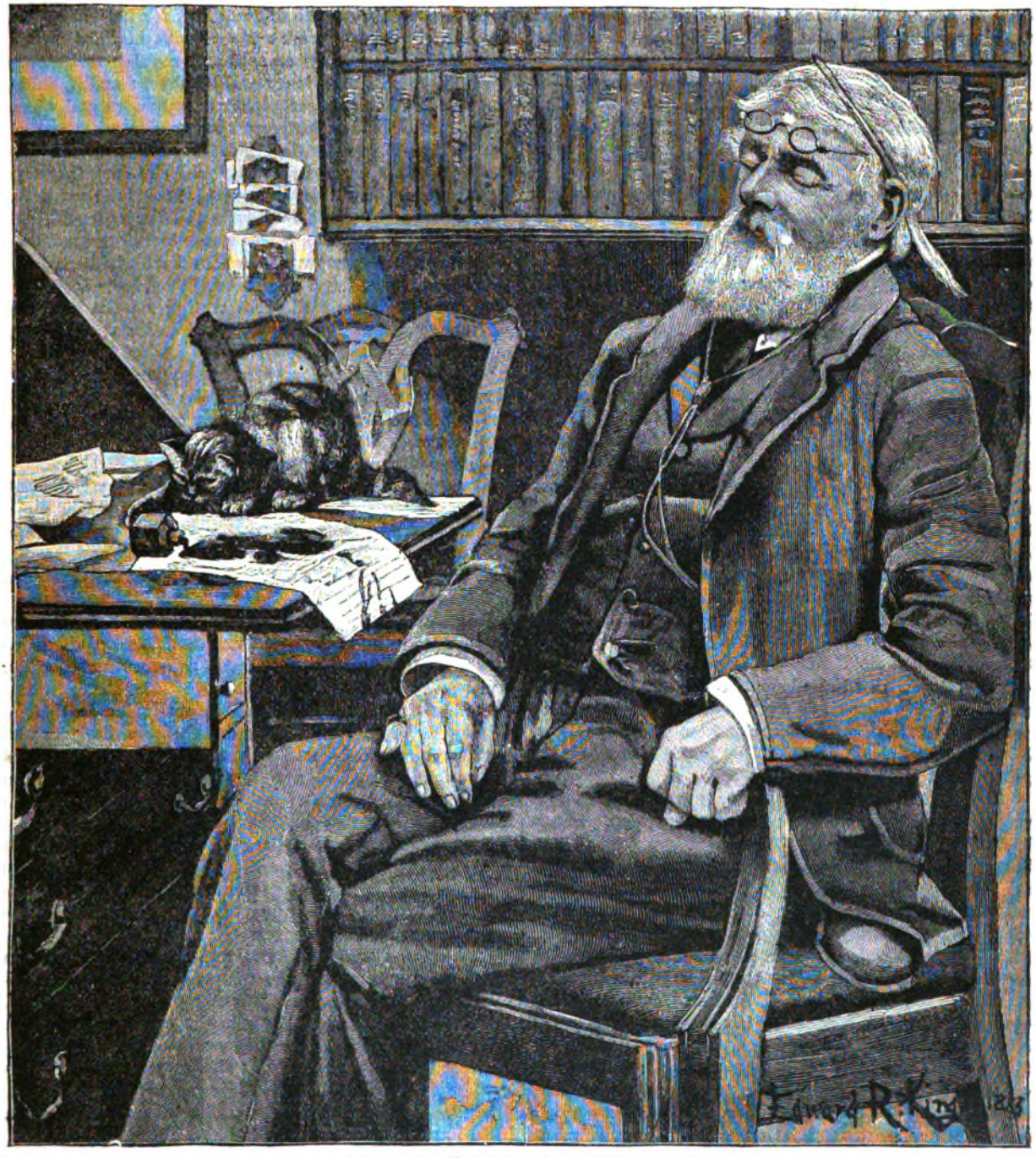
"Then," said her husband, gayly, taking her hand and leading her to the piano, "you must do penance therefor. Steinray, you have not heard my song-bird yet."

Fanny seated herself docilely. There seemed nothing for her to do to-night but to follow the bidding of others.

"It is all for the want of a little time," she thought, bitterly, as she turned the leaves of her music book with a hand that trembled with nervousness. "If I could have had time to decide on a course of action. As it is, I have forged the chain. I should have told Horace at the moment of introduction that I knew this man, and then the explanation would have come before that dreadful threat!"

Her selection was made. Her voice swelled out upon the hushed air in a full volume of melody. Behind her, in well-bred silence, sat her two auditors. Two men in dinner costume, with placid faces, and every indication of being at ease with themselves and all the world. What a queer showing there would have been if some potent hand should have, all of a sudden, appeared, and traced on the delicately tinted wall of Mrs. Wimple's drawing-room, the secret thoughts of each one of those three members of good society. As thus:

Fanny: "This song will do as well as another. He does not care for singing, and if I were a Patti I could not divert him for one moment from the evil purpose of



"THE CAUSE!"—DRAWN BY EDWARD R. KING.

his life. I have forged a chain for my own bondage. Now, if I should dare speak, he would, simply because he has menaced me, do Horace all the injury he could. At his peril! How the words ring in my ears. How he hissed them out! How dreadful his eyes looked when he said that. I will go to him to-morrow and make him tell me what he means. I will send for Dick. If it is money only, Dick shall find it if he has to sell the farm to do it. My poor Horace! To think that this should come upon him through me. I, who love him better than life, to be the one to involve him in peril!"

And all the while she sat there upon the piano stool, her slender form, with its gracefully sloping shoulders showing to the best advantage in the smoothly fitting black silk, her profile to the two men; such a refined profile it was, with a small, straight nose, and the pensive droops to the eyebrows, and the soft blonde hair drawn simply back behind her pretty ears. Mrs. Wimple had never desecrated her beautiful hair by wearing it in bangs or covering it with foreign frizzes. It was unusual, this simple arrangement of her hair, but it gave a clearness and decision to her profile not remotely suggestive of a cameo in bold relief.

"How handsome she is," thought her husband, never wearying of the sweet face, nor of following the little flying fingers, where the gems of his own lavish bestowing flashed and glittered in the gaslight; "but she looks a trifle tired to-night. I hope Sister Eliza won't prove an incumbrance rather than a relief to her. God bless her. When I get out of this snarl I'll devote more time to her at home. She is such a proud, reserved little soul she'd never complain if red-hot pincers were tearing her flesh. Ah! well, it will be all right soon. Steinray's offer has come just at the right moment. It will set me square on my feet once more. It's no small favor he's shown me. Queer he should have done it, too. He passes for one of the coldest blooded animals in Wall Street. But the devil himself is painted blacker than he is. Fanny is excelling herself to-night. I knew she could sing; but her whole soul seems to be going into that song. Steinray's face is aglow from it. Poor fellow. He's evidently thawing out. Must make him come up again soon."

"Fool that I was to make such a mess of things that Summer! Fool, to let her slip from my grasp. She is absolutely peerless. Holds her head like a stag at bay. What might life not have meant for me with a home and that woman at the head of it. Bah! I thought every sensation but one was dead in me. I will not see her beauty and sweetness and helplessness. I will see only a man—let us call him the scarred villain for convenience sake—in full possession of the facts that will bring mine host low. When I've lodged Horace Wimple in the Tombs I will erect a monument to the parrot that caused his sudden exodus, leaving his papers in my possession. Dishonorable? curse the dishonor. I've got but one ambition left in life, and that is to get even with that graceful, soft-voiced thing yonder on the piano stool. The *rôle* of honored friend is one that I have selected to play while I am waiting for the iron to get hot and I am ready to strike. Strike her through him. She loves him. She loves him as I once would have given worlds to be loved by her. Ruin and disgrace to him, mean anguish and torture to her. Not the loss of money alone. That she wouldn't mind so much, though by Jove she fits into her luxurious surroundings like a gem into pure gold. What a throat she has! a soft white pillar. She might have been mine! Fool, bungling fool that I was! Wimple is her slave. Ah! well, we're all slaves to something or some person. I am to—revenge! Revenge for my slighted love! Revenge for my embittered life! Revenge for this scarred face!"

Then, as the last notes of the song fluttered from Mrs. Wimple's white throat, words of polite praise quivered from Mr. Steinray's lips, and presently he got up to go away, and thanked his hostess for a most enjoyable evening, and took his leave of her with a look full of fell meaning, which Horace did not see, for he was putting on his overcoat to "walk a piece" with his friend. And everything was just as smooth and regular and nice as well-oiled social machinery could make it; and if, hidden out of sight, there were plenty of ugly cogs and wheels that it would be unsafe to come too near to, what matter? Society, polite society, is blind. It does not care—perhaps does not dare—to look beyond the smoothly moving, carefully oiled, nicely adjusted face of the machine.

Horace did not walk very far with his new friend. He just wanted to add one or two words touching business—words that it was not necessary for Fanny to hear. She was standing in front of the bright asbestos logs when he came back, one little foot resting on the low brass fender. Her folded hands dropped in front of her, the jacqueminot rose gleaming redly under the gaslight. She did not lift her drooping head when Horace's footstep fell upon her ears. Would she ever again be able to look him freely in the eye? He came up to her, and gathering her in his arms, said, tenderly:

"My darling!"

Then her head fell upon his shoulder and the hot, blinding tears fell unrestrained. But no words came. Not even when, distressed and surprised, he drew her, still encircled by his arm, toward the sofa, and, seating her, begged her to tell him what it all meant. Not even when he showered kisses upon her wet lids and flushed cheeks and quivering lips, declaring to her, in most earnest accents, that there was nothing on earth he would not do, or leave undone, rather than cost her one tear. She could not speak.

"At his peril you will make any allusion to this interview." These were the words Frederic Steinray had used, and enforced them with a look full of menace and determination. At *his* peril! Not hers. If it had been hers she might have risked everything, even Horace's knowledge of what in her morbid sensitiveness she looked back upon as a disgraceful episode in her past life. But it was at his peril, and she had no means of knowing how great that peril was, or what catastrophe she might bring down upon his beloved head by defying her mortal enemy.

And so she lay in her husband's arms, adoring him and deceiving him, while he was remorsefully taking himself to task for having rashly brought Sister Eliza home.

"She is hard to get along with, my sweet one," he said, putting his own conclusions into words, "but remember I am always ready to shelter you, and I felt as if there was nothing else left for me to do."

While Fanny only clung a little closer and cried a little harder.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. WIMPLE SENDS A SUMMONS.

It was not a common thing for Mr. Frederic Steinray, the proverbial woman-hater, to receive lady visitors at his place of business, so it was scarcely to be wondered at, that when, on the next day, a tall, elegantly dressed woman, closely vailed and suffering nervousness to a degree that made her voice tremulous, demanded of the clerk, in his outer office, if she could see him in his

private office. There was a smile of impertinent significance on more than one face in that outer office.

The clerk disappeared to inquire, and returned with Mr. Steinray's permission for the lady to enter. It was Horace Wimple's wife that penetrated into his private office. He had guessed as much before she threw back her vail, showing him her sweet face all blanched with fear, while the great black rings around her eyes told of a sleepless night. But he did not falter in presence of her distress.

"I have come," she said, without any preamble, "to see if I can get a clearer idea than you gave me last night of the trouble my husband is in. I will not believe that Horace has ever done anything to involve him in disgrace. He is the soul of honor and probity."

"Your faith is wifely and creditable," said the man, who was looking at her coldly from the other side of a handsome office-desk, "but no amount of credulity on your part will have any effect upon the hard facts of this case."

How hard and merciless and altogether unmanageable he looked. After all, what folly might Horace not have committed? what pitfall might he not have fallen into in that consuming race for money that engulfed all Wall Street? These thoughts flashed through her brain while Steinray was answering her in that coolly deliberate voice which was in itself an aggravation, but which was torture to her now.

"His trouble is one that money would relieve him from, you will tell me that much?"

She was pleading to him with clasped hands.

"I think it is scarcely fair for us, Mrs. Wimple to be discussing Mr. Wimple's entanglements behind his back. Permit me, in the spirit of friendly interest, to draw your attention to the extreme rashness and impropriety of your presence here." (A flood of crimson swept over Mrs. Wimple's white face. How he gloried in his power to insult her!) "Bear me witness, please, that this interview is entirely of your own seeking."

"I came to ask you to relieve me from the stipulation you enforced last night. I allowed myself to be terrified into silence. I was very weak."

"At your husband's peril you break that silence. I have nothing to take from nor to add to that stipulation," he answered, in icy tones, that left her no room to hope that she might win him from his scheme of vengeance.

"You are merciless," she said, bitterly.

"You are importunate," he answered, insolently.

She rose to her feet. She was trembling visibly. Her hand rested on the back of the chair she had just left and against which she leaned heavily for support. One more appeal:

"I do not believe you have anything against my husband individually. He is too good and true and honorable to incur the ill will of any man. You say it is in your power to disgrace him?"

"To put him into the Tombs," said Steinray, with brutal directness.

"And you will push this matter to extremes if I tell him why you seek to injure him?"

"I will, by all we both hold sacred!"

"It is through him that you would strike me?"

"Your acumen does you credit, madam."

"Then—if I were—if I were—dead, or out of the way, Horace would be safe."

"With you living or dead, his financial entanglement would remain the same. Certainly the *dénouement* would be lacking in dramatic interest for me personally."

"Are you man or monster?" she asked, looking down upon him with eyes full of horror.

"I was a man. I am a monster by the grace of a girl's decree."

Then he took his gold watch from his pocket, consulted it deliberately, looked blandly up at Horace Wimple's wife, and added:

"I don't like to seem discourteous, Mrs. Wimple, but it lacks just five minutes of the time when Mr. Wimple will be here to conclude our little business transaction. How very unfortunate that you should have been tempted to hide behind that Japanese screen last night. Please bear in mind that it is none of my doing that you should have learned all about your husband's affairs. All for a little personal vanity, too. When I marry I shall carefully exclude tall screens from my wife's apartments. They are positively dangerous, you know. Encourage evesdropping and such immoralities."

These darts he hurled while, with trembling hands, she was tightly twisting her thick vail about her face and neck. She turned from him without another word. Why should she abase herself in the dust before so coarse and heartless a wretch? She had meant to have implored him. But to what avail? her first wrong step had been when, at the moment of introduction, she had failed to inform her husband of a previous acquaintance with him. To do so now would be to excite Horace's liveliest surprise. She was already enmeshed. With no outward sign of the storm raging within her breast, she reached the outer office once more. What a failure this errand had been! She had come resolved to go away a free woman. She was going away bound by the chains of secrecy more securely than ever, and her whole pure nature revolted at the bondage. "At his peril!—at his peril!" All her thoughts seemed revolving around these three words. All her ideas were set to that menacing refrain.

Steinray's eyes followed her retreating form until the office-door swung noiselessly to, and shut her from his view. Then, with a bitter, mocking laugh, he said, aloud:

"Score one against the handsome Mrs. Wimple!"

While Fanny, groping her way down the dark stairs outside, beset with the added fear of meeting Horace on his way to this interview, was saying, resolutely to herself:

"If money can do it, Dick must do it, even if he has to sell the farm to raise it—must and shall. I'll telegraph for Dick, and then I'll go to see Nellie Raymond. I think if I could tell her some portion of my trouble it might be better. She's so thoroughly sensible and practical and trustworthy. And Horace is very dear to her."

With this final resolution, Mrs. Wimple found her way to the nearest telegraph-office, telegraphed for her brother, and then, taking the street-cars, was soon at the front door of her "dearest friend," Miss Nellie Raymond, of Park Avenue.

"Yes, Miss Raymond was at home," so she would not sit and wait for her in stiff formality in the long parlors down-stairs, where she saw her own white and distressed face looking at her with ghostly shadowiness from mirrors here, there and everywhere. Up-stairs into Nellie's own charming chamber she mounted, to find the mistress of it luxuriating in dressing-gown and slippers in a big rocking-chair, drawn up into the sunny alcove where her canary-bird hung in its gilded cage, and where the air was redolent of mignonette and heliotrope and tea-roses.

"Why so lazy?" Fanny asked, stooping to kiss the

broad, smooth brow of her friend before she had succeeded in ridding her lap of an accumulation of lace and ribbon and working implements.

"Lazy!" Miss Raymond echoed the word reproachfully, holding up in refutation a tapering white finger capped with a dainty gold thimble. "I've been hard at work for an hour! Do sit down, dearie. It was real good of you to come so soon. Of course you've heard?"

"I haven't the least idea what you are talking about. I came because I wanted to see you. But I can't see any special goodness in that. No, I haven't heard anything."

"No! True, you were not at the Dolbeys last night. Then you haven't heard, and it's not a visit of condolence."

"Condolence for what, and for whom?" asked Mrs. Wimple, listlessly, reaching over to examine the lace trifle Miss Raymond was hard at work on.

She did not find it easy to introduce the subject of her own troubles.

"Condolence for me! Frank Mapleson was there with his wife!" After which announcement Miss Raymond's lips parted in a flashing smile, and she lay luxuriously back against the silken head-rest of her chair, with her bright eyes fastened on Fanny's pale face. "Bless me," she added, energetically, "what is the matter with the divine Mrs. Wimple? My dear, you look absolutely *triste*."

"Oh! Nellie, I am utterly wretched, and if I don't tell you all about it I shall just die—die outright."

"Oh! no, not entirely. Just a partial suspension of animation. Let's compromise on fractional death."

"You've never been married! You can afford to jest," said Fanny, in tones of sharp reproof.

"Well, I do assure you, if I can't afford to laugh after I'm married, I can't afford to marry, that's all. Heaven knows the temptations to matrimony are few enough as it is. Come now, see how generous I am." She turned laughingly and reached out toward the stand in the bay-window, took from a glass dish a rich floral combination of roses and heliotrope. "I've selected my very latest floral offering from that dear, darling, dandy dude, David Dawson. The headache or heartache that would not vanish before such loveliness must be deep-seated indeed." She laid the flowers on Mrs. Wimple's lap, and looked caressingly up into her face. "What? tears! I do declare, if matrimony involves so much humidity I don't want to be married. I abhor dampness in all its phases. I should break my husband on pocket handkerchiefs. Now, my dear, do dry up. That sounds awfully slangy, but it is the only request at all appropriate under the circumstances."

"Nellie!" said Mrs. Wimple, with sudden fervor, leaning forward until she could clasp her friend's hand in both her own, "if you were married and loved your husband, and knew that he was on the verge of ruin, and knew that he didn't know that you knew, and you had to go on acting as if everything was as serene as a May morning, what would you do?"

"Stop," said Nellie, gayly telling the propositions off on her fingers. "How is it? If I knew that he knew that I didn't know, why, then, I just wouldn't know, that's all there is about it. Oh! you foolish darling, climbing the hill Difficulty before you get to it, just when I was beginning to have such hopes of you, too. Mrs. Wimple, you know I feel personally responsible for you, and you really must do me more credit, or else I shall abandon you as a hopeless case. My dear, don't you know emotion is entirely out of date? Why, the other evening, when that gawky English lordling, Mrs. Murray's latest catch, was admiring your 'statuesque repose,' I felt a thrill of positive pride in you."

"I shall never know repose of any sort again, Nellie," Mrs. Wimple answered, drearily, ruthlessly plucking Mr. David Dawson's carefully selected floral offering to pieces.

"Oh, yes, you shall," Nellie answered, briskly, "even if I have to administer the chloroform myself. Nothing makes a woman hideous quicker than the loss of sleep."

"I mean mental repose. Nellie, do please be serious."

"Well, I will." Miss Raymond folded her hands and looked majestically at her friend. "Frances Wimple, what have you done, or what have you left undone? Which one of the commandments have you broken now? you superb sinner."

But Fanny was not to be jested out of her gloom. There was a ring of irritability in her usually sweet voice as she answered:

"Nellie Raymond, I came to you because I felt the need of a friend in whom I could confide, and you turn my distress into a jest in a most heartless manner. Where else can I turn for comfort?"

Miss Raymond grew serious immediately. She was Fanny's senior by some few years, and was one of those strong, self-reliant natures that drew more timorous souls to rest upon them involuntarily. An affection of many years' growth existed between these two women, both of them brilliant leaders of society, and at the same time sweet, pure natures. She said, now, remorsefully:

"Indeed, my dear, dear Fanny, I was just trying to jest you out of your tears before offering you my help and sympathy, if either will avail. Now then, dear, tell me all about it."

With a sudden, graceful movement she sank upon the hassock at Fanny's feet, and crossing her plump arms over each other, rested them caressingly on Mrs. Wimple's lap.

Society wondered that Miss Raymond should so long have retained her maiden name when her beauty and sparkling wit and ample fortune gave her such a large range of choice in the selection of a husband.

Society whispered that she had once been in love with Horace Wimple, and that it was an act of unparalleled generosity on her part to yield him up to the simple country girl, her schoolmate, whom she had introduced into her own dazzling circle of fashionable life.

Society was puzzled at the evident degree of regard subsisting between these two women, who, by all the received ideas of its code ought to have occupied toward each other attitudes of armed neutrality.

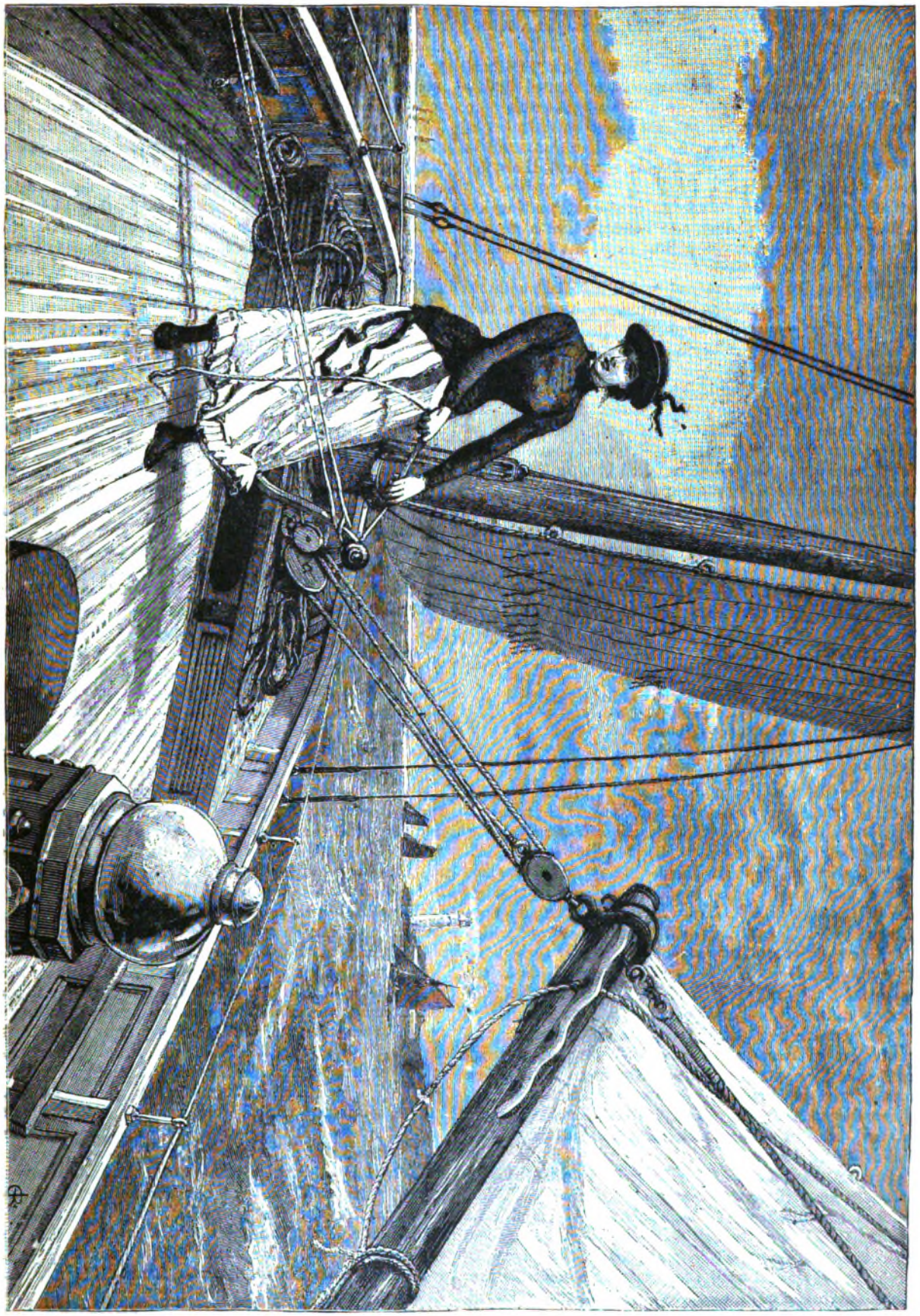
Society, as usual, knew nothing at all about the matter, and all its guesses were ludicrously wide of the mark.

(*To be continued.*)

A POCKET LIBRARY.

Professor Porson, the celebrated Greek scholar, was once traveling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles.

A Greek quotation, and in a coach, too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog-sleep in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there."



"YOUTH AT THE HELM."

"Oh, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is, word for word, as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college."

The professor, applying his hand to his greatcoat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied:

"Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides."

"Then, perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book."

The young Oxonian returned to his task, but with no better success; muttering, however, to himself a vow never again to quote in Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble.

At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now—yes, now I perfectly remember—that the passage is in Æschylus."

The inexorable professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated:

"Coachman! Hallo, coachman! Let me out! I say, instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian Library in his pocket!"

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

If ever all the essentials of a *bon vivant*—love of feasting, drinking, women, wit, and wild extravagance—were combined in one man, that man was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom Dryden has so magnificently limned in the above lines. Eldest son of the first duke of that name, Charles the Martyr's favorite, who fell beneath the assassin's knife at Portsmouth, he was born at Wallingford House, Whitehall, upon the site of which the Admiralty offices now stand, on January 30th, 1627. After the death of his father Charles undertook the charge of the young duke, and had him educated with his own sons. Subsequently he was sent to Cambridge, and then traveled into France, the better to acquire that polish of manner and grace of bearing for which he afterward became pre-eminently distinguished. Whilst abroad, word was brought him that the Parliament was in rebellion; hastening back, Villiers joined the royal standard, and in several actions greatly distinguished himself by his bravery.

After the beheading of the King he returned to the Continent for a time, but it was not long before Villiers followed the fortunes of Charles II., at whose side he fought like a lion at the battle of Worcester. After that terrible defeat, disguised in mean attire, the pair wandered about together until they came to a roadside inn. The Roundheads were scouring the country in all directions, seeking the fugitive monarch, and every moment's delay endangered both their lives; but night was falling, and the clamors of empty stomachs, and stomachs that were not accustomed to vacuity, were imperative. "We may as well be shot as die of hunger," said the duke, and that reflection decided them to enter the inn. "Bring everything you have in the house," was the order. The *pièce de résistance* was a grand turkey, weighing some fourteen to sixteen pounds, which was at once put down to roast before a roaring fire, while the famishing guests assuaged, or rather whetted, their appetites with eggs and bacon and such like snacks. At last the huge bird was set upon the table. Wings, legs, breast, rapidly disappeared down those voracious maws, and, dividing the carcass between them, they picked the bones clean, and to clear their platters threw them into the fireplace, so that when the landlord entered in answer to their summons he was startled to find no vestige of the huge mass of food he had provided, not even of the skeleton. "Oh! we always eat the bones," said the duke gravely, interpreting his puzzled look. "Lord save thy stomachs, sirs!" cried Boniface, lifting up his hands. And now a new flagon of wine was brought in, and the uncrowned King and beggared noble, forgetting their troubles and dangers, pledged each other with all the fervor of bibulous affection, caroled merry songs until they were too drunk to speak, and then slid under the table in a glorious oblivion of their ruined fortunes.

The next morning the pair parted company as being safer for both; Charles took the direction of Reading, finding a hiding-place in Boscobel House, and what became of him afterward is a matter of well-known history. But the dare-devil duke made his way to London, thrusting himself into the very jaws of the Parliamentarian lion. Buying one of those many-colored fantastic coats that were worn by quack doctors' Jack Puddings, a hat adorned with a fox's tail and a bunch of cock's feathers, sometimes covering his face with a wizard's mask and sometimes daubing it with paint, he set up a stand at Charing Cross and recited lampoons of his own composition upon the principal people of the day, told fortunes, showed conjuring tricks, sold nostrums, and drew crowds about him daily.

All his estates had been confiscated by the Commonwealth, and a very large slice of them had been conferred upon General Fairfax. The mountebank business having attracted the attention of the authorities, the duke began to turn about in his mind a new device for bettering his fortunes, and hit upon the idea that only the most daring imagination could have conceived—to woo and win the general's daughter, and under an assumed name, and through a friend, he obtained an introduction to her. Buckingham was the handsomest and most fascinating man of his time, and the lady, who was plain and homely, was soon desperately enamored of her irresistible cavalier. With a price set upon his head, the duke went boldly to the father and solicited her hand, and though a Republican, Fairfax felt too much flattered by the prospect of so distinguished an alliance to refuse such a son-in-law, and the marriage was celebrated without delay. On hearing of this, Cromwell, who it was said wanted the duke for one of his own daughters, was so enraged that he threw the bridegroom into the Tower, from which he was not released until the Restoration. As for the poor duchess who had fettered herself to a life of misery, she was never anything but the most devoted slave to her fickle lord, carrying her complaisance so far, even, as to receive his mistresses beneath her own roof.

At first the King, not being well pleased with such matrimonial connections, treated his old companion with some coldness; but so witty a courtier could not long

remain in the ill graces of the Merry Monarch, and in a very short time the duke reigned supreme at Whitehall. Possessed of a princely fortune, he lived in regal state at his great mansion in the Strand, that covered all the site of Villiers and Buckingham Streets, so named in commemoration of it, down to the old Water Gate. Here banquets were given that might have done credit to a Roman emperor. But far more delightful than these oppressive feasts were the glorious little suppers to a select few, at which "Old Rowley" himself was frequently present. Cooking, after a French fashion introduced by the Count de Grammont, had been raised to the dignity of a fine art in the English Court, nobles, nay, royalty itself, considering it no derogation of dignity to superintend and even prepare the choicer *plats*. An apartment on the ground floor was fitted up as a *cuisine*, and hither, on the occasion of these *petits soupers*, would repair the duke, his royal visitor, and other favored courtiers, and donning white jackets, aprons, and caps, set to work to prepare the feast. Each member of the party was famous for some particular dish, which was his especial care, and new ones were constantly being invented. The vulgar were never permitted to enter this arcanum, for the under-cooks were gentlemen and the scullions pages. The talk of these *gourmands* was all of flavoring and combinations of flavors, which were discussed with far more zest than would be state affairs next morning. All being prepared, the various dishes, sometimes as many as forty in number, would be intrusted to the assistant cooks, while the noble *chefs* would retire to make their toilets. In a splendid *salon*, immediately above this glorified kitchen, sumptuously furnished, the walls hung round with voluptuous pictures, the supper would be served. The guests were restricted to twenty, and you may be sure there was a goodly sprinkling of ladies; thither came Louise de Querouaille, La Belle Stewart, Lady Castlemaine, the Countess Dunois, and other famous beauties of the Court.

As a preparation for the feast a golden goblet of wine was passed round, which each guest, male or female, had to empty. When the first course was dispatched, the duke stamped his foot, and the table sank through the floor, and immediately afterward another rose in its place with a fresh set of covers. And this went on to the end of the feast, for no servants were admitted to this apartment; the most glorious vintages of France and Spain washed down the choicest viands that the skill of man could devise, and the orgy was often prolonged until the sunlight flashed upon the river and streamed through the window curtains upon the drowsy faces of such revelers as were still able to keep their seat at the board. Sometimes these revels were of a less reputable or less private nature. Our duke, an adept at disguises, in company with the no less profligate Earl of Rochester, would accompany his royal master to the vilest slums of the metropolis, get gloriously drunk with "the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane," or the sailors of Wapping—many a time at the risk of their lives. More than once these noble servants left their King in the lurch, penniless, to pay the drinking bill and get out of the scrape as best he might by leaving rings or jewels in pawn. At the death of the Merry Monarch the Duke of Buckingham abandoned the Court and retired to one of his estates, Helmsley, in Yorkshire. By this time all but the remnants of his splendid fortune had been dissipated.

Here, although luxuries could be indulged in no longer, his character as a *bon vivant* was maintained: country fare had to take the place of French dishes, and instead of kings and nobles for boon companions he had to substitute rude, fox-hunting squires; but it was open house at Helmsley—feasting, drinking, rioting; the old life under a new aspect. Returning from hunting one evening and being overheated, the duke sat upon the damp grass and caught a chill. By this time even the remnants of his wealth were exhausted, and so miserable had life become that he sought shelter at the house of an old servant at Bishop's Hill, York, where he died on April 16th, 1688, at the age of sixty-one.

A ROYAL ANSWER.

King Frederick VI., of Denmark, while traveling through Jutland, one day entered a village school and found the children in it lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest Kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV."

Just then a little girl to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the King.

"Yes; Frederick VI."

"What great acts did he perform?"

The girl hung her head and stammered out, "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the King; "I don't know either!"

ABBOTSFORD.

A strange specimen of the information contained in cyclopædias is the article "Abbotsford" in the undermentioned publications:

"During her [Miss Scott's] minority Abbotsford was handed over to a Catholic society for the establishment of a young ladies' institution."—*Conversations Lexikon* (Leipsic, 1864).

Real Encyclopædie (Ratisbon, 1865) verbatim with above.

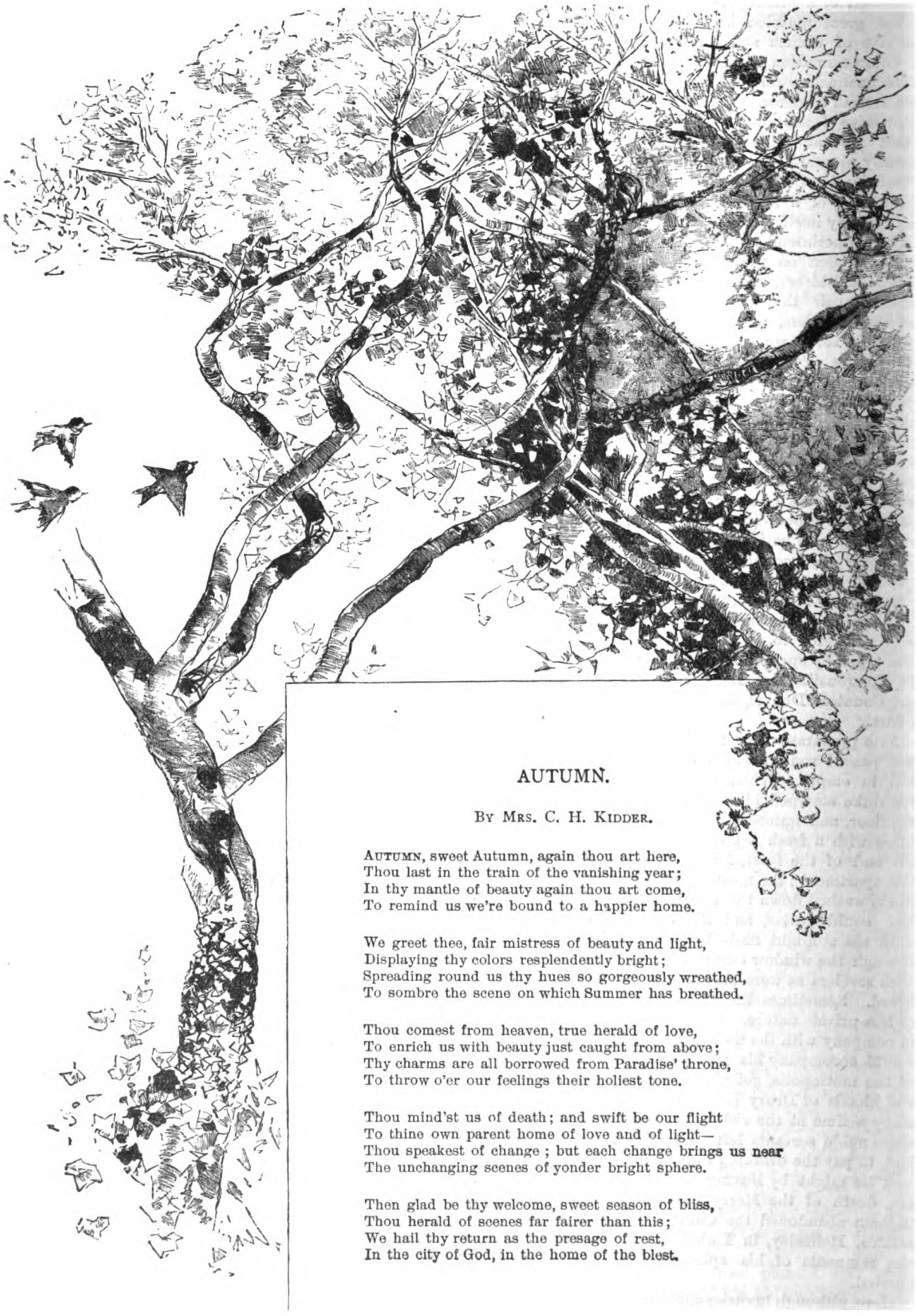
"Since that period [1858], pending the minority of Miss Scott, the only surviving child, the mansion has been let for the use of a Roman Catholic seminary for girls."—*Appleton's Cyclopædia* (New York, 1874).

"During the minority of [Miss Scott] it was handed over to a Catholic society for the establishment of a young ladies' institution."—*Pierer's Universal-Conversations-Lexikon* (Oberhausen, 1875).

"For several years Abbotsford was let (about 1860) to a Catholic association, who there established a convent school for girls."—*La Grande Encyclopædie* (Paris, now publishing).

It would be amusing to learn how this absurd statement originated. Is it possible the Leipsic compiler may have allowed his notes to get mixed, and in writing them out transferred the above description to the wrong article? However that may be, it is curious to observe with what fidelity he has been followed by others.

Summing Up.—*A*: "I tell you that mathematics is an incontrovertible science—in fact, it is logic itself! For instance, suppose it takes one man twelve days to build this wall, then twelve men can finish it in one day. *B*: "Certainly; therefore two hundred and eighty-eight can do it in an hour; seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty in a minute; and, if one million thirty-six thousand and eight hundred men set to work, the wall will be up in a second!"



AUTUMN.

By Mrs. C. H. Kidder.

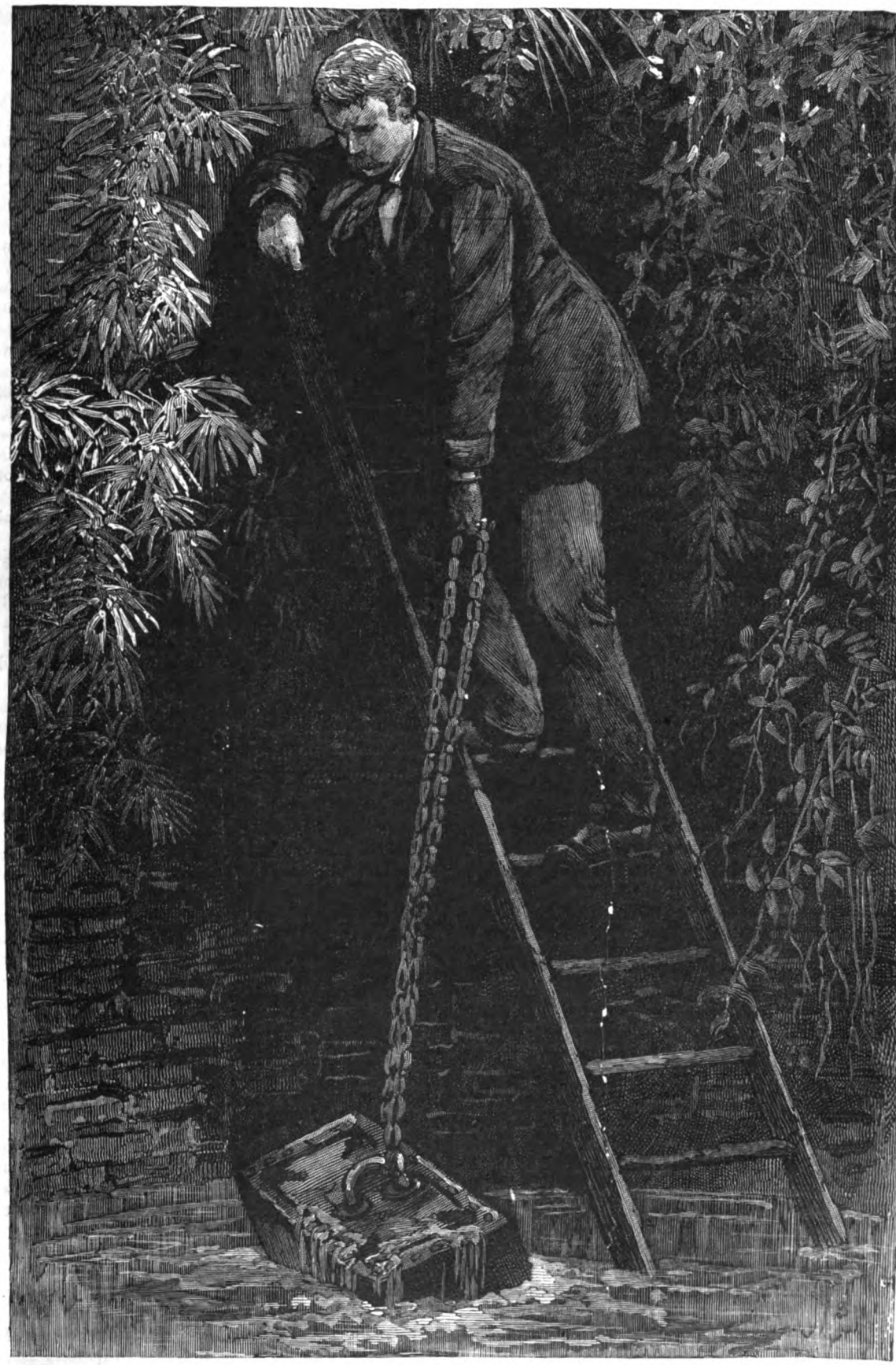
Autumn, sweet Autumn, again thou art here,
Thou last in the train of the vanishing year;
In thy mantle of beauty again thou art come,
To remind us we're bound to a happier home.

We greet thee, fair mistress of beauty and light,
Displaying thy colors resplendently bright;
Spreading round us thy hues so gorgeously wreathed,
To sombre the scene on which Summer has breathed.

Thou comest from heaven, true herald of love,
To enrich us with beauty just caught from above;
Thy charms are all borrowed from Paradise' throne,
To throw o'er our feelings their holiest tone.

Thou mind'st us of death; and swift be our flight
To thine own parent home of love and of light—
Thou speakest of change; but each change brings us near
The unchanging scenes of yonder bright sphere.

Then glad be thy welcome, sweet season of bliss,
Thou herald of scenes far fairer than this;
We hail thy return as the presage of rest,
In the city of God, in the home of the blest.



THE HAND ON THE LATCH.—"AFTER MUCH GROPING I SEIZE UPON SOME SLIMY LINKS OF A CHAIN, BY WHICH I AM ABLE, BY PUTTING FORTH ALL MY STRENGTH, TO LIFT, AND EVENTUALLY TO HAUL UP TO THE EDGE OF THE WELL, A WORM-EATEN, RUSTY, IRON-CLAMPED OLD CHEST."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE HAND ON THE LATCH.

By W. W. Fenn.

What is this coin upon my watch-chain? It is a Spanish doubloon—a very pretty piece of money. On one side is the head of Philip IV., with the date 1640; on the reverse, two upright pillars—the Pillars of Hercules—with the setting sun between them, and the motto "*Ne plus ultra*" beneath. How did I come by it? Curiously enough.

It was the old story, repeated, as it seemed to me, *ad nauseam*. An old house—haunted, of course—in which no stranger could pass a night, or, if he did, something awful happened. He would be found in the morning dead, mad, or speechless, unable to tell of what he had seen, and refusing to be questioned. I did not know at first what the tradition was, or what was supposed to occur in this particular instance. I paid little attention to the gossip; I only know that the house was pointed out to me as haunted, and I derided the notion.

Where was it? Well, it was situated in a rather unlikely spot for such a terror to take root in—viz., the outskirts of an ordinary market square in a country town not far from the sea—a region devoted twice a week to the sale of fat oxen, sheep, pigs and poultry. The town's name does not matter.

I consent, remember, to tell the story only on condition that no questions are asked. I am not going to be cross-examined, and I decline to reveal real names; but it might have been anywhere—any half-dozen localities down the eastern counties' line would answer to it, so utterly commonplace and uninteresting was its whole aspect. Yet the house itself was quaint, being red-bricked, low-roofed and narrow-windowed, and had been built at least a hundred and fifty years. Though modern structures now hemmed it in, and towered high above it on either side, it must originally have stood by itself, within its own garden, which still ran a long way to the rear.

It does not at all matter, either, what took me to the town. I had to live there—that is enough—and I lodged for years with some respectable people, who at the end of that time emigrated, and I had to find fresh quarters. Apartments were to let that would suit me, I was told, in the identical house, if I did not mind the tradition about it.

Mind the tradition! Not I, indeed! I did not really know what it was. My brain was as entirely devoid of superstition as any mortal's could be. I had seen a good deal of what is called spiritualism, which was in those days a novelty in England. I had seen tables turned and heavy furniture moved without any visible agency.

But this experience had only served to confirm my original opinion that everything of the kind was due to clever jugglery and imposture.

Ghosts, of course, I had no belief in; so I took the apartments—a large bedroom and a small sitting-room—that were to let in the house.

It was occupied by a foreman of some tan-works and his wife. He had got the short remainder of the lease on very low terms, because the house had been for years untenanted on account of its evil reputation—the old story again.

Mr. Tanner had been in it only a few months when I took the rooms, and we both laughed at the haunted notion when we spoke of it, for he was as great a skeptic as myself. Seen anything—heard anything? Not he.

"If there be's a ghost," said the honest fellow, "he will not go for to trouble himself with the likes of us—nor with you, sir, neither, I'll be bound."

And I agreed with him.

Weeks and weeks went by, only to confirm our views. Nothing whatever happened, of course, and, in fact, the thing passed out of my memory after the first few days. I grew to be quite at home in my new quarters, and was thoroughly comfortable.

The bedroom was that sort of apartment which modern phraseology describes as "particularly jolly." Being at the back of the house and on the first floor, it overlooked the long strip of old-fashioned garden, which, as the Autumn came on, was redolent with sweet perfume.

The brightness and cheerfulness of the chamber which delighted me were mainly due to a piece of vandalism committed by some previous tenant. The paneling, which ran round it to the height of about four feet, had been painted a creamy-white. Door and window-sashes had shared the same fate, and a wall-paper similar in tone gave a light and airy aspect to a room which otherwise might have proved dark and gloomy.

I am a great person for light—I always burn a night-light—so my surroundings suited me exactly.

Kept scrupulously clean as the proverbial new pin, a meal might have been eaten off any part of the apartment, or off its simple, dimity covered and curtained furniture. In a word, it would have been hard to find any place more unlike a haunted chamber. The two windows were to the right of the bed, the door to the left; a little beyond the foot, and directly opposite the bed, the fireplace.

On the 23d of October, 1841, I went to bed, as usual, about eleven o'clock. As I have said, I always burn a night-light, and, more from habit than any other reason, I always bolt my door.

Never a very good sleeper, the slightest sound awakes me; and I awoke on this night suddenly, about an hour and a half, I suppose, after I went to bed. Some noise had disturbed me—I was sure of that as I became conscious. What was it?

At that time of night the whole neighborhood was as silent as the grave, and the elements on this occasion were equally so. The sound was in the room—no, not actually in the room, but just outside at the door—and was made by some one trying to open it. Yes, undoubtedly.

I could hear it creak, as it yielded slightly to the pressure as of a shoulder from the outer side; and as, sitting upright in bed, I kept my eyes eagerly upon it, I saw the heavy, black, old-fashioned iron latch, conspicuous on the white door, rise. A hand was on it.

Presently it was allowed to fall softly—presently it was slowly and as softly raised again, and the shoulder again pressed steadily against the door. But the bolt below the latch was firm, and when the attempt to enter had been repeated three or four times, it was given up entirely.

Should I call out?—should I look out? No; my curiosity was checked by my prudence, perhaps by a slight qualm also.

I remained for a long while listening intently, but I could hear no sound outside—no movement, no footstep, no creaking of the floor or stair.

After watching and waiting for a long while, I got cautiously out of bed, slid back the bolt noiselessly, sud-

denly threw open the door and looked into the passage, for I still heard no retreating footstep outside. Although the bright light from my room streamed into the passage as far as the head of the old staircase, nobody was to be seen. I was late; I had waited too long, or perhaps, whilst I was getting out of bed, the rustle of the clothes had prevented my hearing the would-be intruder retire.

Listening and peering over the stair-rail down into the darkness, I could still discover no sign of life, except for the heavy breathing of the sleeping landlord and his wife. They slept on the ground floor, and beyond their two rooms, my two and the kitchen, the remainder were unfurnished, for we were the sole inmates of the house.

Silence reigned everywhere, and in the course of half an hour I was back in bed, with the door bolted and the light burning brightly, as if nothing had occurred. But you may guess I did not sleep much, though, except by my thoughts, I was disturbed no more that night.

I had looked at my watch before returning to bed, and calculated that the whole affair had happened between twelve and one. And, now, what did it mean?

I will not bother you with my speculations on the point, for they simply landed me nowhere. I was puzzled. I never for one moment doubted my landlord's honesty, nor, on the other hand, my own senses. Some one had tried to get into my room—that was certain. Who was it?

I determined to keep my own counsel, at any rate until I should see if the attempt were renewed.

Before retiring the next night I was careful to take a look at the fastenings of the front and back doors. They were both secure, the latter, which led into the garden, however, appearing the least so; one heavy bolt only held it, but it was shot. Mr. and Mrs. Tanner kept earlier hours than I did, and I could hear they were soundly sleeping when I went to my room.

Uncomfortable? Yes, of course I felt a little uncomfortable—most people would, however amply endowed with moral courage; but, honestly, it was curiosity which principally possessed me. However, I bolted my door, lit the light, and went to bed as usual.

For an hour or more I lay broad awake, with eyes fixed on the black latch; but about a quarter to twelve, after looking at my watch, I began to feel drowsy, and, though fully intending not to sleep, I dropped off, I suppose, in another minute or two, for I was awakened suddenly by a recurrence of precisely the same sounds as those which had disturbed me on the previous night.

There was the slight creaking of the door from the pressure as before; there was the hand on the latch outside, causing it to rise and fall, as before. Then there was an interval, then a renewal of the effort to enter, then another interval, and so on for some minutes.

After that, all was quiet again. What should I do? Irresolute, and not without some misgivings, at last I slipped out of bed, and took a peep into the passage; but still there was nobody visible. Whoever had been there was not there now, and he or she must have got out of the way in the most mysterious manner; for I had never yet detected any indication of a footfall.

The third night came. I still rigidly determined on keeping my own counsel until I had got at the bottom of this queer experience. I resented the idea of being twitted with the cant and rubbish about the haunted house, as I knew I should be if I uttered a word concerning what had occurred; yet I confess I was perplexed. The notion of robbery was scarcely feasible. In the first place I had nothing worth stealing—a free access to my rooms could be had all day.

Well, as I say, the third night came, and with it an exact repetition, at the same hour, of all that had taken place twice before, except that, as the latch rose for the second time, I called out in a low, clear voice, before leaving my bed.

"Wait a moment, and I will let you in."

The latch fell on the instant with a sharp click.

"Ha, ha," I thought, "we are getting at it"; but before I could gain the door and open it the mysterious personage was gone—he was again too quick for me, and once more all was quiet for the remainder of the night.

The following morning I made a minute examination of passage, room, latch, door, floor, ceiling, above, below, and in every corner. There were plenty of opportunities for doing this, as Tanner and his wife were often away from home for hours together; but it led to no result—I could find no clew to the mystery.

For the two following nights nothing whatever occurred; evidently my examination had been observed, and I was guessed to be on the alert. But on the sixth night, exactly as before, the whole business took place over again.

This was getting tiresome; what with the uneasiness of mind it caused, and the watching and waiting, I had little or no sleep for nearly a week.

There was only one way for it, therefore, open to me now: I must leave my door unbolted and see what would happen. I thought it well to be prepared for emergencies; so, when I went to bed on this, the seventh night, which was on October 29th, I did not undress, but merely lay down quietly under the counterpane, with a good thick stick alongside of me.

It was soon after twelve that the strange and unpleasant performance always seemed to commence; and true to the custom, here it is beginning again. Here is the latch slowly and softly rising. I grasp my stick, and prepare to spring up on the intruder.

The door yields now to the pressure, of course, and is gradually and stealthily opened by—no one! Yet there it is, clearly wide open before my eyes! No mistake about that. I am sitting upright on the bed, regarding it with astonishment. And now I am aware, for the first time, that I am not alone in the room; a sensation perfectly independent of sight or hearing overtakes me and assures me of this.

But the door is closing again under the pressure of the unseen hand, and there is the latch rising as if lifted over the catch by cautious fingers so that it shall make no noise.

While I am gazing at it with intense wonder, and after a minute has elapsed, I am startled by the sound of a gentle though smart click, as of a spring which has been pressed. It comes from the direction of the fireplace opposite the foot of the bed; and there, as I look, I see that one of the panels by the side of the white, heavy wooden mantelpiece has sprung open, showing a deep, dark cavity.

I remain perfectly still, my whole being in my eyes. Presently, from the depths of the recess, there emerges an iron clamped box, about a foot and a half square. It seems that it is being drawn out by a human hand, only the hand is not visible; and now it is lifted by the same mysterious agency a little way into the room, and is then set gently down on the floor.

While my attention is engaged on the box, my eyes are again directed toward the panel, which has now been shut with the same click of the spring which had opened it; otherwise there is no sound, no footstep, no rustling garment.

The box being well in the light, I can see that it is very antique. The clamps and bosses are elaborately ornamental, and lead up to a central pattern on the top, where evidently is the lock. Over this is a strong iron handle; and while taking in these details, I see this sort of treasure-chest lifted and carried, as it might be by a powerful hand, toward the door, which, after a moment's pause, is opened. Then the chest disappears, the door is gently closed, and I feel that I am alone.

Here is spiritualism, indeed, with a vengeance; but I swear I will discover the jugglery, if jugglery it really is; yet for what purpose the trick should be practiced upon me, I am at a loss to imagine. I have somehow got to believe that if I would see it out, I must make no noise; so, treading with the utmost caution, I follow the chest into the passage, just in time to catch sight of it vanishing into the darkness of the staircase, from the bright light shining out of the room. For a sane man, with all his senses about him, to believe his eyes under these circumstances was difficult; but you shall hear by-and-by what confirmation I can give of the facts.

At the head of the stairs I paused to listen; the bolt of the back door is drawn, and I see a glimmer of the moonlight steal into the lower regions as the door opens.

When it is shut again, I creep downstairs, reopen it, and pass into the garden, looking radiant in its mantle of dew, which glistens in the moonlight of the tranquil Autumn night.

THE HAND ON THE LATCH.—THE DEATH-STRUGGLE IN THE GARDEN BETWEEN MICHAEL GRUBER AND THE ROBBER.

And there, sure enough, I behold the box moving away along the serpentine path, which I am aware ends in a dense tangle of a neglected thicket. Noiselessly I follow on the soft turf. With great difficulty I keep it in sight as it is carried in and out among the bushes, until it reaches the furthermost corner of the old wall-protected domain, but the strong moonlight aids me.

The box is set on the ground; there is a rustling of the dense undergrowth beneath some gnarled and twisted apple trees thereabouts. The tangled herbage is gently moved aside as by feet and hands, and then I see the planking of a trap-door.

Soon this is raised with difficulty, and crushed back lightly upon the bushes. I cannot approach very near, for I am conscious of a slight return of the same sensation of not being alone which I had experienced in my room; but I can see plainly what is going on.

The chest is taken up again, and poised for an instant over the pit or well, which the open trap-door has revealed. Then it is lowered, as it might be, by a rope of chain; but this is no more visible than are the hands or the person of him who appears now to be letting it down into the well; for well it is, as I can divine from the plash and gurgle which echo when the water is reached.

A minute or two elapse, then the trap-door is shut down, the bushes and undergrowth move and sway a little as they spring back over it into their place, and not a sound breaks the stillness of the night; no footfall or rustling of the Autumn leaves, no motion, no sign of life amongst the shrubs as of any one leaving the spot; but I am conscious of becoming once again the sole occupant of the garden, and stand gazing up at the glorious full moon, literally moonstruck for a while, and more bewildered than I have ever been in my life.

Of course I question myself as to whether I am awake or in my right mind; and, of course, in the end, I go back to my room by the way I came, bolting the back door after me. Of course I examine carefully the region of the mantelpiece. Of course I can discover no spring whereby to open the panel, for it was evidently a secret one; and as I did not see the hand which touched it, I cannot tell where it is situated.

But I can discover the position of the recess by the hollow sound which at length answers the rap from my knuckles, which I give each panel in succession. There is a cavity behind this one, without doubt, and its position corresponds with the place where the opening appeared.

So far, then, at least, here is confirmation. In the morning I will endeavor to get some more. I will search beneath the undergrowth at the end of the garden, and see if the trap-door and well have really any existence. Then, after a lengthened debate with my reason, I turn in, and, oddly enough, sleep soundly the remainder of the night.

Daylight creates more doubt and perplexity of mind than did the moonlight mystery itself.

Have I been dreaming after all? Surely there can be no other solution. If so, then I have been in a dream for seven days and nights. Still, there is a hollow behind that panel, of which I had no idea before; that is a fact, though I cannot as yet find the way to open it.

What about that trap-door in the garden? As soon as the coast is clear this will have to be investigated. I am not going to be such a fool as to let the laugh be turned against me, by saying a word until I am in a position of more certainty.

At length the coast is clear, and I am once more down in the thicket, and among the gnarled trees by the old

HERNAN CORTÉS AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.— BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE PACIFIC.— SEE PAGE 471.

wall, quite by myself, and screened from observation by distance and the lay of the land. No prying eyes from any back windows in the neighborhood can overlook me.

There is the place, in yonder corner, looking at first in the soft morning light much as it did by that of the moon. It is easily recognized; and in two minutes I had scrambled in among the bushes, and discovered, by prodding with my stick, what may possibly be a trap-door; but if it be, it certainly was not opened last night.

The undergrowth, too, seemed to be much thicker than it did then. Dense creepers, grass, ivy, mold and dead leaves, in some places several inches deep, smothered it; and surely, unless carefully examined, no eye would have detected the existence of such a construction in such a spot. Nevertheless, here is partial confirmation again.

To clear away, for closer inspection, takes several minutes; but the end is that I get hold of a heavy rusty ring, by which, with great exertion, I manage to raise the rotten planking of the lid of an old brick well. A peep into its dark depths and a stone or two dropped down tell me that there is water about eight or ten feet below.

More confabulation with myself leads to my getting a ladder from a tool-house, and lowering it to the bottom, with the intention of descending. When, at last, the ladder is firmly adjusted, down it I go, for I am used to ladders. It rests steadily at the bottom, and I can tell when I reach the water that it is not above three feet deep. Then I stoop, and delve and poke about with my stick, which presently touches what, by degrees, I make out to be, possibly, a box.

Getting really excited now, and not being afraid to wet my feet, I get lower and lower on the ladder, until, half up to my middle in the icy water, I plunge my arm in to the shoulder.

After much groping I seize upon some slimy links of a chain, by which I am able, by putting forth all my strength, to lift, and eventually to haul up to the edge of the well, a sodden, worm-eaten, rusty, iron-clamped old chest, the very counterpart of that which I had seen last night, save for the effects which a long immersion would produce.

"Confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ!" Surely what I had witnessed had some foundation; but to say that I was amazed beyond all expression is to say very little.

I shut up the well, hid it with bushes as far as possible, restored the ladder, and carried the box unseen to my room, What was in it? Its great weight and quaint exterior suggested treasure.

Rotten as the woodwork had become, there was not much difficulty in prising it open. It was chock-full of golden coin, apparently Spanish doubloons, with dates varying from 1660 to the end of the century.

When Tanner came home to dinner I inquired of whom he had taken the place. He named the chief solicitor of the town. I went to him and asked for a little information respecting the history of the house.

He was a dry old stick, with a complexion the color of his own parchments, but I corkscrewed enough out of him in time to give some clew to the foundation of my mysterious experience, though not enough to explain it.

He was but the agent for the property; its owner was a merchant in London, Gruber by name, and it was an ancestor of his—Michael of that ilk—who had built the house in 1690. He made a fortune—so the tradition ran, said my informant—by no very reputable means; in short, he was known to have been a lawless adventurer, one of the innumerable buccaneers who, during the greater part of the seventeenth century, waged piratical war upon the Spanish settlers in South America and the West Indies. It was said that he kept his treasure concealed in various parts of the house, which then stood quite alone on the outskirts of the town.

According to the lawyer, it was the tragic end of Michael Gruber which had given rise to the superstition about the place being haunted. It seems he was found at daybreak on the 29th of October, 1723, in a dying state in his garden, and lying near him was the dead body of a seafaring man, with whom he was known to have dealings. Evidently there had been a bloody encounter; and from what Gruber let fall in the delirium consequent upon his wounds, it is supposed the man had been disturbed in the act of plundering him, and not being able to escape with the booty, was hiding it in the garden, with a view to future removal, when Gruber surprised him.

Many facts went toward making good this supposition. Gruber, who was a very old man then, was only half-dressed, as though he had risen hastily and rushed from his bedroom after the thief; and a secret panel which was discovered in the apartment when the dying man was carried back there appeared t give him great concern; for he continued pointing to it, and declaring incoherently that his chest had been stolen. This seemed probable, as much valuable property was afterward discovered in the secret cupboard.

"And herein is the origin of the legend about the room being haunted, eh?" I asked, the mention of the missing chest and the date of the tragedy giving me the cue.

"Yes, truly," answered my informant; "nonsense of this sort is always attached to deeds of violence that have occurred years ago."

"Pray what is the exact nonsense in this case?"

"Well, indeed, I am scarcely capable of saying. I believe it is something to this effect: that any one who sleeps in that room during the month of October will see somebody attempt to enter it in the dead of night; but whether the somebody ever gets in, nobody knows. You, sir, I believe, have been sleeping there lately, and of course have seen nothing, though, truly, I have been assured that certain tenants have been greatly disturbed." I evaded the point by saying:

"Was a search made for the chest which old Gruber said had been stolen?"

"I do not know. You see, it all happened a little before my time;" and the old chap chuckled.

"You cannot recall further details?"

"No, truly, not at this moment; though possibly I might be able to hunt them up if you desired it, and will favor me with your reasons for making these inquiries."

Then I favored him with my reasons by telling what I had found, but avoiding all reference to the strange way in which I had been led to look for the well. I merely said that I had been poking about for some ferns at the end of the neglected garden, and coming upon the trap door accidentally, had been induced to examine it, the result being the discovery of the old chest full of doubloons.

The lawyer's parchment-like face as he listened to my account was as good as a farce. Evidently he thought me a lunatic.

"Now, truly," he said, "this is very astonishing; we never knew of any such place."

"Very likely. It had not been opened for years, and

was completely hidden by the undergrowth; but if you will come with me, you shall see it for yourself, and what I picked out of it."

* * * * * *

Here is my story. All that I have to add of importance is, that on communicating with the then living Mr. Gruber, he behaved in the most handsome fashion.

The "treasure-trove," which amounted in value to something over one thousand pounds in gold, of course was his, but he insisted on my retaining half of it—no mean reward for my enterprise.

One of the doubloons is here on my watch-chain, as you see; the remainder—well, I, not being a rich man, converted them, having given two or three to Tanner and his wife. They held on to the end of their lease, some two years and a half; and I remained their lodger until the house was pulled down at the expiration of that time.

Although I passed two more Octobers in that haunted room, no mysterious spirit ever tried to enter it again. I had laid the troubled ghost, exactly one hundred and eighteen years to the day after it had been "doomed to walk the earth," and to disturb periodically the peaceful occupants of the room which had been the scene of its crime. Until the present moment I have never revealed to a soul the spiritual side of my experience. I could never make up my mind to let the laugh be turned against my skepticism on the question of spiritualism.

Am I a skeptic now? Whether I am or not is of little consequence. My age is such that a few years more will, for me, clear up this as well as all the other great mysteries of the seen and the unseen—of life and death.

Explain it further? Oh, dear, no! I cannot attempt to do that. You must suppose what you please. I only know that if I had not seen what I saw, I should never have thought of looking for the confirmation of its truth at the bottom of a well, albeit that was the proper place.

HERNAN CORTÉS AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

Velasquez, Governor of Cuba, dispatched a fleet, in 1518, under Grijalva, which, after sighting Cozumel, entered the River Tabasco. Then was the name of New Spain first applied to the surrounding country. Before Grijalva's return to Cuba, Velasquez fitted out a larger armament, and over this he placed Hernan Cortés, one of the young adventurers of those times, born at Medellin, in Estremadura, A. D. 1485, of a poor but noble family.

On the 18th of November, 1518, the fleet set sail. The banner of Cortés waved in the breeze, displaying a colored cross on a black ground, and around the border the words, "Let us follow the cross, and we shall conquer." The armament was composed of six vessels, containing five hundred and fifty Spaniards, about three hundred Indians, and a few negroes, twelve or fifteen horses and ten guns. Their leader was in the vigor of manhood. Cortés was in many respects the model of a Spanish hero. Bold and courageous to rashness, his fine person well set off by his handsome dress and manly bearing, full of zeal and high expectation, and well versed in all arts that captivate the hearts of followers, no man could have been more likely to crown his undertaking with success. But in its truest sense there was little nobility in his aim and purpose. Thirst for gold was probably the prevailing passion in his own breast, as well as in those of his companions.

As the fleet coasted along Cuba, Cortés carried off provisions from the king's stores at Macaca, and plundered a vessel that came in his way. On his arrival at Trinidad, he found an order from Velasquez to supersede him. But it was too late. Cortés had gained the affections of his little army, and refused to give up his office. He wrote Velasquez a letter of fair words, complaining of his unjust supicions, and promising devotion to his interests; but he added that, on the next morning, February 10th, 1519, he should sail for Cozumel. Success alone could now justify his daring disobedience.

A terrible storm fell upon the fleet, and the ship of Cortés, which staid to convoy a disabled vessel, was the last to reach Cozumel. The natives, who had gladly welcomed Grijalva, fled to the interior; for before Cortés arrived one of the captains had plundered their temples and terrified the inhabitants.

Having secured a good store of provisions, Cortés, early in March, resumed his voyage; but as one of the ships sprung a leak, he was compelled to return to Cozumel. Soon after, a canoe, manned by several Indians, arrived from the shores of Yucatan, and one of the men asked, in broken Castilian, whether he was among Christians. This man was Geronimo de Aguilar, survivor of a vessel sent from Darien to Spain some eight years before, which had been wrecked on the shores of Yucatan. He had been kindly treated by the cacique into whose hands he fell, but was overwhelmed with joy at meeting with his fellow-countrymen. His long residence among the people had made him familiar with their language, and he acted as interpreter during the expedition, to the great benefit of Cortés.

Leaving Cozumel, and passing by the coast of Yucatan, the little armament entered the mouth of the Rio de Tabasco. The shores were lined with dense woods and deep groves of mangrove, and among these the Indians might be discerned prepared to oppose a landing. But the superior strength of the Spaniards prevailed, and they established themselves upon the land. This first engagement was followed by a more severe conflict. The Tabascans were assembled in great numbers. "When we let off the guns," says an eyewitness, "the Indians uttered loud cries and whistling sounds, and threw dust and straw into the air that we should not see the damage we were doing them." But all their tactics were of no avail. The Spanish cavalry had been sent round to attack them in the rear, and when they rode into the battle, the Tabascans, who had never before seen mounted warriors, were panic-stricken, and fled.

The defeat of the Tabascans was followed by the submission of the whole people; their principal caciques came to Cortés with various offerings of peace, and, among the rest, twenty female slaves. One of these, afterward known as Doña Marina, proved invaluable to Cortés, whilst her fidelity to him was worthy of a more sacred relation.

At Tabasco, Palm Sunday was kept with a solemn procession to the temple. The idol was taken down, and a statue of the Madonna, with the infant Saviour, installed in its place. Mass was celebrated, and the soldiers joined in singing the chant; then, with the palm branches in their hands, they marched on board their ships. On the Thursday following they cast anchor at the Island

of San Juan de Ulua, that faces the port of Vera Cruz. Scarcely had the ships come to their moorings, when two canoes started from the mainland, and made direct for the admiral's vessel. A friendly intercourse was established, Doña Marina acting as interpreter, and such trifles as the Spaniards had brought with them for barter were exchanged for the gold trinkets and ornaments of the natives. Cortés, having ascertained that their country produced gold in abundance, landed his forces and artillery on Good Friday, April 21st, 1519. The simple people aided him in these labors, and brought mats and cotton awning to protect the newcomers against the scorching rays of the sun.

Two days afterward, Teuhtlile, the governor of the district, arrived at the tent of Cortés, to inquire, in the name of Montezuma, the Mexican emperor, why the Spaniards had visited these shores. Cortés received him with all the pomp he could assume; and informed him that he had been sent by the Emperor Charles, to hold communication with the Aztec sovereign, and demanded to be admitted to his presence. This request was received with evident astonishment. "You have been but two days in the country," said Teuhtlile, "and you expect to see the emperor!" As Cortés insisted, the governor promised to communicate with his master. The presents were then brought in which had been sent by the Mexican court; they comprised fine cottons, mantles made of curiously-wrought feather-work and a wicker basket full of golden ornaments. The cupidity of the Spaniards was awakened at the sight of these treasures. When Teuhtlile requested that a shining helmet, worn by one of the soldiers, might be sent to the emperor, because it was like that on the idol of Quetzalcoatl, in Mexico, Cortés assented, on condition that it was returned filled with gold-dust. When he gave as a reason for this request that he wanted to compare the gold of Mexico with that of his own country, and further added, that the Spaniards suffered from a heart complaint, for which gold was a cure, we may imagine that the native ambassador easily saw through his excuses.

During these negotiations, the Spaniards observed that a Mexican was making a picture of the newcomers to be sent to Montezuma. Alive to the impression which would be produced by this representation on the emperor's mind, Cortés ordered a review of his forces. The Mexicans, unacquainted with horses, were filled with astonishment at the charge of cavalry; but when the artillery was discharged, the flash, the thunder and the crash of the balls through the branches, wellnigh overwhelmed them with consternation. The effect would not be weakened in its transmission to the court, as Cortés was persuaded when the embassy withdrew.

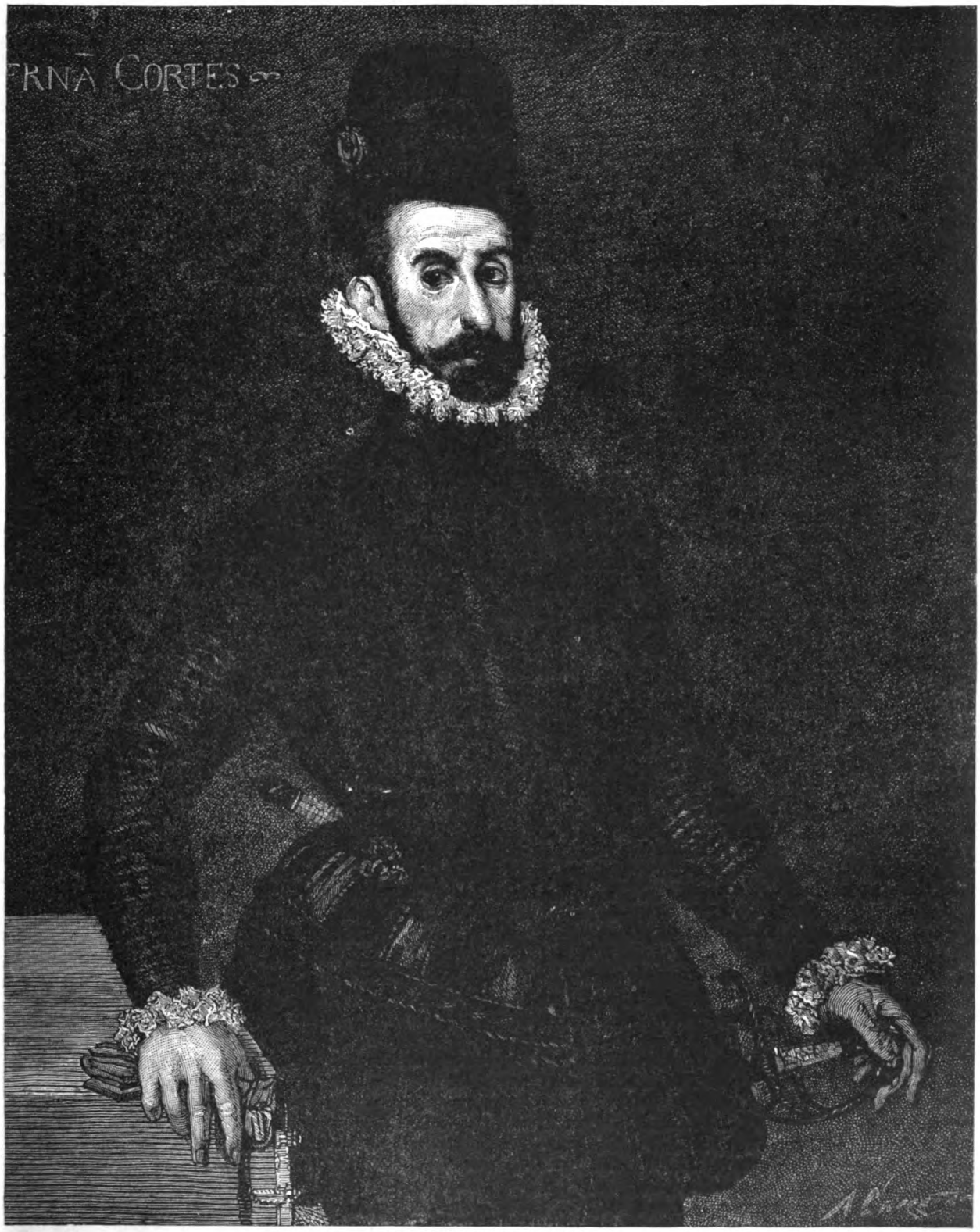
Montezuma, however, refused to admit the Spaniards to his presence, though this denial was softened by the rich presents which his ambassadors bore. These comprised armor embossed and plated with gold, collars and other ornaments of the same metal, and adorned with pearls and precious stones, robes wrought in beautiful feather-work, wagon-loads of fine linens, models cast in gold and silver of birds and beasts, of exquisite workmanship. The helmet was not forgotten, but was returned duly filled with gold dust; and, to crown all, there were two circles of gold and silver "as large as the wheel of a chariot," and richly carved. The terms in which the Aztec monarch declined a visit from the Spaniards were couched in expressions which referred to the difficulty of the journey, and concluded with a request that they would return to their own land. But the proofs thus afforded of the wealth of Mexico were the strongest inducement to the Spaniards to remain and make themselves masters of the country. This resolution was not, however, agreed to by all. There sprung up a division in the Spanish camp.

CORTÉS'S FIRST SIGHT OF MEXICO.

Discontent was aggravated by the heat, venomous insects, and the other discomforts of that climate. The contest became so violent that the party of Velasquez openly called on Cortés to return to Cuba.

Cortés issued an order that all should be in readiness to embark. Upon this the common soldiers, with loud cries of discontent, forced their way to the general's

presence. Cortés craftily dwelt upon the richness of the prize which he professed his readiness to relinquish; but, with feigned reluctance, allowed himself to be per-



PORTRAIT OF HERNAN CORTÉS.

suaded to adopt the course which he most ardently desired. In order to give to these proceedings a semblance of legality, he desired that a requisition should be presented to him, requiring him to form a settlement. Armed with such authority, he declared himself willing to obey their wishes.

In completing his revolt against Velasquez, Cortés thus observed outward respect to legal forms. The arrangements for the new city were matured, and the name of Villa Rica de Vera Cruz was given to it. Its principal officers, alcaldes, regidors and other functionaries,

were then nominated by Cortés, the most important posts being filled by his firmest friends. Cortés resigned his office of Captain-general, which he had received from Velasquez, and was reappointed by the council to the same dignity in the emperor's name.

There were some who remonstrated loudly, but ultimately the whole body acceded to the arrangements.

Meanwhile some Indians had arrived from Cempoalla, the capital of the Totonacs, sent by the prince to invite Cortés to pay him a visit. Their account of their treatment by Montezuma, who had recently subdued them, gave Cortés an insight into the jealousies by which the Mexican Empire was weakened, and he saw the probable advantage of allying himself with the discontented states. He gladly directed the march to Cempoalla.

The spirits of the little army rose as the sandy plains on which they had encamped were exchanged for a fertile country.

A hearty welcome awaited them at Cempoalla. The natives held out bunches of roses to the soldiers, and crowned their general and his charger with garlands. As the Spaniards approached the town the whole population advanced to meet them, the men adorned with short mantles, the women clad in robes flowing down to the ankles. The cacique received them at the entrance of his dwelling, whilst commodious quarters and abundant provisions testified to their good will.

From the cacique of Cempoalla, Cortés learned of the great dread with which the Aztec sovereign was regarded. His armies were like the whirlwind, and slavery and sacrifice were the invitable results of disobedience. The Aztec nobles sent to collect the tribute, resented the hospitality shown the Spaniards, and demanded twenty young men and maidens for sacrifice in expiation.

Cortés bade the cacique seize and bind the Aztec nobles. Then he repaired to them privately, and procured the release of two, enjoining them to inform their sovereign of his generous return for the unkind treatment he had experienced. He subsequently allowed the other Aztec chieftains to join their companions.

The Spaniards now proceeded to Chiahuitzlan, and a site was selected, between the two places, for his new city of Vera Cruz. The walls were marked out, public buildings designed, and, with the aid of their Indian allies, a town soon rose. Every man shared in the work —the general equally with the meanest soldier. The place was to serve as a retreat in the hour of reverse, whilst its harbor would give shelter to vessels.

Then the Cempoallans were solemnly received as vassals of the King of Spain. Cortés had fully determined by this time to conquer Mexico, for in an account which he sent to Charles V. of his discovery, he declared he would take Montezuma dead or alive, unless he agreed to become a vassal of the Spanish crown. Conspiracy had again been detected in the camp, and he determined at once to crush it for ever, and to bind all his forces together by the bonds of necessity. The party of Velasquez wanted to sail away for further reinforcements. Cortés, therefore, determined to destroy his fleet. The stoutest hearts among the soldiers quailed when the order to sink the ships was given. They were now left, a handful amongst millions, escape was impossible, destruction imminent. Loud reproaches were raised against the leader who had thus brought them to perish in a strange land. Cortés stood unmoved; he calmly dilated upon the ever-welcome topic—the treasures of Mexico, which would soon be theirs. One vessel still remained, let those that quailed take that and sail away. They could wait at Cuba till their comrades, whom they had deserted, returned with the spoils of the Aztec empire. With a general impulse the confidence of the soldiers revived: "To Mexico! to Mexico!" was the universal cry.

Escalante, a trusty friend of Cortés, was left in command at Vera Cruz, and the army set out, on the 16th of August, 1519, upon its march to Mexico. Upward of a thousand Indian warriors accompanied them, and as many porters were provided by the Totonacs to carry the baggage and drag the guns. Their course was directed toward the little State of Tlascala, whose enmity to the Aztecs was known. Cortés, alive to the advantages of securing their alliance, sent an embassy, asking permission to pass through their country. He received an unfavorable reply. But the Tlascalans had left their ramparts undefended; but, about four leagues further on, they assembled in dense masses, and offered a stern resistance to the Spaniards. A series of most desperate battles ensued; several of the Spaniards were slain, all the horses were wounded, and the spirit of the foe seemed as defiant as ever. But discouragement was beginning to creep over the Tlascalan warriors; the horses, and the thunder and flash of the artillery, filled their minds with superstitious dread; and when a night attack was unsuccessful; and when, after each victory, the politic Cortés offered terms of peace and friendship, the brave fellows received the Spaniards with a cordiality befitting the courage they had displayed.

At Tlascala another embassy arrived from Montezuma, accompanied by rich presents. The emperor besought Cortés not to ally himself with the Tlascalans, but to proceed at once to Mexico by the City of Cholula, whither orders had been sent for his entertainment. The Tlascalans, however, warned Cortés that treachery was intended. The whole army then set out, accompanied by 6,000 Tlascalans.

On the banks of a stream, hard by the city, Cortés halted for the night, and there received the Cholulan chiefs. Accompanied by only a few native servants the Spaniards entered the city. The entire population turned out to gaze upon the strangers. In no city, save the capital, had luxury reached such a pitch as at Cholula; the width of the streets, the size and comfort of the houses, the long white garments in which many were clad, the garlands of flowers and waving censers of incense, made up a scene that could not fail to inflame the excited feelings of the newcomers. With awe they gazed upon the temples and the famous pyramid, 170 feet high, visible from afar. This pyramid was composed of four terraces, rising one above another. Its base covered forty-four acres, and the platform on its summit was an acre in extent. On this was erected the temple, from whose altars there arose the smoke and flame in which human victims were consumed; for 6,000 human beings were annually sacrificed on the altars of Cholula.

The Spaniards were quartered in one of the vast temples, provisions were furnished, and nothing seemed wanting to testify their friendship. On a sudden Cortés discovered that a plot had been formed for their destruction. They were to be assailed as they marched out of the city. Streets had been barricaded, and pits dug, filled with stakes, to hamper the movements of the cavalry. Having obtained full information of the plot, and of Montezuma's complicity in it, Cortés sent for the Aztec ambassadors and reproached their master for his duplicity. Then telling them that he would inflict signal punishment on the Cholulans, he dismissed them under a strong guard.

The Cholulan caciques appeared at daybreak with a band of porters far more numerous than Cortés had requested. The caciques were at once seized and sternly accused of the conspiracy, which they were too much confounded to deny. Then, at a given signal, the Spaniards rushed forth and fired upon the unarmed masses. Panic struck, and taken by surprise, the miserable creatures were slaughtered like sheep; and soon, in their rear, rose the shrill cry of their old enemies, the Tlascalans. A frightful scene of massacre ensued, and its horrors were increased as fire was set to some of the temples and houses, and the flames spread rapidly along the wooden buildings. The great temple was stormed foot by foot till not one Cholulan survived.

After this terrible day the great teocalli, as the pyramidal structure was called, was purified, and a crucifix erected on its summit, whilst an image of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios was given by Cortés himself to adorn the temple. Other embassies arrived from Montezuma, loaded with rich presents, all asking that the Spaniards should abstain from pressing on to Mexico. But after a rest of some days, the little band resumed its march to the capital.

The distance from Cholula to Mexico is about 180 miles, and the road crosses the lofty ridge which divides the tableland of Mexico from that of Puebla. As the Spaniards mounted the sides of the sierra their march became excessively toilsome; cold blasts of wind swept down from the snow-clad sides of Popocatepetl. Fortunately a large walled inclosure, intended for the use of travelers, afforded them protection against the cold. But when, on a sudden turn in the road, the valley of Mexico lay stretched at their feet, all the toils of the ascent were forgotten in the beauty of the scene. Wondrous as is still the face of nature in that broad plateau, it then possessed features of beauty which have long since disappeared. Vast groves of luxuriant trees clothed with their rich foliage many parts that now are bleak and bare; cities, teeming with a numerous population, were dotted over the landscapes; and the fields, which furnished a harvest for their support, carpeted the soil with their varied crops. The great lake on which Mexico then stood spread its waters over a wider surface. All the wealth of the Aztec Empire was lavished upon this region, whose climate and fertility repaid the care bestowed on its cultivation. And as the eyes of the Spaniards ranged over the prospect until the view melted in the purple of the distant hills, overcome with its beauty, they exclaimed, with cries of rapture, "It is the promised land!"

As the Spaniards pressed on to his capital Montezuma had a presentiment that the empire was to fall from his grasp. Yet he met the newcomers with signs of cordiality, and concealed his fears beneath a smile of welcome.

The Spaniards were courteously welcomed, loaded with presents, located in convenient quarters, and their wants supplied. There seemed to be no limit to the kindness and generosity of Montezuma, yet, Cortés suddenly determined to seize the emperor's person and to compel him to reside in the Spanish camp. The excuse for this course was an attack made by Quauhpopoca, one of the Aztec nobles, upon Vera Cruz; and although Montezuma offered to send for the offender that he might be punished, it was in vain that he pleaded to retain his liberty. The unhappy prince forbade his subjects to attempt his release; and Cortés even had the cruelty to place him in irons when Quauhpopoca declared that he had acted under Montezuma's orders. This last insult pierced the heart of the Aztec sovereign. He declined to return to his palace when Cortés offered him his liberty. Not long after, he avowed himself a vassal of the King of Spain, and, with his nobles, took the oath of allegiance to Charles V.

Ere long a crisis was caused by the arrival of a fresh body of Spaniards, sent by Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba. Narvaez, their leader, had express orders to arrest Cortés, and claim the profits of his discoveries for Velasquez. To support his attempt he brought some nine hundred Europeans, with eighty horses, and about a thousand Indians. The condition of Cortés was perilous. The Mexicans were inflamed against him. Montezuma had been alienated by his unworthy treatment, while the force of Narvaez far exceeded his own in numbers, and it was doubtful whether even the Tlascalans would stand firm when they saw the odds to which he was opposed. But the spirit of Cortés ever rose before danger. Leaving Alvarado in charge of Mexico and its captive monarch, he selected the trustiest of his comrades, attacked and conquered Narvaez, in a night assault, and with his usual address so improved the victory, that he speedily returned to the capital with a large body of Spaniards that had lately arrived as foes, now united to serve under his banner.

His presence was sorely needed at Mexico. Before his departure to meet Narvaez, he had galled the proud Aztecs to the quick by seizing their principal temple for Christian worship. Now news reached him that the Mexicans were in arms against him. They had burned the vessels he had built upon the lake, had besieged the Spanish quarters, and killed many. Cortés was implored to return if he would preserve the survivors.

He hurried back to find the city almost deserted, and every sign of disaffection amongst the few that still lingered within its walls. The violence of Alvarado was the cause of this hostility. On the festival of their war god, he had rushed upon the unarmed worshipers, and had committed a fearful massacre. The Mexicans rose with one long cry for vengeance. On they came by thousands, pressing forward heedless of the numbers that fell before the fire of their foes, and when the fury of the first assault was spent, they hemmed in the Spanish quarters on all sides, cut off all supplies of provisions, and waited until they should be starved into submission.

In all haste Cortés dispatched a messenger to summon aid from Vera Cruz, but it was too late. The man soon returned, sorely wounded, and announcing that the whole people were in arms. On they came from all directions in a surging tide, their banners flying, and their ranks marshaled under the most noted chiefs. Though the fire of the Spanish artillery made terrible havoc in their ranks, they pressed forward undaunted, and tried to storm the wall behind which the Europeans were protected. Their flaming arrows soon set fire to the wooden buildings, whilst a cloud of missiles, hurled from powerful arms, inflicted much damage.

Night brought some respite from the conflict, but next day it was resumed with unabated vigor. All the slaughter inflicted by the Spaniards failed to daunt the spirit of the enemy. It was in vain that they opened a murderous fire upon the thronging crowd, the places of the slain were instantly filled up by newcomers. In vain did Cortés, and the most famous of his comrades, sally forth to charge them sword in hand; worn out with the labors of cutting down the enemy, they were fain to retreat after performing useless prodigies of valor. With bitter taunts the Aztecs pressed upon them as they withdrew behind their ramparts.

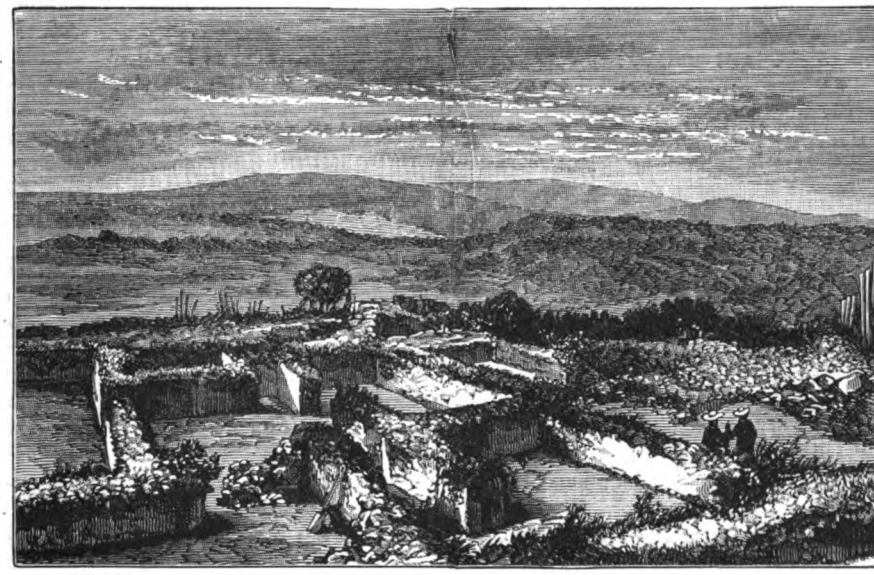
1. Portrait of Cortés. 2. Fac-simile of his Signature. 3. His Coat-of-Arms as Marquis del Valle. 4. Standard Borne by him in the Conquest of Mexico. 5. Church and Hospital of Jesus, founded by Cortés. 6. Court and Galleries of Hospital. 7. Monument Erected to Cortés in the Church of Jesus in 1794.

CORTÉS MEMORIALS AT MEXICO.

The battle was renewed next day; and now Cortés strove to bring the enemy to terms. He induced Montezuma to address the people, but the magic spell of his despotism was dissolved. The Aztecs reviled him as a traitor, and a shower of missiles fell around him. He was borne away by the Spaniards badly wounded. This last indignity thoroughly crushed the wounded spirit of the unhappy monarch. He refused all the kindness with which the Spaniards strove to comfort him; tore off the bandages with which they stanched his wounds; and nursed his proud sorrow in unbroken silence, until he felt his end approaching; then, summoning Cortés to his bedside, he solemnly intrusted his children to his care, "as the most precious jewels he could leave him, and expired in the arms of some of his own nobles, who still remained faithful in their attendance on his person," June 30th, 1520.

So died the mightiest monarch of the New World. The Spaniards found amongst the rulers of the Western Hemisphere none like Montezuma in power and wealth. For more than seventeen years he had ruled over his wide dominions, successful in war, and wise in counsel, until, by his own people, he was regarded as more than a mortal man. But he died dethroned and dishonored, and a captive in the hands of strangers.

The position of Cortés was now desperate. His overtures for peace were rejected, the fury of the enemy was unabated, and he learned that the bridges in the line of his retreat were broken down. It was determined to steal out on the night of July 1st, and by the aid of a portable bridge, which had been secretly constructed, to effect, if possible, their retreat to Tlascala. Arrangements were made for the conveyance of a large portion of the treasure, and the rest was abandoned to the soldiers.



REMAINS OF A TOLTEC PALACE AT TULA, MEXICO.

A dark, drizzly night seemed to favor their retreat. The Spaniards gained the causeway, which connected the island on which Mexico stood with the mainland, almost unobserved. Just as the causeway was reached they were discovered. No sooner was an alarm sounded than the priests took up the cry, and from the summits of their temples roused the whole city to arms. Cortés pushed on with all speed, but it was no easy thing to march the whole army over temporary bridges required to replace those destroyed by the enemy. Ere the last of the Spaniards had crossed the first opening, an ominous sound arose, and the waters on either side flashed beneath the strokes of a thousand oars, as the boats of the Mexicans bore them to the attack. The first opening, however, was passed in safety; Magarino, at the head of his engineers, advanced to raise the portable bridge and bear it forward to the second opening, but it stuck fast. The heavy weight that had been borne over it had fixed it firmly in the earth, and all efforts to move it were ineffectual. As this terrible news spread a cry of despair arose from the Spanish force. Assailed in front, cut off in the rear, and attacked on both sides by numbers which increased every moment, their destruction seemed inevitable. Their wily foes rained thick clouds of darts on them, and rushing suddenly up the sides of the causeway, grappled with them, hand to hand, and both fell together into the lake; the Mexican was quickly picked up by his friends, whilst the European was as quickly dispatched. On they struggled, however, and presently the second opening was almost choked up with baggage, treasure and dead bodies, mingled in dire confusion. Over this at length they scrambled, the enemy still hanging on their rear as they pressed forward until they reached the third and last opening in the causeway.

Here a scene of fearful confusion ensued. The mounted cavaliers swam across, the infantry clung to the tails of their horses, or tried to find a place in which they might ford the stream. Many were drowned in the attempt, especially such as were overladen with gold. At length the van and the centre got over, when word was brought that the rear-guard was overpowered, and, unless strengthened, would be entirely destroyed. With unhesitating gallantry, the cavaliers dashed once more into the river to relieve their comrades; after a terrible struggle a straggling remnant effected a passage. Alvarado, unhorsed and hemmed in on all sides, hesitated for an instant at the opening, then placing his spear on the mass of ruin that choked the place, he cleared it at a bound. The spot has ever since borne the name of Alvarado's Leap.

The Mexicans abstained from further pursuit, and Cortés was able to draw off his forces. They were sadly thinned. Little more than a third of the Spaniards, and a fourth of their allies, survived. The horses were reduced to twenty-three. All the artillery, all the treasure, all the baggage was lost. Scarcely a musket remained. As he reviewed his shattered army, Cortés was unable to restrain his tears, so terrible was the disaster of the "Sad Night," the *Noche Triste*, as it has ever since been termed in Spanish annals.

The most determined spirit might have found abundant reasons for abandoning the attempt to conquer the country under the circumstances in which Cortés was now placed. His forces were thoroughly disorganized, and

those of them who had come with Narvaez began to utter loud complaints of the hardships they were enduring. Tlascala, the only place where a friendly shelter could be hoped for, lay about sixty-five miles east of Mexico, so that they would have to go north of the lake to get into the road. They marched for six days, with little respite, and exposed to constant attack. They could only slowly advance, if they did not abandon the wounded and exhausted. The coolness and courage of the commander alone kept them from despair.

On the sixth day they reached Otumba, not far from the road between Mexico and Tlascala. The enemy still harassed their rear, and amidst the insults which accompanied their attacks, Marina told Cortés that they often exclaimed with exultation, "Go on, robbers; go to the place where you shall soon meet the vengeance due to your crimes." On reaching a rising ground they learned the meaning of this threat. On a vast plain, over which they must pass, an immense host was seen, drawn up to oppose their further march. There was nothing for it but to advance, and wherever the little band turned, the dense mass of the foe was penetrated, and many slain. But it was like piercing through water. The multitude was so great that the Spaniards were hemmed in, and the bravest were ready to sink under these repeated efforts, without seeing any end of their toil, or any hope of victory.

At this crisis a movement was made, which was indeed a stroke of military genius, and which retrieved the fortune of the day, and saved the little army. Cortés observed the great standard of the empire advancing; and fortunately recollecting to have heard that on the fate of it depended the event of every battle, he assembled a few brave officers, and, placing himself at their head, pushed forward toward it with an impetuosity which bore down everything. A chosen body of nobles, who guarded the standard, were soon broken. Cortés, with his lance, wounded the Mexican general, and threw him on the ground. One of the Spanish officers, alighting, put an end to his life, and laid hold of the imperial standard. The moment the leader fell, and the standard disappeared, panic struck the Mexicans; every ensign was lowered, each soldier threw away his weapon and all fled to the mountains. The Spaniards returned to collect the spoils of the field; some compensation for the wealth they had lost in Mexico. Next day (July 8th), to their great joy, they entered the Tlascalan territories.

It was doubtful how the Tlascalans would receive them. When, shortly afterward, a Mexican embassy arrived, a party in the city openly desired to make common cause with Mexico for the expulsion of the strangers. But Cortés was undaunted. He set himself to restore the confidence of his army. He trained it in a series of expeditions against the allies of Mexico. He gained complete control over the chieftains of Tlascala, and won the admiration of these fierce warriors by leading them to victories. He won over two detachments sent by Velasquez, and began building a fleet of brigantines to resume the siege of Mexico. When the ships were sufficiently advanced, he chose Tezcuco as the headquarters of operations against the capital. On the last day of the year he marched into that city at the head of 600 Spaniards, including forty mounted knights, well equipped, and with nine cannon. Besides these, he had Indian auxiliaries estimated at 100,000 in number.

Mexico, the capital, as we have already seen, stood on an island in the Tezcucan Lake. The water of the lake itself was brackish, but a conduit, constructed with a double line of pipes, conveyed a plentiful and pure supply to the city. Three causeways, built of stone, furnished the means of access from the city to the mainland. There were other smaller lakes scattered over the Mexican valley, with flourishing towns upon their borders. Their sites were occasionally protected by embankments from the incursion of the neighboring waters, as the lakes thus restrained were on a higher level than the towns.

Nearly opposite to Mexico, across the waters of the lake, but at the distance of half a league from its shore, rose Tezcuco, the headquarters of the Spanish army. It had long been the rival of the capital. Its chief, Ixtlilxochitl, espoused the side of Cortés with stanch constancy.

Cortés determined to proceed against the towns which supplied Mexico. With this purpose he first marched against Iztapalapan, a city south of Tezcuco, and close to the Tezcucan Lake. It had a population of 50,000. A strong force was drawn up to oppose them, but the Spaniards carried all before them. The city was given up to pillage, fire and sword. No quarter was granted by the ruthless Tlascalans, and the Aztecs fought with all the energy of despair. Suddenly there rose a dull, murmuring sound of rushing water, and the dread news spread that the Indians had broken down the mole. Hastily was the retreat sounded. The Spaniards were glad to flounder through the water as lightly burdened as possible. All the plunder was lost, all the powder spoiled. Wearied and disheartened they returned to Tezcuco.

Word was brought to Cortés from Tlascala, that the brigantines were now completed. The vessels had been constructed and tried upon the Lake Zahuapan. They were to be taken to pieces and carried, with the anchors, ironwork, sails and cordage, on the backs of porters all the way to Tezcuco. In this manner thirteen vessels of war were transported nearly sixty miles across the mountains. The line of bearers, extending upward of six miles, was protected by Spanish troops, and some 20,000 Tlascalans. The enemy did not venture to attack them; and the boldness of the conception was only equaled by the success with which it was performed.

It was still necessary to dig a canal through which the brigantines might pass from Tezcuco into the lake. Leaving this work to be performed by the allies, Cortés attacked the town of Xaltocan, the modern San Cristobal. Its fall was followed by that of other cities, until, circling the lake, Cortés once more entered Tacuba, near the commencement of one of the causeways. This causeway became the scene of an obstinate conflict. After each day's contest Cortés offered the enemy peace, but it was invariably rejected.

Cortés returned to Tezcuco, where new cares summoned him in a different direction. The people of Chalco, a large town to the south of the capital, were now sorely pressed by the Aztecs, and their defection might be followed by that of others. Not content with driving the Mexicans from that region, Cortés crossed the Sierra, took several towns, and marched again to Tacuba.

At Tezcuco he found the brigantines launched, and the canal finished. At this auspicious moment Cortés detected a conspiracy amongst his own soldiery. There were many discontented spirits in the army, and a plot was formed to assassinate Cortés and the principal officers, and then to seize upon the ships and sail home. It was revealed to the general on the day before it was to have been perpetrated. Villafañe, the leader, was apprehended, and the papers in his possession proved that some personal friends of Cortés were implicated. Cortés at once destroyed the paper, and had Villafañe executed.

The soldiers were again to be diverted from brooding over their wrongs by active service. Twelve brigantines were manned and sailed into the lake. A fresh muster of the allies was ordered, as many had returned home to house their plunder. Early in May the whole force was under arms, and the siege of Mexico was formally commenced. Sandoval was sent to the south; Alvarado and Olid by the north to Tacuba. They were to push on from thence to Chapultepec, and destroy the aqueduct by which the city was supplied. Cortés set sail with his flotilla to strike a decisive blow upon the lake.

In the first engagement on the water the Aztecs were completely vanquished, and Cortés then sailed to Zoloc, an important station. Alvarado occupied the causeway leading to Tacuba, and Sandoval the third causeway to the north. Thus the blockade of the capital was complete.

The fiery cavaliers were, however, too impatient to await the effects of famine, and constant assaults were made. As the Spaniards advanced along the causeways they were supported on either flank by the brigantines, whose fire swept across the path of the enemy. Still the Aztecs retreated in good order, and fiercely disputed the passage at every breach. When the Spaniards reached the city, a fierce conflict arose at each one of the numerous canals by which many of the streets were intersected. Much delay, too, was caused by their being obliged to fill each breach over which they passed in order to secure the line of their retreat. Several days were spent in such conflicts, but every night the Mexicans pulled away the materials with which the breaches had been filled up, so that the work had to be begun all over again. This mode of warfare greatly dispirited the Spaniards. They had also to endure considerable hardships in the camp, where but few of them had any shelter against the cold of the nights.

Many officers urged Cortés to make a general assault upon the city, in conjunction with Alvarado and Sandoval. The general yielded, against his better judgment. Strict directions were given that the breaches should be filled up, so as to allow the army to retire in good order.

Alderete, the royal treasurer, commanded the van of the division under Cortés. The Spanish forces advanced simultaneously, and the Aztecs, as usual, fell back. Drawn on by his ardor in the pursuit, Alderete hastily followed up the flying enemy, and rushed across a canal twelve feet in width without stopping to fill up the chasm. Suddenly, at the blast of Guatemozin's horn, the Aztecs turned upon their pursuers, and the shock threw them into disorder. Then ensued a terrible scene of confusion, the enemy showering darts upon them from the flat roofs of the houses as they tried to escape, and the retreating Spaniards crowding on the narrow path, till they thrust one another into the stream that girt its sides. Cortés, warned of their danger, hurried forward to the spot, and, standing at the edge of the canal, strove to save his men from drowning. He was quickly recognized by the Aztecs. With loud shouts, six of their number rushed upon him and endeavored to drag him away captive. A desperate struggle raged around his person, but at length the superior strength and weapons of the Spaniards gained the mastery. Sorely wounded, Cortés was mounted on a horse and led away by a Spaniard, who remarked that his life was too valuable to be thrown away there.

The assault had been everywhere a failure. Besides the killed and wounded, sixty-two Spaniards were captured, as well as two cannon and seven horses. A scene followed which filled the Spaniards with dismay. They were encamped so near the city, that in the clear atmosphere of the tableland they could distinguish what was going forward in the lofty temples. Day by day after this disaster they beheld a solemn procession winding round the lofty pyramidal temple of the god of war. In the midst of the long file marched some of the white-faced strangers, ready decked out for the sacrifice. They were urged along by blows until they mounted to the summit, where the victims, one by one, were seized, stripped, and laid upon the sacrificial stone. Then, in the sight of their countrymen, the priest struck the prisoner with the sharp stone knife, thrust his hand into the wound, and plucked out the palpitating heart, which he placed upon a golden altar. The body was then hurled down from the pyramid, and seized on by the crowd to be devoured. These scenes were repeated daily, until all the captives had been slaughtered; and at each sacrifice the Aztecs shouted in defiance, that so should all the enemies of their country be consumed.

Not only were the Spaniards disheartened by such horrors, but the confidence of their Indian allies was sorely shaken. In the sacrifice of so many Europeans, their superstitious fears saw the vengeance of their idols against the strangers. The taunts, too, of the Mexicans fell with an ominous sound upon their ears.

Yet the evil day of doom was but postponed by the victory of the Aztecs. Cortés now determined to abandon all thought of preserving the city. Each breach in the causeway was to be so solidly filled up that it could not be reopened. Each quarter that was gained was to be leveled to the ground, and the materials cast into the lake or the canals. With this ruthlessness of purpose, the Spaniards worked on steadily, and day by day the unhappy Mexicans saw a further portion of their capital destroyed, and themselves hemmed in within a more contracted space. Soon, too, the horrors of famine were added to the other sufferings of the besieged. In their extremity they devored the most loathsome articles as food. The supply of fresh water was cut off, and they were compelled to drink the brackish water of the lake. Crowded together as they were into a narrow space, with such polluted food and drink, pestilence soon followed, and, with terrible rapidity, they died in such numbers that the survivors no longer sufficed to bury the dead.

The cup of horrors was filled, but their spirit was invincible; they would rather die than yield.

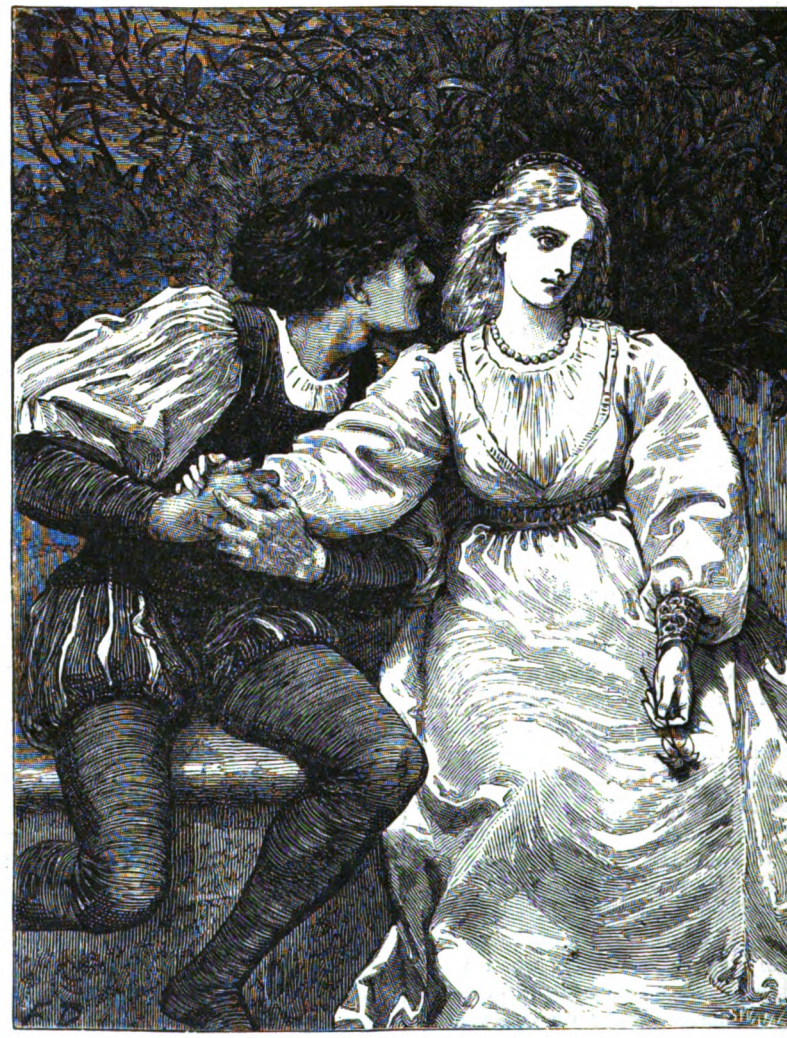
The siege had lasted more than three months, when, on the 15th of August, 1521, Cortés, for the last time, led his troops against Mexico. Soon a cry arose that the emperor had escaped. The canoes that darted from the city were surrounded, and in one of these Guatemozin was discovered and brought before the general. He bore himself proudly in the hour of his fall. "I have done my best, now do with me what you will. You had better take my life at once." Cortés assured him of his protection and of honorable treatment; but he broke his word, and permitted him to be tortured in the hope that he would say where the treasures had been concealed. For a moment, however, he was kindly dealt with, and at his request the miserable remnant of the Mexicans were allowed to march out of the city and leave its ruins to the foe.

Thus ended this memorable siege, after a struggle unsurpassed in the annals of the world, for the indomitable spirit with which it was sustained. The conquerors might well exult at this termination of their toils, but they had little reason to rejoice in its immediate fruits. True to their declared purpose, the Aztecs had made away with all the treasures of Montezuma, and but a

scanty portion fell to each man's share after all the privations of the long campaign. The city itself was one disordered mass of ruins, and immediate steps were necessary for its purification, or the consequences might be fatal. Cortés gave directions for these works, and determined to build his new capital on the site of the old one. As years rolled by it was adorned with many beautiful and spacious buildings, but the great memorials of the Aztec civilization—the palaces, gardens and temples, the pride of Mexico—were lost for ever.

The conquest of Mexico was completed with the fall of the capital, and, although some time elapsed before the more distant tribes were subjugated, the Spaniards were virtually masters of the country.

The power and resources of Mexico might have sufficed to deter any man from attempting to subdue it, unless with a mighty armament. Cortés entered the country with a mere handful of followers, many of whom were disaffected toward him, and regarded his success with no friendly feelings. That he won over to his side many such opponents is as great a proof of his ability as is a victory over the enemy in open field. Besides all this, until the final struggle was over he knew not how his conduct was regarded at the Court of Spain; and his cares must have been terribly augmented by the consciousness that nothing, save victory, could excuse his insubordination; that defeat would inevitably be followed by disgrace. In no tragedy had man ever been portrayed as fighting against circumstances that seemed more hopelessly invincible.



DEEP AND TRUE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 482.

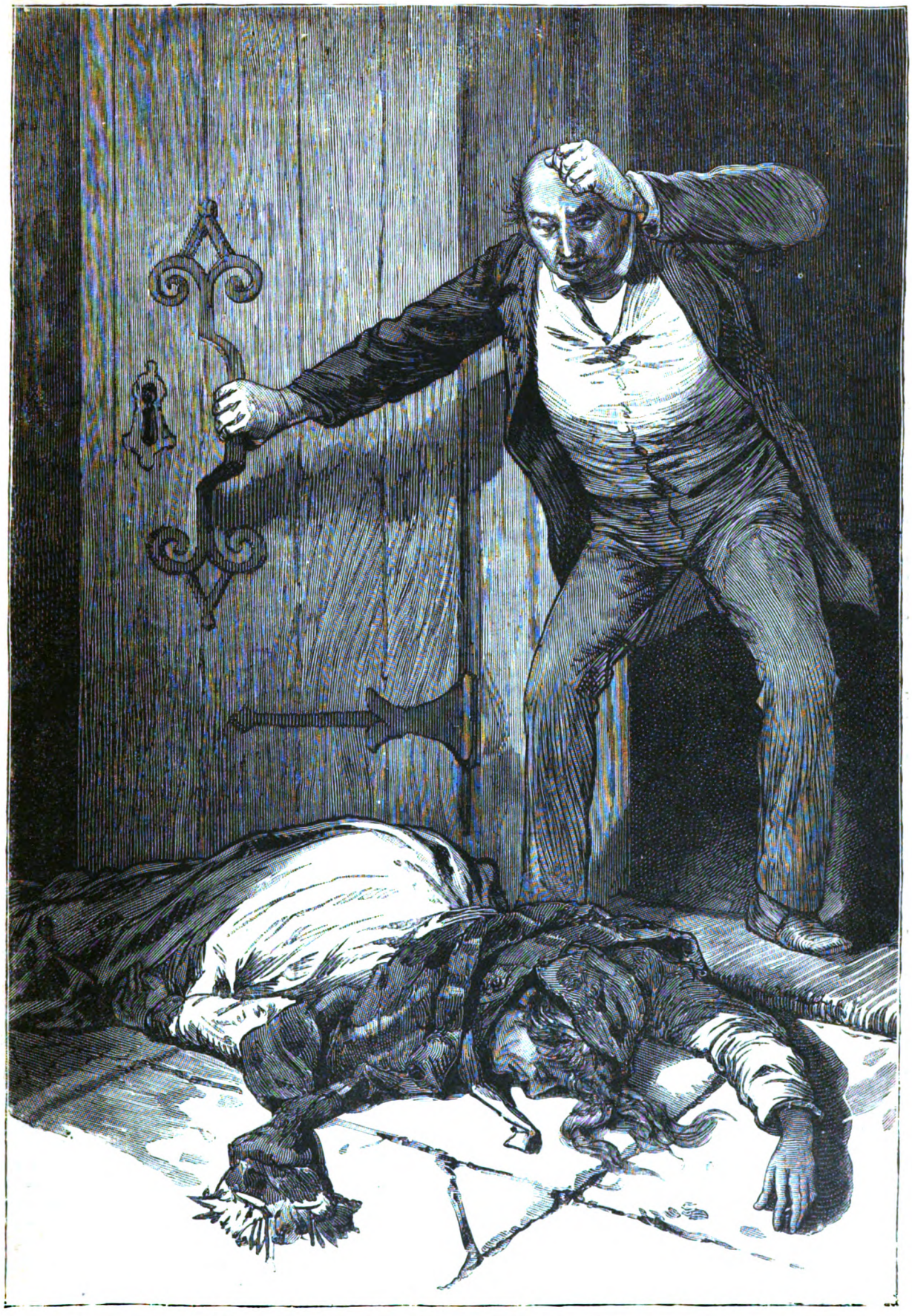
It is here, then, that we must recognize the true greatness of the conqueror of Mexico, in the iron will and purpose that proposed to themselves a single end, and steadily followed it in defiance of all obstacles; in the bold courage that never blenched before dangers; in the tenacity with which he grasped a definite design, and followed it out to its full completion.

Four years had not elapsed since the destruction of Mexico when a new city arose upon the ruins. Churches and palaces were erected in its spacious squares and streets, which were carried out in straight lines, so that the eye ran through them to rest upon the dark background of the surrounding mountains. A new population was quickly gathered, and soon 2,000 Spanish families were settled in it, and more than 30,000 natives occupied the Indian quarter. All the activity of a thriving population was aroused, and the terrible desolation of the past was half forgotten in present prosperity.

The character of Cortés appears in a more favorable light after the conclusion of the siege. Despite the opposition of Velasquez and Fonseca he was confirmed in his authority by a royal ordinance, dated October 15th, 1522, and before its arrival Cortés was actively employed in consolidating his conquest. He showed such practical sagacity in his designs for the improvement of the country as raises him to the rank of a statesman, far above the level of a mere ruthless destroyer. Within three years several important expeditions to explore the country had been fitted out, and a territory of some 1,200 miles on the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific had been reduced under the yoke of Spain.

We have not space to relate the subsequent adventures and exploits of Cortés, one of which was no less than the first discovery of California.

Although he had been confirmed in his government, his adversaries still continued to heap up charges against him, and at length Charles V. ordered him to return to Spain that he might clear himself from all accusations. He met with every mark of attention when he reached Toledo, in 1529. He was made Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca, and large estates were conferred upon him, but he was not permitted again to resume his government. Perhaps he had become too powerful as a subject. At any rate, on his return to Mexico, he was forbidden to approach within thirty leagues of the capital, and after spending immense sums in projects for further colonization and exploration, which were never paid by the Government, he returned, and died in his native land, near Seville, on December 2d, 1547.



AT THE CHURCH-DOOR.—"WHEN THE SEXTON WENT TO OPEN THE FRONT DOOR FROM WITHIN TO LET IN THE WORSHIPERS WHO ATTENDED THE FIRST MASS, A BODY ROLLED IN AT HIS FEET."—SEE PAGE 482.

DEEP AND TRUE.

By J. F. Waller.

Look in mine eyes, my fairest,
As I look into thine;
Say, is the love thou bearest
As deep and true as mine—
Deep as the sea unfathomed,
True as the clinging vine?

Ay, in these orbs clear beaming
Serene, and soft and blue,
Like stars in still lakes gleaming
Mine, imaged there, I view;
And know the love thou feelest
For me is deep and true.

Lay now thy hand, my dearest,
In mine, and as thou dost,
Say, if in aught thou fearest
On my right hand to trust,
Leaning on man securely,
As woman ever must.

Ah! in thy hand no trembling
To meet my clasp I feel;
True faith hath no dissembling,
True love is strong as steel!
I'll hold this hand for ever
Through life, come woe or weal.

Enough, no other token
I ask thy faith to prove,
I want no words, low spoken,
To tell me thou dost love;
The eye and touch have language,
Though lip or tongue ne'er move.

Now let me draw thee nearer,
And breathe my heart's delight;
Whispering that thou art dearer
To me than life or light,
In words as soft as breathings
Of air in leaves at night.

AT THE CHURCH-DOOR.

Some years ago, the stranger who visited New Orleans, if he happened to go sight-seeing in the curious old *quartier Français*, could not have failed to notice a singular-looking old woman who, at almost every hour of the day, could be found ensconced between two of the pillars which support the portal of the ancient cathedral.

Her dress was a nondescript bundle of rags of some undefinable color; an old cotton handkerchief, tied round her head, scarcely confined the long, thick meshes of unkempt gray hair, which straggled over her temples and neck, giving her an uncanny look. Her pinched face, tanned to a mahogany color by constant exposure to the rays of a tropical sun, was one mass of wrinkles and dirt.

Altogether a repulsive object, but for the singularly soft expression of the great black eyes that looked so beseechingly into one's face. Another singular fact was the smallness of her hands and feet.

There she crouched, the livelong day, mumbling some unintelligible words, and gazing sadly at the passers-by.

If, moved by a charitable impulse, one stopped to place some small coin in this poor creature's withered hand, she looked up longingly in the donor's face, and moaned, in a sweet, plaintive voice, "Papa! papa! Eduardo!" And when the stranger, realizing the truth, turned away from the madwoman, she followed him with her eyes until out of sight, then her head fell on her breast, the tears coursed down her wan cheeks, and she murmured to herself in some strange tongue.

Who was this woman? and how could a human being be left thus exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, at the door of the principal church of a city renowned for its charity, and within a stone's throw of the police-office?

Few could have answered these questions. She had been there so long that no one thought anything of it. If she had been permitted to occupy this post, it was done in mercy, not through neglect; every effort to provide her with more comfortable quarters had failed. Perfectly harmless when let alone, she became raving mad if she was kept away from the church door. Why should she be made unhappy, poor thing, when she was doing no wrong? Kind souls provided her with food, and she could have better clothes if she chose to wear them.

Yet this wretched old creature, from whom people turned with loathing, had been a rich and beautiful girl, courted by many. Here is her sad story, as we heard it from the lips of a garrulous old creole who had known her when she was fair and young:

At the time of the purchase of Louisiana by the United States, there lived in New Orleans a proud old Spaniard named Don Ildefonso de Castro. His family had settled there when Louisiana was a Spanish possession. France recovered her old colony, and, though it passed to the Americans, the Castros did not return to old Spain. They had become attached to their American home.

So they accepted the situation, and gradually became reconciled to the change, for the French governor and his officers treated them with the respect due to their rank—the Castros were grandees of Spain, and had held positions of trust and honor under Colonial Government.

Don Ildefonso was the only surviving representative of this family. Bowed with age and quite feeble, he lived with his daughter Mariquita in the old family mansion, on Chartres Street, not far from the *plaza* where he had played in his childhood, and the venerable cathedral where he and his beloved Maria—now sleeping in the *campo santo*—had plighted each other's love.

The old man idolized his daughter. She was the image of her dead mother, for whom she had been named—Mariquita being but the endearing diminutive of Maria.

The maiden, in return, was passionately devoted to her father. She scarcely ever lost sight of him, and would often deny herself the pleasures of her age rather than leave him in solitude.

When Mariquita entered the church on Sunday morning, guiding the tottering steps of the hoary-headed *hidalgo*, the young men pressed forward with uncovered heads, striving to catch one glance from the lovely girl, but Mariquita had eyes only for her father. The day was coming, however, when filial love would no longer fill her heart exclusively.

Mariquita, who, at eighteen years old, had never had her slumbers disturbed by a dream of love—Mariquita, who had remained indifferent to the outspoken admira-

tion of the French officers and creole gallants—lost her heart to one of the newcomers.

A passionate glance from the blue eyes of a young American officer whom she met at a friend's house, was a sudden revelation to her. What new joy was this that sent a thrill through her whole being? Why was it that she became suddenly oblivious of the presence of every one else in the room and saw only *him*, the stranger? She did not stop to ask. Nor did she try to conceal her feelings. Even before they spoke to each other, these young people had plighted their vows.

For swiftness and comprehensiveness, even the telegraph, that modern wonder, cannot cope with the language of the eyes, which is as old as the world.

It was a clear case of love at first sight, what the French call *le coup de foundre*, the thunder-clap.

A few days after this first meeting, Lieutenant Dalton sought an introduction to the old *hidalgo*. He was graciously received. Mariquita, who never concealed anything from her father, had told him all, and Don Ildefonso knew already that his daughter loved the stranger. He was not very much elated at the thought of having for his son-in-law a penniless Yankee officer, without a pedigree worth mentioning, but he loved his child too well to thwart her inclination. He had studied, with a father's fond anxiety, her impulsive, passionate nature, and had become convinced, long ago, that, her affections once given, nothing save death could tear her from him she loved.

When, a week later, Dalton asked Don Ildefonso for his daughter's hand, the old man gave his consent on one condition—a condition which Mariquita herself had already imposed on her lover—his child must continue to live near him.

"It will not be for long," he remarked; "my days are numbered. And because I know this I wish the marriage to take place without unnecessary delay. I shall die in peace, knowing that I leave my Mariquita under a loving husband's care."

The courtship, therefore, was brief, and the happy day soon came when Dalton and Mariquita would be made man and wife by Padre Antonio, the venerable *curé* of the cathedral.

Don Ildefonso had passed a bad night; in the morning he was so exhausted that he could not rise from his bed.

Mariquita, much alarmed, wished to put off the wedding. He would not hear of it; the day was fixed and she must be married; his presence was not necessary.

Dalton suggested that if he were to go to Padre Antonio and represent the case to him, the padre would certainly consent to marry them at the house. But the pious old Spaniard objected still more strenuously. No daughter of Castro had ever been married out of the church; Mariquita should not be the exception; her marriage must be attended with all the pomp and solemnity of the Catholic rite.

His will prevailed. The weeping bride knelt by his bedside while he invoked upon her head the blessings of God. Then he held her in a last fond embrace, she clung to him; she could not tear herself away, though the hour of departure had come.

When at last she left his room and proceeded to enter the carriage with the bridegroom and two lady friends, she looked so pale and sad that a stranger would have mistaken her for the unwilling victim of a forced match rather than a happy bride going to be united to the man of her choice.

The church was crowded with the *élite* of Orleanian society, for the Castros belonged to the aristocracy of the town, and Mariquita was a general favorite.

Her many admirers were there, casting looks of envy upon the "stranger" who had won a prize so long coveted by them.

Padre Antonio proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony, prefacing it with some remarks appropriate to the occasion, in which he did not fail to impress upon the bridegroom the admirable virtues of this pure girl, whom he—her spiritual guide—had known since her childhood.

An old friend of Don Ildefonso gave away the bride.

Then the Mass, *pro sponso et sponsa*, was sung, the nuptial benediction was given, and Dalton, proudly drawing his wife's arm into his own, was turning to go, when the loud clang of the fire-bell was heard, drowning the peals of the great organ.

When the young couple reached the church door, they found the street crowded with people in a wild state of excitement, and their ears caught the fearful words spoken by some one near them:

"The Castro mansion is on fire!"

It was but too true. The house, distant only a few squares from the church, could be seen clearly. Volumes of black smoke were rushing upward from its many windows, and the fierce flames were already leaping from its roof.

"Papa! Papa is bedridden! He will perish! Oh, Eduardo, save him—save him!" And the young bride fell in a dead swoon on the church steps.

Dalton, committing her to the care of the kind friends who had hastened to lift her up, dashed away like mad, scattering the crowd right and left in his headlong course.

He reached the burning pile. The fire had made much headway before it was discovered, the servants—save one old woman—having gone to the wedding.

The clumsy old hand-engines were being worked with goodwill, but no one had dared venture inside the house; none could tell whether its inmates were safe.

At this moment a window in the second story, which had so far remained closed, opened suddenly, and the pale face of Don Ildefonso looked down appealingly upon the awestruck crowd.

Suffocating with the smoke, which had penetrated his chamber, the feeble old man had crept out of his bed and dragged himself to the window.

Without a moment's hesitation, Dalton rushed in through the blinding smoke. A great silence fell upon the bystanders, and every eye was turned to the open window where the old man stood alone, his lips moving in prayer. Suspense had become intolerable.

At last Don Ildefonso was seen to turn, as if called by some one within. Dalton's blackened form showed itself near the helpless invalid; he took him up in his arms and moved one step forward, staggering under his precious burden.

A murmur of relief rose from the crowd as it surged beneath the window, and a hundred arms were raised, ready to receive the two men.

There was a crash—a cry of terror! The roof had fallen in, and where but now stood the brave young man the flames crackled and licked the frame of the empty window!

* * * * * *

When Mariquita, on awaking from her fainting fit, learned that her husband had perished while fulfilling the mission of love upon which she had sent him, and

the same fell blow had made her an orphan, her reason left her.

Attired in her bridal dress, she went day after day to the cathedral-door to wait the return of her Eduardo and her dear father.

The kindness of friends, the efforts of medical science —nothing could turn her from this one fixed idea.

In course of time her friends died or moved away, her bridal dress became a bundle of unsightly rags, her youth and beauty faded away, old age came with its infirmities, and still she was faithful to her tryst.

She no longer went daily to the church-door, but staid there altogether, making to herself a niche between two pillars.

One day the trustees of the cathedral voted some necessary repairs to the venerable pile. Scaffoldings were erected which barred access to Mariquita's niche. The next morning, at daybreak, when the sexton went to open the front door from within to let in the worshipers who attend the first Mass, a body rolled in at his feet, terrifying him almost out of his senses. Mariquita had died at the church-door where she had so long waited the return of her loved ones.

THE ROCK OF MYGGENÆ, IN THE FAROE ISLANDS.

A WALK IN THE FAROES.

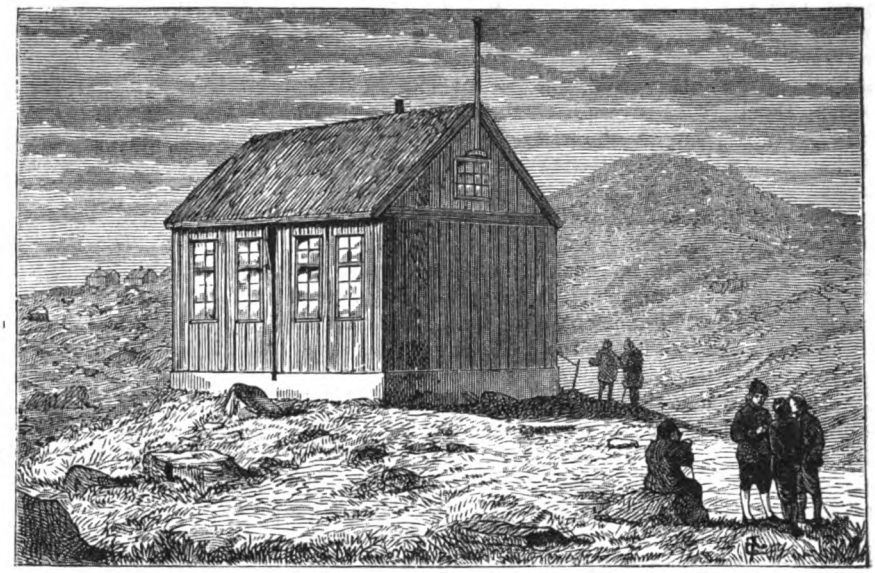
"Me not much Engelsk. Money this, and grub this. Other thing, so!"

I had engaged a man to guide me over the hills to the old seat of ecclesiastical rule in the Faroe Islands, and the above speech was in answer to my inquiry about his linguistic capacity. He was a little man with much eyebrow, a short beard that curled in the front as decidedly as a fish-hook, and a nose somewhat suspiciously rubicund. On the strength of his engagement by the "Englishman" as walking companion for a certain number of hours, he had assumed a dignity of manner that made him look ridiculously conceited, and had, moreover, put on his best clothes, and washed himself at an unusual hour of the day. They had told me that his English was quite phenomenally good, and that I should be as much at home with him as with my own brother. But, for the former, I found he had little more vocabulary than the words above-mentioned, which he pronounced diabolically; while, for the rest, I felt not very fraternally toward him at first sight. He illustrated his utterance by producing a small copper coin; by opening his mouth and pointing down his throat with one of his thumbs; and by jerking his head like one habituated to dram-drinking. Still, I had no right to think evil of my friend, Olaus Jackson, merely because he seemed to have bibulous propensities; and, without more delay than was exacted by the need to take a ceremonious farewell of some Thorshavn acquaintance who thought my projected walk only another proof that all Englishmen were conundrums, Olaus and I set forth, he leading, with his head very high, and holding his alpenstock as gracefully as if he had been born a beadle instead of a Faroe man.

A word before we start about Thorshavn.

The church of Thorshavn has, externally, none of the graces of antiquity. It is of wood, whitewashed, with a tower showing the face of an untruthful clock, and a top-heavy vane over the clock. It stands in a little church-

yard; and from the simple graves you look over the larger bay of Thorshavn, toward the tiny village of Arge, on the coast, the iron headland of Glovernœs, and the hills where they rise, cumbered irregularly with rocks, betwixt Thorshavn and Kirkeboe, to the height of some twelve hundred feet. A few yards from the west end of the church the ground falls abruptly to a cove filled with fishing-boats, and bordered by two or three of Thorshavn's chief merchant establishments, into whose large warehouses files of burden-bearing men, with bent backs, go all day long from the little pier.



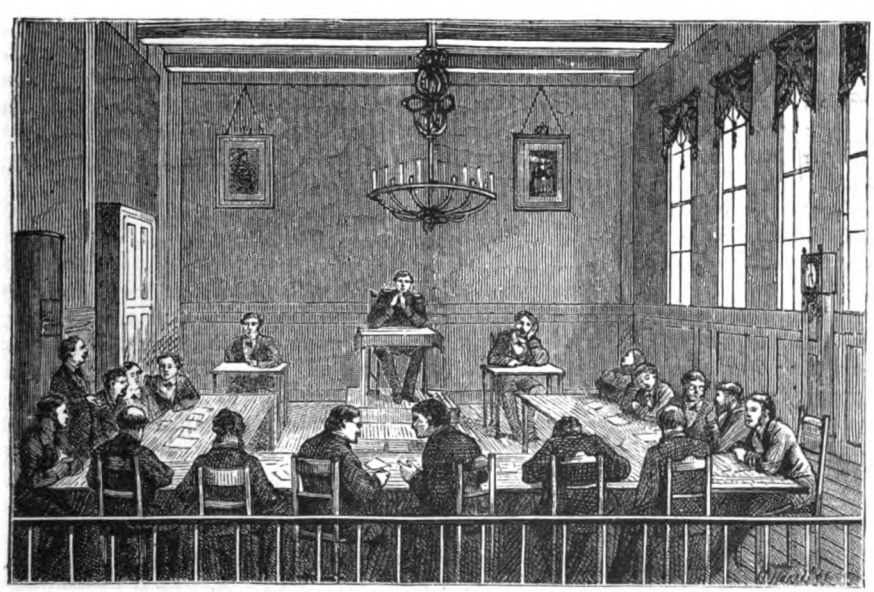
EXTERIOR OF THE LAGTHING-HAUS.

The leading citizens and merchants, with their families, sat in the gallery and in front of the nave, while the rest of the nave was devoted to the use of the fishermen, day-laborers, peat-gatherers, etc., who, in any community less democratic than the Faroes, would be termed the lower classes. Round about the organ in the western gallery were a score or so of boys and girls with Saxon faces, and rather vacant expressions. These were the choir; and, preliminary to their time for work, they were chattering like the boys of an English cathedral school. But it was toward the east end of the church that most eyes were turned. There, by the altar, on one side sat the dean; and on the other was the Governor, accompanied by the gunboat-captain, and two or three of the chief officials of the dependency. A little to the left, in front of the dean, was a man whose duties subsequently proved to be multiform. He changed the dean's robes, gave him a book when he asked for it; and when the dean was off duty, as it were, he acted as his substitute by standing before the congregation and reading, with perfect self-possession and very fair intonation and expression, what may be synonymous with our "lessons for the day." This gentleman's habits in public were not wholly pleasing; now and again he would cough violently, and then, having drawn attention to himself, blow his nose in a very vulgar way.

Only two objects in the church seem worthy of particular mention. Over the altar is a picture of Christ's burial, which, with the sun upon it, is a little ghastly. As a work of art it is not striking otherwise. The other object is a brazen chandelier, or candelabra, suspended from the roof of the church. This is of good workmanship, and bears an inscription and seventeenth century date. Internally, as externally, the church is whitewashed, the walls and ceiling are paneled, and penciled with thin lines of gold, which, though a little barbaric, have a good effect.

About an hour later, I was conducted from my lodging to the Lagthing-Haus, or Faroe Parliament building.

Of this edifice, happily, no archæological description is necessary. Faroe has had a local government for nearly a thousand years, and even when the isles came under the control of Norway —in 1024 — they were not wholly deprived of their autonomous privileges. At the outset, in the rude times when William the Conqueror landed at Hastings, and the Norwegian kings were Christianizing the North, even to the coasts of Western Greenland, Newfoundland and Iceland, Faroe's rulers met in the open air. A stone was the seat of their president, and they clustered about him, rattling their arms, or murmuring in the way then commonly adopted to express approval or disapproval of public speakers and public measures proposed in debate.



LOCAL PARLIAMENT IN SESSION.

The present Parliament House is a building of boards

wholly, except as to its foundation, and the superstructure a foot or two from the ground, and at stated times the exterior of it is tarred, as if to indicate the extreme solemnity of the business conducted within. It stands alone by the edge of a rough road, which, half a mile further, almost disappears amid the heather and bog and boulders which characterize the interior of all the Faroes. A tumbling stream traverses the meadows on the other side of it, and when the grass is cut from them, these meadows are given up to the cows and calves, who, at little inconvenience, may look in at the windows of the Parliament House, and see the Lagthing's men during their most important sessions. Bleak brown hills close in the view from the building, north, south and west.

The room was some fifteen paces in length by five in breadth, with the gallery at one end occupying nearly a third of its area. This gallery was divided from the house proper by a low balustrade of wood, with supports painted vermilion. A visitor could with ease stoop over and snatch the papers from a deputy's hand, or assail him personally. On a bracket in the wall, at the other end of the room, was a bust of King Christian IX., of Denmark; and under the bust was the seat of His Majesty's deputy in the isle, flanked by desks beneath him. Elsewhere was a portrait of the same King, who carried the hearts of the Faroese by visiting them for an entire day in 1874. Occupying the body of the room were the tables for the statesmen—ranged in a horseshoe—covered with serviceable brown oilcloth, and provided with ink-pots, blotting-paper, quill pens, and reports of the last year's session; and to each member was a chair. Otherwise the furniture was scanty, consisting of a stove on one side of the room, and a long, old-fashioned clock on the other. The windows looking from the chamber toward the hills, with the stream and meadows close by, were decorated with scarlet blinds, through which the sun shone with vivid effect; lastly, the cornicing was gilded. At a squeeze the room might hold about a hundred and fifty people.

The governor entered the room with his cocked hat in his hand, and greeted his colleagues one by one. In all they numbered about twenty, inclusive of the dean as head of the clergy, and the four sysselmen or district magistrates and revenue officers of the isle.

The ceremony of opening the Lagthing session was unaccompanied by any pomp. The governor read the royal proclamation, and then gave the lead in a Hip! Hip! of loyalty, which the members and the two score Faroese in the gallery continued somewhat weakly and formally. A resolution of some kind being then put before the members, tellers were nominated, and strips of paper distributed for voting purposes.

The Faroe Islands, as every one knows, or ought to know, lie about half way between the Shetland Isles and Iceland. Tossed up centuries ago by some tremendous volcanic convulsion in the middle of the North Atlantic, the black, barren, treeless rocks present, when viewed from the sea, a strikingly grand appearance.

Thorshavn, the capital, seated on the east side of Stromoë, the main island of the group, is little more than a fishing village, and from its extraordinary irregularity looks as if it had been built at the top of one of the neighboring hills and thence rolled down into its present position. A "fort" on an eminence commands the entrance to the Bay of Thorshavn, but it is to be hoped, in the interests of the good people of the town, who have the most profound belief in the strength of their fortifications, that its merits may never be put to too rude a test. Although there is not a tree in the islands, all the houses at Thorshavn, as everywhere else, are built of tarred pine wood brought over from Denmark and Norway. They are extremely picturesque, being either dark red or black, according to their age, and the roofs being of birch bark, covered with green turf.

The most interesting public building is the Lagthing-Haus, or local Parliament House, which is just outside the town. The Faroese session commences every year on the 29th of July, and the House sits for four weeks, with power, in case of great pressure of public business, to prolong it for fourteen days longer. The Governor of the islands, as the representative of the King of Denmark, is the president, and the House consists of two *ex-officio* and eighteen elected members. The debates are occasionally most animated, but they are conducted with great dignity, and might well serve as models for the discussions of more august assemblages. The islands return one member to each of the Danish Houses of Parliament at Copenhagen, but in all local matters they are "Home Rulers."

The Faroese villages are invariably placed in sheltered nooks near the sea-shore, with the view of avoiding, as far as possible, the furious storms which break over these islands, as well as of being near the boats and nets. Close round the villages are found the only patches of land which can boast of any cultivation whatever, for, besides the fact that the ground is extremely sterile, the people are, in truth, but indifferent farmers; being chiefly dependent for food on whale and other fish and on sea-birds—almost everything else being imported.

Traveling from one village to another is performed in boats, usually rowed by eight men, and most skillfully managed. In going from Thorshavn to the Island of Waagoë, a good view is obtained of Skællingsfeld, the highest mountain in the Faroes. It is circular, with a flat plateau at the top, and is formed of regular layers of basaltic columns. The villages of Midwaag and Sorwaag, from which some of our sketches are taken, are both in Waagoë, the latter being exactly opposite the precipitous Rock of Myggenæ—a veritable "Home of the Sea Bird," myriads of puffins, Arctic terns, eider ducks and gannets being found there.

The little Lutheran church and the "village pastor's modest mansion," are usually the most conspicuous objects in the village, and in no part of the world will be found more attentive congregations nor clergy more deservedly "to all the country dear." Our sketch of the coast of Waagoë is taken from above the Busdalefos, a waterfall nearly 120 feet high, by which the Lake of "Sorwaagsvatn" discharges itself into the sea, falling sheer down over the rocks,

> "Diving as if condemned to lave
> Some demon's subterranean cave."

The principal difficulty with which the traveler would have to contend would be the entire absence of hotels, or of what is called "accommodation," were it not for the generous, open-hearted hospitality of the people. No one who has been there can ever forget the warm welcome, the genial greeting, and the profuse and friendly kindness which is everywhere met with. Every house of any size has its guest chamber; and the best which its kindly owner can afford is heartily at the service of the stranger.

Not a soul lives between Thorshavn and Kirkeboe, though the distance is some six miles. In the first place it is an inland route, and there is no inland habitation

throughout the Faroes. All the people are born, as it were, face to face with the sea. And the nature of the country, sown as it is almost everywhere with innumerable boulders, offers little inducement to farmers. If the sheep and small horses, which are turned loose hereabout to take care of themselves, can find herbage enough to sustain them, this is as much as can be expected from the interior. While, secondly, our track was mountainous from beginning to end. From one terrace of shingle and hard rock—the uniformity of which was broken by occasional tufts of vivid green, whence clear spring water gushed toward the valleys—we passed to another similar terrace, and thence across miniature desert plateaux of inexpressible bleakness and aridity; until we had gone from the east of the island to the west, and could see, far down, when the fog lifted, the dull, lead-colored sea between Stromo and the islets of Hestoe and Kolter. A little later, and the black rocks of these isles were visible; their bases rose straight from the water, but their summits, hidden in the clouds, were as high as the imagination pleased to make them.

From the higher rocks, still wrapped in dark fog, we could see Kirkeboe below in the bright sunshine. It was like looking at a pretty face from under the photographer's cloth. Soon we reached the first parallelogram of rye within the parish. Then a dog began to bark from a neighboring strip of grass meadow. A second dog, nearer the knot of buildings, took up the cry. One man, cutting grass with a short-bladed scythe, looked up from his work, saw us, whistled to another man similarly engaged, who, taking the signal, waved his hand toward the farm, and having secured attention and done his work, crossed his legs and scrutinized us. The first man, in the meantime, striding like a giant, had come alongside Olaus and me, and opened a rapid conversation with the former, of which I was the object and illustration, judging from his stare and Olaus's gesture.

"What is it all about?" I asked Olaus, at length. They had been talking Faroese, which is a spoken, not a written, language, and therefore a sad stumbling-block for foreigners.

"He have never seen a foreigner before; he is an ignorant fellow," said Olaus, at first beginning in a tone quite loud enough for the other to hear, but ending in a whisper.

The cultivated part of Kirkeboe is like all the other cultivated parts in the Faroe Isles. From the sea it would be a green patch, or patch of patches, on the hem of the gray or purple swelling mass of land—green in Summer that is; for later, when the hay is stacked and the grain carried, the tiny fields take on a golden color which almost dazzles the eyes in the bright sunshine. The land is cut up into numerous sections by the shallow ditches necessary to carry off the heavy rains which pour down from the high, overshadowing rocks.

Close to the white church and the beach is the one ecclesiastical ruin in Faroe. It stands picturesquely with its four chief walls uncovered to the sky, grass within them and grass without, and its large, pointed east window filled with a near panorama of black perpendicular cliffs with grassy edges of velvety green inaccessible even for the nimble Faroe sheep. Centuries ago, before Protestantism trod the life out of architecture, here at Kirkeboe was a bishop's residence and a school for priests. But with the Reformation the importance of the place ended. A Protestant bishop was appointed to Kirkeboe, it is true; but certain of the sea-robbers, who from the earliest times had ravaged these thinly peopled islands, soon frightened this gentleman out of the country. Since then no bishop has held sway in Faroe; and the ruins at Kirkeboe are the only remaining witness of the early power of the Church in the isles. Once in six or seven weeks the provost or dean of the clergy holds service nowadays in the place where, 500 years ago, prayers were said daily by a bishop.

The hospitality of Northmen is proverbial. Though, save for one or two government officials, there are no rich men in Faroe, a stranger is everywhere received with open hands and, better still, with open hearts. Olaus was for taking advantage of this immediately. He would introduce me to the farmer there and then, and I could begin eating and drinking within the minute.

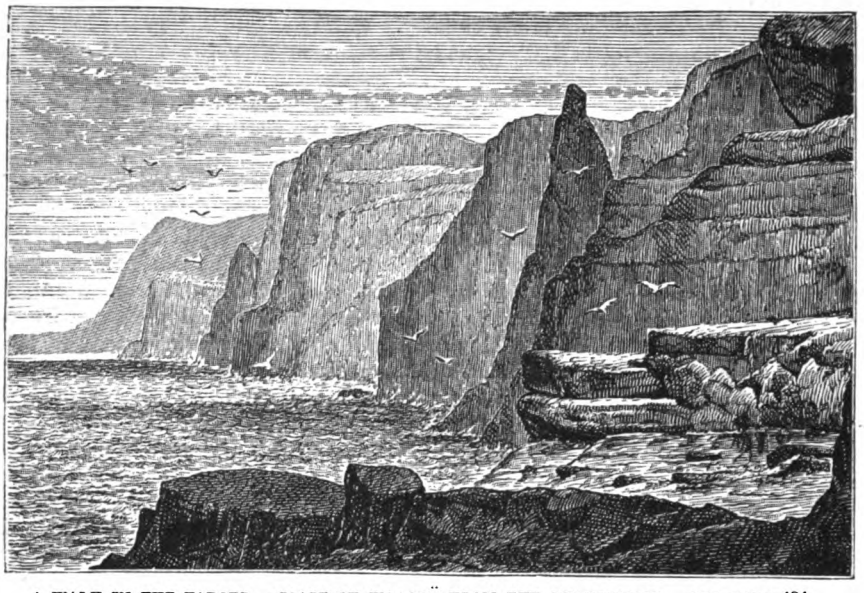
It was an ordinary-looking Faroe farm building, with the usual number of smaller houses attached, for the bedding of the laborers, the drying of the mutton and beef for Winter use, the storing of grain and wool, both raw and manufactured; black in the body, with a roofing of bright turf, amid which pink achillea and yellow buttercups bloomed profusely. But at one time its foundations had supported an episcopal residence. Where now farm-refuse littered the yard and cods' heads stared ugly in death, shaven monks had walked to and fro, with the swirl of the sea on the rocks hard by dinning their ears. No whitewashed Lutheran church, surmounted by its lozenge-shaped belfry tower, had then stood between them and the sea horizon.

Not that I was allowed time for any such old-world reflections as these. I surrendered myself wholly to my new friends, exchanged bows and hand-shakings with the lady of the house, and seated myself by the table, with a vase of blue and crimson flowers under my nose. Then came in the farmer's daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who had just finished her education, as the phrase goes, in Copenhagen, and, after greetings, was commissioned to bring wine and cake and cigars. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes—unusual in this land of Northmen—brilliant complexion, and an elegant figure; but, much as one could not help admiring her, it went against the grain to be waited upon by her with a deference that was yet more humiliating. In Faroe the custom of toasting is general. He were but an ill-mannered fellow who would drink anything stronger than water in company with another without wishing him health and prosperity. Accordingly, glasses were filled with sherry (a great luxury in Faroe), and, one after the other, standing with solemn eyes, the household of the bonder clinked my glass, uttering the monosyllable "*Skald.*" The wine was then drunk at a gulp, smiles were exchanged, and cigars were lit by the gentlemen. Photographic albums were brought forward, and, with kindly simplicity, I was informed of the names and standing of people whom I had never seen and was never likely to know. In Faroe, as elsewhere, photography has proved a social blessing. No house is without its collection of portraits, and these almost invariably serve to break the ice of early acquaintanceship. In Thorshavn I was soon at home with the photographs of scores of people who were strangers to me when I left the place.

AN ELEPHANT-FIEND.

A HORRIBLE occurrence recently took place in the District of Sultanpore, in Oude, where an elephant broke loose and turned his attention to murder.

It appears that the elephant was ridden by his driver, who gave the animal a prod with a spear in order to



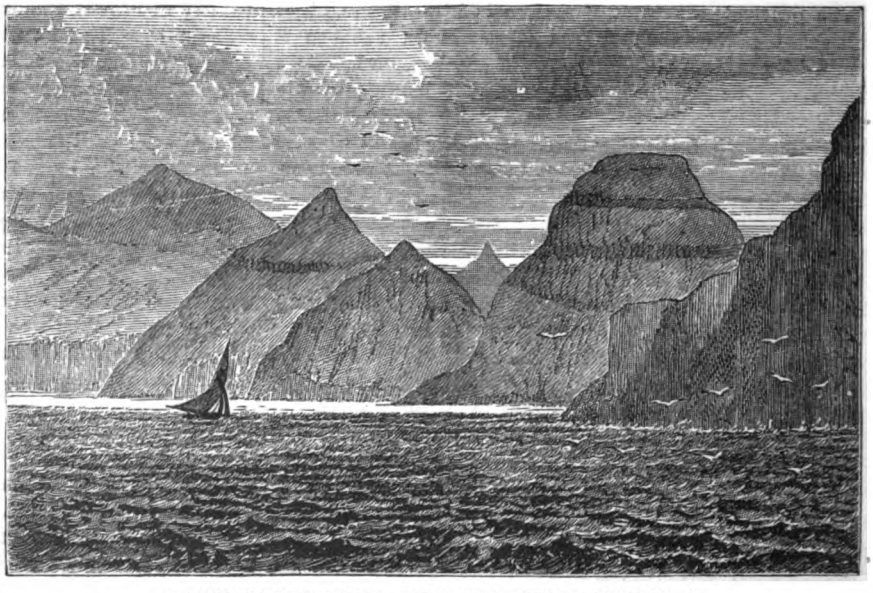
A WALK IN THE FAROES.—COAST OF WAAGOË FROM THE BUSDALEFOS.—SEE PAGE 484.

prevent his snatching a bundle of straw from a threshing-floor. The elephant immediately resented this by pulling the driver off his back, and as the man fell he lowered his head and tried to strike him, but the man managed to pass under him between his front legs. The animal, however, seized him by the arm, and threw him violently away. The man fell into a hollow, which concealed him from the brute's view, and not finding him he went away, after breaking the spear into several pieces. He then went to the village of Sadarpur, where he caught sight of an old man, who ran into his house and concealed himself in a "kothi," or receptacle for grain. He broke down the walls of the house and entered it, pulled the man out of the kothi, and bringing him out of the house, savagely killed him, breaking one of his arms and dashing his head to pieces. The same night he knocked down several houses in quest of human beings in the villages of Sadarpur, Bargaon, and Jaisingpur. He killed six men in Bersoma, three in Sota, four in Gangeo, and four in Mardan. He likewise killed a bullock and a pony, and also completely destroyed a new carriage belonging to Dorab Khan of Gangeo.

The animal used to stand at the door of a house, force his entry by demolishing the walls on either side, and would then kill as many of the inmates as he could, pursuing others who tried to run away. He mangled the corpses to a frightful extent. After securing a victim he sometimes returned to the spot to see if life was extinct, and would commence mutilating the body afresh. He carried several bodies to long distances and threw them into the ravines, etc. In his ferocity he tore the clothing off some of the bodies. Several persons managed to escape by climbing trees, under which he stood, tearing down the branches. Subsequently the elephant found his way to the Debra Rajah's place, where he tried to enter the house of a gardener, but some men, who were mounted on three elephants assisted by spearmen, drove him off. He then returned to Bebipur, where he tried to break down his master's house, in which several persons had taken refuge. The police got into the house from a back window, and were obliged to send for help to the Debra Rajah, who sent three elephants and some spearmen, etc. The animal received two gunshots on the head at Bebipur, which, however, only temporarily drove him off. He was ultimately captured, at imminent risk, by the Rajah's three elephants and men.

PARROTS I HAVE MET.

I MUST begin by stating that I never cared for parrots—in fact, as a child, I distinctly feared and disliked them. One of my earliest recollections is that of a parrot kept by one of my aunts whom I often visited. It seemed peaceable and quiet enough, and had much freedom, when it would meander gently about the room, neither taking notice of nor molesting any one. Emboldened by this conduct, I thought I might venture to tease poor Polly, so, creeping under the table, I very gently pulled its tail. Deeply moved and incensed by this insult, Polly flew straight at me and bit my finger. I acknowledged the justice of the punishment; still, in fright and pain, I screamed aloud, when my nurse and aunt flew to the rescue and restored the outraged parrot to her cage. The next day, on being let loose, it flew straight at me, and tried to peck my eyes out and bit my



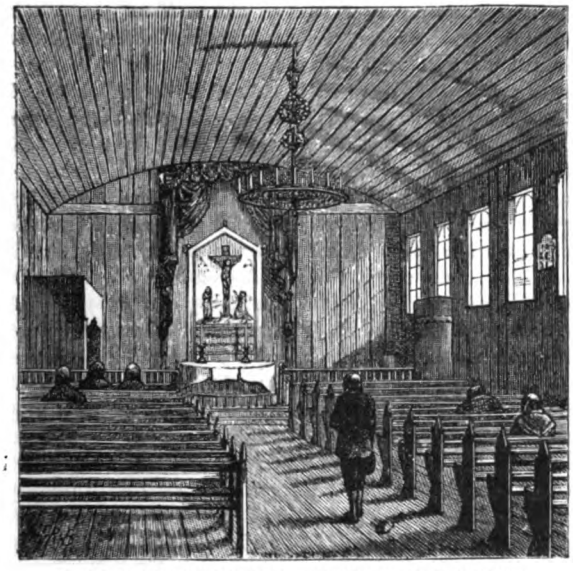
A WALK IN THE FAROES.—SKÆLLINGSFELD FROM THE SEA.

cheeks; it never forgot or forgave the injury, but tried to bite me whenever it could, till at last it became a sort of nightmare and terror to me, and I repented me in tears of the wrong I had committed against it. Full of years and hatred it at last yielded up the ghost, to my peace of mind and its mistress's regret.

The next parrot I became acquainted with did nothing to exalt his race in my eyes. He belonged to a sea captain, and we came across him in lodgings at the seaside. His language was profanity itself, and besides that he was a tale-bearer. "Robert kissed the cook, oh fie!" was screamed out by him suddenly one day, and by this a discovery was made of a love story, which "shook the pillars of domestic peace"; a jealous housemaid having taught him the phrase.

I always think of this parrot as a "him," for I should be grieved to think of any respectable lady-bird disgracing herself and sex by the very "big, big D's" that unrighteous bird used daily.

My third parrot friend was a gray one, and belonged to Admiral Blank—also a sea-going bird, but how different had been his education! He was a thorough gentleman, full of conversation on many topics, clever at whistling, and able to sing a good song when occasion offered. It was in the Brazils I met him. We all lived in a lovely garden attached to the hotel, where separate little houses were built, each with sitting and bedrooms, according to the requirements of the guests. We had one house and Admiral Blank another, and Polly used to spend his time in a large cage perched up in a tree, where he was very happy and conversational, and became quite friendly with me as I gave him fruits and other delicacies.



A WALK IN THE FAROES.— INTERIOR OF A CHURCH. SEE PAGE 484.

Now, there was a huge negro slave, upward of six feet high, as black as coal, but a great swell, attired always in most spotless lily-white duck suit and a tall white hat, who was told off to attend to these garden houses. His name was "White," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, I presume; and "White! White!" might often be heard shouted through the garden in the stentorian tones of Admiral Blank; when White would fly with an obedient start from the kitchen of the hotel hard by. One morning I had seen the admiral start off, resplendent in uniform, and knew he was gone; I was surprised, therefore, to hear "White! White!" called in his tone of voice. I could not understand it, as I had never left the garden since he went away, and had not seen him return. Neither could White. He came running and perspiring, went to Admiral Blank's house, and then looked about the garden, but could not find him. Then, supposing he had made a mistake, he returned to the ivory-teethed, grinning, black laundry maids, in the courtship of whom he had been interrupted. "White! White!" once more resounded through the gardens, this time in very angry tones. White came in fear and haste to find—no one; and the illusion was repeated several times that day. I speedily discovered that Polly was the caller, and, alas! next day so did White, and in his anger and spite he would have killed the bird had I not been there to protect him. Many a fruitless run did Polly give him after that, for master's "White!" and Polly's "White!" were absolutely indistinguishable.

A WALK IN THE FAROES.— A FAROESE CHURCH, MIDWAAG.

Soon after this it fell to my lot to be possessor of two parrots, and bitterly I rebelled against the decree. It happened thus: We went to India, and I was completely

A WALK IN THE FAROES.— A PRIEST'S HOUSE.

fascinated by the crowds of green parrots we saw in the plains. It was a never-failing source of delight to me to see them flying in flocks, often hundreds at a time, with the rays of the descending sun glistening on their emerald-green plumage; or to see a tree destitute of leaves made green by reason of the multitude of parrots that had settled on its branches; or again, at sunset, to see the green parrots flying about the white marble minarets of the glorious Taj-Mehal, or darting about, frolicking in the expiring rays. To me they were the most lovely of India's birds.

One scene connected with parrots is, from its perfect beauty, often present in my mind. At a certain residency, one of the finest in Northern India, there is a fountain constantly playing, and in the early morning the parrots gather together in vast numbers to drink and bathe in its running waters and basin. To see their graceful curves and upward flights before dashing through and just skimming the surface of the water, with their unbounded joy and delight in so doing, was a picture of ecstatic, ideal, living happiness difficult to surpass. The parrots at this residency are almost tame, for every morning four or five caged ones are let loose to be fed, and down come all the wild ones to share their feast. The early morning is the time to see these birds at their brightest and best. At the first glimpse of the rising sun they forsake their night's resting-places and fly shrieking forth in search of food, and on many a tree they may be seen pulling off the precious berries and fruits. Alas! the mahli's (gardener's) heart does not warm to parrots, for their nature is to work destruction wherever they go, and they pick off and destroy far more than they eat—as the unripe mangoes lying at the foot of a mango-tree will testify.

Seeing my admiration of and enjoyment in these green parrots, my friends, with whom I was stopping, decided it would be nice for me to have two to take back to England with me. In vain I represented to them that it was the beauty and life of the wild ones I admired, and that I thought caged ones would be sorry representatives of their kind. But no, the fates would have it otherwise.

Some misguided parrots built their nest in a hole in the saddle-room wall, and some of the young birds were taken out and brought into the house. When I inspected them I could scarcely believe they were parrots. They looked like very yellow, ugly, skinny frogs with white claws and a red beak, and not a vestige of a feather, and more firmly than ever I declined to have anything to say to them. However, they were put in a basket and fed every two hours on a system of dough pills poked down their throats and washed down with water, and to my disgust I was expected to assist them to these delicious repasts. To add to my troubles, one day a man arrived with a cage full of hill-parrots, two parent birds and a family of young ones. They seemed in the last stage of exhaustion and starvation, so we fed them all, and said we would buy some, and returned the others. The man sent a polite message that now we had touched the birds it would break his caste to take them back, and unless we would buy them all he must kill them.

We felt grieved to think of their untimely fate, so purchased the whole family; though it was no light matter to contemplate stuffing six more birds with pills—the young birds were even uglier than our own, though the parent birds were lovely, bright green with red on each wing, and a red ring round the neck. Well, the time for my departure arrived, and I said nothing about the parrots, and fondly hoped they had been forgotten; when, as the train was about to move off, up came a servant with a little cage containing two young birds and a brown paper parcel containing dough. I felt a good deal; but politeness made me offer the best thanks I could muster up in my vexation. Off we started, and very soon the birds began making a crooning noise—a sound I had learned to detest, for it meant that they were hungry, and that the time had arrived for the dough to be utilized. With a bad grace I took them on my lap, opened their bills, turned about, and poked the boluses down. At last the "Torpedo" took a header amongst my skirts, a sign that he was satisfied, and the "Whale" rolled his eyes and looked as if he were dying, which was his sign of repletion. The above were the names of my new *protégés*, the Torpedo having gained his sobriquet by his singular habit of bolting headforemost anywhere and in anything the moment he had eaten enough. There was a popular song some years ago called "The Torpedo and the Whale," so the latter name followed naturally for my friends, though I had never heard the ditty. This meal was the beginning of similar repasts administered about every two hours day and night for some days, when quite suddenly Torpedo put on an entirely new suit of the vividest green with long, blue tail-feathers, which, with his little bright red bill, transformed him from being ugly to a thing of beauty; and one day, at Watson's Hotel, Bombay, he suddenly flew from the balcony right round the room, so, in fear lest he should fly away, I cut his wings. The Whale continued ugly, sulky, and of an uncertain temper, much bullied by Torpedo, half its size. They still required feeding with the pills. The voyage home they performed in a basket, and Torpedo became so tame he would follow me about the ship like a little dog. At this time they acquired a habit of shrieking ear-piercing yells. They reached England in Summer, and seemed very well while the warm weather lasted; but suddenly intense cold, frosty weather set in, with sleet and snow, and the poor parrots looked and seemed miserable. One night the thermometer sank to twenty-eight degrees below zero. About eleven o'clock at night I heard the little Torpedo rustling about and trying to get out of its cage. So I took it to the fire, warmed and fed it, and it went fast asleep on my knee. At last I put it back in its cage, covered it well up, and went to bed. The next morning my German housemaid came to my bedroom and said, "Oh, madam, I hafe such ferry bad news to gif you. You will be so sorry." I conjured her to tell me the worst at once, but she kept me in suspense some time longer, repeating how grieved I should be, and at last handed me a newspaper parcel containing my little Torpedo lying dead! It appears she found the poor little soul on the floor with its head between a bookcase and the wall, frozen to death standing upright. I tried to revive it in every way, by putting it near the fire, etc., but all in vain—life was extinct. It is now stuffed and under a glass case, but it has lost all hold on my affection, as it is not one whit like my living, saucy, loving, mischievous Torpedo. The Whale was now left alone in his glory, and rapidly improved in position. He was allowed to sit in the upper places of his immense cage, whereas in the time of the late lamented Torpedo he had always been compelled to take the lower room; had all the tid-bits to eat, and developed in wisdom and good looks, and produced red feathers on his wings and a rosy ring around his neck; his temper became genial, and he learned the noble art of conversation, and, to the servants' delight, called them all by their names. Both parrots had a wonderful facility for making themselves

respected, but at the same time ingratiating themselves, with other animals.

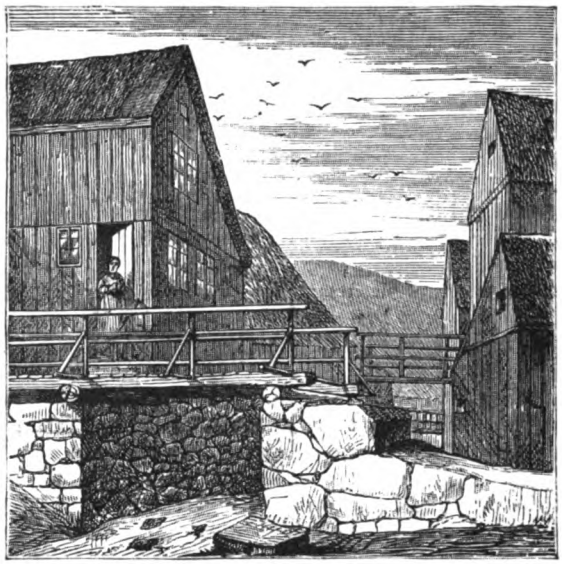
Many a time I have gone to the kitchen, and found it empty of domestics, but the whole floor swarming with animals; viz., six pugs, father, mother and four little ones; one cat and one kitten; a huge Mount St. Bernard dog, and a canary; and amongst them all, proudly strutting about, Torpedo and Whale. If Leo, the big dog, were in front of the fire, the parrots would calmly pinch his toes or his tail till he made place for them; and the kitten and parrots played games together, rolling over and over. The Whale, amongst other accomplishments, possessed a love of music, and whistled just like the canary. He also greatly enjoyed my music when I played, but he preferred scales and exercises, his taste being purely classical. Whenever I began the former he would climb up my dress on to my shoulder, and there flutter about just as if he were taking a bath. Then one by one he would abstract my hairpins, till at last my hair would fall down, and in that he would plunge and bathe with extreme relish. This was not an amusement he was often permitted to indulge in, however. At this time we had a "buttons," Robinson by name, who was the cross of everybody in the house except his master, who continually took his part, and explained that all his shortcomings arose from too much petticoat government in the kitchen. One day the Whale was muttering to himself a good deal, and at last clearly delivered himself of the following: "Robinson, Robinson! whatever are you doing, you bad boy! You're a very naughty boy. Go to bed at once, sir! do you hear?" and this exactly in the cook's voice; and he used to scold Robinson loudly in other words also; showing the frequency of the thing in his hearing in the kitchen where he lived. He loved to be out in the garden, and would climb a tree with great agility and joy, pulling much of the bark off as he ascended. He and the Torpedo entirely picked to pieces and demolished a favorite wicker armchair which my mother-in-law had given us to keep, and that she greatly valued, which was sad!

We decided upon revisiting India, and the question arose, What was to become of the Whale? He had many English hearts and homes at his disposal, for he had endeared himself to many people by his winning ways and clever talk. But we resolved to let him once more enjoy the gorgeous East and the scenes of his early youth. So we got a small cage, cut off his long tail so that he might fit in, made a red baize cover to show off his complexion — I mean his green feathers — bought some bird seed, and there was Polly, *au grand complet* for the voyage. He liked the sea, and was very hilarious, talking and whistling away and making friends with every one. He used to sit perched up on my deck-chair, while every one brought him offerings of dainties from table and the various ports we stopped at. There was an actress on board, the celebrated Mlle. Dash, the "Sylph of the Arena." She was not a favorite in the ship. She was loud in her dress, speech and manners, and of a thirsty temperament. One day she had fallen sweetly asleep on a deck-chair with her mouth wide open and snoring, with a most lavish display of flesh-colored silk stockings. I saw the Whale observing her, and presently, before I could catch him, he climbed down my chair, skurried across the deck, and climbed up her shiny shoes and pink silk legs. It must really have been very painful for her, as his claws were very sharp. She woke up with a loud scream of bitterest anguish, and I hurried up to apologize and to rescue her from her awkward position. I regret to say—so much the worse for human nature—many of the passengers rejoiced loudly at her misfortune.

Thus making friends and foes the Whale and we arrived at Madras. There, at the end of our sitting-room, was an immense verandah, and here the Whale lived, pleased to renew his acquaintance with sugar-cane, but disgusted with the ants and crows. His food had constantly to be changed on account of the former, and the latter used to come and eat his bread and water; then his rage and fury were terrible to witness, and all the scolding he had learned, intended for Robinson, he levied at their heads, and finally learned to caw exactly like they did. Here we set up a Madrasee "boy," and he kept that unfortunate servant pretty busy running about as he learnt to call "boy!" both in his master's and mistress's voice. He visited Calcutta, Ceylon, and various places in India, and gained health, strength and new words in his native land, and learnt to flatter me by calling out "Pretty, pretty," whenever he saw me. During his residence at the above-mentioned northern presidency, the poor little fellow became very ill, gasped for breath, refused all food except what he took from my lips, fluffed up his feathers, and looked piteously at me for help. He seemed perfectly miserable except when perched upon my hand, the only time he ever seemed to sleep, and, in spite of everything we tried, he expired one morning, to our great grief. We felt as if we had lost a dear friend, and truly we had, for he had cheered us up in many a gloomy moment by his cheery and affectionate ways. He was buried in a lovely garden bright with varied and fragrant clusters of blossoms—a fit resting-place for such a child of nature.

I had been so absorbed in the illness and death of the dear Whale that I almost forgot that out in the verandah in a small cage were two other tiny parrots—an offering from my friends to whom I owed the Torpedo and the Whale. But I felt too sad to take any interest in them, and they were handed over to the tender mercies of a tall, picturesque, red-coated chuprasee, one of the native servants kept by the Rajah for the service of the resident. He wore a long, gray beard, divided at the chin and caught up on each side of his face behind his ears underneath the voluminous folds of an immense white turban. He was learned in the ways of birds, and clever in their treatment, and my birds throve well under his fostering ministrations. One morning I went to see them at their *chota hazree*—early morning meal—and found his plan of feeding was to make dough caterpillars and put them down their throats, and gently stroke them down their necks till they reached the crop, the whole process distinctly visible through their shining naked little bodies. This he repeated till the latter distended, and all the blood-vessels looked as if they would burst. I pointed out to him in my choicest Hindoostanee that they were choking and overfed, but he said "No." So, not caring much, I left them to their fate, and gave my servant orders on no account to bring them with us when we left, as they would only die, I thought. Fortified with this resolve, I drove lightly to the station, thinking the matter was settled. Imagine my horror to see on the platform a pagoda-like cage, and inside two flabby little birds with protruding crops. The chuprasee salaamed and explained how he feared I had forgotten the parrots, and so had brought them himself. Kismet! it appeared to be fated that I was to be haunted with parrots once more. I sadly resumed my duty of pill-administrator, and the little fellows presently put on their new green liveries, and finally could stand up on one leg and hold things to eat in their claw, and

became as pretty as could be. They developed very amiable, agreeable manners, too, and many a morning I was aroused by a gentle kiss to find they had eaten their way through their cage, climbed up the musquito curtains of my bed, and were trying to remind me that they were hungry and wanted their breakfast; or perhaps I would awaken with a slight sound of scratching, to see two little green heads and scarlet bills cocked on one side looking at and nodding to me through the bathroom door, which was their abode.



A WALK IN THE FAROES.—HEADQUARTERS AT THORSHAVN. SEE PAGE 484.

These birds were called respectively "Joey" and "Dr. Johnson"—the latter from his inordinate love of tea. It is related that his venerable namesake visited a widow for fourteen years every evening and drank fourteen cups of tea without ever proposing to her. *My* Dr. Johnson could only manage three teaspoonfuls of tea, but that was quite as much in proportion to his size, as his body was only about as large as that of a thrush, though his long tail-feathers made him look much bigger.

Arrived on board the P. & O. steamship *Cotsford*, I took my birds to my cabin. The next day, Mr. Purser, going his rounds, saw the parrots there, and ordered them to the butcher's. Nay, start not, gentle reader, this was not the signal for their instant execution, but the butcher has the charge of all animals on board, whether they belong to passengers or to the ship. My poor little birds! I went constantly to feed them, and their joy each time at seeing me again was quite pathetic. They were not only worn to fiddle-strings, but poor Dr. Johnson wore out his tail with his efforts to thrust himself through the bars of his cage. Yes, when he retired to the butcher's he owned as handsome blue tail-feathers as parrot could wish to possess. When he left he was a tailless, drooping creature. The sight of their broken-heartedness decided me that matters could not go on thus, so I made friends with the captain and got his permission for them to go back with me to my cabin. They made an extensive toilet in honor of the event! Not a single feather but what was set in order, though poor Dr. Johnson's tail, or, rather, the want of it, perplexed him exceedingly at first. After this, they spent their time on deck, where every one petted and spoilt them. Arrived in England, they were put in a very large cage, but they are often loose, and fly to meet me and their master when we enter the room. Dr. Johnson was the first to speak. He one day whispered, "Pretty, pretty," quite distinctly. Then Joey took up his parable, and far outstripped his teacher in the art of speaking. He is a most sentimental character, and makes love and kisses in the prettiest way. He hates solitude, and sometimes, when Dr. Johnson, worn out with flying, scolding and eating, tucks his little head under his wing to enjoy a siesta, Joey gives him no peace, but pulls his tail and wings and tries to make him talk, and if this is in vain he catches hold of his bill and forcibly pulls his head from where it nestles amongst the soft, green feathers. Then the great anger of Dr. Johnson is a sight to witness. He cranes his neck, his eyes flash forth yellow light, till the black pupil is scarcely visible, and lunges forth at Joey and screams with rage. Joey sits with a placid smile. He is happy, for he has done what he wished—roused up Dr. Johnson.

I was very busy embroidering a curtain, soon after we landed, and Dr. Johnson, willing to be useful as well as

A WALK IN THE FAROES.—A HOUSE AT SORWAAG.

A WALK IN THE FAROES.—A BEDCHAMBER.

ornamental, learned how to sew. He would sit on the side of the wooden frame, watching the patient needle as it stabbed the cloth in and out. Suddenly, one day, he made a dash at the needle coming through the work, and pulling it out with a jerk, ran again to the side of the frame, repeating his movement at every stitch, with many gambols amongst the wools and silks.

PARROTS I HAVE MET.—SEE PAGE 488.

Now my parrots were happy indeed, for they had left their London home, and were spending all the glad summer-time in the country; they were out all day, flying about in the balmy, scented air, frisking and flirting in the sunlight, or playing hide-and-seek amongst the spreading branches of verdant, tall oak and elm trees, and darting about, mad with joy at their liberty. Suddenly they would take wing and fly beyond the reach of mortal eye, and then suddenly a shriek of joy would betray their presence, and, panting and puffing with their exertions, they would settle on my shoulder and kiss me over and over again. The sunshine glancing on their gay plumage made them shine like jewels. Sometimes they would settle in a little holly tree, and, if an impudent sparrow or brave cock-robin ventured to settle on that

tree, the indignation of Dr. Johnson would wax warm. He would put his head on one side, take their bearings well, and then would scuttle up and down the branches after them, helter-skelter, falling often headlong into a bunch of prickly leaves in his haste to catch them, and never rest till he chased them away. They both took delight in sitting on a rose-tree and pulling the flowers and buds to pieces—watching me all the time to see how much damage I would stand, and knowing as well as I did that they were in mischief. What pleasant memories they must have been storing up with which to refresh themselves during the coming Winter months, and how many chats they will have all about the warm, bright sunshine and the cloudless sky, the clustering roses, the twittering birds they saw and heard, and all the exquisite sights and sounds of summer-time!

A BLIGHT.

By William Waterfield.

I set a rose-tree by my door,
  I looked for bloom in Summer hours,
The wind blew cold across the moor
  And blasted all my opening flowers

I chose my love and won her troth;
  She cut for me her silken hair;
But like my ring she brake her oath,
  And left me lone my pain to bear.

Oh, day, when Spring and Winter met!
  Oh, hope too early nipped with cold!
The golden lock is left me yet,
  But dross is all love's promised gold.

My rose may lift its head again,
  And Summer garlands wreathe my door;
But my true heart has loved in vain;
  The wound she gave can heal no more.

KAHMILE.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.

Let me introduce myself to the reader. I am Miss Kitty Fitzgerald—oh, dear no, I am not, either. I am Catherine Trevor now, and the happiest woman in the world. Only—only I wonder why Kahmile need ever have come into my life. I beg his pardon (and yours) for my rudeness; but he was rarely called Mr. Kahmile by any one. To friend, foe, and mere acquaintance, he was only Kahmile. I have consulted Richard—Richard is my husband, Mr. Trevor—and he says it is my right to tell all I know of Mr. Kahmile, and that it may be my duty.

"No nonsense about being bound to silence should stand in the way of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," says Richard.

And as Richard is a lawyer, I suppose he ought to know.

I have thought it best to leave the names of places, of people, and the ship (the reader who is not impatient will come to all that in good time) indefinite. I should never forgive myself if I brought any one into trouble by anything I may write; to say nothing of the reluctance I have to being awakened some night with a dagger at my throat.

I shall always remember when I first met Mr. Kahmile. If I say that it was in Europe I am going as far as I think best. I met Mr. Kahmile in Europe, then, and at a ball.

The night was a warm one, and I had grown tired of the dance. Young ladies in stories in that condition, always go to the conservatory or out of doors; I often wonder why it is that a woman who is thoroughly tired of dancing, is usually fresh for flirtation, and seeks it in its natural surrounding, flowers or moonshine. I went to the conservatory, it is true, but I did not go in search of flirtation. Not that I claim to be superior to a natural love of power, and a liking for this very pleasant and human (the equivalent of cruel) amusement; but in truth I knew no one with whom to flirt.

I knew a dozen gentlemen, who were present, well enough to talk with them, and dance with them, not enough to give them a thought afterward or to believe they gave me one. I knew an awkward, careless Fred Eaton—a man who was always getting into some dreadful scrape or other—well enough to be on the most friendly terms with him in a sisterly way.

He was engaged to a girl in America, which was one count against a possible flirtation with him; I knew of his engagement, which was a second count; and he knew that I knew of his engagement—three times and out, they say, and this I think was three times and out with a vengeance.

Last, I knew Richard Trevor. But he, poor fellow, was so desperately in love with me, that one could not flirt with him. I assert, then, that I went into the conservatory to rest.

There was a large space devoted to trees and shrubs and flowers. In the centre was a large fountain. Doors opened out of it into various rooms. Some of these rooms had the doors open—they were at the disposal of of the guests that night. In some of them various games were going on; I fancy that large sums of money changed hands in more than one of those rooms that evening, and every evening. Other doors were closed; I should have believed no one would have thought of entering one them without invitation or permission. Certainly if any one was likely to do so, it was Fred Eaton, and Fred Eaton did try to do so.

I was standing behind a group of tall plants not more than a dozen feet from a closed door, when Mr. Eaton entered the conservatory. He looked in at two or three doors where card-playing was going on, and then came to the door nearest me. He hesitated a moment, then opened the door and stepped in. There was a quick, half-smothered cry from him, a cry evidently unheard by any one outside the room except myself, and then, as the door swung slowly back wide open, I could see and hear what took place in the little room.

There was in the room a long table covered with green cloth, and loaded with maps, plans, official-looking books and manuscripts.

There were two men in the room besides Mr. Eaton. One was very tall and very slender, the other was very short and very stout.

Mr. Eaton stood with his back toward me; the other two men faced me. I have never seen such a union of terror, fear and hate on any other human faces as appeared on theirs. The face of each was white. The black eyes of the tall man and the blue eyes of the short man glared out of these white faces with a look which had the most terrible of meanings in it. It meant murder, or if there is anything worse than murder it meant that.

The tall man had Mr. Eaton by the throat with his left hand; the left hand of the short man held Mr. Eaton's arm like a vise; and each man held a dagger in his right hand.

I must confess that if Mr. Eaton's life had depended on my giving an alarm I could not have done it. I was simply dumb with terror.

After a few seconds the short man said:

"His cry wasn't heard, General Kahmile; we are safe yet. Swear him."

"Do you wish to live?" said the tall man.

"Yes," gasped Mr. Eaton.

"Well, you can, on conditions. Not a word above a whisper, remember. You may let him go."

The last words were addressed to the short man.

Thus commanded, he dropped Mr. Eaton's arm and stood a pace nearer the door.

The tall man loosened his clasp on the throat of the frightened man. He placed his hand upon Mr. Eaton's head, just touched his throat with the point of the dagger, and said: "Hold up your right hand."

Mr. Eaton obeyed him.

"You do solemnly swear that you are blind to what you might see, deaf to what you might hear, and dumb to what you might reveal. You promise to forget all you can, to show no mercy to the foes of those who thus spare your life, and to obey without question all who write or say to you the word——"

And he stooped forward and whispered something in Mr. Eaton's ear.

"I do," said Mr. Eaton.

"Well," said the tall man, "you have one week in which to leave Europe. Give any reason for going—*except the truth.*"

Mr. Eaton left the room, and I watched him as he went back toward the room where the dancers were. It was a question whether he was most astonished, frightened, or angry.

The short man stepped outside the door and looked about suspiciously. He was evidently satisfied that no one had seen what took place in the private room. He re-entered, and I heard the door locked.

You may be sure of two things. I waited long enough to be certain that neither of those dreadful men would come out to look again; and I didn't wait a moment longer. I hurried back to the dancers again. I had time to become composed before the crowning event of the evening took place.

Mr. Trevor had danced with me, and later had talked with me, while we watched the others dance. Suddenly he started up.

"There is a gentleman I wish to present to you."

And without waiting for an answer he rushed off.

I did not notice which way he went, and I was thinking of something else (the reader can easily guess what) when he returned. I had not noticed his approach until he spoke.

"Miss Fitzgerald, allow me to introduce my old friend Kahmile."

It seemed to be natural for him to say "Kahmile" and no more. I am glad to say that I had presence of mind enough to say "Mr. Kahmile." But to this day I have wondered what would have happened if I had called him "General."

Chapter II.

The next day our party went on an excursion. I will not say what ruins we went to visit, for I don't care to be called on to answer any questions by any friends of Mr. Kahmile or the stout, blue-eyed gentleman.

As I said some time ago, Europe is a large place. Let me see—did I say that? Well, it is a large place, and the ruins were there—in Europe.

I had not made my mind up at that time to marry Richard, although he has told me since that he had fully determined to marry me, and he always succeeds in what he attempts. But while I was still in doubt as to how I should dispose of the poor fellow, I accepted the attentions which he was willing to lavish on me. So it happened that I rode by his side that day.

We admired the scenery; we admired the horses we rode; we discussed the ruins we were to see. These themes seemed endless. But at last we came to the subject of the ball, and I had a chance to ask the questions I was so anxious to ask, and ask them without showing any anxiety.

"Who is Mr. Kahmile?" I asked.

Richard's jealousy kindled at once, and his dignity came into view with it. He answered my question by asking another.

"Do you like Mr. Kahmile?"

"Not at all," I said, and told the truth when I said it. "On the contrary, I took a dislike to him at once. But he seems to be a little unlike many men we meet, and I wondered who he is and what he is."

"No one knows."

"But you called him your 'old friend Kahmile' when you introduced him."

"Well, I told the simple truth when I said it. I met him ten years ago. I have met him at a hundred places in Europe since. We have never been very intimate; but I think he counts me among his friends. I believe in his honesty. Many do not."

"The many are apt to be in the wrong," I answered; "but as I don't like the man, I may want to enroll myself among those who doubt him. What do they say against him?"

"Well, they accuse him of being a political adventurer—a plotter against rulers and governments. There have been some pretty ugly stories told under men's breaths of which he is the hero. Officers high in power in more than one government have looked vainly for him more than once. And every time he has come to the surface again without a tangible thing against him."

"What object could he have, if he were guilty?"

"Well, there are said to be societies sworn to break down governments. Nihilists, Socialists, or whatever name they go by, the idea is the same. It has been thought that he belonged to some such organization."

"You don't think he does?"

"No; I am sure he doesn't. Not a week ago I had a talk with him in which he expressed the highest regard for government and authority. More that that, he expressed the greatest horror of those men who kill officers, destroy ships, burn public buildings, and aim at the subversion of authority. I believe in him. I know of no one who does not—just now."

I remembered the scene in the little room off the conservatory, and I knew of one person who *did not* believe in Mr. Kahmile, no matter what the rest of the world might think. But I kept silent.

A little later Fred Eaton rode up beside us. He looked more awkward than ever. Some person with keen powers of observation had once said that Fred Eaton always looked as if he was conscious he was just out of one scrape and wondered how it all happened, and conscious he would be in one again soon, and was wondering what it would be and how he would get out.

I did wish that keen-eyed judge of human nature could be with us then. Mr. Eaton evidently knew he was in a scrape, and was at a loss regarding everything else. It was very different to see Mr. Fred Eaton on a

A GROUP OF PARROTS.—SEE PAGE 488.

KAHMILE.—"HE OPENED A SLIDE IN A DARK LANTERN HE HELD IN HIS HAND, AND SIGNALED TO THE MEN ABOVE WHEN WE TOUCHED WATER."—SEE PAGE 494.

good horse, in the clear sunlight, and among his friends, from seeing him in a half-lighted room with Kahmile's dagger at his throat.

My spirits had regained their even balance. I fear I was wicked enough to enjoy Mr. Eaton's evident discomfiture.

"I start for America to-morrow."

"You—do—what?"

The question was Mr. Trevor's.

"I start for America to-morrow."

"Why?"

"I received a telegram. My sister is at the point of death."

"Your sister?"

"Yes, my sister."

"It's queer I have never heard you speak of her."

"I don't know. This is my oldest sister."

"How many have you?"

"I have seven sisters."

Mr. Eaton was getting uneasy. Mr. Trevor was getting uneasy too.

Mr. Eaton dropped back and joined his partner, leaving me with Mr. Trevor.

"What does this mean?"

"How should I know?" I asked.

"Has Eaton been making love to you?"

This with a sudden suspicion.

"I don't recognize your right to ask such a question," said I, in a very dignified manner, or at least with an attempt to be very dignified.

Then, the thought of how much the man must care for me, to feel that he must know the answer to that question, came over me all at once, and I answered more kindly:

"No, he has not."

"I am so glad. You know I——"

"Never mind now, Mr. Trevor; you have proposed to me twice this week. Please do not to-day. I want to know about Mr. Eaton."

"Well, I don't understand it at all. Not twenty-four hours ago he told me he had inherited all of his father's fortune because he was the only heir—the only child. And now he says he has seven sisters."

"How much I admire Mr. Eaton!" said I; "he is sublime."

"Sublime in what, I'd like to know?" growled Richard Trevor.

"Sublime in invention," I said, "he is the grandest and most perfect liar I ever knew."

Chapter III.

A year of war will undo a century of peace, an hour of earthquake will undo all that untold ages have done to make a region fit and beautiful for man. Human interest centres in the quick and sudden. History is the record of wars, the most popular science is the record of destruction and desolation.

So in the lives of individuals. It is best worth the telling when events hurry the one after the other. I cannot tell whether the day of my journey to the ruins has any other claim to interest. The kind reader must decide that. But the claim of eventfulness it has.

Fred Eaton was to leave Europe, and I knew why. He had lied about it, and I knew why. But a telegram from America did come to our party that day. Richard showed it to me. Business called him home, and the summons was imperative.

It was arranged that the remainder of the party, including myself, should remain until nearly night. But Richard and Mr. Eaton were to return to the city at noon, and at four o'clock start on their journey.

Richard found time to get half an hour with me alone. I will be honest enough to say that I helped him make the opportunity. He renewed his proposal, and I, having found my heart when long absence stared me in the face, accepted him.

I was to remain in Europe for a few months, then return to America and be married at once. The engagement was to be kept private for no better reason than the sentimental reluctance which young people sometimes have to hear their affairs discussed by others.

The ruins we visited were a popular resort. Parties of tourists would start in the morning, and come back with greatly increased numbers. For others, coming out from town, would often find friends am ng parties already there, would be introduced all around, and invited to partake of lunch, talk gossip, and help in the mutual entertainment.

By noon our party, which had consisted of a dozen persons in the morning, had grown to twenty.

At a quarter past twelve Richard, Mr. Eaton and myself were talking together, when a mutual friend brought up a gentleman to introduce to us.

It was the blue-eyed man who had been with Mr. Kahmile the night before. Richard had never seen him, and was quietly cordial. I voted Mr. Eaton "sublime" again when I saw how he met him. I voted myself Mr. Eaton's equal because of my composure.

"I learned you were about to return to town," he said to Mr. Eaton, "on your way to America. I leave for New York myself to-day. Shall I have the pleasure of your company? I shall be only too glad to allow you to select routes if the journey does not take too long. I must embark in six days. You will doubtless wish to be on your way as soon as that."

Richard eagerly accepted the man's proposal to accompany them, and Fred Eaton looked more than ever as if he wondered just what had happened, and how it had happened.

All the plans regarding routes were mentioned to the new addition to the party, and Richard and Mr. Eaton soon left us.

We did not leave the scene of our day's pleasure until nearly dark. It was quite dark before we were in sight of the city. And just as the darkness was becoming very great my horse stumbled and fell, and a wave of darkness seemed to surge in on my brain.

When I came back to consciousness again, I found I had broken an ankle. The nervous shock had been very great, and I fainted again, came to consciousness, fainted, and kept on until every one around me was thoroughly frightened.

"We must have medical help at once," said some one.

I knew the voice for that of a friend, but I could not, to have saved my life, have told who spoke.

"A dozen rods further is the house of a friend of mine," said a voice which I never had heard until within less than twenty-four hours; but which I recognized at once as the voice of the stout, blue-eyed man who shared some secret with Kahmile. "The lady will be welcome there, and I can find a doctor sooner than any other one here."

He came to my side as he spoke.

"Why didn't you go with my friends?" I asked.

"I shall overtake them to-morrow," he said.

He never guessed why I asked. If he had known that I saw Kahmile and himself together the evening before,

he would doubtless have let me die there that fearful night, almost within sight of help.

I needed help in a hurry, and the man who had waited over—to report to his superior, I said to myself—brought it in a hurry.

I suppose my chances for life were small, and growing smaller when the crowd of friends around the bed to which I had been carried slowly parted.

"The doctor, Miss Fitzgerald," said the man who had brought him. "Miss Fitzgerald, this is Dr. Kahmile."

My chances for life strengthened at once. Curiosity for once served a woman truly. I resolved that I would live, if only to find out all—about—— Well, general, or mister, or doctor, I would find out the mystery of Kahmile!

Several who knew Kahmile more or less looked their wonder at his being a physician. One put it into words.

"I studied and graduated when I was younger," said Kahmile. "I haven't practiced much lately. But I can save this lady's life. If they had waited until they could have found some one else——"

He looked very grave.

Whatever else Kahmile might or might not be, he certainly was a good doctor. He eased my pain; he quieted my nerves; he saved my life in the terrible crisis which had come upon me, and in the long and weary days which followed he did more than any one else in bringing me back to health again.

"Forewarned is forearmed," they say. I was fully forewarned. I remembered my promise to Richard, but it was a less safeguard behind which to intrench myself than the memory of Kahmile's dagger at Mr. Eaton's throat. It had been many a weary week from the time when my horse fell with me to the time when Kahmile said, in his quiet way, with a smile which was half-sad:

"You are well now, Miss Fitzgerald, and I resign my doctorship."

Money would have been an insult to this man, and so I paid him as fully as I could in the heart-coin of humanity—thanks.

I returned to the city, and I saw no more of Kahmile for a week.

One evening he sent up his card. I saw when he entered the room just what was coming. There was no way to avoid it.

He looked even taller and thinner, as he stood before me, than he had ever seemed to me before. His long black hair seemed longer and blacker; his eyes looked darker and keener. Under his dark complexion was a terrible hint of pallor which might come to the surface at any time. But his eyes were as kind as those of a woman for all their sharpness. It was as though they could have said:

"We will be kind and good to you, but you must uncover your very soul to us."

Kahmile declined the chair I offered, and then he spoke. I cannot tell all he said, nor all I said. No man can have ever urged his love for a woman in a wilder tempest of long-pent-up passion than he did. Under his wonderful will and his wild words the last excuse of any woman who cared for him in the least would have melted away for ever. From that night I date the certainty that I could never have loved Kahmile under any circumstances. For I know that if that man had spoken the words he did to one whose heart responded to them, she would have thrown promises to the winds, doubts to the night, and would have married him in spite of all the daggers and oaths one ever dreamed of.

Respect for the good in the man—respect which could never have grown to love; pity for the bad in him—pity which has never changed to condemnation; these are the extremes of what I have felt, and the extremes of all I ever could have felt for Kahmile.

We parted friends. He shook my hand with the tears standing in his eyes as he did it, and without a word of farewell he left me. I must confess that I cried when he was gone.

Chapter IV.

There are men who will travel around the world and never see an accident, never miss a connection. I see them sometimes, clean when their fellow-travelers are dirty, fresh when they are tired, and have wondered whether the rain ever fell on them, whether anything ever troubled them. It gives one a feeling of security to travel with them, but it is an aggravation for all that.

There are other men who follow bad fortune with a disquieting regularity. Turn a railroad train down an embankment, and you see this kind of a man creep out of the wreck; burn a theatre, and the firemen find him at a window waiting for the ladders to come.

With reason utterly against my ever seeing him again after these pages have been written, I shall never experience fright nor meet misfortune without nervously looking behind me to see if Kahmile is there.

It was three months after he asked me for my love that I met him again.

I have kept the location of the city where the room with the maps and charts were a secret. I will not tell the place where I next met this man of mystery more definitely than to say it was in the Alps.

We had climbed during the day, and there had been an accident on the way back. One of the guides, usually so surefooted, fell among the rocks, and was dead when found. And Kahmile was the first one to reach his side and try to restore him to life—Kahmile, whose presence anywhere near us I had not even suspected. He appeared in a new light here—the light of a consoler of bereaved hearts, and I could not but admire the man for the kindness and tact he displayed.

He asked leave to call on me that evening. I granted it. He saw me in the great parlor of the hotel where we stopped. I cannot tell what he would have said to me had our interview lasted longer than it did. We had not talked more than ten minutes when the door opened without any knock or warning. The stout, blue-eyed man who had been so prominent in my story, entered the room.

I am glad to say it is his last entrance into these pages. He never glanced at me; there was nothing in anything he said or did to indicate that he knew of my presence. He walked across the room, laid a note in Kahmile's hand, then turned and left without a word.

Kahmile opened and read the note, his face growing whiter and more pained than I had ever seen it. He glanced at his watch anxiously.

"I must leave you, Miss Fitzgerald. Farewell, until we meet again—if we ever do."

He crumpled the note in his hand, threw it into the fire, and was gone.

I must confess to a great deal of curiosity in my nature, and this event had nothing in it to lessen that, I am sure. I stepped to the fire, and found that the note had fallen where it was unharmed. At the risk of lowering myself in the estimation of those who are proof against temptation (or those who think they are, never having been tempted), I will confess that I rescued the note, smoothed it out, and read it.

Later events have determined me in keeping the date, the name of the vessel, and the signature, all from the reader. The latter was evidently not a person's name, but a private password, or something of that sort.

The note was as follows :

"KAHMILE—The —— sails from Liverpool to New York on ——. Information against us goes. *See to it.* ——"

CHAPTER V.

I SENT for the landlord and the guides a little later, when I had learned the note by heart, and then burned it, and I asked for conveniences for leaving at once. I had resolved to go to New York on the same steamer with Kahmile if possible. I knew enough of routes to be sure that tact and money would take me to Liverpool in season for the ship. An inexperienced traveler would have no chance to get there. But I believed I could.

All my baggage was in the hotel, and none had been unpacked except a small traveling-bag. I left the hotel in less than an hour.

I reached Liverpool in season to go on the ship as I desired. My trunks went on board, and I went on board myself the night before we sailed.

Sea-sickness kept me in my room until we had been out two days. I learned many things regarding the ship and passengers from the woman who waited on me. She took quite a fancy to me, or to the money I gave her, and I heard all the gossip I wished. The reader will readily believe that I took most interest in the accounts of a tall, thin man, who was evidently very queer, and who was either sick or terribly anxious in mind. His queerness manifested itself in various ways; he had insisted on having all his baggage in his room, in taking care of his room himself, in staying on deck nearly all the time, in being on the best of terms with all the sailors. The fact that he had fainted dead away twice since the ship started from Liverpool indicated sickness, or something worse.

It was just at the close of a beautiful day that I went on deck for the first time. The moon was rising, the sea was calm, we were in the seeming centre of a vast, watery world. I saw Kahmile standing near the side of the vessel. His face was half-turned toward me, and I could see at once that he was indeed sick. And to the sickness there seemed to be added sorrow and a waiting horror. I pitied the man from the bottom of my heart without being able to tell why.

In a moment he turned and our eyes met. For a moment there was such a look of utter agony and despair in his as words cannot tell, nor thought imagine.

Then his physical nature showed mercy to the mental, and he fell unconscious on the deck. I could not remain, but calling for help for him, I went below.

An hour later he sent for me.

"You will excuse my weakness, Miss Fitzgerald, I am sure. I am far from being well, and the surprise of seeing you unbalanced me. I journeyed without delay to reach the ship on a business call. I left you in a little place in the Alps. I find you here. I don't understand it."

"It is all simple enough," I said. "But you are too tired, I fear, to talk much. Let me read to you."

He bowed his head, and I sat and read to him by the full light of the moon for an hour or more.

When I excused myself to go below, he evidently wished to talk more, but I would not stay.

The next day was a perfect one. Every passenger, who was not absolutely confined to his bed by sea-sickness, was on deck.

I read to Kahmile for an hour in the morning. I then proposed a different work, and that he should read it to me. He offered to go for the book, but I declined the offer. He then said he would remain on deck and smoke while I was gone.

As I was on my way to get the book, I saw the door of Kahmile's room was open. The demon of curiosity got the upper hand of me, and I walked in.

The room was littered with various articles, and looked no more mysterious than mine would have looked to a masculine eye. A second glance showed me that his principal piece of baggage was a strange one. At first sight it looked like a strong and well-made trunk, and nothing more. But looking closer, I noticed that it was fastened by three padlocks, no two of which were alike. Next I saw that it had been screwed to the floor and wall. The work was recent.

CUTTING OUT THE DAY.

Aunt Matilda (at eleven a.m.): "AH, MY DEAR GIRLS, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SUR RISED TO SEE ME! YOU SEE, THERE WAS AN EXCURSION FROM GREEN COUNTY TO-DAY. SO I THOUGHT I'D JUST RUN UP AND GET YOU TO TAKE ME TO A FEW PLACES—CONEY ISLAND, AND GRANT'S TOMB, AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, AND THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM, AND THE SCENE OF THAT LAST AWFUL MURDER; THEN DINE WITH THE SOROSIS, AND TAKE MY SEVEN O'CLOCK TRAIN HOME. I DON'T SUPPOSE I CAN GET TO THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN."

HUNTING THE "SAND-HILL."— SEE PAGE 502.

I was puzzled—seriously puzzled. I stooped over the box to look at the padlocks, and a slight noise attracted my attention. I bent nearer, and the awful truth was plain to me. I heard a regular movement of machinery.

The box, screwed to the floor and wall, and hidden in the room of a man who allowed no one but himself to come near it, had clockwork inside, and the works were moving!

I thought of the stories I had heard of Kahmile; of the stories I had heard of infernal machines used to destroy shipping; of the imperative "See to it!" which I had found in the note to Kahmile, and of the scene in which Mr. Eaton had had a part.

I turned to leave the room, and there stood Mr. Kahmile in the doorway. He had been watching me.

He came inside the room and closed the door.

"Do you want to live?" said Kahmile.

"I do," I said, with a sob.

"Hold up your right hand."

He laid his left hand on my head, and drawing a dagger, he placed the point against my throat.

"You do solemnly swear that you are blind to what you might see, deaf to what you might hear, and dumb to what you might reveal. You promise to forget all you can, to show no mercy to the foes of the man who thus spares your life, and to obey without question all who write or say to you the word——"

And he stooped forward and whispered a word I have no intention of repeating here. It was the word I had read at the bottom of the note he had left in the hotel-parlor in the Alps.

We both glanced at the box, and we both shuddered. A moment later he had fainted again.

I opened his door. There was no one in sight. Leaving the door open, I gave the alarm. I explained in his hearing, when he was conscious again, that I saw him start to enter his room, and fall as he opened the door. He was wise enough and kind enough not to deny my story, and he looked his thanks when he saw that I had drawn his waterproof coat over his trunk.

I refused to see Kahmile after that, and we lived apart for several days.

The night had settled down dark and rainy. There was no wind, but it was a terrible night on deck, and I did not venture out.

"We shall arrive at New York before noon to-morrow," said the captain, and I went to my room very early.

I threw myself, dressed as I was, across my bed, and waited for I know not what. If the terrible machinery in Kahmile's room could only run eighteen hours longer—if it only could, I should be safe.

At last I slept. I was awakened by a hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear saying the word which stood in my mind as the symbol of the most fearful and mysterious authority in the world. I opened my eyes to see Kahmile bending over me.

"Come," he said, "and come quietly. Without the oath you took, you must have been left behind. Now, I can take you with me."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"To save your life. Come quietly."

He helped me with my waterproof, and with such other articles as I would need. I silently followed him on deck. We moved slowly along in the shadows. We reached the place where there was an arrangement for lowering the best boat on board into the water. Two men, bribed with Kahmile's money to help us, stood ready, and we stepped in and were let down into the darkness and the night. Kahmile opened a slide in a dark lantern he held in his hand, and signaled to the men above when we touched the water.

As they cast us loose from the ship, Kahmile handed me the lantern and reached for an oar. I turned the light toward him as he did so, and saw the mad terror in his eyes as he felt his powers giving way. He fainted dead away as he stood in the boat. I sprang forward to catch him, but was too late. He went overboard into the rain and darkness, down into the inky waves and out of my life for ever.

No matter how I reached land after a week of drifting. No matter how I have kept the day of my journey and the name of the ship I sailed in from all except my husband. Enough that I am here, enough that I have kept the secret, enough that the ship in which I sailed is simply one of those which was never heard from and never will be.

HUNTING THE "SAND-HILL."

THE "sand-hill," or gray crane, the *Grus cinerea* of the naturalist, is fast coming in great favor as a game-bird on the big prairies of the newly settled Northwest. Indeed, this bird already takes rank in many localities as the equal of the wild goose, not only as big game, delighting the eye and the heart of the gunner, but also as a table delicacy of excellent flavor.

I am aware that the crane is altogether too common a bird to require description, even to the school-children of this age of readers and *see-ers*, but as a game-bird I fancy it may present new matter of interest to some of the many readers of this Magazine.

The great high prairie country lying between the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, and extending northward to the region of constant snows, is the Summer home, both of the "sand-hill" and the still larger white crane, or *Grus Americanis*. During the three warmest months of the year, these large birds are scattered widely over this vast territory, haunting, in pairs, the marshy edges of lakes, sloughs and streams, and busied in rearing their young. But in early Autumn there comes a change of habit. It is then, when the wings of the young are strong enough to fly, that the members of separate families begin to herd together, and those of the far north to move southward. In October they come down upon the wheat and cornfields of Minnesota, Dakota, Northern Iowa and Nebraska in immense droves. Indeed, they very frequently alight upon the fields of unhusked corn in such destructive throngs, that the farmer is literally compelled to "go forth, musket in hand, to the defense," not "of his country," but his crop.

The sportsman, however, has no complaint to utter at this state of affairs, and to the "sand-hill" he is a far more dangerous enemy than the blustering crop-owner, who goes out into his fields to drive and scare, and who almost invariably wastes his ammunition in firing upon the wily birds.

The crane-*hunter*, the man or boy, who actually goes out after them with the intent to make a bag, will most certainly find the "game worth the candle"; and, no matter how thick they are, he may surely congratulate himself if he shall secure two or three in a half-day's hunt. An occasional stroke of luck, however, will follow the persistent and skilled hunter, who may two or three times during the season come in at night with six or eight of these huge birds in his wagon. At such times he goes about triumphant, hunting his friends, and quite frequently "blowing" of his exploit in the most extravagant fashion.

The crane is a bird of exceedingly watchful habits. It is truly "argus-eyed." Standing, as it does, from four to five feet in height, and habiting the open grounds, it is triply prepared to discover the presence or the approach of enemies. This is so true of the white crane—which is several inches taller and considerably greater in bulk than the gray—that its defenses are considered by the sportsman as practically impregnable. It is, in fact, almost impossible to bring one within range even of a good sporting rifle. It is occasionally done, though, and if the shot is successful the gunner finds himself in possession of a specimen of the most magnificent game-bird which the North American field affords. The bird, if an old one, will quite likely have a length, from point of beak to tip of toe, of five and one half feet, of which three and one-half are about equally divided between neck and legs; a breadth of wing varying from seven and one half to eight feet, and a body weighing thirty to thirty-five pounds. If killed in early Spring, it will be found decked in truly gorgeous plumage, all of the purest, snowiest white, except only the wing-tips, which, for the several inches from the ends to the last joint, are glossy black. It is upon the rump, or pelois, however, that the true glory of the bird is displayed. Here, especially upon the male bird, may be plucked a royal cluster of curling white plumes, that would delight the heart of a city milliner, even were her customers numbered among the most fastidious.

But it is not of the white crane that I wish to write at length, and I have, perhaps, improperly called it a "game-bird." For fifteen years, ever since I could carry a gun, in fact, I have hunted more or less during the shooting months upon the prairies of the West, and have secured *two* specimens of the *Grus Americanis*.

Fortunately for the sportsman, the Sand-hill is by no means unattainable game.

The last half of the Fall months is, by far, the most favorable time for hunting the crane upon its northern feeding grounds.

When the warm Indian Summer sun has fully dried the newly ripened corn, and the nights begin to grow cold and frosty, the peculiar whirring cry of these birds may be heard far and near as they fly in from the

marshes, morning and evening, and alight upon the fields.

With the reader's permission, let me now assume the present tense in writing, while I try, meantime, to divest myself of its usual egotism.

Come, then, with me and my friend Melvin, the inveterate gunner, and join us in a crane-hunt on one of these cool, yellow October mornings.

We have come a good distance, "Mel" and myself, and have brought up finally for a good two weeks' hunt in the newly-settled "Lake District." Here are small lakes, sloughs and marshes alive with geese, brant and duck, and the scattered fields of sod corn—the first crops of the settlers—are beset, evening and morning, with huge droves of long-legged "whoopers."

We have come prepared for these latter fellows, and the farmer, at whose "shanty" we are stopping, has warmly welcomed us.

"Darned awful glad to see ye, boys," he said; "them cranes air jest agoin' for my big field of sod-corn, an' I hain't reely had no time to git among 'em yit. Make yerselves right to home here, now."

He has seen us before on several occasions, and we proceed to make ourselves "to home." We have arrived late, and are too tired to go out on this, our first evening, so, after a hearty supper, we care for our horses, make our preparations for the morning's hunt and go to bed—*i.e.*, we "roll up" in our blankets in one corner of the room, which is parlor, dining-room, kitchen and bedroom combined.

We are up, though, long before daylight, and out to our "blind" at the edge of the settler's long field of sod-corn.

In riding in the evening before, we had marked this spot. It was at a point where the prairie-grass—blue joint—had been mown for hay, and a great hedge of "tumble weeds," rolled across the prairie by the wind, had lodged in large heaps against the nearest stalks of corn.

In here, then, dressed as we are, in yellow duck-hunting suits, with canvas caps of the same color, we have a perfect cover.

Our settler friend has pointed out to us that the cranes almost invariably alight upon the mowing out there in great herds, and, after walking about *ku-dur-r-r-r-k*-ing suspiciously together for some time, finally make their way cautiously into the fields. But not until they have *posted sentinels along on the open ground, though!*

We have found just the place, then, to lie in wait for them. We have crawled into the centre of a large heap of the weeds mentioned, and have each cleared away a "stand," piling the large bowl-shaped bunches about our heads and shoulders, and leaving just interstice enough so that we can command a view through their sprangly branches of the mowed ground in front. It will be an easy matter to scatter the mass quickly away when we are ready to shoot.

In our hands we have each a weighty, ten gauge double-barrel. The paper shells in our belts are heavily loaded, each with six drams of powder and one and a quarter ounces of shot.

Presently there is a slight streak of daylight to be seen in the east, which we are fortunately facing. A few minutes later the far-away *go lunk* is heard of some old gander awaking his flock for the morning flight. Then a flock of early flying mallards passes with a quick *wif, wif, wif* over our heads, and alights amid the cornstalks beyond.

A little later, the geese and brant are winging in from the lakes and ponds, and the morning air is resonant with their cries.

We pay no attention to these, however, as we are not in a favorable spot for goose-shooting, and the crane, for which alone we are prepared, are not such early risers as the water fowl.

But as the daylight broadens, and a tiny spire of red shoots up ahead of the sun, we hear the long-drawn *uk-ud-d-d-d-r-r-k* of the sand-hill, and we know that the game is near at hand.

The cry is repeated, and answered again by a score of throats, and very soon we see a long string of thin, broad-winged birds marked in a jagged line across the horizon.

They are headed for our patch of mowing, and will alight upon it as we had been led to believe they would.

They come nearer and nearer, grow larger and more distinct. They rise higher as they reach the edge of the mowed ground, and turning off at a sweeping curve, lower their slim necks, dangle their long legs beneath their bodies, and, with a great flapping of wings and a medley of weird, querulous cries, drop down upon the ground.

Here they stand, their heads high above the uncut grass beyond them, and their yellowish-gray bodies blending perfectly with its color. But they are tantalizingly out of range, and we must wait for the other flocks which are now drifting in the same long, jagged lines in our direction.

Soon they began to drop down all over the mowed space, the most of them, though, taking care to keep out some distance from the field for the present.

There are a few now stalking about within shooting distance, for the sun is rising and it is getting their breakfast time.

We whisper together a moment, and conclude not to fire upon them until they "bunch up" somewhere within range, for we know that we shall get but a double shot apiece from our present stand, and we are anxious to make them count big.

They are walking in now toward the corn. One big drove is slowly working in toward us. They are stalking along with curious, halting steps, necks stretched high and heads *craned* to the side.

"Suspicious brutes," I mutter, under my breath.

"Wonder if they don't *smell* us," whispers Mel.

They evidently do entertain suspicion of those weed heaps, for they veer off now nearly at a right angle and begin stepping away. Ah! but in doing so they have *bunched* within seventy-five yards. A long shot; but away fly the weeds on all sides of our heads. Two gleaming barrels shoot out over the top of the pile, and two sharp puffs of smoke leap from their ends, followed by a single roaring report.

As the cranes, with spread wings, start off at a preliminary run, we pour two barrels more into them.

Droves of cranes arise now on all sides and hustle away, while the air fairly quivers with their long, vibrating cries.

But there are five of them that do not fly away. Our luck has been extremely good this morning. There are four huge birds tumbling about upon the ground mortally hurt, and another, with the tip of its wing broken, is legging it at full speed across the prairie.

"Let's capture him alive," shouts Mel, and dropping our guns upon the weeds we dart away for a short, sharp run after the scudding sand-hill.

He runs well, but we overtake him at last, and then the plucky old long-legs turns fiercely about for a fight.

"HEAVEN'S GATE."— PICTURE BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.

It lifts and flaps its big wings threateningly, draws back its long, wicked bill, arches its neck ready to strike at our eyes, and hisses angrily. At this Mel coolly confronts it, and drawing off his canvas cap with his right hand, makes a quick stroke at its head.

The crane strikes back at the cap, and as it does so Mel's left hand sweeps around with a quick movement and pinions its neck. Before the bird can recover its surprise the dexterous hunter, stooping suddenly, secures its legs with his right hand and lifts it, helpless, off the ground.

I pick up Mel's cap and we walk back to the rest of our game, and cut the necks of those not already dead from the effects of the shot.

THE RABBIT AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.—"HE CRIED SO LOUD THAT HE MADE THE WHOLE EARTH SHAKE."

The slightly wounded bird is to be shipped as a specimen to Eastern friends if we can make necessary arrangements.

One hour later we are at the cabin of our farmer friend, seated at a steaming breakfast-table, feasting on steaks cut crosswise of a crane's neck, and pronouncing them delicious.

THE RABBIT AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.

AN OTO MYTH.

By Rev. J. Owen Dorsey.

When Wakanta, the Great Spirit, created men he gave them tobacco. But there were other kinds of people on the earth in those days, and among them were the Grasshopper people, who dwelt in a village. These people persecuted the human race and wished to take the tobacco away from them; for in those days the males of all races of beings were very fond of tobacco.

These Grasshopper people were much larger than grasshoppers are at present; in fact, all of the mysterious animals and beings of that ancient time were of remarkable size, and possessed extraordinary powers as compared with the men and animals of to-day.

One of the mythic characters was Ma-yan, the Earth-woman. She dwelt in a lodge with her grandson, Mish-ching-e, the Rabbit. Ma-yan was the especial friend of the human race, and when she saw them abused by the Grasshoppers her sympathy was aroused, and she called on her grandson to assist her.

Said Ma-yan: "My grandson, let us go to the Grasshopper village. Wakanta gave tobacco to your uncle, but the Grasshoppers have taken it away from them. Therefore, let us go and see what can be done for the relief of your uncles." Ma-yan called the human race her children; and as the Rabbit was her grandchild, all men were his "fathers" and all women were his "fathers' sisters," or, as white people would say, his "aunts."

When the Rabbit and Ma-yan arrived at the outskirts of the Grasshopper village the old woman said to him: "My grandson, do whatever you decide to do." Then the Rabbit cried out. He cried so loud that he made the whole earth shake.

"Wâ!" said the Grasshoppers; "a very bad deity has come. We shall be exterminated. Let us try to appease his anger by an offering."

So the Grasshopper chief took some tobacco and gave it to the Rabbit. The latter handed it to his grandmother, and she put it into her sack. Then the old woman and her grandson went again to the outside of the village, as if they intended going home. But they did not go very far. The Rabbit cried out again, when he stood a little nearer the village than when he first cried out, and he made the earth shake more than on the previous occasion.

The Grasshoppers said: "Hau! it will be an evil day for us. Let the chief give him some more tobacco."

Then one of the chiefs took some tobacco which he gave to the Rabbit.

"Well, grandmother," said the latter, "here is the rest. Take it. It will be very easy for me to get it from them." Once more he and his grandmother went beyond the village.

When he reached a point that was a little nearer the village than was that at which he stood on the second occasion, he cried out the third time, making an earthquake much greater than the others. This increased the alarm of the Grasshoppers. "Oh, these deities are very bad. They have come very close to us. Ho! let one of the chiefs give them tobacco, as before."

The Grasshopper chief took tobacco again, and gave it to the Rabbit. The latter said as follows: "Well, grandmother, they will be very easy to overcome. Here is the rest of the tobacco."

And she took it from him, saying: "Well, my grandson, that is about enough."

Four being the sacred number, it was necessary for the hero to cry out again. So when he had retired again, he returned a little nearer to the village. And on crying out he made the whole earth shake many times, and far worse than ever before.

The Grasshoppers were exceedingly terrified, and all of them flew upward, abandoning their village. But before they departed, each one took a chew of tobacco in his mouth. And this is the reason why all Grasshoppers are just as if they chewed tobacco; and when any person touches one, it sends from its mouth a dark yellow liquid, resembling tobacco juice. If you do not believe this, just notice the first Grasshopper that you catch.

So the Rabbit and Ma-yan got all of the tobacco which the Grasshoppers had abandoned. The old woman scattered the tobacco all over the land; and all the seeds sprouted. And tobacco has grown in the land from that time to the present day.

LEECHES.

It was the opinion of Mrs. Gamp when, in consequence of a distressing communication just received from a sporting gentleman on the Stock Exchange, Mr. Poll Sweedlepipes appeared before her "in a nice state of confugion"—it was the opinion of that remarkable woman that "half a dungeon fresh lively young leeches" on his temple would not be too much to clear his mind. The little barber's agitation was only what one would expect from so sympathetic a soul, for young Bailey lay apparently breathing his last at Salisbury, and though, as Mrs. Gamp remarked with philosophic coolness, "He was born in a wale, and he lived in a wale; and he must take the consequences of sech a sitiwation," his meek and admiring friend could never forget he had once charged him a ha'penny too much for a red poll to hang over the sink, nor could leeches, however potent their effects might be in clearing his mind, have ever done as much for his memory. In those days, among physicians, apothecaries and surgeons, in dispensaries and hospitals, and, among them, at the institution known to Mrs. Gamp and her partner, Betsy Prig, as "Barklemy's," there was no more popular remedy than the leech, and it was only natural that a lady under whose observing eye the parasite was hourly prescribed for so many different disorders should recommend its application in a complicated case of regret for a friend and remorse for a piece of sharp dealing. It was, no doubt, this somewhat indiscriminate use by Mrs. Gamp's patrons and employers that has almost made the leech, considered therapeutically, an animal of the past, and has completely driven the Cupper, who once came daily to the hospital to carry out the orders left by the doctor, out of the "Post-office Directory."

Nor, now that we are on the subject of contemporary reference, should we omit to recall that picture drawn by the Uncommercial Traveler who, one Summer evening, met the leeches leisurely going westward from Gray's Inn. They had strayed, it will be remembered, from his friend Parkle's knee, where a feeble and frightened ticket-porter had been for some hours vainly endeavoring to apply them; and where they went to no one ever knew with certainty, not even Mrs. Miggot the laundress, though next morning it was rumored that the out-of-door young man of Bickle, Bush and Bodger, on the ground floor, had been bitten and blooded by some creature not identified. Nor, again, that inimitable drawing by the hand of their great namesake, where the elderly female in the omnibus creates a panic by breaking a jarful among her fellow-passengers.

There is, perhaps, no sterner comment on the futility of a man's calling than when he finds he cannot live by it. In art, it is not uncommon for the practitioner under such circumstances to devote himself to posterity, and to announce, not as a rule without bitterness, that in thus ignoring the present he perfectly understands the wants of the future, infinitely preferring the estimation of the one to the money of the other. In trade, it is more usual for him to make what he can out of his business, if it be not altogether barren, at the same time adding to it the pursuit of something more profitable. The poet is sometimes an upholsterer, and the artist owner of an effervescent table-water; each supplementing the other, in what Dr. Johnson declared was probably the most innocent of all employments, that of making money. And so it is with leeches; for no one nowadays can hope to make a living by their importation and sale alone, though as an agreeable addition to income, a little pocket money, as it was expressed to us, the leech still holds a place of a certain kind, and does a certain amount of work.

Of the two firms in London—and there are only two—to whom the foreign leeches are consigned from Hamburg, one practices as a dental surgeon and the other sells pipes, tobacco, and other trifles. Both are of sufficient standing to recall *les beaux jours passés* of the trade, the great times of indiscriminate blood-letting, when, whether the patient suffered from a black eye, a headache, a liver or a heart, he lost a couple of ounces of blood and was declared to be better. Now scarcely one is used where a century ago a hundred flourished, and the sixpenny leech of even so recent a date as 1860 has fallen to something less than a halfpenny at wholesale price. How much of this is due to the caprice of fashion, which rules in medicine as in all other human affairs, and how much to the genuine advancement of

knowledge, it is not exactly our province to determine. The fact remains that the present generation of medical men now seldom or never employ them, and that where the young doctor of forty years ago prescribed leeches he now sends round a lotion.

The leech, though not as a rule long-lived, is an animal of considerable antiquity. It is the *bdella* of Theocritus, Herodotus, Nicander; the *hirunda* and *sanguisuga* of Plautus, Cicero, Horace, Pliny. It was highly recommended by Galen, to whose recommendation, no doubt, was due its excessive abuse by the ignorant faculty of the days of Le Sage and Molière, who, when they killed, killed according to rule, and in the approved manner of the ancients. "Why bleed folks when they are not ill?" asks Géronte in "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," referring to the common practice of the time. "It does not matter," replies Sganarelle, "the method is salutary; and as we drink for the thirst to come, so must we bleed for the disease to come."

No completer proof of the popularity of the leech with the early practitioner can be afforded than by the fact that the verb *to leech* means both to treat with medicine and to bleed, while the doctor himself, even so late as the days of Shakespeare, borrowed the name of his favorite instrument of healing. There are many now living who can remember when in the Spring it was usual to be bled, both as a means of getting rid of the evil humors of the Winter and as a precaution against the visitations the Summer heat was supposed to be fruitful in. The wholesome and penetrating humor of Molière, directed perhaps more constantly against the doctors than any other class, struck a blow at blood-letting from which it has never recovered; and though, possibly, the practice is more neglected nowadays than it deserves, yet it is no doubt safer that it should be so than that the leech should be suffered to range over the human frame as indiscriminately as once it used.

The leech held in the highest estimation in the profession and the trade is meagre and hungry-looking, and resembles, if the imagination can be so far stretched, in its appearance and unscrupulous appetite, the Frenchman of English caricaturists in the last century. It is vigorous and exceedingly lively, and even after imprisonment in a jar for six months or a year with no other nourishment than the microscopic organisms of the water, will be found waving to and fro in a state of the highest content and enjoyment. Taken in the hand it will settle down to work with surprising readiness, and hardened though the skin may be with labor, the tennis or the cricket bat, it is not long before the experimentalist feels those unpleasant pin-pricks that tell the animal's five little mouths are biting. In certain conditions of temperature, in extreme heat or extreme cold, this readiness is not so pronounced, and it will be necessary to develop it by immersion in tepid water or in porter. Should even this stimulant fail, it is not uncommon, as an additional incentive, to anoint the part where the leech is to be applied with a little cream or blood.

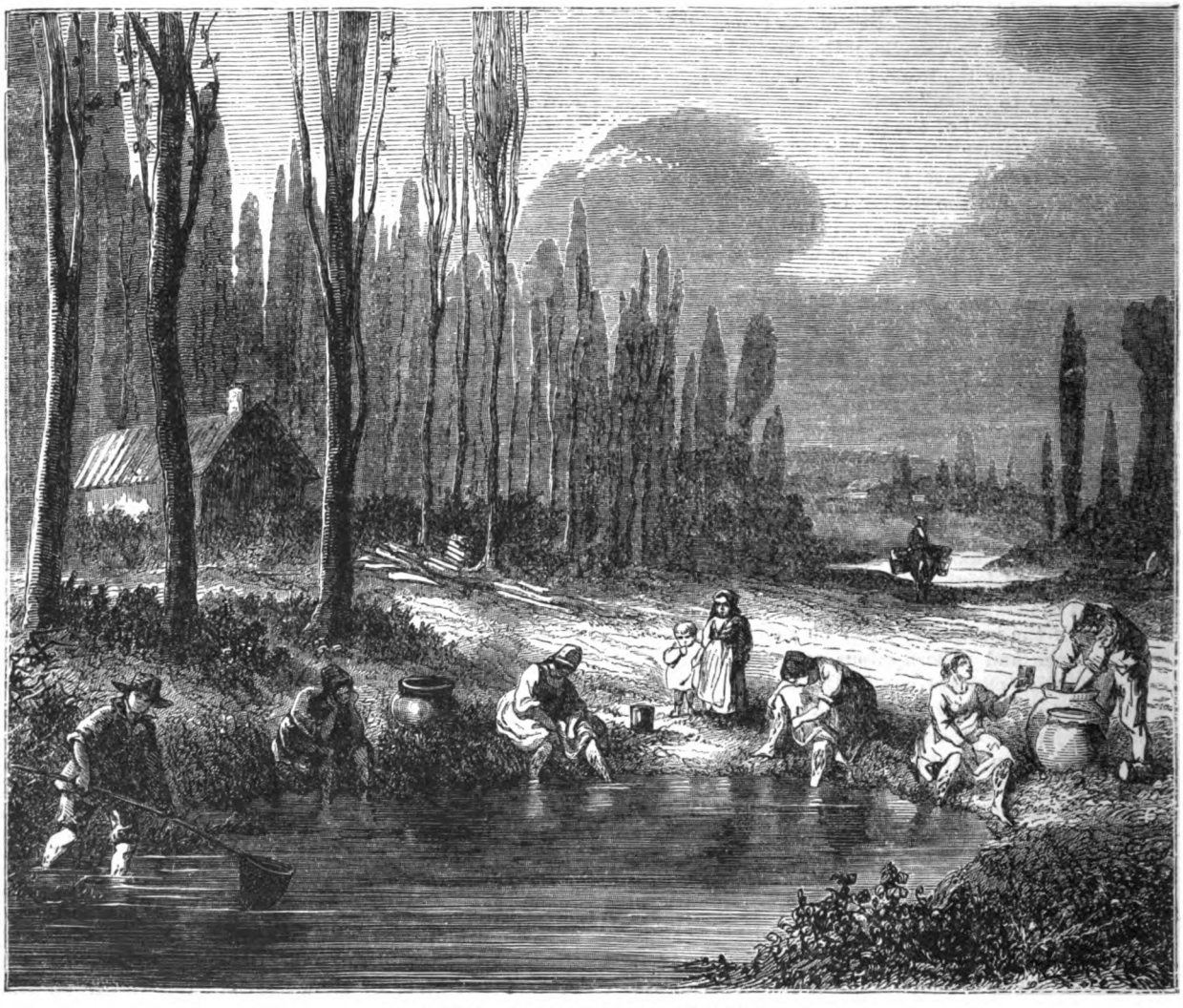
This slender, meagre, hungry leech comes from Turkey, within a radius of fifty miles of Constantinople, and from Buda-Pesth, where the country people bring them in, like watercress, by thousands from the ditches and sell them to the dealers. They are found there in all ditches and ponds, and wherever there is pure running water, weeds for shelter, and muddy banks and bottoms. They are, as a rule, netted in nets prepared with bait, though we are also informed that it is not rare for the hardy peasant to walk bare-legged through the water and strip them off as fast as they can adhere to the calf. However they are caught, by plain, honest fishing or by human artifice, from Buda-Pesth, without distinction of age or size, they travel to Hamburg, where they lie in vast ponds or reservoirs until the time for their selection arrives. These reservoirs it has been found necessary to have carefully watched day and night by the local police, for the leech, no more than humbler parasites—the flea, for instance, since the discovery of its capacity for education—has not escaped the common lot of being an object to larceny. In these reservoirs they lie, generally for a year, and during all that time, if they are properly cared for, they should receive no food, or rather no more than they can find for themselves in the water. But this is a rule that is not always observed as it should be, for there are many merchants who, not from any principles of humanity, but from the more sordid desire to bring the animal up to weight, persistently feed up their specimens and send them into the market, in the expressive word of the trade, gorged. Some give them blood and some liver, and some, so that all tastes may be satisfied, the entire body of a horse thrown among them; with the result that on arrival in this England their appetites are fatigued, and they are found to need those stimulants to performance to which we have already referred. From Hamburg, when their time of probation is over, they are shipped in bags and boxes, and lie in shallow earthen vessels tightly covered with gauze or linen, the halting stage on the way to the wholesale druggist and the hospital. With the importer they rarely tarry for more than four or five days, but are sent out almost as fast as they come in, in small wooden boxes. From the wholesale druggist they pass again to the apothecary, and, when the perils of travel and the variations of climate they go through are considered, the intending purchaser must not be surprised if he finds himself asked as much for an animal as a hundred cost the first dealer. Many die on the voyage and many in the short time they remain with the importer; and though in theory the selected leech will stand any extreme of heat or cold, many of the five-and-twenties and fifties ordered by the chemist, carefully treated as they are, do not live to fulfill what seems to be the sole reason of their existence, that of drawing blood.

When Mr. Pendennis, Arthur's father, was alive and exercised the profession of apothecary and surgeon, and not only sold a cake of brown Windsor or a tooth-brush across the counter, but "attended gentlemen in their sick-rooms, and ladies at the most interesting period of their lives," the leech flourished. On one of the shelves of his modest little shop in Bath there would be sure to have been a jar or two of leeches, ready for Master Ribstone's eye or one of Lady Pontypool's numerous ailments; nor, when he shut up the shop, discarded the selling of tooth-brushes and perfumery, and devoted himself entirely to the surgery and a genteel young assistant, did he forget to keep among the tamarinds and the rose-powder many specimens of the animal whose application was then so fashionable. And who does not remember those last words the Great Duke found strength to ejaculate, on waking and finding himself in the throes of his last illness, "Send for the apothecary!" who, though too late, did not fail to bring his leeches with him?

The leech should never properly be applied more than once, and can be applied anywhere. It fills in about a quarter of an hour, and will absorb altogether from forty to eighty-five grains of blood, or in all about half an ounce. In the old days the economic practitioner would

not uncommonly prepare it for further action by sprinkling a few grains of salt on the snout and stripping it gently between the fingers; but that plan is not now adopted, partly for fear of communicating disease, and partly because the cheapness of the article no longer renders it necessary. It can still be used four or five times, if others cannot be procured, by being placed in vinegar and water, though on the fifth occasion it will be found to draw less blood. As a rule, the relief afforded by the leech is assisted by the subsequent hæmorrhage, in many cases severe, and only to be stanched by the application of vinegar, nitrate of silver, hot wire, or a hot solution of alum. It can be applied anywhere, even in the mouth, when, to prevent the chance of its being swallowed, a leech-glass is used, with a glass piston to push the leech up, and in some countries—notably China—a piece of bamboo. If, notwithstanding these precautions, a mishap should occur, instant relief will be afforded by a strong solution of common salt or a glassful or two of wine.

There is an ingenious instrument known as the artificial leech, once occasionally used, but now scarcely ever met with. It consists of a small sharp steel cylinder worked by a spring, with which a circular incision is made, and with an interior glass cylinder, capable of being exhausted by a piston worked by a screw. It was invented partly to meet those not uncommon cases when the patient, usually a man, declared he would die, and went off into a faint if touched by the live leech; partly because the amount of blood abstracted could be thus precisely measured, and partly because the leech-bites have sometimes become inflamed through the leeches employed being unhealthy. It is not a good instrument, and is, as we say, not used now. There is a specimen to be seen in the Museum of the College of Surgeons among the "Surgical Instrument Series." When it was presented, about 1876, none of the council could guess what it was or what it was meant for, until an old country doctor was found to explain.



LEECH-GATHERING IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

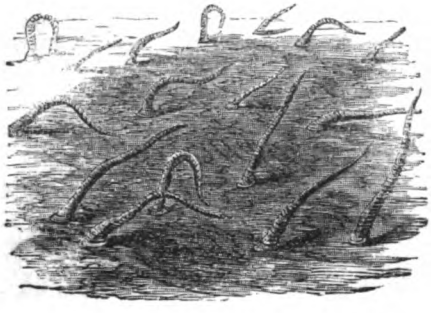
Almost the only specimens in use in England come from Buda-Pesth and Turkey, and journeying to Hamburg, are known as the speckled Hamburg. They come also from Poland and Ukraine, from Wallachia, Russia, Egypt and Algeria, whence they go to the foreign hospitals, where they are still very popular, but more especially so with the general practitioner of Germany and Austria. In the French trade the Bordeaux leech is preferred.

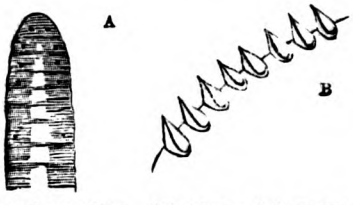
In England there is a less powerful species commonly found, though now never used. It is known as the horse-leech, from its habit of attacking the membranes lining the mouths and nostrils of animals drinking at the

FISHING FOR LEECHES IN GREECE.

the pools it haunts. It is in its way venomous, and, when applied to the human subject, inflammation, leading to erysipelas, has been known to follow its bite. There must be something in English waters unfavorable to the growth and culture of the parasite, for not only is the indigenous leech useless, and indeed harmful, but the foreign specimens, which efforts have been made to acclimatize in England, have never come to any good.

The largest leech establishment in the world is situate, we are told, near Newtown, on Long Island, where thirteen acres are covered with reservoirs. They have bottoms of clay and margins of peat, on which the leeches, considered by old writers to be viviparous until the phenomenon of the cocoon was observed, deposit their cocoons from July onward. The time between the deposition of the ova and hatching is estimated at from twenty-five to forty days, and then





LAND LEECHES. (A) EYES ; (B) TEETH.

begins that long warfare against the musk-rat, water-shrew and water-rat, their chief enemies, that apparently play havoc with them, since, notwithstanding the immense numbers bred, immense numbers are imported. Their food is at first the microscopic organisms found in the water, and later, when the mouths develop, the larvæ of insects. Not till they are full grown are they fed regularly, by the suspension every six months in the water of linen bags of fresh blood. Digestion is with them so slow that even this periodic feeding is, according to some authorities, more than enough, and in the English trade they are much preferred unfed. The age at which they come to us is variously stated at from twelve months to three years, between which times it may be taken broadly they are at their liveliest. They are best kept in vessels of earth or glass, half full of water, with the addition of a rusty nail or a few pebbles, as an assistance to shedding the coat, and tightly covered with linen gauze to prevent them from straying. Loose turf or wet moss is also employed in an arrangement known as the French domestic march, more especially for transportation.

There are nearly five hundred thousand leeches annually imported into England alone, of the majority of which the career and application remain something of a mystery. The loss by death can scarcely be more than ten per cent., and though in an average assembly there will probably not be one present who has ever expeperienced a leech's bite, they are certainly all used, and used medicinally. Numbers of them go to the hospitals, but even there their employment is so small that in all London it is doubtful whether that will account for more than a tenth of the importation. Dr. Hare, in a recent lecture entitled "Good Remedies out of Fashion," publishes some interesting statistics which place in the clearest light the modern disuse of the leech. At St. George's Hospital in 1832, the numbers reached 21,800 ; 19,600 in 1842 ; 4,050 in 1852 ; and in 1882, 754. At University College Hospital they were 8,000 in 1852, and 400 in 1882. At St. Thomas's Hospital in 1842, 21,000 ; 1852, 12,000 ; and 1882, 800. At St. Bartholomew's in 1832, no fewer than 97,000 were prescribed ; in 1842, 48,100 ; and 1882 (with a somewhat larger number of beds), only 1,700. And all this, adds Dr. Hare, notwithstanding that the population of London has enormously augmented, that the beds in the hospitals have been very largely increased in number, and that the general business of the chemist has greatly extended. In addition to these statistics we have been furnished by one of the London firms we have referred to with the numbers that in the last forty years have passed through their hands. They are as follows : in 1842, 795,000 ; in 1852, 290,000 ; in 1862, 275,000 ; in 1872, 157,000 ; in 1882, 191,000 ; and in 1883, 172,000. From these figures it will be seen that, outside of the hospital, there is a vast quantity unaccounted for. They must be lying away among the herbalists, apothecaries, chemists, and surgeons of the country towns, in use among the poor ; for the well-to-do, whose tastes are consulted, will no longer tolerate them.

There is probably no one enthusiastic enough over an ancient system to advocate a recurrence to the old, indiscriminate blood-letting ; but there are certainly many medical men, and those not altogether of the old school, who are inclined to look with more favor upon bleeding in some of its forms than has of late been usual, and who find in it one of the most potent means of combating some of the most serious conditions met with in their daily practice. There are many now living, as we have said, who can remember when it was common for them to be bled year after year to considerable amounts ; and not only did no harm follow, but after the blood-lettings they declare that they would feel better, be stronger, and work better than before. It is not safe, therefore, remarks Dr. Hare, to rush to the conclusion that the disuse of bleeding in its various forms has been the result of philosophically observed and well-ascertained proofs of its injuriousness. The change of practice is to be attributed to causes far less creditable—to that oscillation from one extreme to the other, which is to be observed in medicine as in all other professions. And now there are signs of the return of the balance, in an increased sale of the leech and in its more frequent application in daily practice to cases of pneumonia, pleurisy, and that general plethoric condition for which, among the overfed classes, the doctors, while fully recognizing its existence, have not yet designed a comprehensive title. Perhaps, too, in these days of hard-worked schoolchildren and consequent cerebral affections, we may see the leech more confidently prescribed in place of that eternal bromide of potassium with which the sleepless and head-bound undergraduate is so familiar about the time of his tripos.

The use of the leech is much more common abroad than with us, and more especially in France and Spain, where the climate lends itself more to the application. The foreign apothecary keeps a larger quantity in stock, and few of them are without their four or five hundred where our countrymen limit themselves to five-and-twenty. Leeches were already going out of fashion

when, in 1870, blood-letting received a severe shock from the death of Count Cavour, whose end was hastened by its injudicious use; but his death threw additional discredit on the practice in Europe, and since that year the sale has declined more rapidly than in the twenty previous. Poultices and fomentations have taken their place, because they are generally found sufficient, and are certainly in every respect handier; but we imagine with the result that nowadays the patient is longer under the doctor's hands than he used to be. We have been told, not, as may be guessed, by a member of the profession, that the greater popularity of the lotion over the leech is to a certain extent due to the fact that the smaller practitioners have found they can make more out of the former than the latter; but as on inquiry it appears that those against whom this charge (if it be a charge) is brought, as a rule, dispense their own medicines, and can make as much if they please out of leeches as out of lotions, this explanation scarcely holds good. It is more likely that they find that the idea of bleeding and biting frightens their patients. Still it is true that in many cases—for instance, those of accident—the relief given by the leech is speedier than that afforded by the lotion; and we have ourselves seen a black eye visibly lose its suffused aspect under the leech's bite, and a knee swollen by a cricket-ball subside like the ocean after a storm. With a courageous patient, who is not particular as to the means so long as he arrives at the result, those instances are likely to be lively arguments; and more especially with men whose time is emphatically money, or with those who desire to cure their lameness quickly for another match, and find themselves tied to bed and the wet compress instead.

That every shepherd knows his sheep is accepted as a fact by even the most observant, to whom the different members of the flock look precisely alike; and as a fact we are also bound to accept the statement that among leeches there is individuality; even, as it was pointedly put to us, as great a distinction between many of them as between ourselves and the Claimant. To look at them as they lie in the shallow earthenware vessels, waving and diving, crawling and stretching, they look as much alike as no doubt we do to the superior beings who perhaps occasionally amuse themselves by watching our trivial antics from the fixed stars; but to the fine and penetrating eye, we are assured, and we believe, there is a mannerism and an air about each that, apart from the speckles on the belly, mark them out for notice and even affection. And that that mannerism and air spring, as all do, from certain internal qualities which are well capable of definition and of touch, is surely proved by the instance known to us of the old lady who for ten years kept a specimen in a bottle, and for ten years lavished on it all the care and caresses that with other old ladies are usually wasted on a parrot or a poodle. There was a history attached to this leech, the oldest of which there is any record, almost a romance, at which, during a long intercourse, we made many efforts to arrive; but a certain marked tendency to tearfulness and choke on bringing the subject uppermost, even in the most delicate fashion, effectually deterred us from learning the truth, nor shall we now ever learn it. But on two several occasions were we furnished with an explanation of this leech phantasy—one from the mouth of a friend, and one from the mouth of a foe—which explanations still stand astride in our mind, planted like a colossus on a double basis; one, that the parasite had, in an hour of supreme physical danger, with noble self-denial (in company with others who did not survive) gorged himself on her person, and so saved her life; the other, that, rashly applied at the very moment when more blood was wanted than could be spared, he had drunk at the fountain-head of her late husband's existence, and, being the last straw that broke the good man's back, had killed him. In either case, both friend and foe agreed, she kept and fed him out of gratitude.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

An exploring expedition to Alaska, provided by the New York *Times*, left the United States in June, under the leadership of Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, who has won renown as an arctic traveler. The object of this expedition is the exploration of the almost unknown St. Elias Alps, stretching for nearly three hundred miles in Southern Alaska and terminated at its northern end by Mount St. Elias, the highest peak of the North American continent. It is hoped to make the ascent of this peak, and of others in its neighborhood, but the mere strife for glory in such an achievement will be subordinated to more practical work. Lieutenant Schwatka is accompanied by Professor William Libbey, Jr., Professor of Physical Geography in Princeton College, who was a pupil of the great Guyot, and has had much experience in mountain climbing, hypsometry and allied studies. All departments of scientific investigation will be kept in view, but the vast glaciers of the region will receive especial attention. Such economic matters as timber, agriculture, furs, etc., will also be examined in the wooded region at the foot of the range, and the full record and results of the research will be published. The expedition hopes to return safely before Winter begins.

Chalk has hitherto been believed to be a deep-sea formation only, made up of fine mud at great depths. Recent observations by Mr. J. Walther, however, show an exception to this in certain chalk-secreting seaweeds of the Mediterranean, which must, of course, live in shallow water, where light may reach them. Certain species of *Lithothamnia* in the Gulf of Naples grew luxuriantly at a depth of one to three hundred feet below the surface. These seaweeds contain only six or seven per cent. of organic matter, nearly their entire substance consisting of mineral matter, chiefly carbonate of lime. They reach the size of one's fist, and do not change their form at death, owing to the small amount of decayable tissue, and living plants grow upon the crowns of their dead predecessors, so building up beds of layer upon layer. The organic structure of the lower layers disappears gradually, and what was at first a closely packed bed of plant-heads becomes a stratum of structureless chalk. This transformation is explained by the fact that the trifle of organic matter remaining after death and decay is slowly oxidized, producing carbonic matter, which had obliterated, by its dissolving action in the surrounding or percolating seawater, all evidences of structure.

A law has been passed by the New York Legislature for the regulation and control of the practice of veterinary medicine. The law requires the registration of all practitioners, with the evidence of proper qualifications afforded by a diploma from some legally incorporated college, or a certificate from an incorporated veterinary society. As New York was the first State to establish veterinary schools and a State Society, so she has been the first to recognize and protect this important profession, and to encourage its members to make themselves proficient.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"If your father gives you five apples and your brother gives you three, how many have you?" *Johnnie:* "I guess enough for one day."

"Step this way, if you please, ladies," said the gracious floor-walker, as he led off with a majestic wave of his hand. "We are sorry," said a lady, "but we never learned to step that way."

Jones, who had been fishing all day and had caught two small fishes, was, on his return, thus accosted by Smith: "Well, what luck have you had?" "Oh, pretty fair!" said Jones. "I caught a hundred *or two*."

An old bachelor having fallen in love behaved in a ridiculous manner, but a lady excused his infatuation by saying: "It is with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them kindled, but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously."

"Who is that man applauding so vociferously near the front?" asked a friend of a theatrical manager on the first production of a play in a provincial theatre. "That long-haired man with a light-colored coat?" "Yes." "He—he's the author of the play."

While escorting a lady to her home, a popular doctor attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a cough lozenge. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced; and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a coat-button, with a note saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of lozenge, and that he himself might need the one that she inclosed.

LA FIAMMETTA.— PAINTING BY JULES LEFEVRE.

HAPPY DAYS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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THE GREAT FISHING-GROUND, AND ITS INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.—CATCHING SQUID FOR BAIT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GREAT FISHING-GROUND, AND ITS INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

As THE Fishing Question is attracting a great deal of attention just now, it is a good opportunity to give our people some idea of the position and nature of the great fishing-grounds, as well as some of the international questions that have led up to the present state of affairs.

A glance at the chart or map will at once give the position in the Atlantic of these grounds, and their relative position to the United States and the colonies of England and France.

The Canadian fishing-grounds in the North Atlantic comprise the coast and banks of the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland and its "Grand Bank"; the richest fishing-grounds in the world, in all about 3,500 miles of sea-coast, abounding in fish of great commercial value.

Whether, therefore, we regard them as being abundant and important for domestic use, or in their much larger import as a valuable resource, capable of ever-increasing development and limitless reproduction, employing an amount of capital reckoned by many millions of dollars, and engaging the labor of hundreds of thousands of persons; encouraging maritime pursuits, fostering commercial marine, promoting foreign trade, keeping always and productively in active training an independent-spirited class of seafaring men, the teeming waters of the British-American possessions present to our view a national property richer than any moneyed estimation could express; for the Canadian fisheries are the richest and most profitable in the world.

The sea fisheries of the North Atlantic Ocean extend over a succession of shoals stretching in a more or less broken chain from the shores of Labrador on the north to New England on the south; but those of the "Banks" of Newfoundland are best known and most important. Newfoundland is itself the oldest colony of England.

From the days of the Cabots its waters have been famous for their enormous yield of fish. There is said to be in the Public Library of Venice an ancient map, constructed by Andria Bianco, in 1436, which ascribes the discovery of Newfoundland to the Northmen, early in the tenth century; but when the sturdy old navigator, John Cabot, then in the service of England, first came in sight of its rugged shores, on the 24th of June, 1497, its existence, if ever known, had been long forgotten. Cabot christened the whole of the northeast coast of America "New-found Land," but the designation is now restricted to the large island which bears that name.

When the daring sailor, on his return to England, reported the marvelous quantities of fish which he had encountered off the coast of the recently discovered country, numerous private adventurers—English, French, Spanish and Portuguese—fitted out vessels and sailed for the new fishing-grounds. Within twenty years, upward of fifty ships were regularly employed in the fishing-trade between Europe and the New World. In 1577 the number of vessels had increased to 350; and England and France had established colonies of fishermen on the shores of Newfoundland and the neighboring islands. Spain and Portugal, surcharged with the gold that had been poured into their coffers by the conquests of Mexico and Peru, found the accumulation of wealth by such a means too slow and too laborious, and soon quietly withdrew from the fishing-grounds. England and France then laid exclusive claim to the industry. The French at first took the lead in the enterprise, and for more than a century following the flag of France was the banner most often seen on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Disputes and bloodshed often occurred between the fishermen of the two nations. About the middle of the seventeenth century the hardy inhabitants of New England began to realize the value of the great fisheries, and made their appearance upon the fishing-grounds. Then commenced a long triangular strife for the mastery of the Newfoundland Banks. France attempted to drive away both of her rivals, and French ships-of-war were instructed to seize all vessels not carrying the flag of France found in the fishing waters; while the Governor of Nova Scotia, then a French colony, officially informed the Executive of Massachusetts that he would capture any American vessel found fishing east of the Kennebec River, in Maine.

Encounters were frequent and bloody, but no one of the nations succeeded in driving its rivals from the field.

France, however, maintained the ascendency as regards numbers, and in 1744 employed 560 ships and 27,500 men in the Newfoundland fisheries, and caught annually 1,000,246 quintals (hundredweights) of fish. The Americans and English, combined, scarcely equaled one-third of those numbers in either ships or men. The British fishermen were fast decreasing in numbers, when Parliament came to their rescue. The former had found themselves unable to compete with their brothers of France, and special laws were passed by the British Parliament prohibiting the French from landing their fish in English markets, while the taxes imposed upon those brought home by their own fishermen were remitted.

To increase still further the demand for fish, a curious Act of Parliament was passed which provided:

"That as well for the maintenance of shipping, and the increase of fishermen, as for the sparing of the fresh vitual of the realm, it shall not be lawful to eat flesh on Wednesdays and Saturdays, unless under the forfeiture of £3 for each offense, excepting in cases of sickness and those of special licenses to be obtained."

To obtain these licenses, princes were required to pay about ten dollars, peers of the realm about six dollars, knights and baronets about three dollars, and commoners about one dollar and a half. No one, not even royalty itself, was granted such a license on both of the prohibited days.

A license to eat meat on "fish days" is too great a curiosity in our time to be omitted. We copy, for the benefit of our readers, one granted in the reign of King James I. of England. It runs as follows:

"Whereas, Mr. Richard Young, of Okebourne, St. George, in the Countye of Wiltes, Esquire, is a Gent. of good age, subject to many sicknesses, diverse infirmities, and in bodye of a very weak constitution and hath with him in his house his mother, Mris. Ann Young, widowe, a Gent. of great age (above four score) very sicklye, feeble, and subject to diuerse maladies, and having others in his house sick, and having long bine, by whom fish, by reason theire age, sicknesses, and diuerse infirmities, is judged by the skilful (as I am informed) to be very hurtfull to their bodies, and likelye to breede and bring diuerse diseases and sicknesses upon them: They therefore haue requeste me, theire minister, the premises considered, to give and grant them license, this time of Lent, to eate flesh, for the better avoidinge of sicknesses and diseases which, by their absteyning fro flesh, might growe uppon them: Know ye, therefore, that I, Adam Blythe, Mr. of Arts and of Okebourne aforesaid, Viccar, duelye considering this theire so

lawfull request, and tendering the helth and wellfare of the said Mr. Richard Young and Mris. Ann Young, his naturall and aged mother, have given and granted, and by these presents do give and grant to the said Mr. Richard Young and Mris. Ann Young and to ffoure persons more, leave, power, and license (so far as in me lieth, and by lawe safely I may without danger, and no further) to dresse or cause to be dressed, for them to eate, flesh this time of Lent nowe following, prohibitinge nuer the lesse, and by this grant forbidding them, all manner of shamble meates whatsoever. In witness whereof, to this present license I have put to my hand and seale. Dated and given at my house in Okebourne aforesaid, ffebruary this xiiithe 1618.

"By me, Adam Blythe, the Viccar ibid."

Later on, still more severe penalties were imposed upon persons convicted of breaking the "fish law." In addition to the fine of three pounds, imprisonment was inflicted for the first offense, and for each repetition both the fine and the term of imprisonment were doubled. Other "fish days" were also created, so that by the laws of England there were at one period 153 days in the year on which the British subjects were required to abstain from flesh and to eat fish.

The result of these laws was soon apparent. The number of French vessels began to diminish, while that of England rapidly increased. American vessels also became more numerous on the fishing-banks, and American fishermen joined cause with England against their common enemy. The French fishermen continued rapidly to decrease, and almost disappeared from the Newfoundland waters for a period; and a fleet was equipped at Boston for the destruction of French fishing-towns on the coast of Nova Scotia. The expedition was to have been composed of both English and American vessels, but the English ships failed to arrive and the plan was abandoned. By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, England virtually obtained a monopoly of the great fishing-grounds of the North Atlantic, and since that time she has constantly maintained her supremacy.

Yet other nations — the United States, France and Canada—have by no means neglected the industry. We have not the figures at hand for more recent years; but, in 1882, Canada alone, in her sea and inland fisheries, employed 50,000 men, and the products of their labor amounted to $17,500,000, a sum equal to $350 for each fisherman. The statistics of the United States for the same year show the regular employment of 132,000 men, who took from the sea during that year $44,500,000 worth of fish. The majority of our countrymen, however, who go to make up this estimate, were employed on waters south of Nova Scotia, while the larger portion of the 113,000 Englishmen engaged in the fishing industry are to be found on the great Banks of Newfoundland and its adjacent coasts.

It must also be noted that on account of the severity of the climate the Canadian fisheries can be worked only about seven months in the year, from the beginning of April to the end of October, so that the Canadian fishermen earn in seven months thirteen dollars more than the fishermen of the United States, who work from January to December.

As to the question of the possible exhaustion of the fisheries by their greater development or by allowing the fishermen of the United States to fish in Canadian waters, it is simply impossible to exhaust them, or even appreciably to lessen their numbers, by the means of fishing now in use, and as long as the fishermen are content to fish them from their feeding-grounds. For 300 years fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has been going on without diminishing the supply of fish, and millions are every year added to the millions caught before.

The life of the sea-fisherman is, indeed, a perilous one. Every year the long list of fishing-vessels that have put to sea never to return is increased; and it is said that nearly every family in the little fishing-villages along the shores of Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, and even in some of the towns on our own coast of New England, has lost one or more of its members on the fishing-grounds.

The phases of the weather constitute about the only change in life on the sea fisheries. The Great Bank of Newfoundland is itself nearly six hundred miles long by two hundred miles in width, and the depth of water varies from twenty-five to ninety-five fathoms.

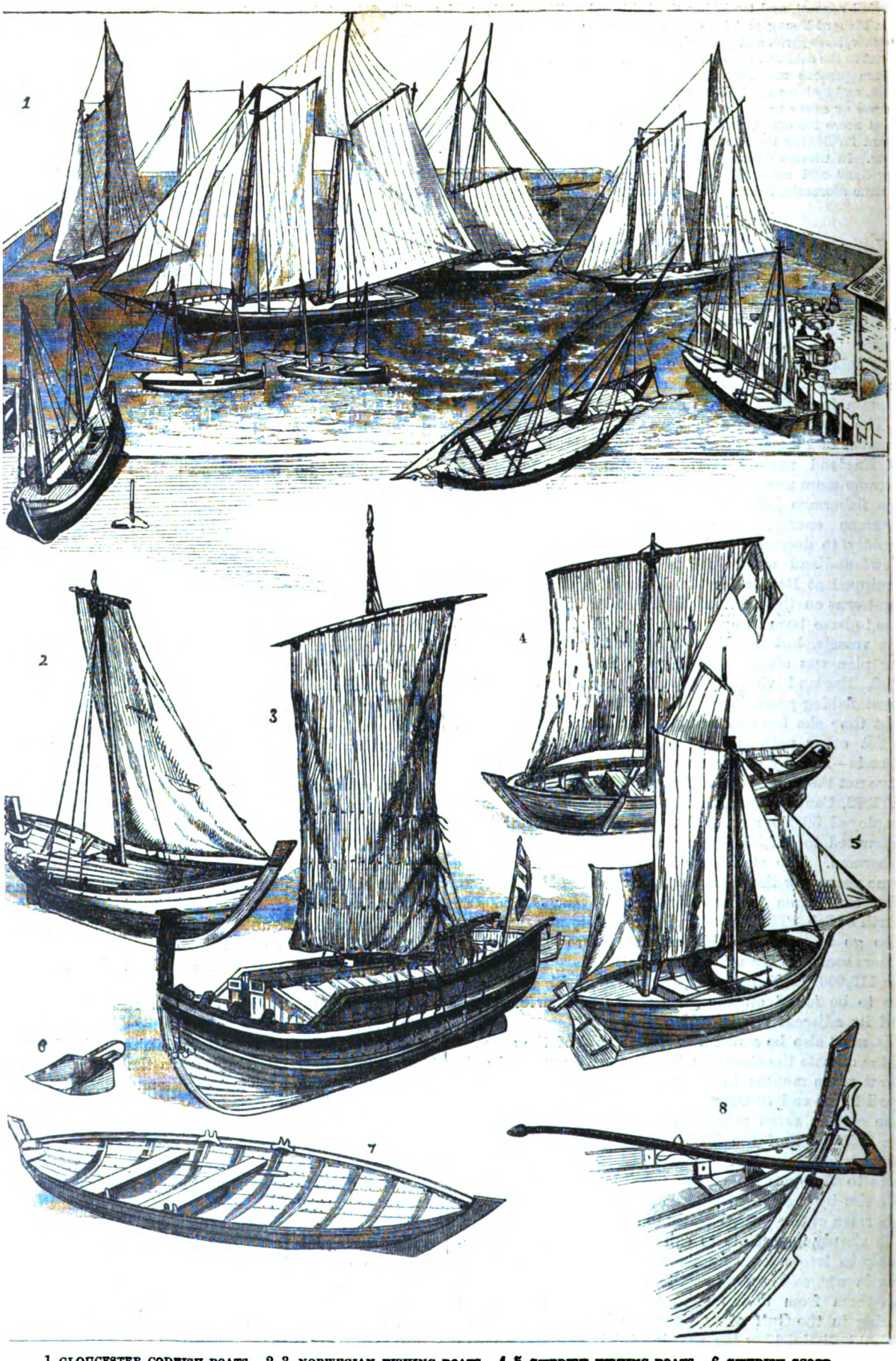
Vessels often stay for months far out of sight of land without going into port, and during all this time they regard themselves as fortunate if the fog permits them to obtain a single glimpse of the sun. Naturally it makes little difference in such weather whether the work is done by day or night, so long as the fish bite, and no thought is given to the flight of time.

Sometimes vessels return to port, after a long stay on the fishing-banks, and find they have gained or lost a week or more during the fog and rush of the fishing season, when no account was kept of the days or nights.

Indeed, a fair day or "weather-breeder" on the Newfoundland Banks is more to be dreaded by the fishermen than the densest fog, for it is a sure precursor of the terrible "northeasters" which create a heavy sea on the shoals, and often cause the loss of vessels with all on board. When such gales occur the only safety of the fisherman lies in keeping his vessel away from the rocky shores, against which immense waves dash and break with terrific fury. Any defect of the compass, or mistake in the captain's "reckoning," may lead to the wrecking of the boat and the loss of the lives of all the crew.

Marvelous tales are told by the fishermen of miraculous escapes from sudden death, some of which, however, may well be taken "with a grain of salt." A story was told us by a fisherman of St. John's, of the wrecking of a vessel near the Magdalen Islands in one of the violent northeast storms. They were "running" before the wind in imagined security in a dense fog, when their vessel was suddenly dashed upon the rocks. Only one of the crew was saved from a watery grave. He managed to cling to a huge rock until the storm had abated, only to find himself far from land and destitute of every means of sustenance, save a hook and line. With these he caught what fish he could, and succeeded in sustaining life for three weeks, when he was fortunately rescued from his perilous position.

The changes in the migration of fish may be due to the temperature, to the currents, or to the disappearance of food to the cod and other fish. It must also be remembered that fish are erratic in their habits, and that they are plentiful to-day in localities where they had not been seen for many years. The law of nature by which climatic conditions render portions of the world fertile and beautiful, gives to the dwellers in our bleak northern climates, as compensation, immense fish preserves; the great fishing interests being dependent on the Arctic current as the farming interest is on the rain and sunshine which ripen the crops. The Arctic seas and the great rivers proceeding thence are swarming with minute forms of life, constituting in many places a living mass—a vast ocean of living slime; and the all-pervading life which exists there affords the true solution of the problem which has so often presented itself to those engaged in the sea



1. GLOUCESTER CODFISH-BOATS. 2, 3. NORWEGIAN FISHING-BOATS. 4, 5. SWEDISH FISHING-BOATS. 6. SWEDISH SCOOP. 7. SWEDISH ROWBOAT. 8. NORWEGIAN RUDDER.

EXTRACTING LIVERS FROM CODFISH.

fisheries, where the food comes from which gives sustenance to the countless millions of fish which swarm in the waters of Labrador and Newfoundland and in the Dominion and United States waters. It is computed that while the cold water area subtending the coast of the United States is about 45,000 square miles, that subtending the British American shores is 200,000 square miles; a proof of the superior value of the British North American fisheries.

The capelin, the best bait that has ever been used to catch codfish, is a small fish about the size of an ordinary sardine, which swarms into the bays of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; the shoals are so immense "that a man standing on shore with a casting-net will often fill a cart in less than an hour; with small seines, a couple of men can fill a small boat in about the same time."

The capelin is of great commercial value. It does not occur much south of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and never approaches near the shores of New England. They also swarm about the Virgin Rocks, the only part of the Grand Bank above water, but is, notwithstanding, of great importance to New England fishermen. On the disappearance of capelin, about the end of June, the launce, the herring, the mackerel, the squid, the smelt, the clam, etc., are used as bait.

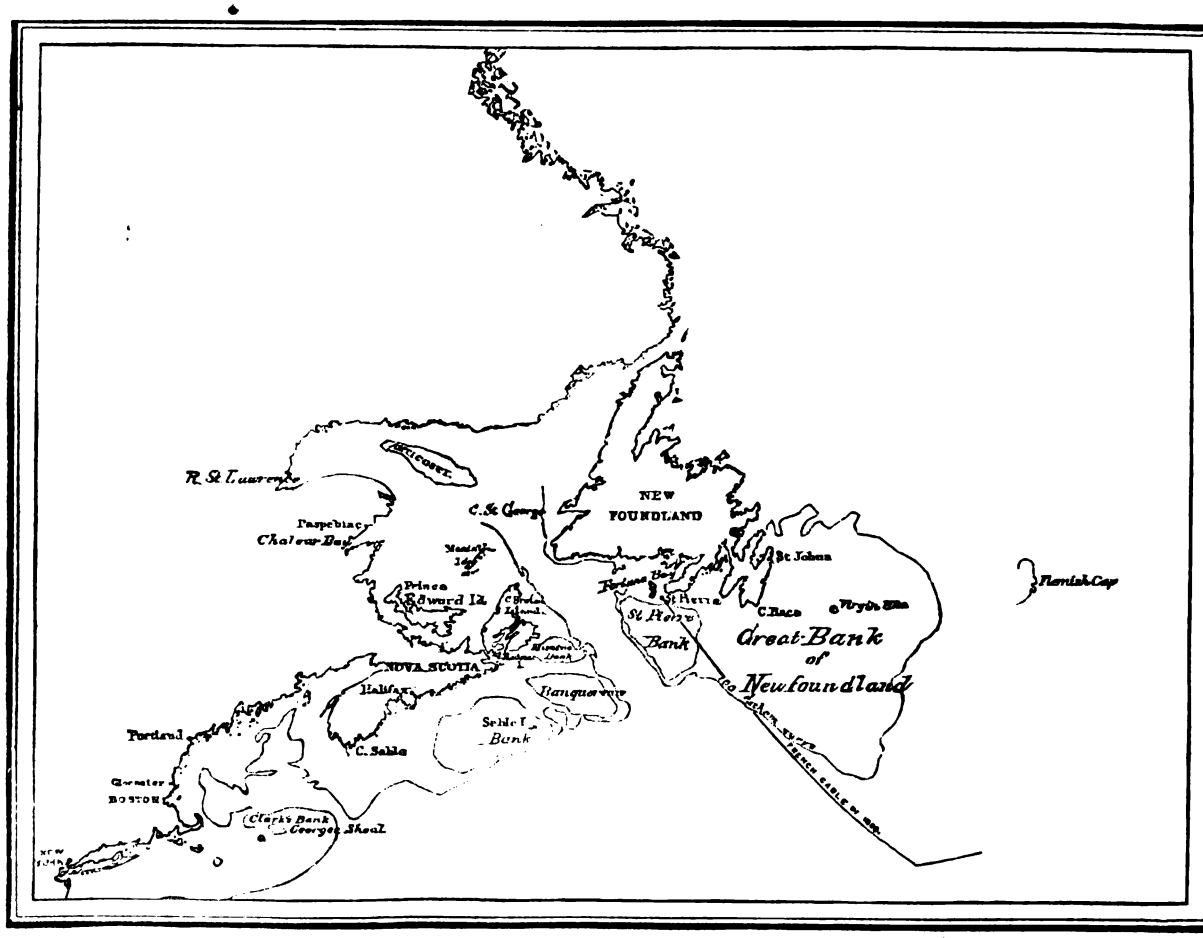
Immense schools of squid come into the harbors at certain seasons of the year; and at such times the population of the place, men, women and children, take to their boats and engage in the profitable business of capturing bait.

The cod being mostly taken by hand-lines and set-lines, the cost of bait is great—being estimated at one-fourth of the value of the cod taken—to the fishermen of New England. With the view of decreasing this proportion, the New England fisherman is compelled to buy his bait from the Canadians.

Many kinds of fish are caught on the Banks, but the only varieties taken in sufficient quantities to be important to commerce are cod, mackerel, herring, haddock and hake. Of these, the cod is by far the most valuable and most plentiful. Its flesh is easily dried, so that it may be preserved for an indefinite length of time, thus making it a staple article of commerce. Every part of the fish is valuable. "Cod-liver oil" is a well-known medicine, and is useful in the arts; roes are salted and used for bait in the sardine fisheries of the Mediterranean, the bladder is employed in the manufacture of a kind of isinglass, and the skin and fins are made into glue and cement.

Hake are similar to cod in appearance, but are much larger, coarser-grained and less delicately flavored. Vast quantities of them are caught on the Great Banks, and, in fact, in all waters frequented by the cod, and when their long ventral fins are removed, only the initiated are enabled to distinguish them from cod. The bones of the hake are much larger than those of the cod; but since the introduction of the practice of putting up "boneless *cod*fish," the value of the *hake* has been considerably increased.

Throughout all that country embracing the coasts of Labrador, Anticosti, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia, the ruling passion of the people is fish. They live in an atmosphere impregnated with cod, mackerel, herring, etc.



MAP SHOWING THE FISHING-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.—(THE DOTTED LINES INCLOSE THE FISHING-BANKS.)

For Newfoundland, St. John's is the headquarters of the fishermen. Here they are supplied with clothing, provisions, fishing-tackle and bait. Here, too, their vessels are built and fitted out; and here they return to prepare their fish for market.

St. John's is a quaint old town, at the foot of high, steep hills. The harbor is a wonderfully picturesque one. The narrow channel which leads to it is walled in by towering vertical cliffs 500 to 600 feet high, and it is no unusual sight to see whole fleets of fishing-vessels, with their endless variety of "rigs," beating in through "the Narrows," as the entrance to the land-locked harbor is called. Along the curved shore of the basin-like harbor runs "Water Street," destitute of sidewalks, and possessing a character peculiarly its own. It is lined with dwelling-houses, liquor saloons and outfitting stores for fishermen and vessels. No obligation seems to have been laid on the builders to place their tenements in line, so one constantly comes across unexpected angles, or buildings projecting into the street. The people are apparently utterly devoid of architectural taste. Every one has copied exactly his neighbor's dwelling, and there is seldom a higher flight of imagination than is represented by a door and a window on the ground floor, with, perhaps, a small attic above. The town has a fixed population of about 30,000 souls; but their number is more than doubled during certain seasons of the year. The merchants of the place usually combine a wholesale with a retail business; their front windows being stocked with miscellaneous articles of merchandise, while the rear of the stores contain enormous quantities of cod, herring, mackerel and hake, awaiting only the arrival of the ships to be consigned to some port of Europe or the United States.

Many of the merchants own private wharves, projecting into the harbor from the rear of their stores, where their own ships and steamers are moored, and about which there is always an amount of life and bustle, quite in contrast with the sleepy character of some parts of the town. Yet the general appearance of St. John's is no indication of its real character, so far as the wealth of its people is concerned; for large fortunes are said to be accumulated there in remarkably short periods of time.

During the Winter, while the fishermen are awaiting in idleness the return of the fishing season, the amount of crime, drunkenness and debauchery to be met with in St. John's is startling; yet one can scarcely find fault with the conduct of men who lead such a life of privation and hardship during the Summer months of the year.

A more perilous and laborious existence than that which thousands of men lead on the Banks during the fishing season cannot be imagined. Often hundreds of miles from land at anchor in rough water, and constantly enveloped in fogs and mists so thick that one end of the vessel is not visible from the other, is a life too dreary to be comprehended by any but those who are familiar with it.

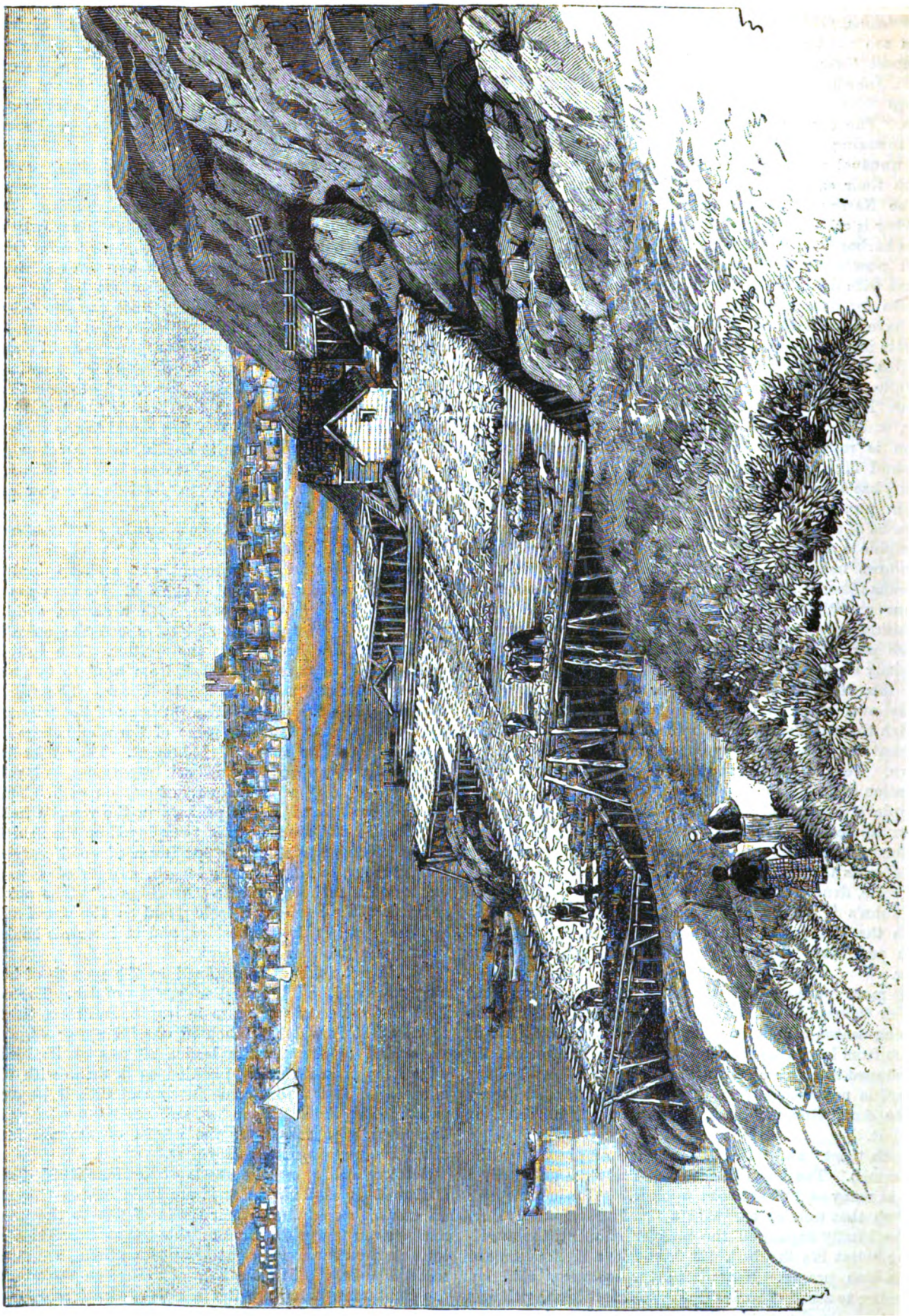
Both "net" and "line" fishing are employed by the fishermen. The trawl-line is extensively used, and often has as many as 10,000 hooks upon it. "It ain't the lack of fish that worries us," said a sturdy Newfoundlander, as he kindly explained the manner of using the trawl-line; "but it's the bait. It does take a sight of bait to set a line proper. Naow here, for instance," said he, pointing to a coil of rope three or four feet high, "there's a medium trawl; it's a cod-line over a mile and a quarter long, and every three feet is a cod-hook fastened to it. Wal, there's about three or four thousand hooks to be baited with herring, clams, squid or what we kin git. It takes half a day to bait the trawl alone, and as fast as it's baited we coil it up in one of these 'ere baskets. Sinkers are put on at each end, and cork floats, and when the end is over you jest row off, slacken up when the end comes, then let go and stand by for an hour or so. You see you've covered a mile of ground, and if there's any kind o' fishin' you ought to get 500 pounds of cod every hour. A cent and a quarter is what we git." "Do large fish sometimes break your lines?" was asked. "No, that's the beauty of a trawl; you kin hook a 300-pound halibut and he'll soon drown himself on the line. But the most common way o' fishin'," continued our informant, "is to anchor the vessel and fish with hook and line from the deck. Each man has his station (about three feet and a half of rail) with a cleet for his line, and a space on deck for his gear. The lines are allowed to run out until the lead on the end strikes the bottom, for cod swim deep. The bait used is either soft-shell clams (salted and barreled) or squid. Herring is sometimes used, and when other bait fails, the throat of the codfish is employed. The moment the line is 'tautened' we haul it in 'like mad' until the fish comes to the surface. If it's too large for one man to handle, his nearest neighbor lends him a hand. When the deck is filled with fish the 'skipper' gives the word to 'haul in the gear and fall to splitting and salting.'"

The crew then divide themselves into "throaters," "headers," "splitters," "salters" and "packers." The business of the throater is to cut with a sharp double-edged knife across the throat of the fish. He then passes it quickly to the header, who, with a strong, sudden wrench pulls off the head and tears out the entrails, passing the fish instantly to the splitter. The splitter with one cut lays open the fish from head to tail, and with another cut takes out the backbone. The fish is then passed to the salter. The business of the salters is the most important, as the value of the whole cargo depends upon their care and judgment. They take the fish one by one, spread them, back uppermost, in layers, distributing the proper quantity of salt on each. Then the fish are passed to the packers in the vessel's hold.

"Trawl-nets" are also widely employed on the fishing-banks. They consist of a stout beam of wood, varying from twenty to fifty feet in length, supported at each end by an iron hoop called a "trawl-head." The net is secured to the beam by a lacing, and as the vessel sails along the net is dragged astern, and at intervals hauled in and the fish removed.

"Drift-net fishing" is confined to the pursuit of herring, mackerel, and the smaller varieties of fish. The net itself is often a mile or more in length, and from thirty to fifty feet in width. When in use its upper edge is suspended by floats, while leaden sinkers at its lower edge keep it in a vertical position as it drifts with the current. The fish that come in contact with it become entangled in the small meshes, and are removed by the fishermen, who row along the length of the net in a small boat, raising it as they pass.

Scattered all along the coasts of Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia are little fishing-villages, all of which contribute their quota of fish to the great markets of the world. Just outside the entrance to Fortune Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland, are three small islands, the last foothold of France on the American Continent. They are the Islands of Great and Little Miquelon and St. Pierre. Small and insignificant as they appear on the map, their adjacent waters furnish all the fish which now finds its way across the ocean to the



FLAKES FOR DRYING CODFISH, NEWFOUNDLAND.

markets of France. Here, on the Banks of St. Pierre and the Miquelons, one sees all the various "rigs" or kinds of vessels, employed in the fishing industry; the heavy, clumsy, "luggers" of the Old World; the "square riggers," "brigs" and "barks," and the two, three and four-masted "schooners" of New England all go to make up a motley scene as picturesque as it is rare. Our fishermen formerly came in great numbers to the Banks of St. Pierre in pursuit of squid, a small fish which furnishes a peculiarly attractive bait for cod; but, since the Colonial Governor saw fit to impose a harbor tax upon all American vessels anchoring in the port, St. Pierre has been nearly forsaken in favor of Newfoundland. As a fishing-port, St. Pierre is to France what Gloucester is to Massachusetts, or St. John's to Newfoundland.

Ever since their discovery the great fisheries of the North Atlantic have been the most efficient training-schools for seamen. It was upon this source that England and France long depended for recruits for their men-of-war; and in the War of 1812 the famous old frigates of the American Navy, the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, the *Essex*, and their sister ships, were largely manned by men who had spent their lives on the fishing-banks and become inured to the toils and dangers of the sea.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence is the home of the herring; but the herring is an erratic fish, and sometimes disappears suddenly from his favorite haunts, and after weeks, or even months, of absence, again returns to the Gulf in an equally unexpected and unexplained manner.

The herring is one of the fish that can be caught in Winter. During that season large holes are cut in the

FORT QU'APPELLE.— SEE PAGE 525.

Though but a small rock in the ocean, the Island of St. Pierre is essentially a port of the world of news. No fewer than six cables are landed here; one to Brest, in France; two to Placentia Bay; one to Duxbury, Mass.; and two to Canada. These bring to the island a mixed population of French and English.

England and France long made a kind of shuttlecock of the little island, but France has managed to retain it since 1816.

The French have a number of vessels engaged on the Banks. They are larger than ours, usually barks or brigs. Their headquarters are at St. Pierre, and the Miquelon Islands, which belong to France. There are at present no other countries engaged in these fisheries besides the Americans, English and French. The latter, when their cargoes are completed, return to France, and come out again in the early Spring.

ice, and dip-nets let down to drag up heavy loads of young herring, which are often sent to the markets of the United States as *French sardines*.

In the Provinces a large part of the business of preparing cod for market is carried on at a place in Quebec, probably utterly unknown outside of the fishing world. It is a little port, called Paspebiac, at the head of Chaleur Bay, and contains a number of the largest "packing and drying" establishments on this continent. The little islets known as the Magdalen Group, lying near the centre of St. Lawrence Bay, were formerly a favorite resort of the New England fishermen, but the unaccounted-for and almost total disappearance of herring from the adjacent waters has caused the islands of late years to be nearly abandoned.

While cod, as we have explained, are usually taken with the hook and line, mackerel are commonly caught

with the drift-net, the fish becoming entangled or "meshed" in the small meshes of the net. The same method is employed in catching herring; and, in addition, trawl-nets, dip-nets and seines are frequently used. Sometimes the fishermen explode torpedoes of gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, in the midst of a school of fish, killing thousands, which at once float on the surface of the water and are gathered by men in small boats.

In the St. Lawrence River a "stake" or "gill" net is used in capturing salmon. The main net is stretched from shore to shore, and in swimming up the stream the salmon strike against the net and are tolerably certain to become entangled in its meshes. Vast quantities of fish are caught off our New England coast, from Maine to Martha's Vineyard; cod, herring, mackerel, tautog, dogfish, striped-bass, scup, shad, sea-bass, menhaden, sea-robin, salmon, flounders, bluefish, weakfish and Spanish mackerel.

The shad season is usually from the 25th of April to the 10th of May; and sea-bass and bluefish are taken throughout the month of June. Various methods are adopted for capturing the much-prized bluefish and sea-bass; such as traps, nets, weirs, etc., but the most common manner of taking them is with the hook and trolling-line. In trolling for bluefish or sea-bass a long line is paid out from the stern of the boat, while the motion of the vessel draws it rapidly through the water, and some shining or sparkling substance attached to the hook takes the place of bait.

The fishing-grounds include the cod, herring and mackerel fisheries, and a number of our fishermen annually visit the bank to the east of Newfoundland for halibut. The changeable character of the weather on the British American coast, the variety of currents, constant presence of fog, and other dangers, compel the British-American fishermen to confine themselves almost exclusively to the shore fisheries.

The cod-fishing formerly carried on off the coast of New England is said to have seriously decreased, and it is believed by Professor Baird that the failure is largely due to the diminution of bait fishes, caused by the numerous dams and other obstructions in the rivers in which these fishes were accustomed to spawn. Consequently cod have migrated, and the nearest place our fishermen can find them in sufficient numbers is on the Grand Banks. The Grand Bank appears to be the great breeding-ground of the species, and the finest fish in the world are caught there.

It will be seen that our fishermen not only have to go a long distance to find the fish, but also to get their bait, as it is necessary to have the capelin in order to have the fish bite sufficiently rapid to make it pay. This bait has to be obtained in British-American ports. It is also necessary to dry the fish in British ports on account of the great distance from our own. Now, in order to protect our fishermen, a duty is placed on fish (imported). To protect her fishermen Great Britain forbids our fishermen to buy bait or dry their fish in her ports after a certain time.

The Treaty of Washington, 1871, contained provisions by which the inhabitants of the United States were to have, in addition to their rights under the Treaty of 1818, in common with British subjects, for ten years from the date of the treaty and until the end of two years after notice had been given by either party, the right to take fish of every kind except shell-fish, on the sea-coasts and shores, and in the bays, harbors and creeks of the provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the colony of Prince Edward's Island, and of the several islands thereto adjacent, without being restricted to any distance from the shore; with permission to land upon the said coasts and shores and islands, and also upon the Magdalen Islands, for the purpose of drying their nets and securing their fish. Salmon and shore fisheries and all other fisheries in the rivers and mouths of rivers were reserved for British subjects. Exactly the same rights were granted to British subjects on the eastern sea-coasts and shores of the United States north of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude. But as England believed she was granting more valuable privileges to our fishermen than we to hers, on account of the relative abundance of fish, she insisted that we should pay her a sufficient amount to make up the difference. One million pounds sterling was finally agreed upon. At the end of the ten years specified in the treaty we were promptly notified, but no steps were taken to renew or amend the treaty. Hence all the trouble.

British-American fishermen think that by harassing our fishermen they will force the United States to make a reciprocity treaty by which we will pay them (British fishermen) a certain amount for the privilege of entering their ports and buying bait, etc. In other words, it is simply a scheme by which to force our men from the field, thereby lessening the annual supply of fish, causing a corresponding increase in the value of fish caught by the British fishermen, or make us pay the difference in value in actual cash. The Colonial authorities are making strenuous efforts to have the privileges granted to French fishermen also withheld. The question is still pending before the Home Government. Great Britain has no more right to forbid our fishermen the privileges desired, except that of curing their fish, than we have to forbid her steamers to buy coal and other articles by which they are enabled to carry on their commerce in our ports.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

The following is an interesting summary of the papyrus which the Berlin Museum recently acquired from the heirs of Richard Lepsius, and the reading of which has only just been completed.

This papyrus, which was written in the vulgar tongue, is not only of archæological importance, but of much literary interest; being neither more nor less than an historical novel, though left in an unfinished state. The papyrus dates from the sixteenth century B.C., and from the eighteenth dynasty; but the story related in it goes back nearly a thousand years, to the reign of King Cheops, the fabled builder of the Pyramids. When the story opens, King Cheops is seated among his sons and listening to their tales of the miracles said to have been wrought at the Court of his predecessors. Prince Chephren, who afterward built the Second Pyramid, related that a magician in the reign of King Nebka had made a waxen crocodile which, if placed in the chamber of a wife untrue to her husband, would seize her and her paramour and deliver them over to the husband. Another prince related that King Suefru, the father of Cheops, feeling oppressed and not knowing how to "relieve his heart," took counsel of a wise man, who advised him to go to the banks of the lake near the palace and let all the maidens of the Court row up and down the water. This was done, and the monarch's heart was relieved. But all of a sudden one of the maidens began to make lamentations; for she had dropped a jewel into the water, which was forty feet

deep. A magician was sent for, and, reciting an incantation, he coaxed the jewel up from the bottom of the lake and returned it to the maiden. King Cheops was so struck with wonder at these stories, that he ordered sacrifices to be offered to the manes of this sage and of the magicians; but Prince Hardadaf informed him that they were not all dead, and that one of them, named Dedi, dwelt in the City of Ded-Sneirii. Prince Hardadaf described him as being a hundred years old, but as still able to eat daily five hundred rolls of bread and the quarter of an ox, and to drink a hundred flagons of beer. He was able to reunite a head to the trunk from which it had been decapitated; to make lions follow him like dogs; and he also knew the place where would be found certain precious materials of the house of the god Thoth, which King Cheops was very anxious to have for building his pyramid. The King sent Prince Hardadaf to fetch the sage Dedi, whom he found stretched upon his bed. Dedi consented to accompany him into the King's presence, and, upon being asked by His Majesty whether it was true that he could reunite a decapitated head to the trunk, replied in the affirmative; whereupon the King ordered a prisoner to be brought out for experiment. But the sage Dedi asked that an animal might be supplied him, and not a man: whereupon a goose was brought. Its head was cut off and placed in the eastern corner of the chamber, with the body in the western corner, and Dedi then pronounced a form of words, immediately after which the body got up and walked, the head wriggling along the pavement until the two met and re-joined; the goose then waddling away. Dedi repeated the same miracle with a duck and a bull, and the King then questioned him as to the house of Thoth. Dedi said that the materials which the King wished for were in a house at Heliopolis, but that he had no power to make them over to him; the only one who could do so being the eldest of the three sons whom Red Dedt should bear. Red Dedt, he added, was the wife of the Priest of the Sun at Sachebu; and she would bear three sons to a god, and these three sons would all be kings, the eldest being also high priest at Heliopolis. When the King heard those words he was troubled. There is a hiatus in the papyrus at this point, and, without being told what course King Cheops has determined upon, we arrive at the main incident of the story—namely the birth of the children of the Sun. When Red Dedt felt the first pangs of childbirth, the Sun sent for the goddesses Isis, Nephthys, Mesechent, and Hekt, as well as the god Chnum, and said to them, "Deliver Red Dedt of the three children, who will one day be kings in this land; they will build you temples, they will feed your altars, they will make you many libations, and will enrich your sanctuaries." The gods and goddesses assumed the shape of mortal women, and went to the house of the priest and offered to deliver his wife. The priest accepted, and Red Dedt accordingly gave birth to three boys an ell long and with lusty arms. Mesechent predicted that they would all reign; and they were, in fact, the first three kings of the fifth dynasty—Userkaf, Sahure, and Kakar. The priest, full of gratitude, gave corn to the supposed midwives, who then took their flight into the empyrean. But, when the divinities got near to the domain of the Sun, Isis said, "How is it that we have wrought no miracle for the children whom we have delivered from their mother's womb?" Thereupon the goddesses stirred up a tempest, and, after having enchanted the corn, caused the wind to carry it into the priest's house. When Red Dedt, after two weeks' rest, resumed the management of her household, the servant told her that the corn given to the midwives was still in the granary. Red Dedt sent her to fetch a little of it; but she returned in terror, saying that she had heard in the granary the sounds of music and song "as when the birth of a king is being celebrated." This miracle was nearly being fatal to the children, for, when Red Dedt upon one occasion punished her servant, the latter left the house in wrath and said to the neighbors, "How dares she to punish me, this woman who has given birth to three kings! I will go and inform King Cheops." Here the papyrus ends, so that no information is given as to what King Cheops did to get rid of these future pretenders, nor how they escaped his persecution; and this—as Herr Lepsius in his prefatory notice remarked—is all the more unfortunate because the papyrus evidently hands down a tradition of facts. Thus we may learn from it that Chephren was a son of Cheops; that the fifth dynasty originated in the town of Sachebu; that the first three kings of it were brothers, and that the eldest was priest at Heliopolis before ascending the throne.

The papyrus in question is the oldest known document in the popular tongue.

ONLY A LIFE.

By H. Catterson-Smith.

'Twas only a baby's soft, sweet smile,
'Twas only a mother's song;
'Twas only the zephyr which blew a while,
'Twas only Spring all day long.

'Twas only a hidden, modest blush,
'Twas only love's bright play;
'Twas only a silent, peaceful hush,
'Twas only a Summer day.

'Twas only a loving wife's embrace,
'Twas only a husband's kiss;
'Twas only a well-earned day of grace,
'Twas only Autumnal bliss.

'Twas only a single, muffled knell,
'Twas only an open tomb;
'Twas only a snowbound, frozen spell,
'Twas only Winter's gloom.

A VISIT TO FORT QU'APPELLE.

By E. T.

Last August, being obliged to travel, quite alone, from New York to Winnipeg, Manitoba, I determined to extend my trip so as to embrace some special objects of interest. After six delightful days on the great lakes, I arrived at Port Arthur, on the northwest shore of Lake Superior, the most important town on the "north shore," where the great iron steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway make their terminus. Having heard a good deal about the Roman Catholic Mission at Fort William, I concluded to stop over a day at Port Arthur, and go on an exploring trip six miles up the lovely Kaministequa River, where the old mission stands. I had just landed from the steamer a few hours before, a stranger in a strange land, and my enterprise seemed quite a formidable undertaking.

A consultation with the manager of the hotel smoothed my path wonderfully, however. He gave me a letter of introduction to Father Hébert, who is in charge of the mission, escorted me to the ferryboat, and arranged with the captain that I was to be landed at the mission and called for on the return trip. A merry party of young

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, FORT QU'APPELLE.

folks was on board, bound on a pleasure-trip up the river, and we sat on the forward deck where we could see the lovely landscape unfolding before us.

We steamed out of the harbor into the waters of Thunder Bay, where, rising 1,350 feet above, rugged and forbidding, Thunder Cape guarded the entrance into Lake Superior. With the heavy clouds hanging about the summit, the thunder reverberating even when the sky all around is clear, no wonder the Indians believe that the Great Manito has his dwelling there. A few miles in the open bay, a quick turn to the right, and we glided into the clear waters of the Kaministequa.

We passed the low-lying lighthouse at the entrance to the river. A few miles further up we saw the old Hudson Bay Company's post, Fort William: the quaint log houses are deserted now, the storehouse empty, and all its former grandeur gone. It used to be the chief depot and headquarters of the Northwest Company before its union with the Hudson Bay Company in 1821, and was one of the most important posts in the country—the place where the *voyageurs* from the far-off lands in the northwest brought their furs and re-embarked by the great lakes for Montreal.

I had suffered many misgivings on the way as to the feasibility of a novice like myself going to inspect a Jesuit mission, when I had not the faintest idea how to address the Father, or, indeed, how to behave; but my fears were all imaginary. There was Father Hébert, when we arrived, beaming on us placidly over the high palings of the mission-house; and all the twenty young people of the pleasure-party stared at me as I stumbled out of the boat and up the steps of the rickety landing, and presented my letter to Father Hébert. He couldn't read English very well, and I knew not a word of French, but we made it out between us, and then he turned to me, shook hands, and was very gracious. He took me through the hall of the house, and I saw the tiny reception-room and the great garden behind, but I could not see the other rooms; that was against all rules.

He spoke of the growing settlements, and how the busy world was beginning to crowd around them.

"It is better for us in a material sense," he said; "I find a good market for my vegetables now, but we were, perhaps, in the old days, more content. These people who have come in are too busy. They hurry and work, and have no time to save their souls."

I wanted so much to get a sketch of Father Hébert. I don't know what he thought of my very apparent interest in his head-covering. I tried to take mental notes of it, but it proved too much for me. When I thought I had thoroughly mastered one side of it, I found the other side was quite different.

Father Hébert told me that the mission was founded in 1850 by the Jesuit Father Choné. It is aided by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, but from its resources I should think it must be almost self-supporting, for it has a fine farm with sixty acres under cultivation, twenty-five ready to be cleared, and "bush land" containing about one hundred and twenty-five acres. It is close by a reserve, and the Fathers are doing a good work among the Indians, teaching them to give up their roving life, to build houses, and to cultivate the one hundred acres of land which is appropriated to each family by the Government.

Then I was turned over to a little Sister, with soft hazel eyes flecked with brown, and altogether too many dimples to be suitable for a Sister. She showed me the school, where seventy-five Indian and half-breed children are taught, and the dormitory where the nine

little Ojibway orphans slept; and then we went into the tiny church. We talked in low whispers and tiptoed softly about, and the little Sister looked with such pride and reverence on the altar, which certainly was a wonder, with its bright cretonne with gorgeous figures on it, and its marvelous wax flowers; and the Sister bowed before it and whispered to me:

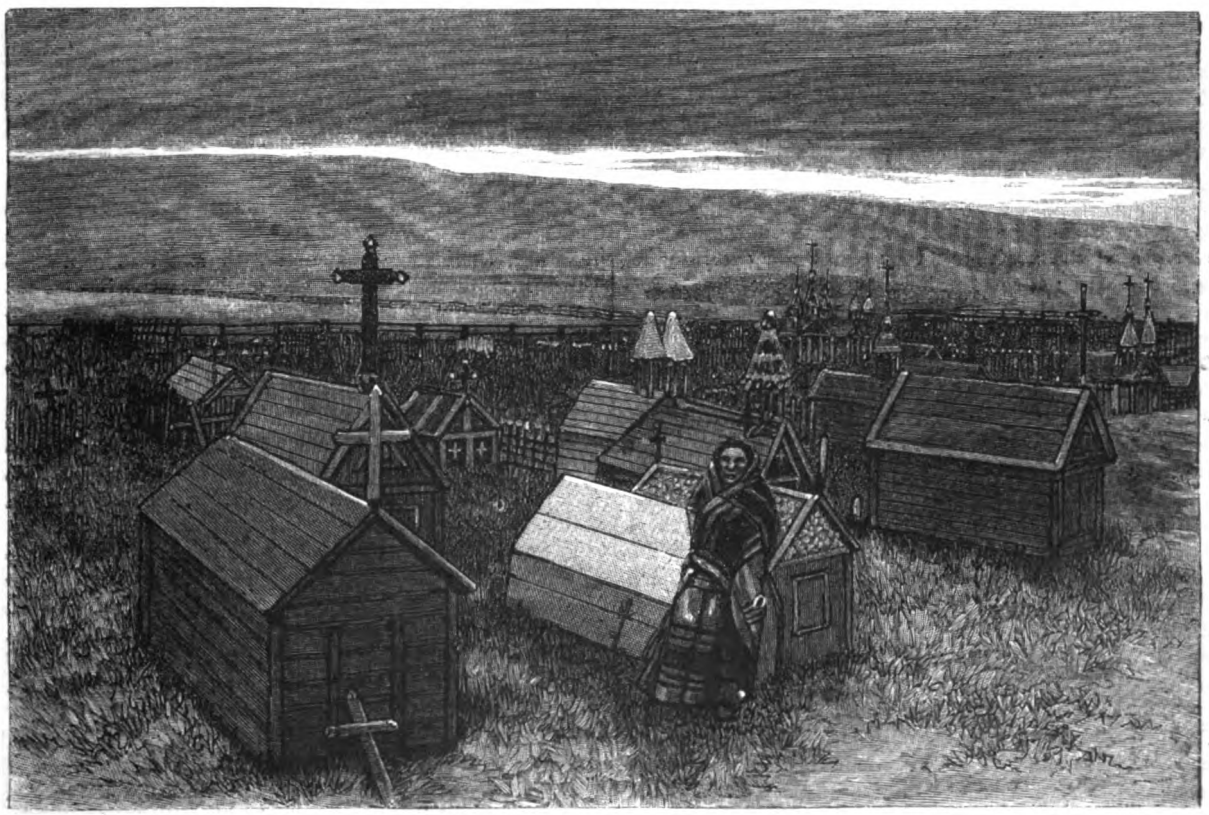
"They have bigger churches and grander altars—but still——" Here she gave her head a little shake of quiet satisfaction.

Afterward I went to the old graveyard behind the church, where many an "Alexandre" and "François" old *voyageurs*, worn out in "the service," sleep. And thus I wandered past the monastery again, and sat down on the landing-steps and waited for my boat to come. It was so lovely there, with the shining, winding river and the black pine woods in the distance, and now and then a half-breed would dart down the current in his birch-bark canoe. And the cows came home in the twilight in long files, and the little orphans peeped at me and made faces, and the half-breed women called to each other as they dipped up water from the river, and just then the chimes of the mission rang out for "Indian prayers," and my boat came in sight, and Father Hébert came out, prayer-book in hand, and gave me his blessing.

The next day I left for Winnipeg, 429 miles west, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. After staying there for several weeks, I began my wanderings again; this time going to the Government School for Indian Children, at Qu' Appelle. I wonder how many of the "States people" know of the existence of such a place, and yet it flourished as a Hudson Bay Company post as long ago as 1800. It is 350 miles west of Winnipeg, and twenty from the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the trail to the Far Northwest.

I arrived at Fort Qu' Appelle Station early in the morning, and in another hour we started on the long ride over the prairie. We must have presented an amusing picture: an open wagon; two tall, bony horses; Sandy, the old Scotch driver, in front; and I, with my back to him, on the seat behind, packed about with buffalo robes, bales and bundles, and a dead sheep, whose legs stuck upward in an appealing manner. The driver and I had a very sociable time; he talked to me about every subject under the sun, it seemed to me—politics, the causes of unhappiness in married life, how to make soup, his own history, etc.—interspersed with emphatic language to a balky horse, and once he startled me by shouting out, "Ye're an auld fule, wha'iver ye be!" to a young man riding by who was jerking his horse's mouth. I asked him so many questions that at last I apologized for it; but he reassured me, saying, "Go ye right ahead and don't be alarmed; we're put in this world to spread contentment and peace, and make thorny paths smooth."

Mile after mile we jogged along, seeing nothing but prairie on either side, but there was such a wonderful variety of color that it did not seem monotonous. The frosts had changed the grasses and shrubs, and the soft swells of land gleamed with russet and yellow and brilliant red, and a soft, blue haze made the distance seem full of lovely possibilities. Suddenly, the prairie road stopped short, and, 400 feet below us, we saw the beautiful Qu' Appelle Valley, with its four shining lakes, and the winding river connecting them, and on either hand the echoing hills. No wonder that it is named Qu'Appelle"—the valley that calls; the hills are formed in strange winding shapes, in cones and pyramids and serpent-like forms that catch each sound, and send it back and forth across the placid water. Some hills look like great walruses and seals, with their smooth brown backs



INDIAN GRAVEYARD AT FORT QU'APPELLE.

glistening in the sun; upon others, a light growth of trees, now gorgeous with the Autumn colors, follow the lines of the ravines and coulées. We drive down into the valley where the little settlement of Fort Qu'Appelle lies; past the stockade of the Hudson Bay Company, which incloses the warehouses and the residence of the chief factor, Archie McDonald; over the little bridge, and past the second of the lakes, four miles to the Government School. As we drove up to the gate we were greeted by a prolonged stare from twenty-four small Indian boys, who were working in the garden. Droll little objects they were, all dressed alike, in butternut trousers, gray flannel shirts, and great, flapping felt hats. Just then, Father Hugonnard, who is in charge of the school, stepped forward to greet us. Tall, dark, lithe, with close-cropped hair, keen black eyes, bright smile, quick, decided, ringing voice, he seemed just the one to have charge of such a place.

Permission had been granted me to stay at the school for a week, and soon the Superior appeared to take me in charge. My heart began to fail me a little, it was all so strange and new; but I looked at the pleasant, quiet face of the Sister, and felt that we should soon be friends. I was quite sure of it when, after a little talk with her, Father Hugonnard coming in, she took me by the hand, and said to him so sweetly, "She is to be one of us." And then she told me what "the rule" was, and my life with them began.

How busy they were, those dear Sisters! only four of them to do all the work of the school, aided by four young Indian girls—mere children—and speaking only Cree, Sioux and Assiniboine, and quite ignorant of the ways of civilized life. One Sister taught, another sewed, another cooked, and the other looked after the general work of the house; but they all helped each other, and were busy from morning till night. Such perfect courtesy and kindness always; such patience with the stupid Indian girls! They were the Gray Nuns of Montreal, sent out only the year before, when the school was founded.

They had their "hours of silence," when, as the Superior told me, they fix their minds on the Son of God while working with their hands; and at such times I kept away, not to interfere with "the rule." I asked the Sister if many entered the Order from disappointment in their lives, and she said, "No; that if they did, they never passed the novitiate; they could not endure; the life is too hard; they would not have the love to make them strong; and, as it is, we do not see a great age—there are not many of us with hair that is white."

The Sisters did not teach the Indian boys, not understanding their language; besides, they would have no authority with the boys, as the Indian children are accustomed to seeing women treated with contempt. Father Hugonnard and an English assistant have charge of them, and teach them English and French, reading, writing and simple arithmetic; a gardener instructs them in farm work; and a carpenter, in the use of his tools.

I used to go down before each meal to see them drawn up in line for "inspection." Up and down before them Father Hugonnard walked, scanning each boy with his keen eye, and woe to the small boy who dared present himself with dirty face! Before him the Father would pause, and, with majestic voice and gesture, exclaim, "Go! Wash!" and the small boy would slink away, abashed, to the sink. Then at a signal, as a convincing proof that that necessary article was in place, twenty-five red bandanas would wave in the air, and then, with a "Right wheel!—march!" they would file away to the dining-room, giving a half-repressed war-whoop on the way.

Here is their daily routine: They rise at 6 A.M.; attend Mass at 6:30 A.M.; go to the dormitory for "inspection" (they are always losing their belts and pockethandkerchiefs); breakfast at 7:30 A.M.; and then work begins. They have school from 8 o'clock till 9:45 A.M.; "fatigue," as the farm-work is called, till 10:45 A.M.; school till noon; followed by recreation and dinner. Then till 2:30 P.M. drill, of which they are very fond, and in which they show wonderful aptness and precision; then school till 3:30 P.M.; fatigue till 4:20 P.M.; school and supper at 6 P.M.; afterward recreation; and at 8:30 P.M. prayers, sometimes singing, and always bed.

Probably they will remain a number of years here until they are quite well grown, and then return to their tribes, taking with them the knowledge which will enable them to influence their people to adopt the ways of civilized life. There was a bright little fellow, Bruno by name, who was a great favorite with the Sisters. He was only four years old, but he could read very well, and was one of their brightest scholars. Three Winters ago one of the Fathers found him in the tent of an old blind Indian. Although it was thirty degrees below zero, the child was quite naked in the tattered wigwam, and the only person to care for him and the old Indian was a little girl four years old. The Father was told that the Indian would have been helped by his people, but he preferred to live in this way so as to excite sympathy and obtain aid from passers-by. The Father bought Bruno for fifteen dollars, and took him with him to the mission, and he was very happy in his improved condition.

The buildings of the mission stand on the shore of the lake, and only a short distance from the school. In 1866 Father Ritchot traveled from Winnipeg by dog-train for the purpose of founding this mission, and from that time to this the Fathers have worked faithfully among the Indians and half-breeds. In those days, before the country was transferred from the Hudson Bay Company to Canada, the Fathers simply selected the land they wished, and their claim to it, after the change, was, as a rule, respected by the Canadian Government.

The mission buildings consist of the monastery, a little church, a house for the farm-hands and for cooking purposes, stables, old store-houses, and a great oven made of clay. Very quaint they look, huddled close together, their roofs thatched with sod and straw, the hewn logs of which they are made weatherbeaten and gray; the chinks and cracks filled with clay, all of the same subdued dun-color—only here and there one sees some bright weed or flower which has taken root in the sodded roofs and waves lightly in the wind.

In front of the buildings is a lovely old-fashioned garden, with great beds of sweet flowers, little arbors covered with hop-vines, and winding paths, which lead one down the gentle slope to the clear waters of the lake below.

Back of the monastery is the Indian graveyard; some of the graves are marked simply by a rude wooden cross, but many have singular structures of wood, resembling Chinese pagodas, over them; these are painted black, with strange decorations in white painted on them, such as "polka dots," bands and stripes, and there was one with great white drops to represent tears.

The Fathers have great influence with the Indians, and are much beloved by them. They do not treat them with that half-concealed contempt with which the white man usually greets his unfortunate brothers. They are educated men, and belong to the Order of Oblates of Mary

Immaculate, an Order founded in 1816 at Aix-en-Provence (France), especially for mission work among foreign nations. One must have a great respect and admiration for these good men, who have given up their homes and lives for this hard and unselfish labor among the savages, and with no expectation of personal reward in this world, looking to the next, where God "rewards every man according to his work."

THE HOARDED WEALTH OF INDIA.

THE new Bombay paper, the *Advocate of India*, in an article on this subject, alludes to the native habit of storing away the jewel wealth of the country; and gives a rather startling estimate of the amount of jewelry at present hidden in India. Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way, and these savings are being constantly made—often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the expense of greater necessaries of life. The making and the storing away of wealth in this form is the national peculiarity of this country. It is indulged in by all classes of natives. Jewelry is regarded as the most stable kind of wealth, and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock of jewelry. It can always be pledged or disposed of. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed. The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well. He can scarcely be cheated. Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her *stridhan*, which is often equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom. There is often a scarcity of clothing; sometimes a scarcity of cooking-pots; generally not a particle of furniture; but nearly always a stock of jewelry. The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else; she cannot be robbed. The family that does not possess jewelry is absolutely indigent. One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry-owner is that his hoards cannot be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees, and pay no income tax. This is a source of great satisfact on. Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than Government paper. If it never increases it never diminishes, is a national saying, common among men and women alike. No native marriage, except among the most impoverished, takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry. So great in value is the new jewelry that is introduced into families by marriage, that we dare not estimate it; the amount would be so fabulous. Truly the investment of wealth in jewelry in India is the greatest and most remarkable institution in the country. Every other investment sinks into insignificance beside it. Under no native prince or rajah of former times has jewelry accumulated as it has accumulated under the British Government in British India. For a century past the sacking of towns has been unknown; the plunder of individuals has been greatly restrained; and wealth in the form of jewelry has accumulated. Now, if men set store by their wealth in jewelry, and if one man estimates another by his wealth in jewels, is it not manifest that as this kind of wealth increases, and is found to be secure to the possessor, the people who gauge themselves as others gauge them—by the jewel wealth—must be contented, as far as the possession and security of this kind of wealth can content them? We can scarcely imagine the possessor of considerable wealth in jewelry being discontented. There must be political contentment amongst the class of jewelry-owners; and one-half of the people of India are jewelry-owners. It is only when the day of taking stock of the family jewelry comes round, such as the occasion of a wedding or a great gala day, that a stranger can form the slightest conception of the amount of wealth in the family in the form of jewelry. Amazement at once strikes him as he is for the first time permitted to see the amount of accumulated wealth. The inventory day is, *par excellence*, the women's day. Gathered round the iron safes, the cash-boxes, the metallic boxes, the neatly carved wooden boxes, the delight of the women is observed in their eyes as each pair of golden bracelets studded with pearls; each pair of diamond, or emerald, or sapphire ear-rings; each nose-ring with large pearls, massive gold chains, and a large number of rings, expensively and even extravagantly gemmed, are handed round the family circle for admiration. And great is the family delight. The towns of India must be peaceful towns, and the laws of India must be good laws, where jewelry wealth, amounting in value to crores and crores, can be held secure by the meanest subjects of the great Empress Victoria. The Government that has permitted this great jewelry wealth to grow into monster proportions, and that has never coveted a single grain of the hoarded gold, as is proved by the history of the wealth itself, is entitled to respectful regard. We cannot in honesty or justice refuse to approve of a Government that has followed out this policy of upholding and maintaining the rights of the people to their jeweled possessions for more than a century. When we single out this item in India's wealth, we do so for a useful purpose, in the interest of the people themselves, and not in the interests of Government or of income-tax lawmakers. In continuing to hoard and keep unremunerative such vast treasures as are now held in India, the people are unnecessarily impoverishing themselves. The system has had the fullest scope, and has been availed of by the people to the fullest extent, showing their abounding confidence in the national idiosyncrasy. It is now much overdone, and should be moderated. When wealth is hoarded in a country in millions, and lies unproductive, it attracts the covetous, and is a source of national weakness. It should be profitably employed in the creation and support of industries that may advance the progress of the country.

THE NAVY OF THE FUTURE.

THE great battle of Guns *vs.* Armor has included few actual engagements, and no severe tests between great powers. The affair of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* first demonstrated that ironclads were indispensable, although France had led the way with *La Gloire*, which the English slowly emulated with the *Warrior*. The European ironclad fleets have only sparred with each other, save in the conflict at Lissa, when the Austrians, under Tegethoff, gave the Italians such a lesson. The terrible smash-up of the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar*, by the Chilian *Almirante Cochrane* and others, was a similar demonstration.

Incertitude in naval construction is shown by the variety of types in the British Navy. This is from the anxiety to be ready for everything. Every idea, grounded upon a close watching of all that other Powers are doing, has found an embodiment. The United States, however, mean to have a say in such affairs, and the ironclad

Dolphin, after much abuse, has been vindicated in a most stormy and trying experimental passage, through the furies of wind and waves at Cape Hatteras.

While France is so active in ship-building, Germany has almost held its hand of late years. She perceives that the torpedo renders her navally impregnable. The French fleet was useless in the War of 1870, as the Turkish fleet was in the last war with Russia, and as the English fleet would be in a war with Germany. The German fleet, though, is wonderfully compact, and all the sailors get two years' experience in a trip around the world.

The torpedo strikes terror into the stoutest heart. The sailor of the *Colossus*, the *Devastation* or the *Thunderer* reflects that this comparatively tiny demon may blow him sky-high. Where is valor, the traditional pluck of the British tar, in presence of a danger comparable to that of the yawning earthquake, while the solid globe rends, engulfing a city? The oldest resident in cities subject to earthquakes are more affected by the tremor than is a casual visitor; for the nerves do not become strengthened, but depraved, by habit, and so will it be with the brave sailor exposed continually to the fear of the torpedo.

Warfare at sea appears to have changed as entirely as that on land.

The bombardment of Alexandria gave evidence of the terrific range of modern projectiles, the 82-ton gunshot of the *Inflexible* being found six miles off the vessel. In the recent war between Chili and Peru a Chilian gunboat standing off a well-fortified town peppered at pleasure, through the superior range of its single gun, which enabled it to do any amount of damage, while the shots from the town all fell helplessly short.

A VISIT TO FORT QU'APPELLE.— BRITISH REGIMENTS PASSING THROUGH THE DEFILES OF THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.— SEE PAGE 525.

GIVE not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

TWO PRESCRIPTIONS.—"MR. ANTHONY FROST TOOK THE CARE-TAKER BY THE BACK OF THE NECK, AND PITCHED HIM OUT OF DOORS."

TWO PRESCRIPTIONS.

By Robert C. V. Meyers.

Mr. Anthony Frost had an attack of indigestion. While he suffered under the visitation, he declared that he had been ill for years; his friends said he had been cross as a man could be for four weeks—which amounts to the same thing. And the worst of it was, that his physician's diagnosis only accentuated that of his friends. Mr. Frost's physician was, contrary to the ethics of the sect, his nephew and namesake, Dr. Tony Thornbery. Dr. Tony was hopelessly young for a physician, and possessed too much enthusiasm to guarantee a superabundance of confidence on the part of his patients. His patients were limited in number, his uncle constituting a plurality of them. And bitterly did Dr. Tony regret ever having prescribed for a plurality, ever having lived with a plurality and given it his confidences; especially when he had met pretty little Nellie Garden daily for half a year, and had his head so full of her that once, when his Uncle Anthony's headache had assumed harrowing forms and had threatened to engulf Dr. Tony and all his future happiness, he had actually written:

"℞

"Tinct. Nellie ℥ij.

"To be well shaken before applying."

"Is that a new drug?" demanded Uncle Anthony, glaring.

Dr. Tony was dumbfounded over what he had done, and had not even the presence of mind to positively declare that "Tinct. Nellie" was a balsam of remarkably fine healing power—a twin-sister to the Balm of Gilead. No, he could only unprofessionally stutter out that he had made a mistake.

"I think you have," laconically returned Uncle Anthony; "the dose might prove fatal. Permit me to correct it."

He pulled a sheet of paper over to his side of the table and busily scribbled for a minute or two, while Dr. Tony, eying him, wondered if he were prescribing every drug in the "Pharmacopœia," or post-scripting a law of the Medes and Persians.

"There!" at last said Uncle Anthony, and placed the results of his writing under his physician's scrutiny. "Tinct. Nellie, in the social world, is generally known as Miss Nellie Garden, a day-governess, whose father died a bankrupt, indebted to me in the sum of ten thousand dollars. If you prescribe this newly discovered remedy as a specific for your own malady—not mine—your present residence can under no consideration be used as a hospital, nor my bank account be responsible for the doctor's bill."

Of course it was extremely coarse to place it so, and the crimson blood raced through Dr. Tony's cheeks in no time.

"I understand you," said he. "But as you are not a regular graduate in my science, I must deny you the privilege of assuming rights which no curriculum has conferred upon you. Good-morning!"

Now it was time for Mr. Anthony Frost to become dumbfounded; for he knew that Dr. Tony had left the house, and would under no consideration this side of death enter it again. And he had been a father to the young scamp, had cared for him, been proud of him, and, in a word, had nursed an adder; for nothing short of an adder could have fallen in love with Tom Garden's daughter after the bankruptcy which had caused so great a loss to the adder's uncle. Mr. Anthony Frost had never been cross before; he was unacquainted with the sensation; he lost his head as effectually as Dr. Tony had lost his, and when a man loses his head and cannot, like St. Patrick of old, carry it around with him between his teeth, he should scarcely be held accountable for his subsequent doings. Therefore, when, as by inspiration, Mr. Anthony Frost gathered up the peculiar prescription of Dr. Tony and folded it inside the equally peculiar one written by himself, and rang the bell and did what he did, he should not be too harshly criticised, nor made responsible for more than what came of the whole proceeding.

In answer to his impetuous summons, Sampson, the butler, appeared.

"What are you laughing at?" roared Mr. Frost, without having looked at the man.

Now Sampson was known among his intimates as "Sweet Vinegar," in consequence of a chronic inability to loosen the drawing strings of his lips, and thus give his poor features a chance to expand.

He replied not to his master on this occasion.

"Sampson," pursued Mr. Frost, with calm determination, "it is about time for you and me to understand each other. I insist upon having respect shown me in my own house, and desire that I shall not be made a subject for merriment. I have borne with your subtle jests long enough, sir. I wish this package to be taken immediately—immediately, mind you—to Miss Garden, who is stopping at the house of Dr. Thornberry's friend, Mrs. Germon. Go! I shall expect you to apologize to me for giggling like a school-girl when you entered this room."

Sampson cuffed the page soundly when he reached the entry.

"Don't larf at me, Bill Buttons," snarled he.

That evening Mr. Frost had one of his celebrated attacks of indigestion. He refused comfort and physicians, For two weeks he suffered unheard-of agonies. At the end of four weeks he recollected that Dr. Tony would enter the house under no consideration this side of death. So deciding that he was *in extremis*, he felt at liberty to send in hot haste for his recalcitrant nephew. Dr. Tony gazed at him stonily; Dr. Tony, consequently, looked as though he were not immoderately happy.

When he found that his mortal communication was but a flash in the pan, Mr. Frost held his nephew with his glittering eye, as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest.

"I hope you have suffered in somewhat since you left this house, which has been a home to you for years, Anthony Thornberry."

"I may have suffered," was the reply, "but I have also——"

"Made other people suffer."

"I was about to remark that, while I lived here, my life was one of luxury. Since I have been thrown on my own exertions, I have had to look facts squarely in the face. In this month I have secured a *clientele* of a dozen paying patients."

"The deuce you have! That is a reproach to me for hitherto preventing your looking facts in the face in a square sort of way."

"I have nothing to reproach you with."

"Yes, you have; you know you have."

"I came here this evening in answer to your request, and not to make nor exact explanations," said Dr. Tony, repressing very well the anger which was striving for the mastery. "You are not dying. You are hypochondriacal. Contrary to your orders, perhaps, I will prescribe for you."

"Not 'Tinct. Nellie' again."

Dr. Tony still repressed his anger.

"I would prescribe for you, Uncle Anthony, an entirely new mode of life. You have been very much of an autocrat, and an autocrat in too small a sphere usually finds his authority turning on himself. You have been kind to me in many ways—conventional ways. I would prescribe that you be kind unconventionally; go out and do something for the good of some struggling person, who, without you, would be friendless in the world."

Now was the time when Mr. Frost found a difficulty in repressing *his* anger.

"And you are not friendless, Anthony Thornberry?"

"I am not, Uncle Anthony."

"Is it possible that Miss Nellie——"

"Pardon me! you have never seen the young lady. Because you are the loser of money through the misfortune of her father, you act in the most insanely illogical manner, to call it by no harder name."

"I wouldn't call it by a harder name, if I were you. 'Insanely illogical,' I think you said?" Mr. Frost gulped. "But let me complete your monstrous unreasonableness. I take your advice! I shall do some good to some one who would be helpless and friendless without me. My fortune will never be yours, but one's who will not be an adder, nor a subtracter."

He had not meant to employ this latter figure of speech, but it appeared as though it might be a cutting illustration, so he called it into requisition.

"As though the money, as money, were anything to me," smiled Dr. Tony, dismally.

"It was much to Tom Garden's daughter. And I am glad that I have done you a turn in sending her the 'Tinct. Nellie' prescription, supplemented by

the one which I wrote as a counter-irritant to its effects."

He was not prepared for the manifestation of Dr. Tony; for this disciple of Æsculapius at once overturned the chair he had occupied, and, with inflamed countenance, war in his eyes and clinched hands, strode up to his uncle:

"You"—he choked—"you dared to do that, you? Everything is explained now, everything, and——"

He really did seem undetermined whether or not to go unpleasantly near to the physician who had prescribed without having earned a sheepskin. But without further word, giving vent to a groan as he crushed his hat on his head, he rushed from the room and the house.

"This is too much," said Mr. Anthony Frost; "the camel's back may bear much, but this is the last straw. Sampson!"

That functionary appeared.

"Sampson, if you ever admit my nephew to this house——"

"You sent for him, sir."

"What is that to you? Things have come to a pretty pass when I am to be told whom I shall and whom I shall not send for. Sampson, you are an idiot. Go!"

Sampson clutched the page in the hall.

"Bill Buttons, if you fetch any more o' them mangy dogs to this 'ere house, I'll break every bone in your body. Go!"

The next morning Mr. Anthony Frost set about doing something in self-defense.

If he had never been crossed before, neither had he ever before experienced anger from the one whom he loved as he loved not another in the whole world, nor, ere this, had he ever been accused of a dishonorable action, to feel that the accusation was not made unwarrantably.

He was indignant and he was outraged. Tony Thornberry should meet his match; Tony Thornberry had made insulting remarks relative to conventional kindnesses—he should understand the extent of an unconventional one now.

Mr. Anthony Frost proceeded to an adjacent city. He had no very distinct idea as to what took him there, only that he did not want to breathe the air in the same place with his nephew, and he was bound on a tour of the unconventional. It was difficult to find anything out of the way in Solomon's time, and it is not more easy to discover it now. But he must do something or his brain would give way, and he should find that he had been an invalid all his life, rather than for years merely.

What was the sovereign remedy recommended by the higher physician's of philosophy? Work, that was it! Why, Mr. Anthony Frost had never done a stroke of work in all his life. A novelty presented itself; work, as applied to himself, had as unconventional an aspect as anything that could be suggested by that wretchedest of Tonies. Yet, what kind of work? Here were numberless business places, but who would engage a novice who merely wished to toil that he might try to forget how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless adder for a nephew? He had heard of sinecures, but he feared they did not go begging. There were employment-offices, which advertised frantically for helpless, useless people to fill, at enormous salaries—positions adapted to their capabilities. He had for years read these advertisements with delicious appreciation of the gullibility of genteel pauperdom. He was excited, enthused. He laughed—for the first time in weeks—as he purchased a paper from a newsboy and turned to the column of "Help Wanted." Here was the very thing; he would have the fun of investigating it:

"Wanted, An elderly gentleman to take orders at home. Good pay."

He had never taken orders at home or abroad; he would like to see the person who would dare to order him. But the jest, the unconventionality, the means of not remembering for a little while how he had loved Tony, and how shamefully he had been repaid for that love—yet, no more of that, it would unnerve him. He would go to the employment office, pay his couple of dollars, and push through it all, even though there might be some such position as offered. He found the office. It was crowded with pitiably expectant souls, many of whom looked up at him as he entered, as though he might prove a mortal foe in their way toward advancement.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Anthony Frost, looking about him and comfortably seating himself on a bench. "Dear me!"

"Shove up, old man," cried a youthful cerberus in charge; "you're not a whole bench-show. Shove up, I say."

Shove up! Mr. Anthony Frost took the care-taker by the back of the neck and pitched him out of doors.

"I will have you to know that I am Anthony Frost," said he, and seated himself on the bench again with the air of one who had done a good action.

"The idea," he went on, wiping his brow, "of being told to shove up! The idea!"

He had the words over and over, as though no other syllables had ever expressed a corresponding iniquity.

"I, Anthony Frost, to be told to shove up! 'Shove,' mind you, 'shove!'"

He turned to his humble neighbor on the bench beside him. His humble neighbor was a woman, who looked at him and did nothing else, not even bringing into play a ray of intelligence as she looked.

"You heard him, madam; that wretched boy who requested me to shove up?" Her eyes upon him, she appeared not to hear a word he was saying.

"Bless my heart! a deaf mute!" exclaimed Mr. Frost. "This is novel."

All the other people scowled upon him, and he was placing himself on the defensive in his own way, when an interposing incident presented itself in the entrance of the proprietor of the office.

He was a beautifully attired young man with a jacqueminot bud in his buttonhole, an elegantly glossy plug hat perched at a perilous angle on his head, and "business" sparkling from the very diamond stud that upheld his collar.

"Where is Alexander?" he demanded of anybody.

It dawned upon one of his audience that the ejected boy might most illogically have been named in honor of an insatiable conqueror of worlds, particularly as many of the people in the office who appeared to be well acquainted there began to look knowing.

Mr. Anthony Frost, nothing daunted, arose.

"Sir, he began, "I was insulted when I entered this office, and so——"

"Oh, sit down, do," interrupted the proprietor, and pushed him into his place again. "You're always insulted. Now, Mr. Jones"—to an expectant soul—"that place on the dairy farm is worth investigating, and—— What in the world ails you?" for Mr. Frost was on his feet grappling for words. "Oh, I see you want toning down. I am afraid we cannot place you. And the lady beside you, is she in your company?"

A FAIR BULGARIAN.— BY DEFREGGER.

For the lady, whom even in his agitation Mr. Frost now noticed was young, had stood up beside him, evidently the only one there who was in sympathy with him. She shook her head as one failing to comprehend, and kept her eyes on Mr. Frost, who, finding words impossible, with his right hand sent the proprietor's glossy hat spinning across the room. The next instant his arms were pinioned from behind.

"That's the fellow," shouted a youthful voice, which Mr. Frost could but think belonged to Alexander. A blue-coated minion of the law had taken the insulted gentleman into custody on a charge of assault and battery preferred by the boy.

"I shall make a like charge," said the proprietor, fondly smoothing his hat; "and if there is justice in the courts—— Look out there!" for in that supreme moment Mr. Frost had smashed the hat in its owner's hand.

Struggling indignantly, collared, Mr. Anthony Frost was led, a culprit, through the busy streets of that populous city to a magistrate's office. He never fully knew what happened, astonishment taking such an acute form with him. He felt that he was in a dimly lighted horrible room for days—or was it only for hours?—and that at the end of an uncertain time he was haled forth into the light again, seated with evil-appearing malefactors, led to a villainous small, square stand, where Alexander's face seemed imminent, charged money which some one politely took from his pocket for him, and then he was pushed out into the day, a shaking, palsied figure. Dazed, ill indeed, and pitiable, he rested against a wall, jeered at by boys, who held in trifling light the story of the judgment-wreaking bears, while a severe woman came from across the way and told him of the evils of intemperance. And, strangely enough, he understood it all, and had not a word to say. He could only think of Dr. Tony, and if he were but here to protect and care for him—Tony, who was all the world to him.

Some one caught his arm. He wondered if Alexander had made a new charge against him, or if some of that money he had left in the magistrate's office had been proven spurious. He was led on.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART (CHARLES III.), GRANDSON OF JAMES II. SEE PAGE 536.

"If I only had Sampson here!" he murmured, warmly. Mechanically, he turned to his captor.

"Why, you are the deaf mute who sat next to me when that wretched child told me—*me!*—to shove up!"

She pressed his arm compassionately.

"Am I ill?" he went on. "'Tinct. Nellie. To be well shaken before applying.'" He laughed feebly as he rested heavier and heavier on the arm that supported him. Then he had closed his eyes, crying, "Tony, my boy; come back to me, Tony!"

When he unclosed his lids again he found himself in bed.

"Sampson," he commanded, in a loud tone, "if you do not speak in a lower voice when I am ill, I shall be under the necessity of parting with your services."

But it was not Sampson who came to him.

"Why you are the deaf-mute!" he cried, looking at her.

She smoothed his pillow, smiling comfortingly down at him; a pretty, soft-faced young woman, though preposterously white and worn. And a mute!

He gazed about him upon a plain little room—that must be her room by the fal-lals in it—she had nursed him—for how long? She could not know what he said to her; he pointed to a calendar hanging on the wall; she brought it to him. He had come to the city on the first day of May; the May-flap of the calendar was gone; June stared him in the face, the fifteenth day. He had been ill a month and a half; no wonder she was white and worn. For days after that, as watching her noiseless movements, he lay in the plain little room, a nameless calm upon him; he did not desire to talk nor to be talked at, he had always had so much to do with words; instead, he thought of—Tony. Yet he must not so think; it would upset him again. He thought of the deaf-mute who tended him—the sad, sweet-faced creature who had been so womanly true. He would often turn and see her looking from the window, beating the devil's tattoo on the pane.

"Poor young thing!" he said aloud one evening. "How sweet she is! how childlike and pure! Merciful powers! why will men choose chattering magpies for wives when they can secure wholesome silence instead?"

Indeed, he was so pleased with his surroundings and the rest there, and the far-off, drowsy rumble of wagons, and the gentle flutter of feminine action, that he was sorry when the day came when he could no longer conscientiously lie there, but must sit up by the window.

"Why, it is the top story!" he exclaimed. "A place I have ever relegated to Buttons. How poor we must be here?"

And yet how happy he was.

"Dearest, best of young creatures," he said, as she arranged the room, "I don't even know your name. I am going to ask it."

He wrote his question on the top of the plain deal table before him, as he knew not where to find a scrap of paper, and when she came nearer he pointed to the hieroglyphics he had made, and handed the pencil to her.

"Esperanza," she tremulously wrote in reply, nothing more.

"Esperanza!" he repeated. "Why that means 'Hope.' I am afraid to ask her other name; it might be Knott," and grinned a little over his joke.

Once in his young manhood he had known a delightful girl named Hope, and he had thought of the name then as the anchor of the soul; but she had wedded a man called Jones, and was now stout and red of face. After her had come a gentle creature, whose mother had not cared to have young Anthony Frost to call so frequently as he did, though he would have liked to be in their house all the time, and Jennie had said she would like it, too—Jennie! Ah! she had died when he longer went to her, because of her mother's final fiat, and they never knew what had ailed her.

All this, and more, he thought as he sat at that upper window, watching his nurse or hearing her moving about in the room adjoining his, which she must have taken for herself when she brought him here.

"Esperanza! Esperanza!"

For days his best employment was to gaze upon the deal table and read his question and her answer:

"What is your name?" "Esperanza!" and could not help thinking of Jennie who had died so early.

"Tony, she was so dear to me; her going from me altered all my life, and made me the crusty wretch you dnow. If was only sure I was not the greatest donkey in the world, and could, with impersonality, carry out your advice to be helpful to some one who, without me, wouldbe friendless in the world!"

She came to him a dozen times a day, brought him papers, pleasant fruits and the like, her own shell-pink cotton gown brightening up the room into a rose; then she would go to her back apartment, where he guessed at the nature of the employment which he knew kept the light burning there sometimes till near day-dawn—for she worked for him, paid doctor's bills, room-rent for him, a stranger whom she evidently deemed poor and homeless. Noble creature! A sweet girl who had died so early could not have done more.

Then one morning the door separating her room from his stood open, and he saw her with her back toward him as she bent over something which made her weep bitterly; though when she found him near her she hurriedly put whatever it was into her pocket, and spread before him a bundle of photographs, whose coloring it was her labor to effect. When he had visited her thus two or three times, he saw that perhaps he went too often, so he staid away from her domain as religiously as he had staid away from Jennie's when her mother had thought it best.

And, then, one day, in extreme loneliness and misery a crash came. He thought of his home and what liberties Sampson must be taking, and how Tony must be imagining his unworthy uncle dead and for ever lost and —and—yes, the time was coming when all this must end, and he should go away from Esperanza, leave her in her humble sphere, in her silence and friendlessness, to work her accepted lot to the end.

And what was she to him? A good Samaritan only. He was not young enough to be foolish, he thought. He was not young enough to do a desperate thing, although some great force compelled him to think of her who had died so early.

Esperanza was steadily painting in the next room, and he, knowing that she could not hear him, walked across the floor and pushed the door open a little, so that he might see her. Then he took his usual station at the deal table. Yes, she was beautiful, sweet, lovely! If he were a younger man; if he had met her in his younger years, when he had gone too often to the house of one who had died so early; if she were only not a mute—— There on the table before him was his question and her answer: "What is your name?" "Esperanza." He took the pencil from his pocket and marked the letters she had made, over and over, till he had taken away all appearance of tremulousness, and "Esperanza"—*hope*—stood out firm and bold and ineradicable. Hope! That had been his lode-star when Jennie——

His pencil trailed idly over the deal, making curves and gyrations of eccentricity. She was very peaceful. She appeared to like to have him here; was bashful, helpful, more and more like some one who had died so early. His pencil wrote some foolish words:

"I——" and paused.

"Love——" and paused.

"You." And his head was burning. He had started up to run to her to tell her, to show her what he meant; to say that while he might in outward appearance seem old, yet his heart had never had the chances of many another heart; that once he had cared fondly for one who had died so early; and then he found himself opposed by her; her pink gown making a rose of his room; her hand pointing from the high window to the street beneath. He looked from the window, and saw on the opposite side of the way a policeman and a civilian. She had evidently thought he was to be arrested again.

"Tony!" he gasped, recognizing the civilian, all his old life breaking in upon the idyl of the present; "Tony, and looking for me! Esperanza, before he comes, I must communicate something to you; would tell you—no, no, I mean I would show you this table and the words suggested by thought of Jennie——"

But her door had slammed tight and he was alone, and with his thumb obliterating the foolish words he had written upon the table.

"Uncle Anthony, have I found you at last? And to think that the police reports helped me! You, to commit assault and battery! I have been searching for you for over a month, blaming myself for having sent you away, knowing that I have ill-requited the tender kindness which you have ever bestowed upon me—you, who have been more than a father to me! Forgive me! And let me say, even here and for the last time, that I thought you cruel in sending to the woman I love that note of yours, for she gave me up then. She was too proud to enter my family if it opposed her, and she had loved her father and knew his suffering. Before you disappeared she had gone away, and I did not understand the cause of her going until the day when you told me that you had sent my poor little prescription to her with that other

travesty of your own concoction. She gave me up too readily, perhaps; possibly not loving me as I had hoped she did. Yet she is everything to me—must ever be. She must have had hard lines of it, poor Nellie! And I will tell you that, now I find you safe and sound, I mean to search for her, if it takes my life to reach her."

Now the foolish words were obliterated. Mr. Anthony Frost wheeled around.

"Search for her, Tony," he said, huskily, "search for her. I was young once myself, and there was one—there was one—I mean that I am a terrible old donkey. Search for Nellie Garden. Spare no expense. Find her, bring her to me, your father and hers. While now that I have had a new exemplification of the nobility of woman—— Halloa! what is that?"

That was a white paper thrust under the door which connected his room with the one beyond. Tony picked up the paper, read it, uttered an exclamation, tossed the sheet on the deal table, tore at the door.

"Hold!" cried Mr. Anthony Frost. "Desist from extravagance till I look into this paper, for it was this over which Esperanza—I mean the lady who is a mute, and who has cared for me as a—a daughter—wept over and hid from me one day when I chanced upon her. Merciful powers! It is my prescription and yours! She must be——"

There was a pale, sweet face in the doorway.

"Nellie!" shrieked Dr. Tony.

Mr. Anthony Frost fell upon that deal table and rubbed at the place where those foolish words had been written as though he would rub his way through to China.

"You will forgive me, Uncle Anthony? I had gone to the employment office seeking for a position. You will perhaps remember that when the impudent boy wounded your feelings you pronounced your name aloud. I was so bewildered that I could not say a word, and you immediately concluded that I was a mute. It was an inspiration to me, and I have carried it out. It made me strong and secret, where speech must have betrayed me. I saw that you were ill even then, and I determined that no harm should come to you, though you would have accepted no aid from me had you known who I was. 'Esperanza' means hope. May I hope to be forgiven? for I am 'Tinct. Nellie,' and I have been 'well shaken before applying' to you for my sentence."

"You are a very good girl, Espe — Nellie, and your father, Tom Garden, was my best friend. But if you ever again mention those idiotic prescriptions I'll disown Tony Thornberry. And while I have been somewhat unconventional——"

He was tearing up the two prescriptions.

"Unconventional!" she echoed. "Have I been strictly conventional?"

"And—and, if I come across Alexander and his 'shoving up'—that is, if Sampson has dared to touch my '34 port—— Tony, why in the world do you not go and call a carriage to take us all out of this suffocating city? You will never make a successful physician if you do not take better care of your patients."

AN UNSOLVED RIDDLE.

THE following anecdote is told of Horace Vernet, the French historical painter. The artist was coming in the train from Versailles to the city. Despite his very eccentric attire, he fancied, as usual, that he was unobserved. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who, evidently, were acquainted with him, and who commented upon his personal appearance rather too freely. The painter was annoyed. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice, violently. On emerging from obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. As they arrived at Paris, Vernet, on leaving them, said, "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the question which of these two ladies it was that kissed me?"

HÉLÈNE.

By J. J. BRITTON.

INSCRIBED upon the gallery wall
Of a great noble's Tudor hall,
One reads a single word—"Hélène,"
And stays perforce to read again.
A girl's fair writing, lady small,
In pencil; with a foreign grace
About it, somehow, and delight
Of Youth within it. Pearly white
Fair fingers traced it some bright day,
One fancies; soft thro' Tudor bay
From great sweet gardens came the air.
And light gusts tossed the ringlets back
As the swift pencil made its track,
And fluttered o'er the red lips sweet,
Where rose a smile, her thought to greet.
"Hélène," she wrote; and lovingly,
She gone, they fenced it as we see
With square of glass and tiny frame.
What is the memory—whose the name
Thus guarded from all taint and shame
Of Time or fingers, and here set
The house's very amulet?
What hopes, what fate, lie shut within
This pencil writing fair and thin?
What hours by passion made sublime,
What love with laugh at lapsing time,
What sense that all earth's honors bring
Are worth not life's full petaled spring?
What ache of heart, dry throb of lips,
Widowed of kisses, when life dips
To death's absorbing;—and, ah me!
What hope, that thro' tears wistfully
Outlooks?—none tell us. Tudor hall
Or shepherd's shelling, love is all
That guerdons care, and still will stay
When labored fretwork falls in clay,
When thro' loose casements stares the day,
And under flowers the bones decay.

So thought I as I turned to go,
For guides and vassals brook not slow
And pensive loiterers—you know.
And as I turned, thro' lattice pane
One sun-ray fired the word "HÉLÈNE."

REAL GOLDEN GEESE.—It is stated that the inhabitants of a village near the River Karassul in Siberia, when slaughtering their geese, discovered sparkling grains of yellow metal in the crops of these animals. One of the villagers, sharper than the rest, collected a number of these grains and took them to a merchant in the town, who at once recognized them as granules of pure gold, and paid the countryman ten roubles for them. This led the villagers to search among the sand of the River Karassul, where they found large quantities of gold-dust. A merchant has entered into a contract with them, and active operations for washing the sand and extracting the gold are to be commenced.

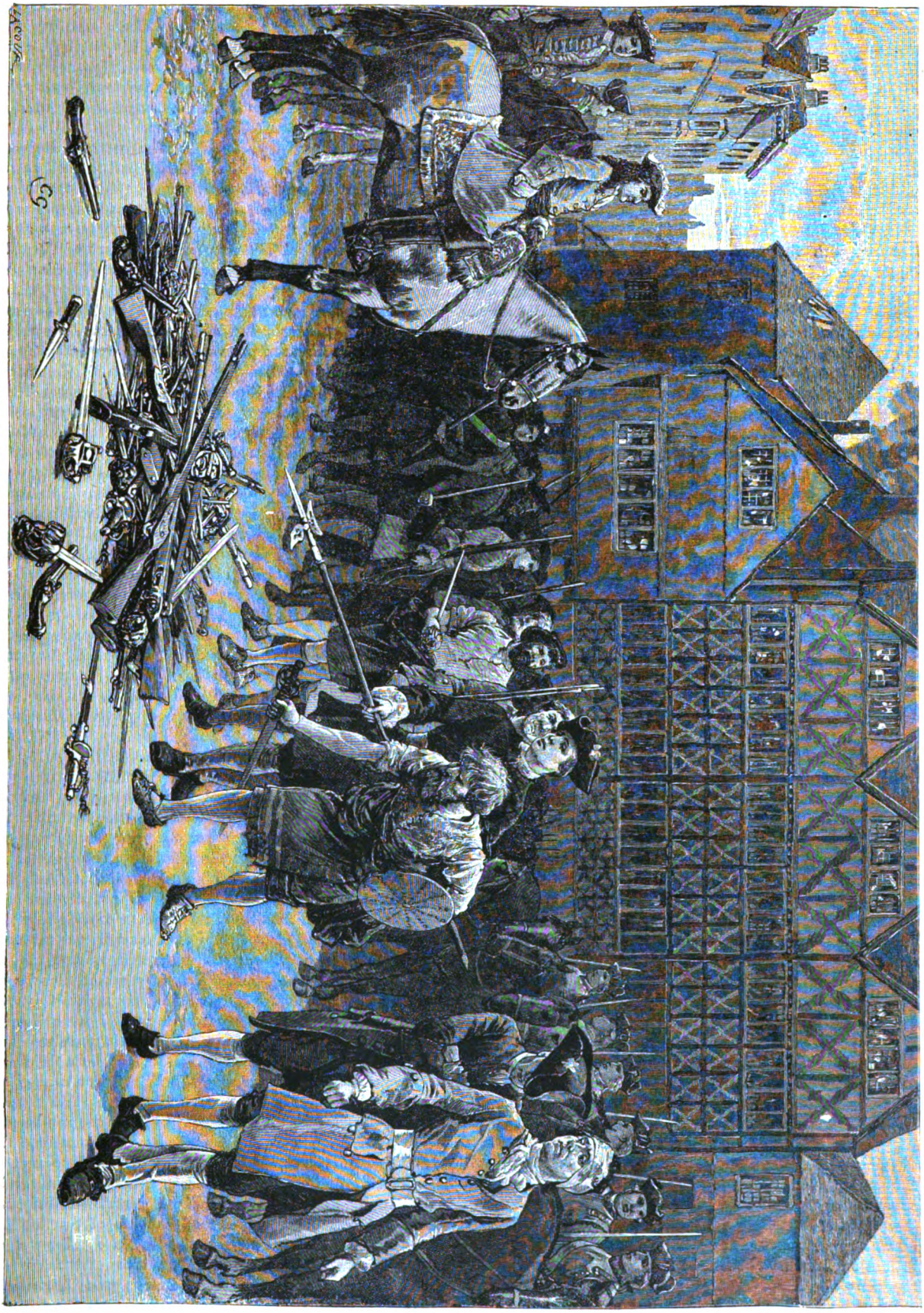
THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

By Sebastian S. Wynell-Magow.

Born, amid the salvos of artillery from the Castle of St. Angelo, in the centre of the Christian world; surrounded by the Cardinal protectors of every kingdom in Europe; descended on his father's side from a hundred kings, and on his mother's from the heroic savior of Europe, John Sobieski—holding a royal levee on the very day after his birth, wrapped in swaddling-clothes presented and blessed by a Pope—as a young man victor at Gladsmuir and Falkirk over the troops of the first nation of the world; and dying in the misery of a dishonored old age, Charles Edward is a figure in history which combines at once the heroic and the tragic in a degree which has been destined to but few in the history of all time.

James III., or the First Pretender, as Jacobite or Tory called him, had married the Princess Clementine Sobieski, granddaughter of the Victor of Vienna; and it was from this pair that was born, in the latter part of the year 1720, Prince Charles. His birth gave new hope and vigor to the Jacobite cause all over the world. In his early infancy it had been proposed to send the child to Scotland, but the manifest danger of the scheme had caused it to be abandoned, and he remained in Rome; at the age of three years and a half he was presented to the Pope, but did not make a very favorable impression, in consequence of his refusal to make the customary reverence, a circumstance looked upon as savoring strongly of Protestantism. Shortly after this time, James Murray, a son of Lord Stormont, although a Protestant, was appointed guardian of the Prince; a circumstance which led, through great scandal, to the temporary separation of James and his wife; a scandal only removed after the remonstrances of the Pope, the whole College of Cardinals, the Courts of Spain and France and the most prominent English and Scotch Jacobites; and which, perhaps, would not have been removed even then, but that the Pope, holding the purse-strings, was able to bring some very cogent reasons for submission to bear on the King. The principal result of the reconciliation between James and his wife was that the education of the two princes, Charles, and Henry Duke of York (who had been born on March 6th, 1725), proceeded with regularity. While they were still young enough their mother undertook their education herself, but after they grew out of her power they were handed over to competent tutors, among whom were the Chevalier Ramsay, Thomas Sheridan and Legontz. Of the course of studies pursued by them we know but little, yet it is certain that at an early age they were familiarly acquainted with French, Italian and Latin, and that Prince Charles had a decided taste for music and the arts. Prince Charles has been accused by his enemies of being backward and ill-educated, an accusation apparently chiefly founded on his weakness in orthography; but if all men who spelt ill at that period are to be regarded as lacking culture, we shall, indeed, find but few who may be included in the wellbred class. While the education of the Prince proceeded, he became the favorite of Roman society. He was looked on with special favor by the Pope, and the nobility did all in their power to flatter and please the future head of the House of Stuart.

CHARLES EDWARD AT CULLODEN.



HIGHLANDERS LAYING DOWN THEIR ARMS AFTER THE DEFEAT AT CULLODEN.

In the year 1734 he experienced his first introduction to the real business of life. Spain, actuated by the desire of finding a Crown for her son, Don Carlos, resolved, with the assistance of France, to place him upon the throne of Naples. The Duke of Liria, a natural son of James, the Old Pretender, was engaged in the army of Don Carlos, and suggested to James that his eldest son should accompany him, and by this means see some active service which would, in all probability, be of great use to him hereafter. When the Prince arrived at Gaeta, before which the Spanish army had sat down, he was received with the greatest distinction by Don Carlos, saluted as Prince of Wales, and appointed a General of Artillery. Charles, with the memory of his ancestors before him, threw himself with his whole heart into the duties of his new position. He was an apt pupil in all the numerous details of military life; superintended personally all the operations of those under his nominal command, and, at the same time, by the charm of his manner endeared himself both to officers and men. In this campaign the Prince of Wales showed himself entirely superior to all fear, and gained golden opinions from all. The campaign over, after staying for a short time with Don Carlos (now King of Naples) at this new capital, Charles, on the retirement of the Duke of Liria from the Spanish army, returned to Rome amid the expressed admiration of all. Even Walton, the agent of the English Government, was forced to admit "that he will be in time a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the Government of England than ever his father was."

For two years after his return from Gaeta, Charles was employed in the completion of his education. Brought in contact with all that was best and noblest in Rome, it was at this time, probably, that he acquired that admirable courtesy and dignity which were of so great service to him in later life. Early in 1737 James sent him on a tour through the principal cities of Italy. He traveled under the title of Count Albany, with a suite of twelve persons, and every city which he visited vied with the rest in doing honor to the future King of England. He was the guest of sovereign princes and cardinals, was presented to the Doge of Venice, and at Florence received with an enthusiasm which surpasses description. His tour through Italy impressed strongly upon him the anomaly of his position, and imbued him with a passionate longing to regain both for his father and himself the throne which his grandfather had lost. The Jacobite cause had been so much encouraged by the birth of the Prince, that it is little wonder that plot and intrigue were vigorously pushed forward at every court of Europe in the hope of obtaining the nucleus of an army, so necessary to the cause that they had at heart. Years passed in these schemes, first one of which was broken up and then another; all, however, to be abandoned as impracticable after but a short consideration. In the year 1741 Europe was one conflagration of wars, into which England was drawn by the German sympathies of the ruling family. An English army was landed in the German provinces of George II., who himself joined it there; in the same year Murray, afterward immortalized in Jacobite song as the Judas of their cause, came to Rome with the intention of wintering in the Eternal City. While there he was presented to James, and shortly after became the intimate friend of the Stuart Prince of Wales. Of about the same age and remarkably congenial in all their pursuits, the two became inseparable, and in a short time John Murray, now made by patent of the Stuart James III. Secretary for Scottish Affairs, was made cognizant of all the hopes and plots which the complication of the European wars had engendered in Jacobite circles. Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the stanch old Jacobite Earl of Wemyss, also came to Rome that Winter, and was introduced at the little court of James. He was not greatly struck with the prince Charles Edward, if we may believe the account of his journal, which, however, was written years after "the '45," when he entertained the most embittered feelings against his leader.

The year before these young men came to Rome, the leaders of James's party in Scotland had formed an association with the intention of replacing the Stuarts on the throne of their fathers. Murray of Broughton was sent to Paris to negotiate with Cardinal Fleury, who was at that time the principal Minister of the Court of Versailles. Before anything, however, was settled, the Cardinal died, and was replaced by Cardinal Tencin. Murray arranged with the new Minister that as soon as the affairs of France permitted, 3,000 troops under Lord Marischal should land in Scotland. He then proceeded to his own country, and was successful in obtaining the promise of the rising of the Scottish clans in the endeavor. The Prince Charles was to lead the whole expedition, and for that purpose left Rome secretly for Paris as soon as the troops had been assembled at Dunkirk. After some delay the expedition actually started. Seven thousand French troops were put on board ship and proceeded to sea. The French fleet met the English squadron, but the English admiral, in consequence of the state of the tide and weather, determined to put off the engagement until the next day. The French commander, however, who perceived that the English fleet were by far the stronger, prudently weighed anchor in the night and returned to his own country. In the meantime he fell in with extremely bad weather, which wrecked many of his vessels, the transports suffering most. Such of them as escaped the storm put into the harbor of Dunkirk, and the expedition was put off to that more opportune time which never came.

Bitterly disappointed at the failure of France to keep her word, the Prince was strongly inclined to follow the example which had been set him fifteen years before by his father, and essay the attempt of a landing in Scotland unaccompanied by any troops. He proposed to raise his standard, and, trusting to the rallying of the clans to it, to attempt the restoration of his family without foreign aid. For some time this project was put off in deference to the opinion of Lord Marischal; but when nothing but disappointment came of all his endeavors to get the assistance of the French court, he returned to it again, and, encouraged by the Irish officers by whom he was surrounded, he at length determined to make the effort. He borrowed 180,000 livres from two of his adherents, the bankers Waters & Son, with which to purchase arms, and caused all his jewelry at Rome to be sold for the same purpose. Two vessels, the *Elizabeth*, a man-of-war, and *La Doutelle*, a brig, were obtained. All the arms which Charles had been able to obtain were placed on board the *Elizabeth*. *La Doutelle* lay at Nantes, and there all those who were to accompany the Prince met, and embarking on board the vessel, sailed to Belleisle, where they were joined by the *Elizabeth*, and on July 13th, 1745, set sail in consort for the shores of Scotland. It was only after they had set out that a courier was sent with letters to James to inform him of what was on foot. During the voyage the Prince was disguised as a Scotch student, and not one of her crew were aware of who their distinguished passenger was.

On the voyage the *Elizabeth* fell in with an English man-of-war, and an engagement ensued in which, after

some six hours' fighting, both vessels retired. The *Elizabeth* had lost several of her men, and the captain was disabled, so that it was necessary for her to run into Brest to be refitted. The commander of *La Doutelle*, however, refused to take any part in the contest, and despite the protests of the Prince, proceeded on his voyage. Although by the damage of the *Elizabeth* Charles lost nearly all the arms and ammunition which he had with so great difficulty accumulated, he declined to retire, and pressed onward for the west coast of Scotland, and on August 2d, 1745, anchored off Eriska, one of the group of the Hebrides. The Laird of the district was young Macdonald of Clanranald, but he was absent when *La Doutelle* arrived, and his uncle, Macdonald of Boisdale, who was on the island, hastened on board when he heard who the distinguished visitor was. He declined, however, to encourage the Prince, and held back from any assent to a rising without foreign aid. Charles was not to be deterred by a first rebuff. He accordingly steered for the mainland, and dropping anchor in the basin of Lochnanuagh, again sent ashore to tell Clanranald that he was there. The young chief, accompanied by some of the others of his clan, especially Kinlock-Moidart and his younger brother, came on board and were received by the Prince in a tent on the main deck. The Prince immediately entered into the business of his visit, but met with but little encouragement until, seeing the flushed face of the younger Kinlock-Moidart, he appealed to him, saying, "You at least will not forsake me." To which the young man replied, "I will follow you to death, were there no other to draw a sword in your cause." The enthusiasm of the answer spread like wildfire to every chief present. They declared that since their Prince had come among them it ill became them to dispute his pleasure, and henceforth they were his vassals. The Prince then landed, and taking up his quarters at Borrodale, a farmhouse belonging to Clanranald, in one of the wildest parts of Invernesshire, summoned thither the neighboring chiefs, among whom by far the most important to the cause was Cameron of Lochiel. At first Lochiel was strongly opposed to the rising; but the personality of the Prince was too much for his prudent counsels, and he gave in his adhesion, thus rendering the expedition a possibility. Sir Alexander Macdonald, and Macleod of Macleod, however, held aloof, and although the greatest efforts were made to enlist them, they steadily declined to be mixed up with the affair, and both subsequently accepted commissions under the Hanoverian Elector.

Charles no sooner found himself fairly in the Highlands than he at once identified himself in every possible way with the clans, wearing their national costume, joining in their sports, and even attempting to talk their language. Not many days after his landing, clan after clan promised their adherence. No sooner had Charles fairly set matters forward than he published the proclamation of his father making him Prince Regent, and declaring that as soon as the King was duly seated on the throne, he would call a free Parliament and confirm to the people all their privileges, both ecclesiastical and civil, as they had been hitherto held. It also proclaimed the fullest religious toleration, and ordered that until further orders all authorities should retain their various positions, only paying all taxes and the like to the representative of the Prince Regent.

On August 11th Charles left Borrodale for the seat of Macdonald of Kinlock-Moidart. On the 19th of the same month the royal standard was unfurled in the valley of Glenfinnan. The clans led by Lochiel and his Camerons flocked to it. The royal proclamation was read, and Charles, stepping forward, addressed those around him. He had come, he said, to relieve them from the oppressive rule of a foreigner. Rather than in England or Ireland he had landed in Scotland, assured that in his own country he should find a population of brave and faithful men who would die with him and for him.

At this period the Duke of Newcastle held the position of Secretary of State to the Hanoverian Government, and a more incompetent man could scarcely have been found to cope with the Scottish troops. He vacillated and wondered what to do between the contradictory reports which had reached the Government. At length he sent word to Sir John Cope to assemble his troops at such places as were necessary for the defense of the kingdom, and that the dragoons' horses should be taken up from grass. A proclamation offering a reward of £30,000 for the apprehension of "the Pretender's son, in case he should land in any part of His Majesty's dominions," was also issued. After "the '15" an Act had been passed to disarm the Highlanders, and now it was found that its only effect had been to disarm those who were well-affected toward the Government, and those who were responsible for the safety of affairs in Scotland were most anxious that it should be repealed, in order that they might arm the few clans who were attached to their cause. They again and again appealed to the Ministers in London to arrange this for them, but without any success.

On receiving this order, Sir John Cope left Edinburgh with some 1,500 men, two regiments of dragoons and a vast quantity of baggage, and the following day he entered Stirling. Here he left the dragoons to protect the lowlands and proceeded into Invernesshire. He had expected to be joined on his march by many volunteers, but not a single recruit arrived. He pressed forward, however, with very considerable difficulty, to Dalwhinnie. In the meanwhile Charles Edward's troops had mounted up to 2,000 men, and no sooner did he hear of the advance of Cope than he hastened to meet him, and on the evening of August 26th he reached Aberchallder, within three miles of Fort Augustus, and an engagement was expected by the Highlanders. What, then, was their surprise on mounting the intervening hill to find the position lately occupied by the English troops silent and desolate. Cope had retired without striking a blow, thus leaving the Pass of Corryarrack open to the troops of the Prince, an opportunity of which he was by no means slow to avail himself. He therefore pressed forward, and receiving fresh allies on his route, early in September entered the City of Perth, where he was met by the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the two most important acquisitions to his forces which he had yet obtained. He remained in Perth a week, drilling his soldiers and gaining golden opinions by his social qualities, but the present was no time to delay in idle mirth, and well the Prince knew it. He therefore pressed forward, and determined to reach Edinburgh before Cope could get there.

Meanwhile the city was in the greatest excitement over the approach of the Highlanders. The dragoons, under Gardiner and Hamilton, were collected and sent out to meet the army of the Prince. They were halted at Coltbrigg, and were found there by the advance body of officers whom Charles had sent forward to reconnoitre. These advanced right up to the dragoons, and, firing their pistols in their faces, threw them into so great a panic that they fled precipitately. Such was the celebrated "Canter of Coltbrigg," perhaps the most

CHARLES EDWARD SEEKING SHELTER AFTER HIS DEFEAT.

contemptible instance of military cowardice the annals of warfare have ever had to record.

The result of the flight of the dragoons was a complete panic in Edinburgh, and the next day the city surrendered to the Prince, and about noon Charles entered the capital of Scotland, and proceeded to take up his quarters in the ancient Palace of Holyrood amid the most enthusiastic reception from all beholders.

In the meanwhile Cope had landed with his troops, and the Prince, who knew well how to take advantage of the zeal of his forces, determined to meet him. Early on the morning of the 20th, Charles took up a position on the heights, which gave his followers the advantage of fighting on uneven ground. Cope, however, held himself on the defensive all that day. Early the next morning the clans were marched down to meet the foe; they were formed into phalanxes so as the better to carry on their peculiar method of warfare. At the sound of the pipes they charged right up to the guns of the enemy. The sailors who were serving these swerved and fled, followed by Gardiner's dragoons, leaving the English infantry exposed to a charge which it was impossible for any one to withstand, and in less than five minutes the Battle of Prestonpans was over, and the regular troops of "the Elector," as the Scotch always called King George II., were completely and utterly defeated. Out of 2,000 infantry scarce 200 escaped, the dragoons had fled, and only escaped pursuit for want of Highland cavalry. The Prince, with characteristic humanity, gave orders after the battle that every care and attention should be paid to the wounded of both armies, and himself remained till midday on the field seeing that his orders were carried out.

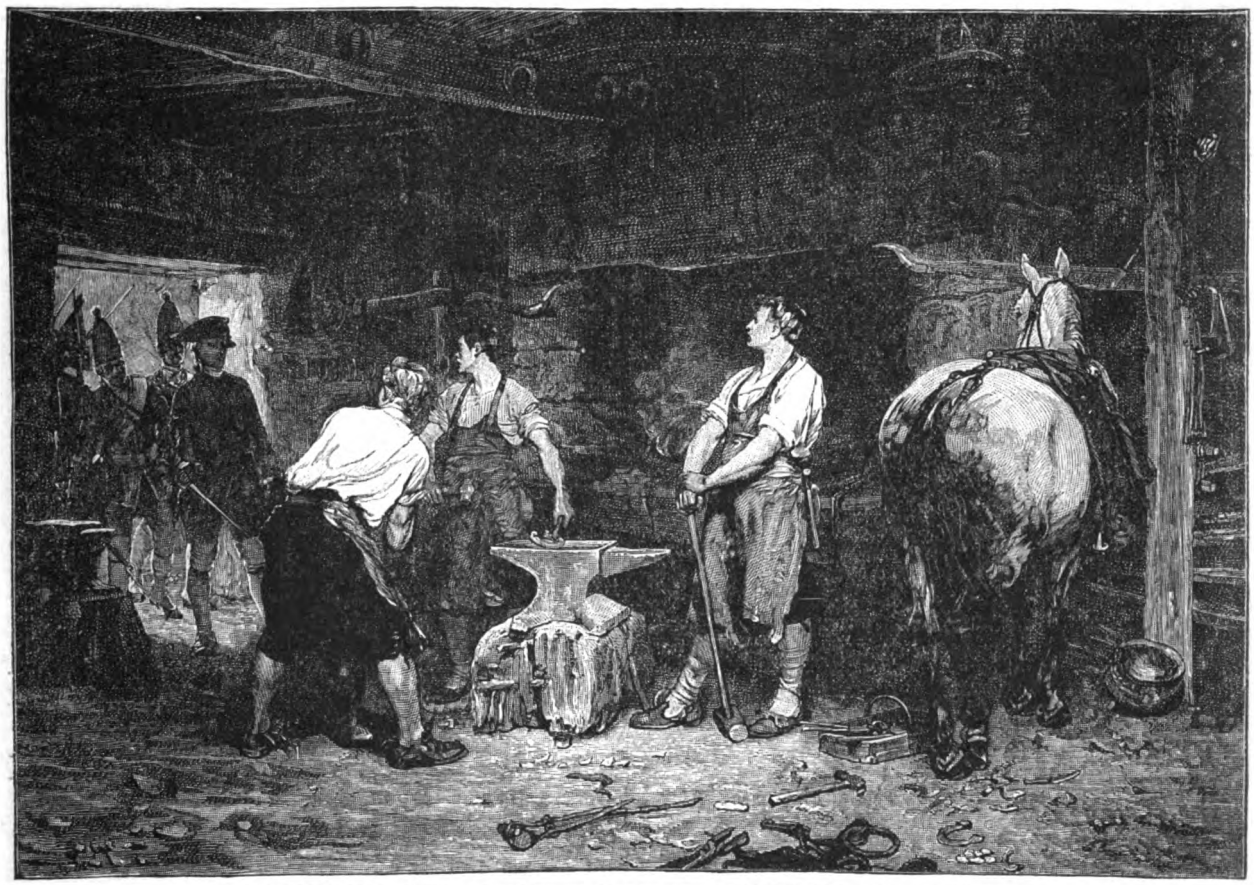
After this battle the army of the Prince received many valuable additions, including the wise and venerable Lord Pitsligo, the *Bradwardine* of Scott's novel "Waverley," so that his army now numbered some 6,000 men; but with this increase of numbers increased the difficulty of keeping all in accord. There had been a Council of Ten formed to assist the Prince with their advice, and it was only by the tact and courtesy of Charles that these were kept from breaking into open factions.

On November 3d the army marched from Dalkeith—by this time its numbers had reached, according to the estimate of Lord Justice Clerk, 6,200 infantry, 1,000 volunteers and 300 cavalry (other authorities make it a thousand less)—and on the following day they entered Kelso. From here orders were sent to Wooler, ordering quarters to be got ready, thus alarming Wade (the commander of the Hanoverian troops), diverting his attention from Carlisle, the real point to which Charles was devoting his endeavors. As the clans crossed the border they raised a shout of triumph and drew their swords, and on the following day they arrived under the walls of Carlisle, having completely misled Wade and avoided his army by

their march to Kelso. The Mayor of Carlisle, thinking that Wade's troops were close to the city, was extremely brave in his declaration that nothing should induce him to yield the city to the rebel army, but the militia, who were the only troops of any number in the town, were so frightened by the very sight of the Highlanders that they threatened, if the town were not yielded, to march out and make the best terms they could for themselves. The Mayor, Pattison, has been severely blamed for the capitulation of Carlisle, but it is difficult to see what else he could do. He declared himself ready and willing to defend it, but the only troops that it contained were "too fatigued" to do anything except spread alarm broadcast in the city. The clans in the siege of Carlisle lost one man killed and one wounded.

On November the 20th the Prince recommenced his march south, and proceeded through Penrith, Shap, Kendal, Lancaster and Preston to Manchester; at this last town he was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the people. The bells were rung and in the evening the whole place was illuminated in his honor. Meanwhile, Wade had been wandering about in a hopeless manner, complaining of the weather and the roads and doing nothing; but now another and very different man was appointed to command the troops in the midland counties. This man was the Duke of Cumberland, the subsequent victor at the battle of Culloden. He was, doubtless, a man of very considerable military ability, but the utter barbarity of his subsequent behavior makes it difficult for any one to examine without prejudice the evidence of his earlier life.

On December 1st Charles left the hospitable walls of Manchester to march for Macclesfield. On crossing the Mersey one of those scenes so characteristic of the enthusiasm with which loyalty to his house was upheld by some was witnessed. Several gentlemen were awaiting him on the other bank and among them a lady in extreme old age (a Mrs. Skyring). As a child she had been lifted in her mother's arms to witness the landing of Charles II. at Dover, and after the expulsion of the royal family she regularly laid aside every year one-half of her small yearly income to be remitted to the exiled King, and suppressing the name of the giver. She now had sold her plate, jewels and every little thing of value which she possessed, and laid the sum thus raised at the feet of Charles, and, pressing his hand to her shriveled lips, exclaimed in the words of Simon: "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace." The chivalrous old lady did not survive the shock which she received, a few days afterward, on hearing of the retreat of Charles's army.



ENGLISH SOLDIERS, AFTER CULLODEN, IN SEARCH OF CHARLES EDWARD AND HIS OFFICERS.

On leaving Macclesfield Lord George Murray again found means of deceiving the Hanoverian troops, and slipped past the Duke of Cumberland so as now to be between him and London, and on December 4th the Prince entered Derby. On the news reaching London that Derby was in the hands of the Jacobites the city was thrown into the wildest alarm. King George had his yachts anchored off the Tower. The Duke of Newcastle devoted a whole day to the problem of whether the time had not now arrived at which it would be good policy for him to change sides. The public credit was so damaged that even the Bank of England only saved itself from failure by paying all checks in sixpences, thus causing a delay which was its salvation. Camps were formed at Finchley, Highgate, and magazines posted at St. Albans,

Dunstable and Barnet. The Duke of Cumberland was summoned to take the command. The rumor of the state in which London was at the mere report of the Prince's advent raised the spirits of the clans, and all seemed hopeful of the immediate march on London. The chiefs, however, at this supreme moment seemed to have been swayed by what, for the sake of euphony, we may call prudent counsels. They advised retreat to Scotland to wait for more reinforcements. At first the Prince obstinately refused to accede to this suicidal policy. Lord George Murray was foremost in advising the retreat, and since the whole council agreed to it, Charles, with the ill-fortune which always attended his race—a race which had always given way when it should have remained firm, and remained firm when a slight concession would have won everything—submitted to the advice of his chiefs and commenced the retreat. It is open to question whether the Prince of Wales ought ever to have entered England without waiting for a stronger force; but there is now but little doubt that, having done so, to retire again was the most fatal mistake. London was within one hundred miles of them, the flower of the English army was behind them, the city was in so great a state of alarm that there seems to be but small question that had Charles been allowed to pursue his own judgment on this occasion he would have succeeded in placing his father on the throne of his ancestors. France, moreover, at this very moment had consented to send 10,000 troops, under the command of the Duke of York, to land in the South of England. But Charles was not permitted to ride to success on the wave of his fortune, and from this time his life was a waste, bound in shallows and miseries.

The retreat was managed with the military skill which Lord George Murray had exhibited throughout the entire campaign. Again the clans managed to elude the Duke of Cumberland and Wade and re-enter Scotland, where they laid siege to Stirling Castle. In the meanwhile Hawley (who had succeeded Wade), had received reinforcements to the number of some eight or nine thousand men, and with these marched from Edinburgh to relieve Stirling. Charles, leaving 1,000 men in the trenches before Stirling, marched to meet him, and at Falkirk the clans and the English troops came in conflict. The clans behaved with the discipline and bravery of picked troops, reserving their fire till within a few yards of the English troops, and then following it up with one of those tremendous charges which were the irresistible strength of Highland warfare. They drove their enemy from the field, thus winning the second pitched battle of the enterprise. After the defeat at Falkirk the Duke of Cumberland was sent to Scotland, and now came the beginning of the end. The victory, despite the depressing effect which it had on the party at St. James, was of but little service to the Prince's cause. Again immediately after the victory dissension broke out. Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond inveighed against each other because the effect had not been more complete. The clans began to murmur against the retiring policy of their chiefs. Wherever they had gone they had been victorious, and yet now they were no better off than when they started. Would it not be wiser, they argued, to make what booty they could and retire to the fastnesses of their mountain homes? Thousands of them acted on this idea and deserted to their homes. The chieftains again demanded a retreat, and Charles had, after wasting a fortnight, to give way. On February 1st, the retreat recommenced, and on the same day the Duke of Cumberland left Edinburgh in pursuit, after staying for a while at Perth. On the 20th he proceeded with his army in four divisions for Aberdeen. Charles, in the meanwhile, had proceeded to within seven miles of Inverness, and was now awaiting the arrival of Lord George Murray with his division of the army. Lord Loudun, who was holding Inverness for the Government, fearing treachery among his men, in the dead of night marched away, and thus that city fell into the hands of Charles. Shortly after Fort George and Fort Augustus also fell into his hands. Fort William, however, held out; nor was Lord George Murray's attempt upon the Castle of Blair—an ancient fortress belonging to his brother, the Duke of Athol—one whit more successful. Although this desultory mountain warfare had been, on the whole, in favor of the Stuart cause, yet Charles knew well that his position was becoming every day more precarious. His finances were at a very low ebb, and the difficulty of getting supplies was extremely great.

Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland was making his plans in order that there might be no repetition of the disasters of Gladsmuir and Falkirk. He made Aberdeen his headquarters, and there he proceeded to collect his troops, an undertaking rendered most difficult by the constant annoyance, misinformation, pillaging, etc., to which he was subjected at the hands of the Jacobite inhabitants of the country. On April 8th the Duke set out for Inverness accompanied by a fleet along the shore, and with some 8,000 foot and 900 cavalry. He crossed the Spey at Cullen in consequence of the grave mistake of Lord John Drummond, who had been commanded to defend the pass, but had afterward abandoned it. Finding the pass left free, the Duke imagined that the Scotch were afraid to give him battle, and expected merely to have to show himself to see them fly from him; but he was mistaken in their nature. They determined to meet him in the field. The night after the Duke had crossed the Spey, Charles took up his quarters at Culloden House, and from thence on the following morning went out in battle array to meet the enemy of his father and King. It was, however, the Duke's birthday, and the English troops were making merry over this event. No sooner was this news brought to Charles than he summoned a council of war, and it was proposed to steal down under cover of the night and surprise the English camp. This project was fully accepted; but although every effort was made to carry it out, the weak and miserable state of the Highland troops rendered their march so slow that it was broad daylight before they came in sight of the camp, and once more they had to begin a retreat, having gained nothing but the fatigue of the troops by their night's march, so that when they reached Culloden again they were completely worn out. Lord George again proposed retreat, but this time Charles sternly refused. He had retreated from Derby and Stirling against his own judgment, and grave disasters had been the result; whereas, when he had stood firm as at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, all had gone well. Very shortly after this decision the opportunity of retreat had disappeared; the scouts of the Scottish army coming in informed the chiefs that the Duke's army was on the march to meet them, and by noon of the following day the two armies were within sight of each other. The action began by an artillery fire on both sides, lasting some half-hour. The guns of the Highlanders were few and but ill-managed, while those of the Duke's troops played murderous havoc in their enemies' ranks. Then the right and centre of the Highland army charged. The fury of their advance being accompanied with its usual

success broke the English line; but the Duke had foreseen that this was probable, and had strengthened his reserve, forming it in three lines, who with fixed bayonets awaited the arrival, and only when they were within a yard of their muskets fired, mowing down the charging Highlanders like grass. Then the English troops advanced and drove the clans before them. Meanwhile the Macdonalds, who formed the left of the Prince's army, regardless of the appeal of the Duke of Perth, stood by in sullen silence and inaction, offended at not having been placed on the right. A more disgraceful and treacherous display of temper has never been exhibited in military history. The battle was decisive. The Highlanders had lost a fifth of their men, 14 standards, 2,300 muskets, and the whole of their artillery and baggage, while the English loss was estimated at only 300.

On leaving the fatal field of Culloden Charles had not by any means given up all hope of retrieving his fortunes. There were reinforcements expected, and he hoped to rally the stragglers, who had dispersed before the battle in consequence of the hardship of the night march, but after two meetings of the chiefs it was found to be impossible to get the clans to come forward again, and Charles looked with longing toward France, hoping still to return very shortly with foreign assistance.

Thus ended "the '45," but unfortunately for the Highlanders and for the credit of their English conquerors, the battle of Culloden by no means ended the miseries to be suffered by the fallen cause. The Duke of Cumberland proceeded, with a barbarity which has seldom been equaled, to ravage the whole country. He entertained, from his relationship to the ruling family, a hatred to the Jacobite cause which was perfectly insatiable, and now was his opportunity to show it, and he did show it in the most unmistakable way. The fugitives were pursued, and, except a few who were reserved for public execution, slaughtered mercilessly. The dead and dying were left lying on the moor, sodden by the late rains, for two whole days, with not a soul to alleviate their sufferings, and then the Duke ordered detachments of troops to march down and dispatch the few who had survived the exposure. Such coarse brutality marks out the name of the Duke of Cumberland as one which should be held in execration by every honest man. But let us draw a vail over the horrors which succeeded this victory. The common people were slaughtered by thousands, and their leaders were led away only to die at the hands of the executioner.

To follow the wanderings of the royal Prince during the next few months were impossible in the compass of this paper; all know that he went through the most marvelous adventures, tracked and hunted down, escaping by a hair's-breadth, having to rely on the simplest clansmen; and to the glory of the Scottish Highlanders be it said they never betrayed him, though the sum set on the Prince would have been amply sufficient to make the informer a rich man for life. During this period Charles was disguised as a servant, and even as a maid servant. He lived upon the hardest fare, and suffered from the most terrible exposure in the depth of Winter, fleeing from one mountain fastness to another, and from one island to another, hoping to effect his escape to France. The part taken by Miss Flora Macdonald in the escape of the Prince will be told to her honor as long as history lasts, or the heart of man responds to the heroic impulse of self-sacrificing devotion. Finally, he had to place himself under the protection of "the Seven Men of Glenmoriston," a party of Jacobite banditti who had vowed vengeance on the English for the barbarities of Culloden. While the Prince remained with them they served him with an idolizing devotion. They had sworn never to reveal to any where he was until he was in safety, and so well did they keep their vow that he had been more than a year in France before it was known that he had ever been their guest. For three weeks they secreted him in their different caves and hiding-places throughout the country. They foraged for him, and brought to him every luxury they could rob or buy. When Charles left these loyal, but somewhat unscrupulous, men, he effected a juncture with his stanch followers Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, and for some time he took up his abode in the cave of Mount Benalder. Here it was that he received the joyful intelligence that two French vessels, sent out expressly for his deliverance, were anchored in Lochnanuagh. He lost no time in getting there. The vessels were lying anchored, and a boat found drawn up on the beach, into which the Prince leaped, and accompanied by Lochiel, young Clanranald, John Roy Stuart and some other chieftains, and 107 common men, he weighed anchor and left Scotland.

The Prince landed in Brittany, and after a few days' rest set out for Paris, where he received a most cordial welcome from his brother, the Duke of York. Without waiting, however, he hastened on to Versailles, where he was received with all the honors due to the Stuart Prince Regent of England. Charles Edward attempted to get a promise of material assistance from Louis XV., but could get no definite answer. Then recommenced the wearisome attempts to get assistance from the King and his Ministers. At last Cardinal Tencin suggested that if he would cede Ireland to France the troops required should be put under his command; but the Prince would not even listen to him for a moment. Next he attempted to interest the Court of Madrid, but no sooner did he get there than the only anxiety of the Ministers seemed to be to get rid of him again, and he staid but two days, in which, although he saw the King and Queen, nothing was effected, and he returned to France. Shortly after this the House of Stuart received another blow in the Duke of York's embracing the ecclesiastical state. He was created Cardinal by the Pope, although only twenty-three years of age. Charles was bitterly offended with both the Cardinal Duke and with his father on this occasion, and doubtless this, together with his constant disappointment at the Courts of Versailles and Madrid, added to the hardship of his life in Skye and the Hebrides, worked on his health and spirits. Charles and his father were indeed reconciled in time, but the same familiar intercourse never again subsisted between them as had been formerly the case.

Meanwhile France was anxious to make peace with England, and the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was drawn up. By this Louis promised the English Court not to permit any member of the House of Stuart to remain in his territories. When the Prince heard of this he protested in the name of the previously existing treaty between his father and France. But the treaty was signed, and Louis's one endeavor now was to get the Prince to leave France peacefully. This he absolutely declined to do, and finally he was arrested and bound while on his way to the opera, and for seven days was kept prisoner at Vincennes, when he was conducted to Beauvoisin, a small French town on the border of Savoy. The movements of the Prince for the next few years are wrapped in some mystery; the only fact which seems certain is that he visited England several times, and some say was present at the coronation of George III. By this time the unfortunate habit of excessive drinking, which

probably began during the privations which he suffered after Culloden, developed so as to be an habitual vice, and rendered him sullen and unamiable in all the relations of his life.

Meanwhile the Old Pretender, James, was gradually sinking; his nerves were shattered, and he was a martyr to dyspepsia. During the last three years of his life he attended to but little beyond his religious duties, in which he was most exact, and on January 1st, 1766, he passed away, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. At his funeral obsequies all the honors of royalty were duly conferred upon him, and they were conducted with a magnificence which Rome alone could give. On the demise of his father, Charles instantly claimed the title of King of England, but neither the Pope nor any of the European courts fully accepted his position, and although some private individuals, a few of the Cardinals and heads of religious houses accorded him those honors, they were scarcely permitted to do so by the Holy See. In 1770 Charles's health began to break. He was bidden to take the baths at Pisa, after which he retired to Florence, and, living as the Count of Albany, entered Florentine society.

The French Government, although they had certainly treated Charles in a shameful manner, were not at all anxious for the direct line of the Stuarts to die out. They therefore proposed that if Charles would marry a lady selected by the French Court they would insure him a handsome pension. Charles acceded to this request, and the lady selected was a pretty woman of good birth and slender fortune, of the house of the Princes of Stolberg-Gedern. The marriage took place secretly at Paris on March 28th, 1772, by proxy, the Duc de Fitzjames representing Charles. On April 22d, Charles and his wife entered Rome, and Roman society, although only acknowledging their rank in a left-handed kind of way, received them with great honor and courtesy. However, the persistent refusal of the Pope to acknowledge his rank so enraged Charles that he finally left Rome to reside at Florence, and it was here that the Princess met Alfieri the poet, who, taking advantage of the ill-treatment of her husband, soon persuaded her to leave Charles. After residing for some little time in Rome she went to live with Alfieri in Paris. Alone in his old age in a dull palace, Charles felt the need of female society, and in order to supply the need sent for a natural daughter whom he had by a Miss Weston-haugh some twenty years before. On her arrival he created her Duchess of Albany, and for her sake once more frequented society. But the excitement was too much for his health, and he had to leave Florence and go to Pisa again, from whence he traveled to Perugia, where he met his brother, the Cardinal. The Duchess appears to have been a woman of great tact, and to have faithfully endeavored to soothe the last year of her father's life.

She induced him to return to Rome, where he was received with great amiability by the Pope and the nobility. Early in January, 1788, Charles was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one side of his body. He lingered a few days, and then, on January 31st, passed away in the arms of his daughter.

CHARLES EDWARD IN HIS LATER DAYS.

Thus died a prince whose life is completely divided in two parts—the one noble, the other ignoble. So great is the contrast between the promise and the earlier fruit of his life and the misery of his latter years, that probably we shall be not far from the truth if we assert that the hardships he had undergone and the disappointments he suffered had affected his mind, a conclusion rendered almost certain by the post-mortem examination, which showed *extensive disease*, both in the heart and brain.

His obsequies were performed with royal honors from his brother's Cathedral at Frascati, and he was thence conveyed to St. Peter's in Rome.

Had Charles died as Prince of Wales on the swamps of Culloden his name would have gone down to all posterity as worthy of all honor, and would, perhaps, have eclipsed that of many really more deserving. For most of the events which followed the landing of the Prince in Brittany we must in pity regard him as irresponsible.

Thirty-one years after the death of Cardinal York, George IV., then Prince Regent, caused a stately monument, from the hand of Canova, to be erected in St. Peter's, at Rome, to James, Charles and Henry, with the following inscription:

"JACOBO III., JACOBI II. MAGN. BRIT. REGIS FILIO,
CAROLO EDWARDO ET HENRICO, DECANO
PATRUM CARDINALIUM, JACOBI III. FILIIS.
REGIÆ STIRPIS STUARDIÆ POSTREMIS.
ANNO MDCCCXIX.
BEATI MORTUI QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR."

PILCHER'S PERENNIAL POMADE.

By Elizabeth Bigelow.

Elfrida said it was a beautiful story. She had heard me read it with her hands clasped tightly together to restrain her emotion, and with a mist in her blue eyes.

There were golden "bangs" above the blue eyes, and a sweet, sympathetic mouth below, but I knew, in my secret soul, that as a literary critic Elfrida was not to be relied upon.

Before we were married she had shown me her scrap-book, filled with poetry cut from newspapers; she liked pathetic poetry, and her tears, like the rain, fell alike on the evil and the good. I had then resolved that as soon as we were married I would cultivate Elfrida's literary taste; but I had begun to have some literary success in a small way, and had been invited to receptions where I met literary women — some who were, and some who affected to be — and although I found them all entertaining and many charming, I had been led to the conclusion that Elfrida suited me better just as she was. Masculine conceit and selfishness may have been, as I have heard suggested, at the root of this preference. It certainly was pleasant to read one's story to Elfrida; sure of unqualified sympathy and delight, especially when the "cold fit" inevitable to authorship was upon one. She had a real appreciation of the good points—for the bad ones she had simply no

PILCHER'S PERENNIAL POMADE.—"SHE DID NOT SEEM WORSE THE NEXT DAY, BUT THE DOCTOR LOOKED GRAVE, AND SAID SHE WAS VERY FRAIL; HE GAZED AT ME CURIOUSLY — I THINK HE FANCIED ME INDIFFERENT AND SELF-ABSORBED."

eyes at all—and she had, the darling! the same sunny outlook on life.

She knew that my hero was a fine fellow. She did not observe, as I did after the ardor of creation had cooled, that he was commonplace. She felt that the trials of my angelic heroine would draw tears from a stone. She did not see, as did the cold-blooded editor of the ——— *Magazine*, that they were impossible.

She never fell into the mistake, common among the editorial fraternity, of thinking that my pathos was meant for fun. She agreed with me that the pathetic was my forte, notwithstanding the dictum of a patronizing critic: "You *can* do humor, Smith; *that's* in your line." And she resented, with me, the friendly advice of certain editors to confine myself to writing children's stories. She said it was a shame to fritter away my genius on juvenile literature.

"Read me once more those lovely passages about the parting of Edgardo and Gladys," said Elfrida. "It's the most charming thing you have ever written." And she looked at me with tear-stained eyes, when I had finished. "It is really heart-breaking. And what an imagination you have! Surely you never could have known people in the least like Gladys and Edgardo?"

I winced a little at this. The editors complained sometimes that my people were not real. They seemed not to comprehend that there is, as Alfred de Vigny remarks, "a difference between the truthfulness of art and the truth of fact." Elfrida, with her small culture, seemed to understand this perfectly, and to revere my imagination.

"Send it to the ——— *Magazine*," said my wife. "They'll certainly accept it, and they can't pay less than a hundred dollars for it, and then—oh, Tony, Queen Anne can have her white fur cloak."

My name is Anthony—Anthony Smith (it is only in the strictest privacy that Elfrida calls me Tony), but I regret to say that in a magazine prospectus I am generally set down as "and others."

Queen Anne was our baby. I am afraid it sounded foolish to call her so. We were fond, foolish folks, God help us! and she seemed such a fine and dainty thing, it was wonderful that she should condescend to us. She had a regal air from the first, and we set her morsels of feet upon our necks, and asked no loftier boon than to be her humble subjects. We had no near relatives and few friends, and I think, perhaps, our isolation and constant struggle with poverty caused us to set our hearts upon her more than is common. She was not pretty and rosy and rollicking, like the babies we met at every turn. She was as fair as a pearl, with great, searching eyes, and a grave dignity upon her rounded brows. Her smile was very rare, but it was marvelously sweet; no queen's sceptre was ever so potent to thrill her subjects with joy and pride. She was christened plain Anne, after my mother, but Elfrida said it was presumptuous in us to call her so; with her little air of majesty she must have been a queen in some more favored sphere.

I gave up my cigars and wore my thin and shabby old overcoat, and Elfrida's hands grew hard and red with rough work, and we counted it all joy, that Queen Anne might be daintily fed and happed in from the cold, and a bit put safely away to shield her from evil days that we had never thought of fearing for ourselves, but all this is no new story. Yes, if the story were a success, Queen Anne should have the little, white fur coat which Elfrida could not banish from her mind since she had seen it in a shop window. Her cashmere cloak was not warm enough, and now that the sharp weather had come, Elfrida was forced to wrap her in an old, gray woolen shawl. That was certaily very unsuitable for royalty, and if the editor of the ——— *Magazine* only knew! Elfrida said. Elfrida was but a woman, and I am afraid a little demoralized by poverty, for she was apt to forget where business ended and charity began with editors.

The editor of the ——— *Magazine* could have been trusted to remember. He had a well-seasoned conscience that could not be warped even by the knowledge that the Queen needed a new cloak. Nevertheless, Elfrida's suggestion aroused my pride. I remembered commiserating glances that had been cast in editors' offices upon my shabby clothes and my care-worn face, and I decided to send the story. I was convinced that it was the best of anything I had done. It could be trusted to go upon its own merits. And yet, after I had put the story in an envelope a "cold fit" seized me. The editor of the ——— *Magazine* had never liked my pathos. He thought the humorous was my forte. If the story should be rejected how disappointed Elfrida would be about the cloak! And the sight of a story returned, a neat little package, with an elaborately polite little note, or, worse yet, the elaborate politeness in a printed circular which showed how widely diffused it was, and of what a great army of incapables you were, was a thing to render you desperate. It caused me to doubt whether even one airy atom of that incomprehensible stuff called talent had lodged itself in the convolutions of my brain and made me feel how slender a support my pen was for our future, for Queen Anne's future.

There was the new magazine, the *Tide*. The editor had written me asking for a contribution. He would not pay more than half the ——— *Magazine's* prices, of course, but that would be *sure*. He would not think of returning it, and he would probably pay for it soon (the ——— *Magazine's* delays were grievous), and use it soon. I was anxious for that story to see the light. I felt sure that it would attract some attention. Real pathos was not so common in literature.

I sent it off to the *Tide*, and immediately became so light-hearted as to be capable of saying to Elfrida that I felt a presentiment that it was the "tide which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And all day Elfrida made arithmetical calculations to discover whether, after the coal bill, and the gas bill, and the milk bill had been paid out of my check from the *Tide*, there would still be enough left for the cloak.

Our finances were very low, and allowing myself to worry about it had increased the difficulty, for if good work and worry were ever done together it was not by my poor brain. The postman brought those neat packages with terrible frequency, and the editor of a newspaper in a neighboring city, to which it was my sad lot to contribute a weekly letter, complained that my pen was losing its sharp point.

When I embarked upon a literary career I had expected utter failure or a steadily growing success. I had learned that literary success, like love, "has a tide."

But, alas! there was no ebb in the demand for bread and butter.

The day after my story was sent to the *Tide*, I took a violent cold in a draughty picture gallery, where I had gone to pick up art items for my weekly letter, and within twenty-four hours rheumatism, an old enemy, had me in its grip—a grip that was never known to relax in less than six weeks.

"But you won't worry the least bit, will you?" said my wife. "The check from the *Tide* will help along so much, and that must come soon."

Elfrida thought only of the check. I had a strong hope that the story would prove at least a small stepping-stone to fame and fortune.

Elfrida was the most patient and cheerful nurse that an irritable, rheumatism-tortured man was ever blessed with, and Queen Anne was gracious, even merry. We studied together a new language which she was inventing. It was very difficult; but it was punctuated by coos and kisses, and she laughed deliciously at my dullness; and if anything could have exorcised my pain it would have been the touch of her dimpled, satiny fingers.

We had several bits of good luck in the first month of my illness; but no tidings came from the *Tide*. In the second month no money came in, and our little store of funds dwindled rapidly. I wrote to the editor of the *Tide* and received no answer. Still I was too firmly convinced of the merits of that story to despair. It was the holiday time, and editors, with the rest of the world, had probably given themselves up to merrymaking. I even sent out for a copy of the current *Tide*, half expecting to see my story in it. It would not be surprising if they should rush that story into print; but it was not there.

It was a day or two after the bursting of this very small hope-bubble that Elfrida received a letter from her aunt Cressida. She was an elderly spinster of means, who had experienced violent objections to Elfrida's marriage with me, and had prophesied for her all the evils that can beset shiftless poverty.

"If I had even a good shoemaker's trade," she said. (I had since seen times when my opinion of Aunt Cressida's perspicacity was greater than I should then have thought possible.)

She had declined all communication with us, not wishing, she said, to be harrowed by the spectacle of her niece's misery, and Elfrida turned the letter over and over unopened after a woman's fashion of showing wonder and eagerness.

When at last she opened it a check for twenty-five dollars fell out, at which Elfrida's eyes sparkled, and my face flushed angrily.

"My dear niece," Elfrida read aloud, "I firmly resolved after your ungrateful disobedience and folly never to give way to any feelings of pity that your situation might awaken in me; but on discovering to-day, quite by accident, into how sad a plight you had fallen, I feel, in spite of the fact that you have brought disgrace upon your family as well as yourself, a rush of pity which I cannot restrain. To think that your husband, whom you, misguided girl, fondly fancied another Scott or Dickens, should be capable of nothing but writing ridiculous advertisements for patent medicines!"

"What in thunder does she mean?" roared I. (Rheumatics was twingeing me at the same time.)

Elfrida read on, with deepening wonder in her voice:

"I must say that a decent regard for your family should have prevented him from signing his own name to such stuff. Elfrida, beg him, for your sake and his child's, to seek some more honorable employment. A small clerkship, or even an agency for something that would not require publicity, would be immeasurably better."

"Do you know I have thought before, sometimes, that there was a mild kind of lunacy about Aunt Cress," said Elfrida.

"And you call that a *mild* kind?" said I.

"She always had a perfect *horror* of patent medicines!" said Elfrida.

"And having a perfect horror of me also, she naturally associated the two when the fit of lunacy seized her. Well, send back her check by the next mail, and tell her the patent-medicine business is so profitable that we don't need it."

Elfrida's face fell.

"Oh, let me keep it—you must let me keep it, Anthony! We can pay it when we get a little better off. You don't know—I couldn't bear to make you anxious—but Queen Anne is not at all well; she grows pale and thin every day. I took her to the doctor's last week, and he said he must see her often, and that she needed great care. I shall have to hire more work done; we *can't* send it back. It is a godsend."

I caught the child up; she was light in my arms, but she was in a gay mood, and assaulted me deliciously with her pink morsel of a fist.

"It's all nonsense about Queen Anne," I said, driving back the dread that chilled my heart. "And the money shall go back just as soon as I hear from the *Tide*."

My demon was partially put to rout the next day, and being able to work a little, and having a good hope of getting upon my legs again soon, my spirits rose. I was telling Elfrida of a brilliant plot for a novel—I was always on the eve of writing a novel, but had never yet dared to take the time for so hazardous an enterprise—when a lively tittle rat-a-tat at our door announced a visitor, and Elfrida admitted little Madame Desrolles, who occupied an apartment in the same house, but whose acquaintance we had not had the honor of making. Her husband was a huge, ogre-like man, whose occupation was shrouded in mystery. Elfrida believed him to be a dangerous character, and clutched Queen Anne when his heavy step was heard upon the stairs. Very strange odors floated out from their rooms, and Elfrida's fancy had conjured up a bubbling cauldron there, after the fashion of the Macbeth witches, in which a baby would not come amiss.

In witch-like garb Madame Desrolles might have been an artistic success at a cauldron. She looked as if her age might be past reckoning; and she was as fleshless as if she had passed through the mummifying process, but she had a great deal of *rouge* and millinery about her, and an airy little society manner.

She apologized with equal fervor for not having come before and for having come at all. It was a little matter of *affaires* which had brought her. Monsieur, she had heard, was a man of talent; she had herself read a so charming *morceau*.

Monsieur bowed his acknowledgments, and reflected that he had not expected so much discernment from the Desrolles.

Monsieur Desrolles was also a man of talent, and had made a discovery which was to be of great benefit to mankind, as well as to bring fame and fortune to himself. She was about to reveal to us a great secret, as yet unknown to their nearest friends. Monsieur Desrolles had composed a liniment—not a salve, look you, nor a plaster—but a liniment, which should cure all, painlessly and permanently, "ze corn and ze bun*yong*."

It was desirable that this discovery should "burst upon the world," but Monsieur Desrolles was overmodest. Could monsieur be induced to write for it an *avertissement*, w'at you call a *pouf*, entirely charming, like the one she had seen of another medicine? or, perhaps *la poesie* would be more appropriate and effective; monsieur was surely a poet?

Monsieur replied, somewhat stiffly and with a red face, that he had never devoted his talents to the writing of advertisements.

But surely Madame Desrolles had seen an advertisement, in the shape of a neat little book, of a soap, or a

perfume, was it not? But she might be mistaken, without doubt she must have been!—of Smeets there might be ozzer; of Monsieur Antoine Smeets there might be a hondairt! And our neighbor bowed herself out with profuse apologies.

"Just the same fancy that Aunt Cress had. What does it mean?" said Elfrida.

"It is probably the finger of Providence pointing out to me what I might be good for!" I said, bitterly.

"It is probably, as madame said, some other Smeet," said Elfrida.

We found out that night what it was.

Elfrida went out to the nearest apothecary's to fill a prescription which the doctor had given her for Queen Anne, and she came home with a handful of pamphlets, in gay covers, pink and blue and green. I was about to toss them over to Queen Anne, who had an eye for color.

"Look at them! Oh, look at them!" gasped Elfrida, pale with excitement.

made ridiculous—most ridiculous—where I had made it most pathetic, by these vile interpolations.

I dressed myself in haste—my strength was as the strength of ten, and Elfrida tried in vain to dissuade me—and made my way to the office of the *Tide*. The editor had no recollection of my MS., or—yes, he did remember reading a story which was not up to my usual mark, or did not meet the demands of the magazine. If his memory served him rightly it was not *altogether* humorous. He was sorry to return anything of mine. *Had* he returned it? He thought he had; but stay, they had made a rule—it had to be very stringent, they were so flooded with MSS.—that none should be returned unless the necessary stamps were inclosed. He should not have thought of applying the rule to me, but the assistant editor might have. (It was possible that he had never met me outside of the seclusion of "and others.") He acknowledged to some recollection of having thrown my MS. into the waste-basket, owing to the lack of stamps.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 551.

"A Broken Chord," by Anthony Smith, I read on the outside in large letters.

My story sent to the *Tide!* I opened the book, by chance, at the separation-scene which Elfrida had found so touching.

"'Gladys stood on the overhanging cliff, straining her eyes for a glimpse of the ship that bore Edgardo away. But a thick mist shrouded everything; it seemed to her as if the world ended at that desolate cliff. But suddenly a golden arrow shot through the mist, and it curled away as at the touch of a magic wand! She saw white sails glittering in the sunlight; she seemed to hear Edgardo say:

"'Look up, dear heart! So shall the cruel shadows that separate us one day curl away in the sunshine of our love, for I will always use Pilcher's Perennial Pomade for my hair and mustache, and our souls are one.'

"Gladys raised her drooping head.

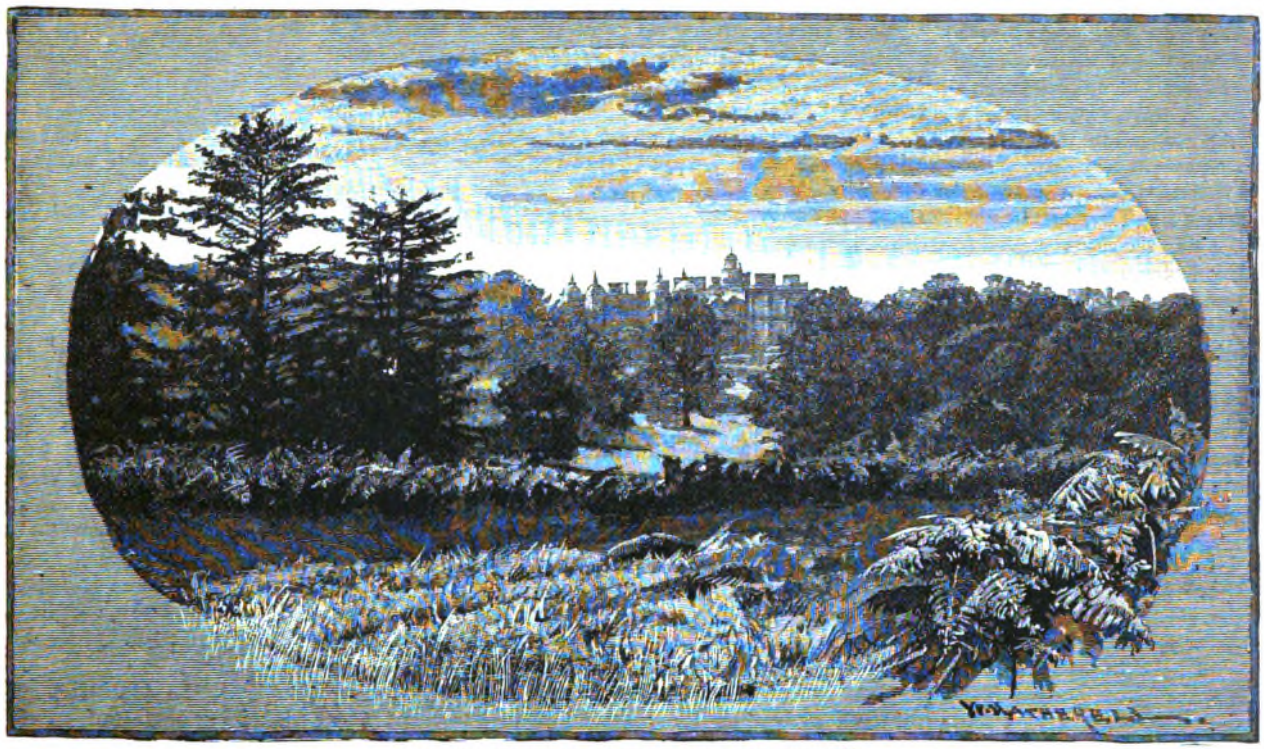
"'I will hope, Edgardo, for the motto of Pilcher's Perennial Pomade is never say dye!'"

I could read no more. I was choking with rage, but I saw that all the way through it was the same; my story

How it came to be resurrected in its present motley garb nobody seemed to know, but the office boy at length confessed to having given the contents of the basket to a stranger, who came in and asked for them.

I restrained my wrath with difficulty. It was evident that the editor was doing the same, by his mirth. He was very polite and apologetic. He hoped I would favor the *Tide* again with something humorous. It was his opinion that the proprietor of the patent medicine might be made to pay damages for libel. I immediately set to work to discover who the proprietor was; not a difficult task, for the precious pamphlets were displayed upon every druggist's counter. They had stared at me from windows and been strewn upon the seats of the omnibus in which I rode down town. I was certainly nearer to achieving immortality—in company with Pilcher's Perennial Pomade—than I ever had been before.

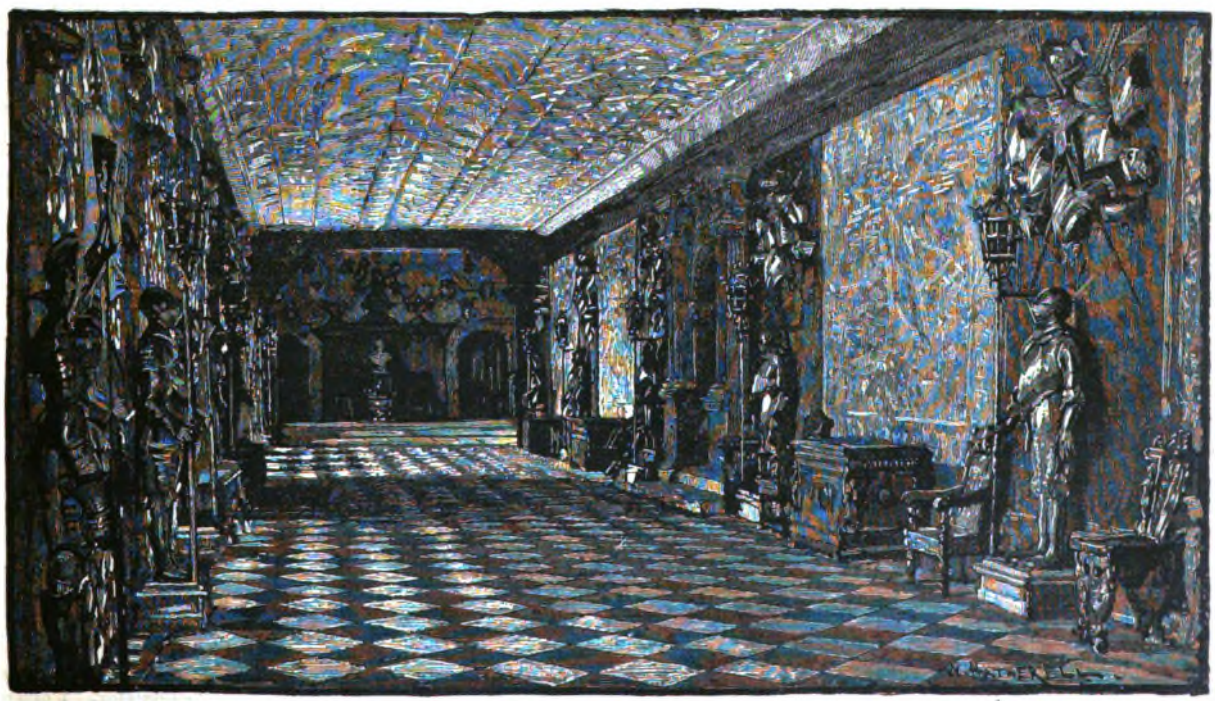
The druggists' windows also displayed a picture, in vivid colors, of a bouncing damsel, clothed as with a garment in impossible tresses which she was in the act of anointing from a box labeled, "Pilcher's Perennial Pomade." Beauty, as well as talent, had been called on to aid this hair invigorator to burst upon the world.



HATFIELD HOUSE FROM THE PARK.— SEE PAGE 551.

The first apothecary's clerk I asked, told me that the manufactory and proprietors were to be found in a small town in a distant State. I went immediately to Nat Burney, a lawyer and an old friend of mine, for advice. Nat insisted upon reading the pamphlet from cover to cover, and *he* made no effort to restrain his mirth. He said it was rich, by Jove! and didn't I think I *had* come it a little strong in the sentimental parts? I have sometimes wondered not that friendship is apt to be evanescent, but that it ever endures, the frankness incident to it is so often trying to it in sensitive moments.

Nat thought the proprietors of the pomade might be punished for libel, but they were so far off it was very doubtful whether it would pay, especially as it might be hard to convince a judge or jury that a rejected story had any value. Practical business men were apt to be stupid about the value of literary work, anyway. But I might write to the fellows and threaten them with the law if they didn't immediately withdraw the ridiculous thing from the public gaze. He would write the letter, if I wished. But I savagely preferred to write it myself. I felt that I should be more likely to do justice to the



HATFIELD HOUSE.— THE ARMORY.

subject. Nat seemed inclined to treat it far too lightly. When he had ceased roaring at the advertisement, he gave himself up to gloomy reflections upon the superiority of hair-oil to law, as a paying business. I went home, worn out, aching in every limb, and with a sickening conviction that I had mistaken my calling. And there were very few other occupations for which I was at all fitted, and those were overcrowded and I had few friends and no influence.

I was too disheartened to write a severe and threatening letter, after all. I felt, after it was mailed, that my feeble remonstrance was but little calculated to bring "the pomaders," as Elfrida called them, to a better mind.

It had a wholly unexpected result. I received an answer, in which they expressed great regret that I should fancy my literary reputation injured, and declared the belief that it would, on the contrary, be greatly benefited by the prominence into which my name had been brought in connection with a toilet preparation which was to be the success of the age. They were of the opinion that my talents ran in the advertising line. As they had heard that literature was but a poor job, perhaps I might like to accept a business opening to write and attend to their advertisements—new ones would be expected constantly, kept up to the highest literary mark—and act as general agent also. They would give me fifteen dollars a week to begin with.

"Oh, the horrid, insulting things!" cried Elfrida, with angry tears in her eyes.

I paused suddenly in a rapid pacing of the floor and confronted her, solemnly:

"Elfrida, we surely can exist on fifteen dollars a week; on rejected stories we shall starve. Since the *Tide* consigns my best efforts to its waste-basket——"

"The *Tide!*" exclaimed Elfrida, with ineffable scorn. "Of course that couldn't appreciate your stories. Send one to the ——— *Magazine*, and make it humorous."

"So you want me to be a buffoon?" I said, bitterly.

Elfrida did not notice. It is one of Elfrida's agreeable peculiarities to take no notice when I am disagreeable.

"If that is what they like, I have been thinking that perhaps your beautiful, sad stories may seem to some people a little far-fetched. I think people like commonplace, everyday things, and *real* people." (How could such a thinking-cap rest upon those fluffy bangs, and be invisible?) "Now if you would write a story about the pomade; that was really funny, although we haven't quite been able to see it——"

I shook my head decidedly; that was too sore a subject. But I ended by taking Elfrida's advice. How many a wise man has taken his foolish wife's advice?

If the Damascus blade of real wit had been mine, I should have been thankful enough to use it, but to flourish the clown's whip galled me sorely.

I resolved that this one story should be the finger of destiny to me. It should be as humorous as I could make it, and founded on no less substantial a fact that Pilcher's Pomade; if the ——— *Magazine* rejected it, Pilcher's Pomade itself should henceforth be my fortune!

I wrote to the proprietors asking for time to consider their offer, without mentioning it to Elfrida; it evidently seemed to her a great social convulsion for Queen Anne's father to become the agent for a hair-dressing, and she had not sufficient scope of vision, or was too optimistic to see the possibility of actual want. God knows I did not wish her to!

A resolution is a kind of support in a desperate strait, and my spirits rose as I mailed my letter. I went and investigated the business details connected with proprietary medicines and lotions. That might be useful knowledge, in any case. A happy thought struck me, and caused me to laugh aloud in the street. I might combine the agency for Monsieur Desrolles's corn and bun*yong* liniment with that of the pomade!

I lunched with some friends at a restaurant, and was recklessly merry.

When I went home at night, Elfrida met me with a new trouble in her face.

I seemed to know just what it was before she told me. I felt as if I had known it always.

"Queen Anne——" I stammered.

"She has been languid and drooping all day. To-night she was feverish, and I sent for the doctor. He says she has symptoms of diphtheria. But—don't look like that! It may not be so, and if it is, we shall carry her through it. I know she will live!"

But her hopeful tone rang false; and her effort was vain, for we were looking into each other's eyes.

We went and looked at the child; she was sleeping, but now and then she uttered a grieved cry, and once she opened her eyes, put her bit of a hand to her throat, and looked up at me, appealingly.

Her old, one-legged wooden doll, the idol that she clasped to her heart every night, lay neglected on the floor beside her.

From the first I had no hope. I did not even try to respond to Elfrida's forced cheerfulness. I had never seen her try to force it before, poor girl! It had always been so ready.

I went away to my writing. I began my story. I had trained myself to concentration, and the habit served me now. I had never found my wits so nimble. And I began to agree with Elfrida that it was well to write from a basis of fact.

It was very funny, the story of our pitiful struggles, of my lofty ambitions, culminating in success as a patent pomade advertiser. I actually laughed aloud as I wrote; yet never, for a moment, did the vision fade from before my eyes of a little head covered with tangled, corn-silk hair, a fever-burnt face, with appealing eyes, tossing on a painful pillow.

She did not seem worse the next day, but the doctor looked grave, and said she was very frail; he gazed at me curiously—I think he fancied me indifferent and self-absorbed—and said it was a disease that had a fearfully rapid run.

Elfrida scarcely left the child for a moment, but once or twice she came and looked at me as I wrote, in silence, and, I thought, with reproachful eyes. Once they called me, thinking that the child was choking; but she lived through that, and I went straight back to my writing. I was in the funniest part, now, and I had a desperate aim. We were penniless; Aunt Cressida's money had helped to pay off the army of duns for small bills with which we were besieged, but there was nothing left. The tiny space for her long sleep, which was all the great earth held for my darling, should not be in the pauper's ground, and should not come from charity. If I could not give her that—— The thought half crazed me; perhaps I should not have thought of it at all if I had not been half-crazed already.

If I could not write a funny story for that—— I finished it on the morning of the fourth day, and carried it directly to the office of the ——— *Magazine*. I *ordered* the editor to read it at once.

He paused in his coldly surprised remonstrances, and looked at my haggard face and bloodshot eyes. He said he would, and if I could call at noon, he would give me his decision.

When I went back he had just laid down the last sheet. He looked moved, and blew his nose violently. (He was the editor whom I had always described to Elfrida as cold-blooded.) He shook me warmly by the hand.

"It's a capital story, Mr. Smith, capital; far better than anything we have had of yours. I will have a check made out immediately."

He made several complimentary criticisms—my mind was upon the check. I clutched it when it came. The editor followed me with a puzzled look, as if he were not quite sure that I ought to be at large.

I shook from head to foot as I drew near my own door. Elfrida opened it; her eyes were full of tears; she had not shed one before.

"Come! She is better! She will live—as I told you," she said.

The little wasted face was peaceful on its pillow; the heavy eyes were raised to mine, brightening a little. Some words fell brokenly from her lips. I strained my ears to catch them.

She was trying to repeat a Mother Goose rhyme which I had taught her, and which had been an important aid to me in acquiring the language which she was getting up.

It was doggerel, and the little voice was hoarse and gruff; but to me it was as the music of the spheres.

It was more than an hour afterward that I remembered to show the check to Elfrida.

"You poor brave boy! to write when you were suffering so! I couldn't understand how you could do it. And a funny story, too!" she said.

"It wasn't a funny story, after all, Elfrida. The editor said it was pathetic."

NATIVE WOOING IN NEW ZEALAND.

When the Maoris ruled their own land, the most usual way of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends, and make a regular *tana* or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence. Even when a girl was bestowed in marriage by her parents, frequently some distant relatives would feel they were aggrieved, and fancy they had a better right to her, as a wife for one of their own tribe; or, if the girl had eloped with some one on whom she had placed her affections, then her father and brothers would refuse their consent, and in either case would carry a *tana* against the husband and his friends, to regain possession of the girl. If confined in a house they would pull it down, and if they gained access, then a fearful contest would ensue. The unfortunate female, thus placed between two contending parties, would soon be divested of every rag of clothing, and seized by her head, hair or limbs; and as those who contended for her became tired of the struggle, fresh combatants would supply their places from the rear, climbing over the shoulders of their friends, and so edge themselves into the mass immediately round the woman, whose cries and shrieks were unheeded; thus the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. These savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off the bride in triumph. In some cases, after long suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection; in others to die of the injuries she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, to put an end to the contest by plunging a spear into the woman's bosom, to hinder her from becoming the property of another.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

Trample! trample! went the roan,
  Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
  My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
  And but one hour to day.
Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
  Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
  That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
  And wished them all good-day.
They splashed through miry rut and pool—
  Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
  I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
  Once over this brook and rail.
Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs,
  Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
  But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
  For I knew it was all my own.
But trample! trample! came their steeds,
  And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
  And made me ready to turn;
I looked where the highest grew the may,
  And deepest arched the fern.
I flew at the first knave's shallow throat;
  One blow and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice and missed;
  I sliced the villain's crown,
Clove through the rest and flogged brave Kate,
  Fast, fast to Salisbury town!
Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
  Thud! thud! upon the sand;
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
  And a shaking of flag and hand:
But one long bound and I passed the gate,
  Safe from the canting band.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

THE HOME OF THE CECILS.

By J. Penderel Brodhurst.

We are building in our land mansions in which modern architectural resources, and all that art and skill can lavish, combine to meet the wishes of the builders. Whether they will remain for generations the homes of great families, adding year by year fresh treasures, is a question. Perhaps after a few years most will pass to other hands to yield to new caprices in rebuilding or remodeling, in obliterating traces of the past to make all things of the living present.

We lack the reposeful grandeur of the old ancestral and stately homes of England. Of these, Hatfield House, full of associations of past centuries, is an exquisite type.

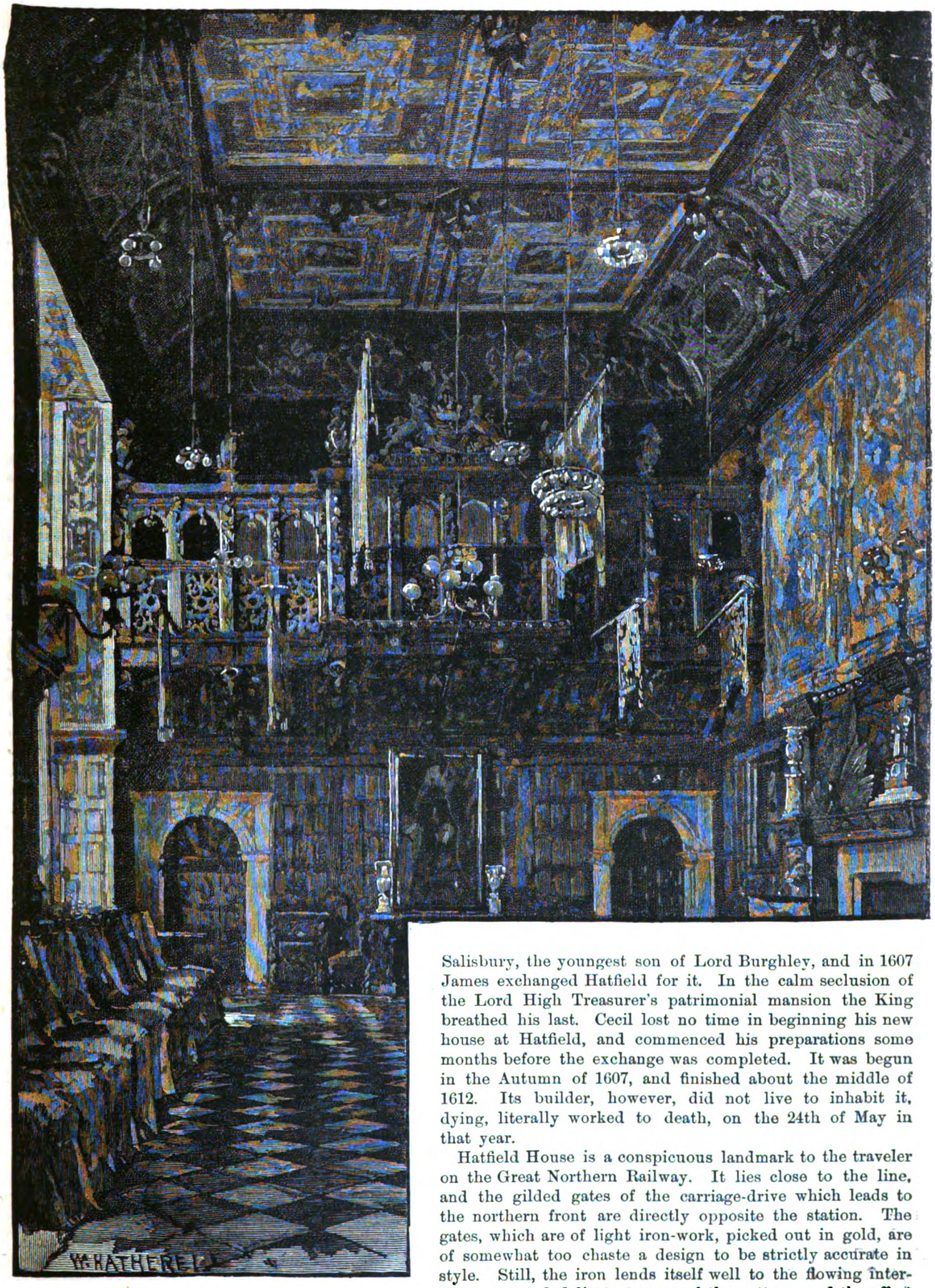
Elizabethan is, pictorially speaking, the perfection of English domestic architecture. To Gothic solidity, tempered by Italian elegance, it unites a picturesqueness all its own. Less massive than the Tudor, it retains that warm, ruddy and reposeful coloring which forms the chief charm of a Tudor building. With more of stateliness, and with some occasional pretensions to grandeur,

a typical example of Elizabethan at its best leaves upon the mind an impression of rest and calm which the ruder and more masculine Tudor fails to convey. Architecturally it is by no means perfect. But with all its faults, all its fopperies and conceits, its twists and affectations, it continues in both a pictorial and a domestic sense to be the admiration of the descendants of the sturdy Englishmen who, when they became conscious that empire and intellect were alike theirs, sought to build houses which should reflect the strength of arm and grace of mind which combined to make the glory of England under the Virgin Queen. These buildings are, in the main, best adapted to the requirements of the typical Saxon home life. Snug in Winter and cool in Summer, they meet the northern idea of comfort as well, perhaps, as houses can. There is no school of architecture which so faithfully reflects the spirit of the age which conceived it. It is an interesting question how far our expanding national aspirations are reflected in the long and lofty Elizabethan galleries, and how far this splendid development of the decorative arts was the result of the increased refinement and elegance which were born of the riches of adventure and the independence of dominion. However this may have been, certain it is that the "spacious times" of Elizabeth saw the first Renaissance of English art. Stiffness and angularity in pictorial and rudeness in domestic art—the art of chairs and tables, of cabinets and chimney-pieces—gave place to a certain degree of mobility and grace in the one, and of massive elegance allied to boldness in the other. The age, in fact, was artistically notable mainly for its architecture, and the accessories of architecture—furniture and internal decorations. Perhaps the one building in which these characteristics are most remarkable and complete is Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, the residence of the Marquis of Salisbury.

It was to its ancient royal and episcopal associations that Hatfield owed its early importance. At the taking of the Doomsday Survey the manor belonged to the monks of Ely. Less than half a century afterward the Bishops of Ely occasionally resided at old Hatfield Palace, where several of them died. In the last quarter of the fifteenth century a new and more splendid house was built for them by Bishop Morton, and the banqueting-hall of this building now forms Lord Salisbury's stable. It has, probably, more interesting historical associations than any other stable which can be called to mind. The new palace was the favorite residence of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, and, for a few years, of James I. Here, indeed, Elizabeth lived during her sister's reign. In 1534 the palace and manor were handed over to the Crown, in exchange for other lands—a transaction which appears to have been vastly in favor of the Crown. Ere long the noble old pile—whose solid workmanship, as seen in the fragment which still exists, ought to have saved it from so sad a fate—was suffered gradually to fall into decay; and by the end of the sixteenth century it was almost entirely a ruin.

THE LONG GALLERY.

There happened to be, also in Hertfordshire, but nearer to London, the beautiful mansion of Theobalds, which had been built by that Lord Burghley "whose nod would shake a state," and who was the real founder of the greatness of the Cecils. This house was close to Cheshunt, and was splendidly situated upon the River Lea, in close proximity to Enfield Park and Waltham Chase. Theobalds belonged to Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of



THE MARBLE HALL.

Salisbury, the youngest son of Lord Burghley, and in 1607 James exchanged Hatfield for it. In the calm seclusion of the Lord High Treasurer's patrimonial mansion the King breathed his last. Cecil lost no time in beginning his new house at Hatfield, and commenced his preparations some months before the exchange was completed. It was begun in the Autumn of 1607, and finished about the middle of 1612. Its builder, however, did not live to inhabit it, dying, literally worked to death, on the 24th of May in that year.

Hatfield House is a conspicuous landmark to the traveler on the Great Northern Railway. It lies close to the line, and the gilded gates of the carriage-drive which leads to the northern front are directly opposite the station. The gates, which are of light iron-work, picked out in gold, are of somewhat too chaste a design to be strictly accurate in style. Still, the iron lends itself well to the flowing interlacements and delicate tracery of the pattern, and the effect is at once airy and substantial. A sudden curve in the

carriage-drive brings the northern front of Hatfield House full in view. This is at once the most picturesque and, architecturally, the most perfect of the four façades. It is so simple, and at the same time homely, that you fail to recognize the "severe simplicity, nearly allied to grandeur," which a distinguished writer detected. It is perfectly plain, save for the projecting ivy-wreathed porch, and the two oriel windows by which it is flanked. The porch, with its plain oaken door, and the large, triple-lighted bay above, forms a pleasant relief to what would otherwise be a somewhat bare elevation. Above the porch rises a grandly proportioned clock-tower, which adds dignity to the view at a short distance.

A general idea of the house is best obtained from the south. It is built somewhat in the form of an E, along three sides of a hollow square, and is of red brick, with dressings of Caen and Tettenhall stone. The south front is 300 feet in length. The middle compartment is 140 feet long, and the eastern and western wings, which project 100 feet from the centre, are each 80 feet wide. The north front is 228 feet long. The south front is massive, and would be imposing were it not irretrievably spoiled by the Palladian stone façade of the centre compartment. The picturesqueness of the deep warm red brick, here and there covered with ivy, is marred by the colder and stiffer stone. The ground-floor of the central portion consists of a glazed arcade, than which nothing could well be more out of character. When Hatfield was built, this arcade was left open to the weather; but after a time a heavy iron grille, intimately suggestive of Newgate, was placed between the arches, and this, in very modern days, has been glazed. Such an arrangement may be very charming under Italian sunshine and Italian skies, but in the damp and variable climate of England it is cold and repellant.

Sir Robert Cecil was his own architect. That so perfectly typical an example of contemporary architecture should have been designed by the genius of a man who presumably knew more about diplomacy than the laws of proportion, is indeed matter for astonishment. Hatfield appears to have been built by rule of thumb, and a very successful rule that has sometimes been. But it is only a man of genius who can build by rule of thumb with success. At Hatfield, few but extremely technical critics will say that success has not been attained. Nothing is cramped, no single feature is made unduly prominent; harmony and proportion have been observed in every course of brick, in every square tower, in every stone-finished doorway, in every picturesque oriel. The moral of this extraordinary harmony of proportion and exactitude of detail is that the workmen of two centuries and a half ago knew what they were about, did their work thoroughly, and had an honest English pride in what they were doing. The dignity of labor was never more manifest than in this pile, which is mainly the work of untutored artificers. Both the surveyor and the master builder were mere workmen upon Sir Robert Cecil's estate. No fashionable architect was paid five per cent. upon the cost; no expensive clerk of the works was brought down from London; no builder with but the single aim in life of heaping one course of brick upon another was called in to outrage nature by contract. Robert Cecil relied upon himself, and upon his little-taught workmen, with their native taste and their honest love of their work.

Students of the great chimney question might with advantage visit Hatfield. No shapeless red pots stuck at right angles to each other in the midst of a bed of mortar on the top of a hollow buttress containing three times as many bricks as it needs; no revolving tin cylinders, of hideous shape and flimsy construction, are to be seen. Boldly massed, graceful in outline, singly and in squadron, solid and substantial without being cumbrous or heavy, and with no feature in their composition so light or so unprotected as to be an easy prey to the wind, the chimneys of Hatfield House are models for modern designers.

Entering the house by the northern door, a small paneled hall forms a sort of lobby to the famous Marble Hall. This magnificent apartment is probably unrivaled in the beauty of its oaken panels and carving. The noble and massive effect is increased by its exceeding loftiness. It fills two stories of the north front, and is lighted by two tiers of three windows each and by two oriels at the upper end on the north side. The room is 50 feet long by 30 feet wide. An oaken wainscot, which runs round two sides, rises as high as the top of the chimney-piece. The wainscot is plainly paneled, and is without ornament of any kind. This simple yet bold and free treatment of the wood is incomparably effective. Warm, rich and massive, the dusky oak most exquisitely reflects the ever-varying shades of light. On the southern side of the room the wall-space between the wainscot and the ceiling is filled up by some clear and delicate Gobelins, with deep, effective borders. But it is to its carved oak screen and its two galleries that the Marble Hall owes most of its fame. The screen is at the western end, and partitions the room from the lobby outside. It is divided by richly carved pilasters into compartments filled with slightly enriched panels surmounted by an openwork fan ornament. The large folding-doors, with their bold and sweeping arch, are identically treated. Above the screen, and projecting slightly from it, runs the Visitors' Gallery. The front presents a wealth of carving, modeled on the same lines as the screen, but richer and more fantastic. The plain shields of the two compartments beneath the apertures, for visitors to watch the diners below, are foils to the delicate arabesques and the fanciful tracery of the divisions which flank them. An enlargement of the fan ornament of the screen, surmounted by a bold and massive cornice, completes this delightful piece of artistic woodwork. At the opposite or eastern end of the hall is a Minstrels' Gallery, which, having twelve open compartments, scarcely presents so good an opportunity for the art of the decorator. Nevertheless it is richly paneled, and the panels are filled with delicate arabesques. Here are introduced the heraldic lions of the Cecils, bearing cartouche-shaped shields containing the emblazoned arms of the marquessate. The galleries and screen appear to have been the work of a French or Flemish joiner, named Janivere, who worked in London. The ceiling is coved, and the spandrels are formed by the Cecil lions. The compartments have, during the last few years, been filled with pleasant mythological scenes by Taldeni, of Siene. They are altogether out of place in a room whose chief beauty is derived from the dark and sober tints of carved and paneled oak. This hall, which is the ordinary dining-room of the house, contains two or three interesting portraits. Here are Mary Tudor and Philip of Spain, together with a portrait of Mary Stuart, said to have been taken a few weeks before her execution, and a portrait of Elizabeth, not in her "habit as she lived," but garbed as Diana.

One of the most interesting apartments at Hatfield is the Chapel. Generally speaking, Sir Robert Cecil decorated his house with a keen artistic instinct, but in the

Chapel he sacrificed the simplicity of true art to splendor of coloring and brilliancy of effect. Strength, massiveness, deep reposeful shades, and freedom from crude and startling lights should everywhere characterize the internal decorations of a house built and furnished on the lines of Hatfield. Cecil was usually a tolerably scrupulous regarder of the artistic fitness of things. I can only suppose that he allowed some less judicious friend to overrule and mislead him in the very important matter of the decoration of his chapel. The most striking feature is a large painted window over the altar. Each compartment contains a Scripture subject, painted in wondrously brilliant coloring. There are Latin inscriptions below the paintings, and there is little reason to doubt that the window is the work of a Flemish artist, who probably painted it for the Lord Treasurer. At any rate, the framework and the pictures are certainly contemporaneous. The window cost £50—a sum which, had the currency not depreciated, would seem ridiculous. The room is paneled in oak, and the superb old wood is profusely used in every direction. The native massiveness of oaken wainscots, screens and pilasters makes it necessary that they should be lighted up with rays full but not glaring. The effect of the light and shade upon the panelings, which is one of the delights of oak decoration, is lost in the "dim, religious light" which straggles in refracted driblets through the painted glass. Want of fitness has, unfortunately, been carried even further. For the original altar-table of carved oak a white marble one has been substituted. The builder of the house would not permit an inch of marble under his roof, and he was quite right. The second Earl of Salisbury, however, began to work in marble chimney-pieces, and there are now several of these costly incongruities in the principal rooms. Around three sides of the chapel runs a fine oak gallery, whose front is covered by pictures of Scriptural subjects in heavily gilt frames. The compartments are adorned with heads of our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and some of the Fathers of the Church. The old oaken pews, with the plain mitre and square adornments of the old workers in wood, have been removed, and open seats have been substituted. In themselves, however, these seats are wellnigh as artistic as any woodwork at Hatfield. The arm-rests at each end bear carved devices symbolical of the Apostles and Fathers. Thus there are the keys of St. Peter and the saw of St. Simon. The plain and simple wall moldings have been allowed to remain, and anything freer, chaster, or richer could not be. A good deal of new painting and decorating has been done in the chapel by Taldeni, who has certainly adorned the new and sweet-toned organ very prettily. In the gallery of the chapel is a "Virgin and Child" ascribed to Albert Dürer. Here, too, is a great carved Jacobean chair, used by Queen Anne, and covered in cloth of silver.

The Grand Staircase opens out from the north end of the cloisters. The stairs are broken into short flights by five landings. They occupy a space of 35 feet, and are 12 feet wide. The balustrades are of massive oak, and are carved in the rich and somewhat heavy Italian fashion which came into vogue about the time of the house's building. This magnificent staircase is a natural development of the early Elizabethan pattern, as seen in perfection at Aston Hall, the old mansion of the Holtes. The newels and balustrades at Hatfield are more richly and elaborately carved than those of Aston, and the newels are surmounted by nude genii and heraldic lions supporting the cartouche shields, which are so prominent a feature in the wood decorations of the Marble Hall. The carved genii are worked with that boldness and freedom to which wood naturally lends itself. Upon the first landing is an ornamental hatch-gate, designed, as in so many other old English country houses, to prevent my lord's favorite hounds and my lady's pet spaniels from wandering up-stairs into the gilded state chambers. The upper portion of the staircase ceiling is richly decorated by a Florentine pendant, elaborately molded, and profusely gilded, silvered and painted.

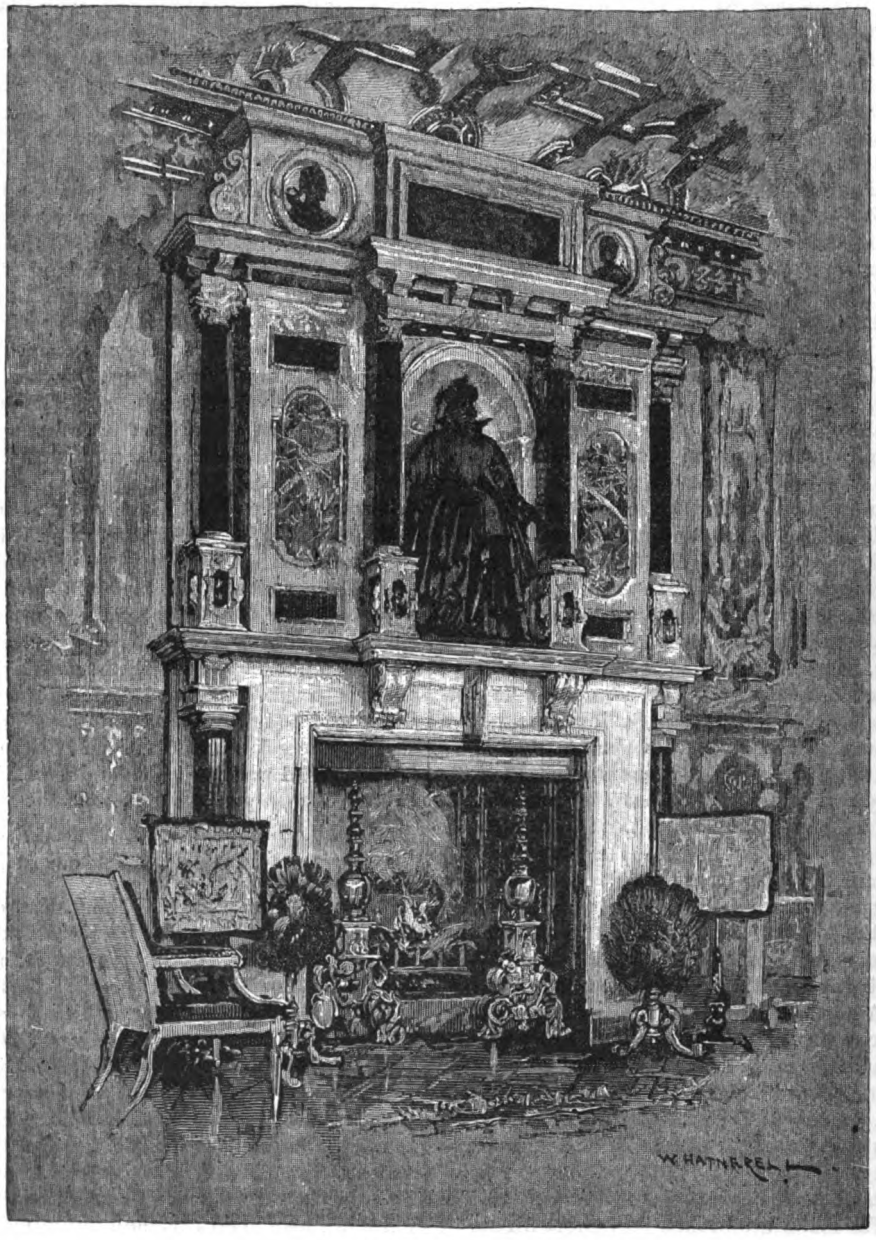
Apart from its artistic beauties, the Grand Staircase possesses great human interest, its walls being lined with contemporary portraits of the Cecils, and of others who have played greater or less parts in the political and domestic history of their country. Here are examples of Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, Zucchero, Reynolds and Ramsay. Perhaps the most remarkable is one which contains two portraits painted by different artists at different periods. For generations a portrait, by Michael Dahl, of that fourth Earl of Salisbury who fell under the lash of Macaulay, hung at the top of the stairs. The earl wears the picturesque dress of the latter portion of the seventeenth century. Tradition says that the likeness is a good one; but beyond this the work has little merit. Some years ago the picture was cleaned, and it was then found that it had been painted upon a canvas which had done duty before. An old portrait was found beneath, and in such good condition that it was easily recognized as that of Monmouth, the pitiful hero of Sedgemoor. His form is incased in armor, and he wears the preposterous Jacobean wig. He glances like a silent monitor over the shoulder of his successor. The older portrait was the work of Wissing. A very interesting portrait which hangs close by is that of Queen Elizabeth, on the white charger which she rode when she reviewed the troops at Tilbury Fort. Two other notable pictures on the same wall represent Adam and Eve in Eden. Both are attributed to Albert Dürer. Between 1504 and 1507 Dürer painted an "Adam and Eve" which, in 1753, was still in the gallery of the Grand Duke at Luxembourg. So beautiful was the picture deemed that Gaspard Ursinus Velius, upon seeing it, wrote:

> "Angelus hos cernens miratus dixit: ab horto
> Non ita formosos vos ego depuleram."

It is probable enough, I think, that one of the Hatfield pictures is a copy from the Nuremburg original.

In the Long Gallery, which runs above the Cloisters, is seen in its latest and most perfect development the stately Presence Chamber, which is so characteristic a feature of Elizabethan domestic architecture. This gallery is of the later and more Italianized phase of the style. It presents a more consistent whole than any other in the house, of which it is, perhaps, the most remarkable and characteristic feature. It is 160 feet long and 20 feet wide, lighted by eight large windows, with an oriel in the centre. Facing the south, it is always cheerful, and makes an admirable morning-room. It is also used as the ballroom. The ceiling is elaborately fretted, and is effectively gilded in rich, deep masses. The pattern of the fretwork is difficult to describe. It is straggling, and at first sight purposeless, but close observation impresses it upon the mind as being both intricate and ingenious. The object of the designer appears to have been to devise a pattern which, while being both these things, should not be so precise or geometrical as to tire the eye. As it is, it acts as a foil to the polished diamond parqueterie floor. The Gallery has been lighted with gas for the last twelve years, but the gold upon the ceiling retains all its pristine brightness.

It is worthy of remark that while gas will not deaden good gold, it will tarnish the best silver. The apartment just misses being gorgeous, the brilliant gilding of the fretted ceiling being almost too much for the more sober adjuncts; but its loftiness, its exceeding length, and its just proportion, prevail, and glare or gairishness there is none. It is paneled all round; but the ruling simplicity of the woodwork in most of the other parts of the house has here given place to lighter and more elaborate treatment. The capitals of the classic pillars which adorn the embrasures of the windows are delicately gilt, and the wainscoting is molded and beaded into panels which recall the plan of the famous mathematical maze which the ingenious Spanish hidalgos, who were cast away upon a desolate island, constructed to guard the entrance to their rude habitation. The panels between the pillars are carved in relief and delicately beaded. The gallery contains a wealth of old furniture, carved and twisted with all the infinite pains and ingenuity of furniture-makers, from the Renaissance to Queen Anne. Here is preserved the cradle of Queen Anne, which is of oak, perfectly bare and unornamented. In a massive cabinet of heavy and careful workmanship is a pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, written upon parchment. Its length will be conceived of when I explain that it traces the genealogy of the Virgin Queen in a clear, unbroken line to Adam. Upon the walls hang several small portraits of great historic interest. A series of seven represent Henry VIII. and his wives. They have been ascribed to Holbein; but it is by no means clear that all seven portraits were one man's work, and it is doubtful if Holbein had anything to do with them. School-book notions of the personal charms of Henry's wives are rudely dispelled by these portraits, which are undoubtedly contemporary, although I am not aware that they have ever been looked upon as authorities. It is very regrettable that so much doubt exists as to the painters of very many of the historical portraits at Hatfield. Some 250 of them formed part of the private collection of Queen Elizabeth, which, after her death, came into the possession of Robert Cecil. Unlike most of the men and women of the Renaissance, Gloriana, accomplished in politics and dress, and a good enough judge of poetry, was not particularly curious in the plastic arts. Possibly she was too busy to acquire the taste.



MANTEL IN THE WINTER DRAWING-ROOM.

At the eastern and western ends of the Presence Gallery are the Winter Drawing-room, or great chamber of King James, and the Library. Each is 60 feet long and 27 feet wide. The Winter Drawing-room lies to the east at the top of the Grand Staircase. It is the most gorgeous but not the most beautiful room in the house. The Florentine ceiling, with its elaborate and beautiful pendants, was originally, like the fret ceiling of the Gallery, plain white. Of late years, however, the more prominent features have been gilded, and the remaining portions brilliantly colored. The effect is dazzling in the extreme. The original white was, perhaps, somewhat bare, but there are very few rooms, however large and lofty, which will bear decoration in gold and colors. Here, all is gorgeous. Relief is only to be got by looking out of window. Like the ceiling, the carpet is

a mass of color; it is of Elizabethan design, worked in gold and blue, scarlet and brown. The deep crimson of the velvet chairs and sofas, and the heavy gilding of the furniture, add to the general richness. The six chandeliers of Elizabethan pattern are also gilt, and even the fire-dogs are silvered. The white satin window-

THE GARDENS.

curtains are a slight relief, but it is the relief of richness by richness. Here, luxurious, but inappropriate, is one of Earl William's marble chimneypieces. In the central niche above it is a life-size statue of James I. Around the room runs a dado formed of encaustic tiles, which bear monograms, the Cecil motto, "Sero sed serio," and the device of the Garter. Some of the finest portraits which the house contains hang here; a beautiful Sir Joshua, the portrait of Mary Amelia, Lady Salisbury, the grandmother of the present Marquess; Richmond's portrait of the present Lady Salisbury and her eldest son, Lord Cranbourne, and so forth. In a glass case are Queen Elizabeth's hat, and the yellow silk stockings presented to her by Sir Thomas Gresham, said to be the first pair of silk hose brought to England; with James I.'s watch and walking-stick, and Lord Salisbury's jewel and badge as a Knight of the Garter. The great folding-doors are of polished oak, and the panels are picked out and ornamented in gold.

The Library, in the western wing, is reached from the Winter Drawing-room, through the Long Gallery. As all libraries should be, it is plain and sober, the brown wainscoting and the varied bindings of the books pleasantly relieving the coved ceiling emblazoned with coats-of-arms. Over the chimneypiece is a portrait bust, in mosaic of Italian marbles, of Lord-treasurer Cecil. It was the work of an Italian sculptor, who received his commission in 1608 from Sir Henry Wotton, at that time English ambassador at Venice. The tall oaken presses contain a large and fine collection of books, ancient and modern, in various languages, alphabetically arranged; while in barred and locked divisions between the shelves repose the long series of volumes of the famous Cecil Papers. Within these volumes are the most glowing and pregnant materials for the history of England, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the middle of the reign of James I. There is told, with the graphic touches of historians writing the history which they themselves have made, the story of England during the most wonderful of centuries. These 13,000 letters, penned by the principal actors in the events of that hundred years, detail, with all the authority of personal narratives, the crimes and conspiracies, the loves and hates, the hopes and fears, of scores of the men and women who are the great names in the history of the times: Edward VI., Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Catherine de Medicis, Henri Quatre, Wolsey, Bacon, Essex, Raleigh, Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Thomas Overbury, and scores besides. The mere catalogue of the collection fills scores of folio pages in one of the reports of the Royal Commission upon Historical Manuscripts. The sad story of Arabella Stuart, the true tales of the Gunpowder Plot and the Raleigh Conspiracy, the mighty romance of the preparations for the Armada, are to be found in this pleasant room, looking out upon the trim and formal privy garden of the early seventeenth century. In the library there are also some early illuminations. Among them are William of Malmesbury's and Roger de Hoveden's English Chronicles, and a very beautiful manuscript with an illuminated miniature of Henry VII. The more recent manuscripts of historical, rather than palæographical, interest, include a treatise on councils by Archbishop Cranmer; Sir Robert Cecil's draft of the proclamation declaring the accession of James VI. to the English Crown; the "forty-two articles" of Edward VI., with his autograph; the original depositions in the divorce proceedings against the "Flanders mare"—plain, austere Anne of Cleves; Norfolk's letter-book, containing copies of his letters upon the affairs of Mary Stuart; together with a mass of most interesting papers relating to every phase of European history in the Elizabethan time.

From the Library access is obtained to the rooms in the western wing. An elm staircase, very finely carved, leads to these rooms from the ground floor. This wing was, in 1835, almost entirely destroyed by a fire which originated in Lady Salisbury's dressing-room. The unfortunate lady, who had reached a considerable age, perished in the flames. The whole of the wing was carefully restored, and a portrait of the ill-fated Marchioness, in a heavily gilt oval frame, has been inserted in the carved woodwork of the chimneypiece in the room in which she met her terrible end. The portrait is that of a young and singularly beautiful girl. The restoration of the west wing occupied several years. In most of the rooms the old oak which was burned has been replaced by panelings of elm, yew, ash, walnut and lime. Some little oak was used, and this, as well as the ash and lime, was all grown upon the estate.

In the eastern wing are the Billiard-room, Morning-rooms, and other apartments in daily use. They contain some of the most famous of the Hatfield portraits: Raphael's "Laura," the most beautiful of all; Kneller's "Mrs. Wray"; a "Wellington," by Count D'Orsay; Van Dyck's "Earl and Countess of Northumberland," "Earl of Pembroke," and "Earl of Macclesfield," and so on. In the Yew-room, which is paneled in that wood, is Frederick Zucchero's famous symbolical portrait of Queen Elizabeth, which is known as "The Rainbow Picture." In her right hand the Virgin Queen holds a rainbow, and upon her left hand and arm is coiled a serpent. Her stiff, repellent dress is dotted with eyes and ears, and the background consists largely of peacocks' wings and feathers. Van Heere's bewitching portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, at the age of seventeen, hangs over the white marble chimneypiece in an adjoining room; with a "Henry, Duke of Suffolk," by Mark Garrard; a "Henri le Balafré," by Pourbus; a "Thomas Cecil," first Earl of Exeter, by Zucchero; a "Mildred Coke," the second wife of the great Lord Burghley, and the mother of the builder of Hatfield—a very beautiful portrait, by a painter unknown, of a woman wrinkled and blind from age; a "Robert, Earl of Salisbury," by Zucchero, in the insignia of the Garter; and a charming "Nell Gwynn," which looks like Lely. From the Morning-room opens the Summer Drawing-room, which is richly paneled, and has a marble and alabaster chimneypiece. The elaborately decorated organ, removed from the Chapel, occupies a conspicuous position. The oaken chairs are covered with painted Spanish leather, and are more magnificent than comfortable. The floor is inlaid with Dutch parqueterie. A long, carved ottoman, covered in painted leather, and a cabinet richly and ornately carved, are among the artistic "bits" which the room contains. Zucchero is in great force here, with portraits of Lord Burghley and his wife Mildred, and their son, the founder of the Hatfield Cecils. Here, also, is a portrait by Cornelius Jansen of the second Earl of Salisbury. The windows, in common with those of several of the state apartments and the principal private ones, have been glazed with large sheets of plate-glass.

The state bedrooms are in the eastern wing. The suite comprises King James's Room, the Cromwell Room, Queen Anne's Room, the Wellington Room, the Queen's Room, and Prince Albert's Room. The bedstead in the first is heavily carved, and the quilt is of cloth of gold. The ceiling is painted in compartments, containing shields repeating over and over again the lion of England and the goldien lilies of France. The ceilings of all

the state bedrooms are similarly painted, having been thus decorated in preparation for the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1846. The Cromwell Room was used as the Queen's dressing-room during her stay at Hatfield. The elaborately carved and gilded bedstead was bought as having been used by Cromwell during the Protectorate, but this is probably his only connection with the house. The walls are hung with old Gobelins, and the room contains, as do several of the state bedchambers, a superbly carved oaken cabinet faced with Spanish leather. Hatfield is full of cabinets and carven furnishings of the English Renaissance, with many examples of Spanish and Flemish work of the same period. The Wellington Room was used in 1846 as the Queen's private sitting-room, and was made the Prince of Wales's dressing-room when he visited Hatfield in 1879. Here, as in most rooms of the house, the fender is a fine example of the chaser's art. The Hatfield fenders are chased with the arms, supporters, coronet, and crest of the marquisate.

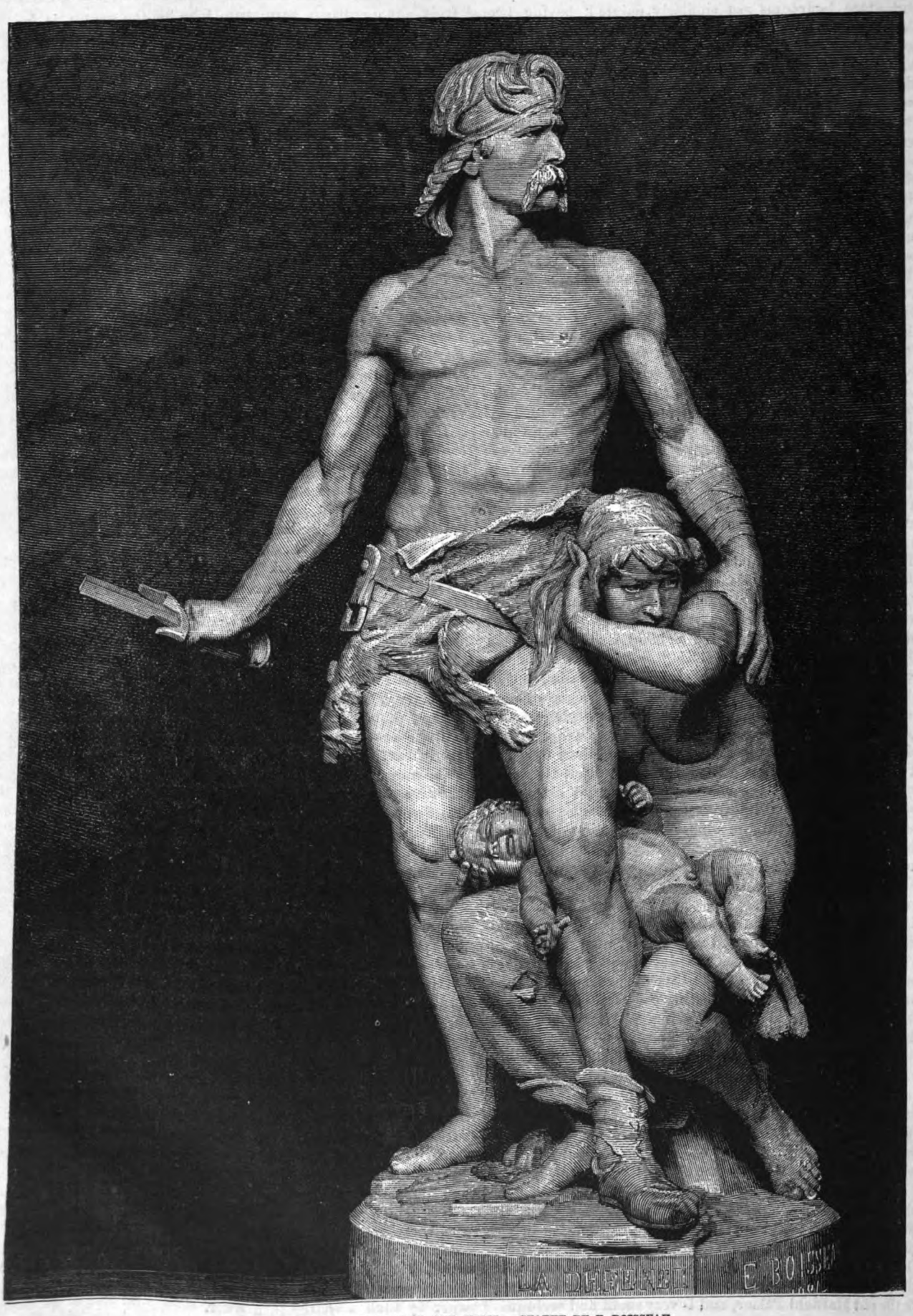
At the foot of the Grand Staircase is the Winter Dining-room, over whose door is a marble bust of Lord Burghley. It is paneled in oak, and contains a number of portraits which are worthy of mention. One of these is Richmond's portrait of the present Lord Salisbury, in the robes of Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Another is Sir Joshua's "Miss Price"—a young girl frisking about with two lambs—who lived to be the grandmother of Lord Salisbury on the mother's side. Here, too, is Kneller's famous "Peter the Great," with Beechey's "George III."; a good "Henri IV."; a "James I.," by Paul Vansomer, and a "Charles I.," attributed to the same artist, who, however, since he died in 1621, could scarcely have painted it; Lely's "Nell Gwynn," and Wilkie's "Wellington." Hatfield is exceedingly rich in historical and family portraits, but of other pictures there are very few. This absence of miscellaneous pictures helps the historic completeness of Lord Salisbury's house. It has undergone much refurbishing and some little alteration since Robert Cecil, as it neared completion, decided to call it Cecil-Hatfield; but it is still one of the completest and most characteristic of Elizabethan buildings. The anachronisms are very few, and if all the modern decorations be not of the most chaste, there is scarcely anything so glaring as to be positively out of place. Consistency is undesignedly helped, even by the paucity of pictures as distinguished from portraits; for many houses of Elizabeth's day which were rich in family portraits and groups contained not a landscape, and very rarely, save perhaps in a home of the ancient faith, a devotional picture. Tapestry had, as yet, scarcely had its day, and where there was no arras there was the sturdy oaken paneling which soon grew dark, and put on fleeting, fanciful pictures as the burning logs leaped and shimmered and wafted somewhat of that "odor sweet of cedar-log and sandal-wood" which the cheaper but less picturesque coal never gives out. There was thus no great need for other pictures than the portraits of the good man and the mistress of the house. Yet everything at Hatfield is not Elizabethan, for a portion of it, at least, is lighted by electricity.

The landscape gardening at Hatfield is a mixture of old and new. While the western windows look out upon the Privy Garden and the Maze, both of which are in the picturesquely rigid taste of the early Sixteenth Century, the southern ones look upon gay and smiling parterres of the patchwork-quilt order. The Privy Garden belonged to the old Hatfield Palace, and is very small and secluded. It is square, has a miniature lake in the centre, is inclosed by a trim privet hedge, and contains four mulberry-trees planted by James I. It has been preserved with scarcely any alteration from days when the Hatfield of the Cecils was not. Hard by are the remains of the palace, whose low and buttressed west front in red brick is well preserved.

Circular flower-beds, as geometrical as a Catherine-wheel, occupy the court facing the southern front of the house. They are as precise in their way as the yew and privet of the old garden, but much more unlovely. About half a mile from the house lies a pleasaunce called the Vineyard, but originally known as the Dell. The Vineyard, which was laid out at the building of Hatfield, occupies the two banks of the River Lea, which waters the park. It is a delightful specimen of Elizabethan gardening, prim, sober and sedate. Avenues of yew-trees cut into green towers, battlements and bastions, fortress it round, and cool and deeply shaded walks fall slowly to a lawn of the softest and greenest turf, abutting upon the river. You have to ferry across the silent water to reach the opposite bank. This charming nook is the apotheosis of geometry and mathematics as applied to landscape gardening. The quaint and fantastic arrangement of the Elizabethan garden had the same influence upon the literature of the day as the national power and glory had upon its architecture. The Elizabethan garden is "rich and rare"; but it is not perfect, any more than the "arrangement" in parterres of a later age is. Robert Cecil took great pains to make his garden a rarity. The great of Europe contributed to its planting. His Most Catholic Majesty sent more than 500 fruit-trees; Madame La Broderie, the wife of the French Ambassador, sent, at the moderate cost to his lordship of £75, 30,000 vines; more vines, together with cherry-trees and licorice, came from others who loved or feared him enough to ask his acceptance of them. It is curious to know that this retreat was—it is pleasant and natural to discover—the production of the sparkling and airy imagination of a Frenchman.

The mind which created Hatfield House was a representative mind in almost every particular. Many-sidedness was a characteristic of the quick and eager spirits of the time, and this many-sidedness extended, in ample measure, to Robert Cecil. He was a great legislator, a cautious and profound statesman, a man of no small literary ability, and a graceful if not a very consistent architect. He did not live to enjoy the stately retirement of the carved and tapestried chambers of Cecil-Hatfield, and the calm and grateful seclusion of the Vineyard. An eld of slow decay was not for him. "Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death," he sighed, in his last moments; "but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved."

A RAPID penman can write thirty words to a minute. To do this, he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 turns to each minute; in an hour, 28,000; in a day of five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 such days, 43,200,000. The man, therefore, who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men — newspaper writers, for instance—make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.



IN DEFENSE OF HEARTH AND HOME.—STATUE BY E. BOISSEAU.

"AGAINST THIS WINDOW A SLIGHT FIGURE LEANED, ALL ALONE ON THIS CRUEL NIGHT."

BY AID OF HER ENEMY.

By Eleanor Kirk.

Chapter I.

Young Leopold Travers had just taken the brilliant Mrs. Debevoise to a seat. The waltz had been an inspiring one, and the gentleman, in the first glory of a waxed mustache, was hilariously happy.

"You don't mean that you are tired?" he remarked, in a bantering tone, as his partner leaned back in her chair and languidly fanned herself.

"Tired?"—the widow's voice was a miracle of freshness. "Do I look tired, Leopold?"

"Well, no; but I thought you were going to. That reminds me of what I heard that little serpent of a Clymer say a while ago."

"Heard Clymer say? What—that I looked tired?"

Mrs. Debevoise ceased fanning herself, and turned a puzzled face to her companion.

"Equivalent," said Travers. "She remarked, in her cold-blooded way to half a dozen of her sister-snakes that in all her acquaintance with you, she had never seen you rouged till this evening."

"Leopold, you are very young, and consequently very

unsophisticated!" the lady replied, with an attempt at seriousness; "and it is my duty to be a mother to you."

"One mother is quite enough, Mrs. Debevoise," the young man responded, with a light laugh, though his fair face reddened perceptibly; "and I am here to enjoy myself."

"So you shall, my child; but first give me your attention. Such a remark as you overheard should never be repeated. Suppose, Leopold, that Mrs. Clymer's statement were true?"

"But it isn't true!" young Travers interrupted, vehemently. "Don't you think I know rouge when I see it?"

"But for the sake of argument, my son. Don't you see how mortified I should have been to find my attempts at beautifying had proved so inartistic? Leopold, there are women in this world who would never forgive you such a violation of the first principles of good taste."

"If you have finished, Mrs. Debevoise, let us have one more little turn," said Leopold, attempting to turn the conversation.

"In one moment, my boy. When I'm an old woman, and you are just making your mark in the world——"

"Say, here comes Clymer," Travers interrupted again. "Let's go into the ballroom, quick!"

"No, we will remain here, if you please. But, as I was saying, Leopold, when that time does come, and you have obtained the position of 'Master of Hearts,' as you certainly will, remember who it was who gave you your first lessons."

"I sha'n't be likely to forget," her companion replied, with a pull of his blonde mustache. "You have made no end of fun of me, Mrs. Debevoise, but now that we are on the subjects of youth and age, allow me to compute the difference between your years and mine. You say you are twenty-eight, but I never believed it. I am twenty-two, going on three—not six years, madam. Does that give you a right to parentize over me to the extent you do?"

Mrs. Clymer, short, fair and fat, had stopped here and there on her way to the corner occupied by Travers and Mrs. Debevoise, and now came up smiling, and just a little out of breath.

Several other friends and admirers of the beautiful widow approached about the same time, and the conversation became general.

Mrs. Debevoise, in creamy satin, her shapely arms bare to the shoulder, her dark, heavy hair knotted simply at the back of her head, her beautiful brown eyes sparkling with honest humor as well as quick intelligence, looked the fairest woman in the world. Mrs. Debevoise was the only lady seated, and in her gorgeous shimmering attire seemed a queen receiving her subjects.

"I have been asking every one I met this evening whom I thought could possibly know," Mrs. Clymer remarked to the widow, "if they had heard anything of poor Clarke Beresford lately."

"Do you ask me?"

Mrs. Debevoise met the lady's gaze with a pair of frank, smiling eyes that totally concealed the aversion which possessed her.

"Why, yes; I thought you might know."

Mrs. Clymer seemed a trifle disconcerted.

The widow's gaze was too direct, and lingered a little longer than was quite agreeable.

"It seems to me as much as a hundred years since I heard that gentleman's name," Mrs. Debevoise remarked, thoughtfully. "It really couldn't seem more strange to me if I read it from a gravestone."

And the lady made an odd little *moué*, and shrugged her pretty shoulders so comically that everybody laughed.

"Well, if there hasn't any one heard anything, I *think* I have some other startling news," Mrs. Clymer, resumed with unction.

Mrs. Debevoise folded her slim hands and leaned back to listen, a vivid picture of repose and unruffled enjoyment.

"This is what I have heard"—and now Mrs. Clymer fastened her eyes again upon the radiant widow—"Clarke Beresford has lost his senses. I know it to be a fact."

These last words were very slowly enunciated, and the small eyes did not even wink, so intense was their gaze.

"Oh, how sad! What a pity! How did you hear?" said one and another.

"Why, Clarke Beresford was the handsomest man I ever saw in my life," Lillie Carmichael remarked. "Who was it he was in love with? Upon my word, I have forgotten. Isn't it dreadful, Mrs. Debevoise?"

"Positively awful!" this lady responded; "still, I suppose, there is compensation even in insanity."

Mrs. Clymer seemed to be off the track once more.

"Compensation!" she repeated. "I guess you are the only one who could ever see it."

"A physician who had made a specialty of insanity told me that the most cheerful people he was ever among were the insane. This was a new idea and I made bold to dispute it," Mrs. Debevoise went on, coolly and smilingly, "and so he offered to prove it to me. A half a day spent among his patients convinced me that he was right. Just as likely as not Mr. Beresford imagines himself a king, or a lord, or perhaps a great hero. The happiest man I ever saw was a man who supposed himself an Indian chief. If you could have seen his blanket and his feathers, and his beads and moccasins—all of home manufacture—you would have laughed as heartily as I did."

And now Mrs. Debevoise grew so animated, and was so vivid in her description, that all her subjects joined in her merriment.

"I believe that woman is cold-blooded enough to have killed her husband if she wanted him out of the way," Mrs. Clymer told a gentleman who had just offered his arm to conduct her to the ballroom.

"Is Mrs. Debevoise responsible for Mr. Beresford's condition?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, she treated him abominably. They were engaged to be married, and the day named for the wedding. Then old Debevoise came upon the scene, with his millions, and Mr. Beresford was left in the lurch."

"Why, I should never suppose Mrs. Debevoise to be *such* a woman. Did she get all the old man's money?"

"Two-thirds, that is all, but enough to support her in luxury all the days of her life. Clarke Beresford had only a few thousand dollars, and his profession—the law. What were these to her? Nothing!" And then Mrs. Clymer took her place in the Minuet Lancers just forming, and the obnoxious subject was, for a while, postponed.

"Leopold!"

The widow's voice was as sweet and bright as ever, and her eyes were dazzlingly brilliant.

"At your service, madam."

"You know I am an old lady with whims, do you not?"

"I know you are the sweetest woman in the world, and absolutely perfect," the young man responded, with his heart in his eyes.

"Leopold, my threat of banishment will certainly be put into execution."

There was a peculiar ring in the lady's even tones that produced an instantaneous effect.

"I will not offend again. What service can I do you, Mrs. Debevoise?" he added, humbly.

"You heard all that Mrs. Clymer said about that gentleman," the lady replied. "I used to be quite well acquainted with him, and I have a reason for wanting to find out where he is, in what asylum, or, or——"

There was a little catch in the sweet voice now, but a slight cough remedied that, but the sentence was never finished.

"It is probably a report only, or more likely an invention of the Clymers; still I should like to know *all* she would say about it. You have infinite tact, Leopold"—this with a merry laugh—"and if worst comes to worst, I am sure you can out-serpent the serpent, and if you find it necessary to abuse me, my boy, do it without the slightest compunction."

"Can't you find out some other way, Mrs. Debevoise?" Travers inquired, with a scowl.

"I want to know to-night, Leopold—to-night; but if you would rather not——"

"I will do my best," said Leopold, turning away.

"Do anything, my child, to get from that fiend all that I want to know. Do you hear me?"

"I should say I did," was the surprised answer. "Upon my word, I believe you hate her far worse than I do."

Mrs. Debevoise rose and walked lightly across the room to the deep embrasure of a window. Then she drew the heavy drapery about her, and then, ah, who would have recognized the gay, brilliant, fascinating woman in the convulsed and agonized creature whose self-control had at last deserted her. Only a scant moment to give to this luxury of despair. The widow was in demand again.

"Mrs. Debevoise, Mrs. Debevoise, where are you?"

A little hand put aside the drapery, but its owner did not turn. Her face was not quite natural yet, but one more effort of the will would make it so.

"Ah! enjoying the evening?" Colonel Endicott had come to claim his partner for the next waltz. "But will you not take cold?"

"I should take it if I could find it," the lady replied, so naturally that it surprised even herself, "for it is insufferably warm this evening."

"Are you ready for our waltz?"

For answer Mrs. Debevoise took her companion's arm and walked smilingly to the ballroom.

"There is no living woman who dances as you do," the colonel remarked, as the music ceased.

"The inference seems plain, colonel, that you sometimes dance with dead women."

The gentleman leaned and said something in a low key, but Mrs. Debevoise did not catch a single word, though she seemed all attention, for just at that moment young Travers, with a lady on his arm, drew near.

"On the coast of Maine, near York," he whispered. "A fisherman's shanty, all alone."

"Well, well!" the lady laughed, lightly, "if this keeps on I am sure to have softening of the brain."

This party took place in Boston, about the middle of October. The hostess was to sail for Paris immediately, and there was sufficient excuse for the early date.

Chapter II.

There was a stove, a table, two chairs, a few pieces of crockery, a few books, in this little shanty by the sea. It was evening, and the wind and rain came in cold, blinding gusts from the northeast.

There was a fire in the stove, and a man sat in front of it, his elbows on his knees, his chin resting on his hands. The ocean moaned, and the breakers thundered against the shore, but the solitary inmate did not stir from his abject attitude. At last a fiercer gust than the rest blew the cottage-door open. Then the man rose mechanically, and closed and bolted it.

He was tall and finely proportioned, but with a slight stoop of the shoulders, which must have been recently acquired, as it did not harmonize with the supple, graceful figure.

His eyes were large, dark and restless. The lower part of his face was completely covered with a brown, curly beard, which seemed to modify the fierce expression of his eyes.

He walked slowly and abstractedly from the door to the stove, added some more fuel to the fire, and then resumed his old attitude of crouching helplessness and indifference to all things.

A spy could have no better opportunity than was offered by this wild night. A person desirous of finding out something of the life and habits of this lonely man could certainly acquire the desired information without the slightest danger of ever being found out.

This cottage had two windows, one facing the sea, the other on the side most sheltered from the storm.

Against this window a slight figure leaned, all alone on this cruel night. There was no fear in this woman's soul. The awful sound of the sea, the wild agony of the breakers as they dashed against the beach was music in her ears.

A friend was there if she needed one, she told herself, with glistening eyes; but first she would tell her story, and this man, mad or sane, should listen to it.

A knock on the door roused the man from his reverie; another brought him to his feet, wilder and more haggard-looking as the unaccustomed sound broke on his ear.

Another knock, and the bolt flew back, and a woman, drenched, disheveled, speechless, glided past him into the shanty.

He closed the door mechanically, then turned to look at the intruder.

Margaret Debevoise had thrown off her wrappings, and now, with longing, shining eyes, her beautiful hair, tossed about by the wind, hanging in rippling masses over her neck and shoulders, her face full of courage and an unutterable something that no man but this one had ever seen there before, stood and faced him.

For one moment Clarke Beresford shaded his eyes with his hand. The unexpected vision seemed to dazzle and blind him. Then, without a word, he went over to where she stood and softly touched her face and her hair, and then drew back again with a strange, sad smile.

"Clarke!"

Oh, the infinite pathos and sweetness of this voice!

He did not answer.

"Clarke, I have come to-night to tell you a story."

"To tell me a story!" the man repeated, wonderingly. "And you are just as lovely as in the old, old days," he went on, dreamily; "and, great heavens! just as false!"

"Clarke Beresford, do you suppose I would come to you this lonely, desolate, awful night to tell you a falsehood? Great heavens! This is the night for truth,

and you shall have it. Do you hear me? Clarke, whose writing is this?"

Mrs. Debevoise had taken a piece of paper from her bosom, and handed it to her companion.

"Mine, I should say;" but the man scarcely glanced at it.

"Oh, Clarke, for the love of Heaven read it—read it, I say!"

It did not seem possible for Beresford to take his eyes from the beautiful face before him. There seemed no wildness in them now, nothing but an absorbing love, a pitiful regret, a heart-hunger as insatiable at this moment as it had been for those long, bitter years.

"Oh, how lovely you are!" he remarked, at last. "Why, Margaret, as I feel the tender light from your eyes flooding my soul as in the old, old days, it does not seem possible that you could plan a shipwreck. It doesn't seem possible, Margaret."

"Oh, Heaven be merciful!" the woman prayed, clasping her hands in agony. "Oh, Clarke, please, please, by the memory of our old love, please read this letter that I have brought you. That will tell you everything, everything, and then, dear, let come what will, I can bear it, Clarke, I can bear it!"

There was something terrible in this fixed gaze. It did not seem possible for him to withdraw his eyes. At last his companion could bear it no longer, and drew close to his side.

"Now read," she said, very humbly. "Now, Clarke, I will hold the paper for you."

Very slowly Beresford read aloud as follows:

"LONDON, *Sept. 18th*, 1870.

"The story of your flirtation with a man, whose name I cannot bring my pen to write, has just reached me. My heart breaks when I tell you that everything is over between us——"

Here Beresford looked up from the letter.

CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.— SEE PAGE 566.

"But I never saw this before," he said.

"And yet you admit it to be your writing," Margaret interrupted, with a vehemence which was in striking contrast to the singular calmness of her companion.

"I could take my oath to it," he said.

"Then, if you can do that, it ought not to be strange to you that I believed it to be yours. Read on."

"If my proofs were not so abundant, I might call upon you to defend yourself," Beresford resumed; "but I know you to be as false as perdition, and as cruel as the grave.

"CLARKE BERESFORD."

"Great Heaven!"

Beresford dropped the paper, a look of horror in his eyes.

"Three weeks after the reception of this letter, Clarke," Margaret hurried on, "I married John Debevoise. We went to Italy. When there, I heard of the inquiries you had been making for me, and of your fearful illness. Then I knew that the letter must be a forgery. After that, Jennie Clymer's brother, who had made me miserable by his importunities, was detected in a very clever forgery. He was abroad at the time that I received this letter."

AN ORCHID-SHOW.

"Yes; he was with me. For a while he was in the habit of mailing my letters to you. I see it all."

How intensely calm was this man's tone!

"But, Margaret," he went on, "do you mean that you did not jilt me for—for the man you married, and that this—this letter was the cause of your marriage?"

"Clarke, by all that I hold sacred, I swear it. Two nights ago, Clarke, two nights ago—only it seems an eternity since then—I heard where you were, and I came as fast as I could. All this time I thought you were in Cairo."

The rain beat against the cottage, and the breakers dashed with more fury than ever against the shore; but this fierce elemental strife passed all unheeded.

"And are you not afraid, Margaret?"

"Afraid of nothing, Clarke, nothing above or below, so that I could look upon your face once more, and tell you the truth," Margaret replied, proudly. "I have lived on this thought for years."

"So faithful, and I believed you so false!" Beresford replied, still abstractedly. "Are you going now, Margaret?"

Mr. Beresford had moved away from her side, and now stood where he could once more feast his eyes on her radiant face.

"Clarke"—Mrs. Debevoise held out her hands imploringly—"Clarke, I have made up my mind. I can never go again until you go with me."

Clarke Beresford stood for a moment like a man stunned and helpless.

"Clarke, you can take your choice!" and now a singular smile lit up the sweet face. "I am all alone in world, dear, and if you still love me, if you still love me, Clarke——"

"You are all alone in the world?"

"Yes, Clarke, all alone."

"Then you are mine, Margaret! How thin you are!"

"Oh! my darling, can it be that you have just found that out?" and before Mrs. Debevoise was folded tight in a pair of loving arms, she laughed her old, merry laugh, and Clarke Beresford, kissing the tender, responsive mouth and eyes, smiled, too, a smile of ineffable joy.

An hour later, the reunited lovers sat in sweet converse in Mrs. Debevoise's cozy sitting-room. She had taken a cottage near by, and now, though the tempest roared, and the house shook from its foundations, they heeded it not, and daylight peeped in upon them still absorbed with their new-found happiness. Before noon of this day Clarke Beresford and Margaret Debevoise were married, in the presence of that lady's maid and man servant.

Leopold Travers drove up in hot haste a few moments after the ceremony.

"Oh, Mrs. Debevoise, I was so alarmed about you!" he remarked. "I heard you had rushed off down here, and I thought I would rush, too, for fear something awful would happen to you."

"Something awfully *nice* has happened," the lady replied, with a smile. "Clarke"—leading her companion to the next room, where her husband stood looking out of the window—"here is a young gentleman who likes me well enough to feel worried about me. See in Mr. Leopold Travers an adopted son of mine. Leopold, my husband, Mr. Clarke Beresford."

"Good Heaven!" said Leopold, under his breath.

"I am grateful, Mr. Travers," said Beresford, "for any care you have given my wife."

The two men shook hands with considerable heartiness.

"I shall be happy to share her adoption of you," Beresford added, with a glance of pride in Margaret's direction.

"But, Mrs. Debevoise—I beg pardon, Mrs. Beresford," said Leopold, with some confusion, as he prepared to go away again, "I thought Mr. Beresford was—was—well, was out of his head?"

"Only in loving me; but that was a lunacy easily cured," she replied. "Good-by, my boy. Clarke and I will be glad to see you at any time."

And now young Travers rode away, a sadder but a wiser man.

CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.

Cedar Keys is a collection of innumerable islands of all sizes, some of them only a few yards long, and covered with marsh grass, and the larger ones with a growth of low bushes. They are all encircled by shallow lagoons—some of which are spanned by bridges—and navigated by sailboats, rowboats and "dug-outs." The town of Cedar Keys is built upon the largest of these islands, and the only one which rises to any height above the water. To the north there is quite a bold bluff. The islands seem to be mere heaps of sand and shells, covered with low evergreen bushes, and with a few palmettos and small live-oaks; but there are beautiful views on every side, especially to the eastward, where, as far as the eye can reach, land and water alternate; while on the horizon is a fringe of pine trees growing on the mainland.

Cedar Keys is at the present time the most important point on the western coast of Florida. It has regular lines of steamers running to New Orleans, the West Indies and other places, and is the terminus of the Transit Railroad, which, until the completion of a road to Tampa, receives all the transportation of the western coast. Lumbering seem to be the principal business of the town, there being two large lumbering establishments there. There is, also, a cedar pencil factory. Sponge-gathering is an important business, not only here, but at other points along the western coast of Florida.

INSTINCT, POWER OF MEMORY AND DOCILITY OF THE HORSE.

Of the cleverness of the horse, how he remembers benefits and injuries, and how he oftentimes learns to anticipate his rider's will, many tales are told. "Perhaps no animal in man's employment more thoroughly understands what he is about than the 'stock horse' of New South Wales. From the earliest period of his breaking he is taught to wheel instantly when at full speed, on any ground; and from the innate sagacity which horses have in discerning their rider's object, one that has been 'after stock' for a year or two reaches such perfection in this point as almost to justify the ordinary recommendation of an Australian horsedealer, that 'he can turn upon a cabbage-leaf.' The best exemplification of this faculty is the process of driving, or as it is called, 'cutting out' a single bullock, to which he will not submit without a sharp tussle, from the instinctive dislike to separation which all the bush cattle exhibit. At first starting he trusts wholly to his speed, but, finding after a trial of two or three hundred yards, that his retreat to the herd is still intercepted, he doubles round in the rear of his pursuer, who, were he to continue his onward career, would thereby lose a great deal of ground; but such is the agility of the stock horse that he simultaneously wheels round, and stills keeps on the inside without losing an inch. This kind of thing is repeated again and again, till the baffled bullock is fain to take any course his tormentor may direct."

In submission to a master the horse is affected by kind treatment almost as much as the dog and elephant; for although habitually his actions show timidity, they are more an effect of good temper than fear; for where severity is unreasonably exercised, obedience, which is readily granted to kind treatment, becomes doubtful, and sooner or later breaks out in vicious resentment and opposition. A horse knows its own strength, and oppression has its limits. "In emulation to surpass a rival no more convincing instance can be cited than in the case of a racehorse finding his competitor beginning to head him in the course, seizing him by the fore-leg with such firm teeth, that both jockeys were obliged to dismount to part them. This was a horse of Mr. Quin's in 1753. Forester, another racer, caught his antagonist by the jaw to hold him back. Surely such animals should not be gored with the spur or cut with the whip to do their utmost."

But the sagacious animal expects that his master or rider shall be fully competent to perform his share of the business. A horse soon learns to despise a timid rider.

"The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late General Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who being present on the racecourse of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keeper. Sir Robert immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boarspear which was in the hands of one of the crowd, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small gray, afterward sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the Eighth Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march; and at the station of Cawnpore was indulged with taking his ancient station at the colorstand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drills and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a gentleman, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of trumpet had departed, he refused to eat; and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died."

The pressure of the rider's limbs, the feel of the hand on the bridle, may even serve a horse instead of the sense of sight. Blind horses are by no means uncommon, and some of them do daily work without being much inconvenienced by the want of sight, if the rider or driver is patient and steady.

"I remember many years back my old acquaintance and infallible doctor, Mr. Minster, of Cheltenham, having a very fine old gray hunter, stone blind, and when visiting his patients he would often cross the country by the footpaths, leaping the stone stiles with ease and safety. Being one day with a dashing young farmer who was boasting of the feats *his* horse could perform, the doctor took the shine out of him on the instant by proposing a wager that *he* had a horse in his stable which could take a leap the farmer's horse could not.

"'Where shall we go to decide the bet?' said the farmer, who of course had said 'done.'

"'Only into the street,' replied the other.

"Consequently the doctor was mounted on the blind horse in a trice, when, giving him the office by the bit (and, as Horace says, *there lies the horse's ear*), he made him believe a stone stile was before him, and he took a spring that would have cleared the highest in the parish, to the no small discomfiture of the farmer."

And when well treated the horse is capable of great affection for the biped who rides or drives him; the animal will show a great deal of ingenuity in protecting his master from danger—witness the following "Instance of Docility!"

"A farmer was remarkable for two qualities—attachment to animals and getting tipsy. The horse he usually rode, or rather the one that usually walked by his side like a dog—for he seldom rode him—had been brought up by him from a foal. Once every week the owner went to a market some seven or eight miles distant from his home, and as invariably came home the worse for liquor, his potations in such cases being usually varied by sundry slumbers in the middle of the road. The horse was always by his side, and if anyone approached, a warning neigh gave notice to be wary; no accident to the master ever occurred.

"One night a farmer of the neighborhood was coming home when the well-known neigh informed him that J—— was asleep in the mud. Determined to test the sagacity of the horse he removed the tipsy man from the middle of the road to the close vicinity of a ditch half filled with water, placing him in a position so that he nearly touched the water. He then remounted his own horse, rode onward a short distance, when he tied his horse to a gate and returned to watch the result, which he found to be that the intoxicated man was lying far from the ditch where he had left him; having had his coat torn by the teeth of his own horse when dragging him out of danger of drowning. The tipsy farmer's horse, which had previously been very friendly toward the experimenter, could not afterward be brought to notice him otherwise than with aversion."

An instance of vindictive memory may follow here, showing how the horse remembers those who ill-treat him.

"I will relate a little circumstance which took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends had a horse extremely gentle, and of such an easy, agreeable gait, that he took the greatest care of him, and held him at a great price. A friar was a friend to our neighbor; one who liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the City of Mexico, and take a dinner with the countrymen inhabiting those villages. He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just around the capital; and, as his requests were granted with so good a grace, he, in a short time, went so far as to ask the loan of this favorite animal to go to Cuernavaca, a distance of eighteen leagues. As this happened pretty often, our friend complained to

me one day of the indiscretion of the friar. I asked him if he could procure me a friar's dress for a few days, and leave his horse with me for the same time. He did so. I dressed myself in a friar's dress and went in where the horse was. I took a good whip in my hand and made him do penance for no other sin but that of too much gentleness. Going out, I took off my friar's dress and went in again in my own dress, and handled him gently. I repeated the operation a few days, at the end of which I took the horse back to his master, and told him he might lend him to the friar whenever he pleased. A day or two after he came to my store. 'Your remedy,' said he, 'has had a marvelous effect. Our monk has just left my house, perfectly persuaded that my horse is possessed with the devil. For when the holy personage came up to take him by the bridle to get on him, he was so frightened, and wheeled round so quick, and flew away from him with so much terror, that one would have said he took him for the destroying angel.' The friar crossed himself many times, hurried away in all haste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy water, and never asked my friend for his horse again."

In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the individual who used the whip on him. But horses can remember features as well as costumes.

"The late General Pater, of the East India Service, was a remarkably fat man. While stationed at Madras he purchased a charger, which, after a short trial betook himself to lying down whenever the general prepared to get upon his back. Every expedient was tried, without success, to cure him of the trick, and the laugh was so much against the general's corpulency that he found it convenient to dispose of his horse to a young officer quitting the settlement for a distant station up the country. Upward of two years had subsequently elapsed when, in execution of his official duties, General Pater left Madras to inspect one of the frontier cantonments. He traveled, as is the custom in India, in his palankeen. The morning after his arrival at the station the troops were drawn out, and, as he had brought no horses it was proper to provide for his being suitably mounted, though it was not very easy to find a charger equal to his weight. At length an officer resigned to him a powerful horse for the occasion, which was brought out, duly caparisoned, in front of the line. The general came forth from his tent, and proceeded to mount; but the instant the horse saw him advance he flung himself flat upon the sand, and neither blows nor entreaties could induce him to rise. *It was the general's old charger*, who from the moment of quitting his service had never once practiced the artifice until this second meeting. The general, who was an exceedingly good-humored man, joined heartily in the universal shout that ran through the whole line on witnessing this ludicrous affair."

INSTINCT, POWER OF MEMORY AND DOCILITY OF THE HORSE.

The tricks of horses to procure little luxuries and indulgences are very clever.

"An orchard had been repeatedly stripped of its best and ripest fruit, and the marauders had laid their plans so cunningly that the strictest vigilance could not detect them. At last the depredators were discovered to be a mare and her colt which were turned out to graze among the trees. The mare was seen to go up to one of the apple-trees, and to throw herself against the trunk so violently that a shower of ripe apples came tumbling down. She and her offspring then ate the fallen apples, and the same process was repeated at another tree. Another mare had discovered the secret of the water-butt, and, whenever she was thirsty, was accustomed to go to the butt, turn the tap with her teeth, drink until her thirst was satisfied, and then to close the tap again. I have heard of two animals which performed this feat; but one of them was not clever enough to turn the tap back again, and used to let all the water run to waste."

RINGS.

Who first invented or made rings, and the original object thereof, it is quite impossible to discover. And who the person was that first wore a ring, it is useless to guess; for the custom of wearing rings on the fingers and toes is of such remote date that the origin is entirely lost in the obscurity of antiquity.

The primary reason for wearing rings is decidedly suggested by the fact that they were used as an emblem of authority. They were anciently used as seals, by which orders were signed, and the delivery of a ring was a sign that the giver endowed the person who received it with all the power he himself possessed. Thus Pharaoh, when

AN OCEAN SWORDSMAN.—HARPOONING A SWORDFISH FROM THE PULPIT.
SEE PAGE 571.

he intrusted the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and presented it to him as a token of the authority with which he invested him.

In conformity to this usage, the Christian Church employed the ring in the ceremony of marriage (in which it was first adopted by the Greek Church) as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave to his wife over his household, and of the earthly goods with which he thus endowed her. The ring was made of gold because that metal was allegorically used by the ancients for love, a ring being typical of eternity, and, conjointly, a gold ring became emblematic of *love without end.* Until quite recent times it was popularly believed that the fourth finger of the left hand was chosen as the finger-ring because a very delicate nerve was supposed to communicate direct with the heart.

Unfortunately for sentiment, medical science has laughed the notion to scorn, as being altogether inaccurate. In the Greek and Roman Church, the thumb and first two fingers represent the Trinity. The third finger is the husband's, to whom the woman owes allegiance. The left hand is chosen to show that the woman is to be subject to the man.

Authorities seem to agree that India was the first country to set the example of wearing rings; which example was quickly imitated by the Egyptians, from whom it descended to the Etruscans, and in course of time to the Greeks, and finally to the Romans, who by their mighty conquests of the countries of the world were not only feared, but looked up to and copied. Thus the wearing of rings became universal, both in the civilized and barbaric continents of the globe. Under the consuls, rings were at first manufactured from iron, and worn only by soldiers upon the third finger of the left hand, which was soon denominated the ring finger. Increasing wealth, with its attendant luxury and pride, soon, however, discarded such a commonplace and dull metal as an ornament, and so all kinds of material were pressed into use, and gold rings became so very general that it is related that after the disastrous battle of Cannæ, in which the Romans were routed, Hannibal sent to the senators at Carthage a bushel of gold rings, of which he had despoiled the slain and prisoners.

The Roman senators also wore gold rings, and Florus, the Latin historian, affirms that after the celebrated engagement above referred to, the senate had no other gold but their rings. The plebeians also took to wearing rings, but only of iron; those of gold being occasionally granted them as marks of special favor and for bravery, etc. Under the emperors, the common soldiers, and even freedmen, wore gold rings, although they were originally prohibited unless personally presented by the emperor. Petitions soliciting this privilege became, in course of time, so numerous, that Justinian, tiring of the importunity, ultimately permitted all who thought proper to bestow them. Hence, gilt and other rings became popular, many of which have been found in later ages, and are still to be seen in various collections at different museums.

It was only natural that sighing swains and lovelorn lasses should seize upon such a convenient token as a dainty ring set with stones as a sign-manual of their love. In many of the old plays we find reference to these love-tokens, and nothing could more explicitly convey the courting of a gallant in Shakespeare's time than the following lines from "Midsummer-Night's Dream." *Egeus* accuses *Lysander* of having "witched the bosom of his child," and continues:

> "Thou hast given her rhymes,
> And interchanged love-tokens with my child.
> Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
> With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
> And stolen the impression of her fantasy
> With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits."

As love-tokens, however, the most frequently adopted, and dispatched as messengers of the tender passion, was the double-hooped ring (one half worn by the lover, the other half by the lady), called the *gemmow* or *gimmal*. It is supposed that it was invented by our Gallic neighbors, whose admiration of the fair sex is unlimited. Shakespeare and other poets mention this kind of ring repeatedly, and the origin of the word has vexed his commentators very sadly; probably it is from the Latin *gemellus*, a twin.

Early in the present century a *gimmal* ring was dug up close to London; it appears to have been made either during the reign of Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth. This is how it was described at the time it was discovered: "It was of fine gold, and most beautiful workmanship; constructed of twin or double hoops, playing within each other; each hoop had one side flat, the other convex; each was twisted once round, and surmounted by a band issuing from an embossed fancy wrist or sleeve; the course of the twist in each hoop was made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surface of the hoops they immediately united into one ring. On the lower band, or that in which the palm was uppermost, was represented a heart, and as the hoops were closed the bands slid into contact, forming with the ornamented wrists a head to the whole; the device thus presenting a triple emblem of fidelity, love and union." In all conscience a most pleasing and ingenious affair.

There are fable rings galore, blessed with innumerable virtues and charms, and several ring tales abound; the most important, perhaps, being Robert Browning's idyllic epic, "The Ring and the Book," founded on a celebrated case in Italian history of 1698. Historical and legendary ring posies are far too numerous to be mentioned here, though full of interest, and we shall only quote a precept from Madame de la Tam, on the etiquette of rings: "If a lady or gentleman is willing to marry, but not engaged, a ring should be worn on the index finger of the left hand; if engaged, on the second finger; if married, on the third finger; but if either has no desire to marry, on the little finger."

FAIR VALUATION.

One day, when in Florence, Paganini jumped into a cab, and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moïse" on a single string.

"How much do I owe you?" he inquired of the driver.

"For you," said the man, who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs."

"What! Ten francs! You are certainly jesting."

"I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert."

Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty cabman, he said, handing him at the same time a liberal fare:

"I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!"

The Cingalese will not kill any living creature, being Buddhists, and all who belong to the fisherman's caste call themselves Christian. The most devout of them, however, have no objection to seeing wild animals shot by anybody else, and they treat their domestic animals with the greatest brutality.

Too True.—A boy about twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the boy. "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

AN OLD FISH-POND.

By A. Dobson.

Green growths of mosses drop and bead
Around the granite brink;
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
The wood birds dip and drink.

Slow efts about the edges sleep;
Swift-darting water-flies
Shoot on the surface; down the deep
Fast following bubbles rise.

Look down. What groves that scarcely sway
What "wood obscure" profound!
What jungle!—where some beast of prey
Might choose his vantage-ground!

* * * * * *

Who knows what lurks beneath the tide?
Who knows what tale? Belike,
Those "antres vast" and shadows hide
Some patriarchal Pike.

Some tough old tyrant, wrinkle-jawed,
To whom the sky, the earth,
Have but for aim to look on, awed,
And see him wax in girth;—

Hard ruler there by right of might;
An ageless autocrat,
Whose "good old rule" is "Appetite,
And subjects fresh and fat";

While they—poor souls!—in wan despair
Still watch for signs in him;
And dying, hand from heir to heir
The day undawned and dim,

When the pond's terror too must go;
Or, creeping in by stealth,
Some bolder brood, with common blow,
Shall found a Commonwealth.

* * * * *

Or say—perchance the liker this!—
That these themselves are gone;
That Amurath *in minimis*—
Still hungry—lingers on,

With dwindling trunk and wolfish jaw
Revolving sullen things;
But most the blind, unequal law
That rules the food of kings;

The blot that makes the cosmic All
A mere time-honored cheat;—
That bids the Great to eat the Small,
Yet lack the Small to eat!

* * * * * *

Who knows! Meanwhile the mosses bead
Around the granite brink;
And 'twixt the isle of water-weed
The wood-birds dip and drink.

AN OCEAN SWORDSMAN.

A NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRY.

By C. F. Holder.

We were bound out from Biddeford on the little swordsman *Laughing Dolly*, a fore and aft schooner, trim as a privateer, with long, rakish masts and lines like a duck; she dashed over the waves under her crowd of canvas, throwing the spray right and left, riding the waves and beating them down, and as dry, as the skipper said, "as Deacon Muggridge's sarmons." A veritable yacht was the *Laughing Dolly*, the only characteristic that suggested her trade being an iron stanchion that rose waist-high at the tip of the jibboom, carrying a belt, or rester, like the back of a chair, called by the men the pulpit. In this the harpooner leaned when striking the fish. Along the boom was lashed the harpoon itself, a formidable spear with six or eight radiating barbs, called, from the supposed resemblance, the lily, and fitting by a socket into a long pine handle. From the lily-iron ran a rope that was coiled in a tub on deck, the end of its two hundred fathoms being spliced to a gayly-painted keg, that, standing hard by, was to be thrown over to tire out the fish when struck. In other respects the swordfishermen did not di er from the trim, yacht-like mackerelmen that throng the bays and harbors of the New England coast.

We were fast leaving the rocky shore behind. Boon Island Light loomed up far to the south, and the white sands of Old Orchard Beach were fast sinking below the horizon. The crew were scattered about the deck, lying in the sun, with the exception of the lookout in the cross-trees, whose duty was to have an eye to the fins of sword-fish.

"So'dfishin' ain't all fun," said the red-faced skipper, who was holding on to the wheel with one leg over the spokes. "There comes a time what makes things look master foggy an' unsartin. Haow so? Why, just this. Afore I took up so'dfishin' for a livin', I used to trawl it off shore. Ever see a trawl? Wall, it's a line a mile or mebby a mile an' a half long, with abaout three thousand hooks onto it, and a sinker and float at each end. Yaou hev the hull thing coiled up in a basket, and sink one end and sail away, payin' aout as ye go; and when the hull lot's over yaou lay on an' by for two hours or so, and then haul her in. Ye see, ye cover over two miles o' ground, an' if there's any cod or haddock abaout ye're sure to get 'em.

"Wal, as I was goin' to say, I was aout one mornin', I reckon afore sunrise, an' was payin' aout my trawl, when the first thing I knew, blim! came somethin' what give the bot a tip, and I felt somethin' strike my foot, an' a kind o' hot feelin' up along my leg, an' lookin' daown, there was a so'dfish—so'd a-stickin' aout o' my ile-skins jest at the knee. Wal, if I didn't buckle on to that so'd it's a caution, an' it was pull, haul, yank an' tug for half an hour. But I got the painter araound it with a couple o' turns, an' hailed a mate that was fishin' close by, an' we broke off the so'd an' got the critter aboard. Ye see, the cuss had took me or the bot for a whale or blackfish, an' come rammin' up like a shot; the so'd goin' complete through the bottom o' the dory, strikin' jest alongsido my boot, passin' up through the leg o' my ile-skin pants, an' comin' aout at the the knee. I tell ye I never was so took back afore except once, an' that was off Nantucket, a year or so ago, when a so'dfish kem near cleanin' us all aout. We got into him all right, an' nothin' else bein' in sight, me an' the boys jumped into the dory, an' soon had the keg aboard; but as soon as we touched the rope to take in slack, he started off, an' you'd a thought we'd got foul of a whale. It was an hour afore we got the fish alongside, the schooner keepin' along, but we were

afraid o' passin' the rope, thinkin' it might pull aout the iron. Wal, we gradually hauled in, an' I stood up, holdin' an oar up ready to hit the brute on the head, when it gave a kind o' a lunge or side cut, takin' the oar right between my hands, an' knockin' me head over heels down in the bottom o' the bot. In the confusion, the man in the bow slacked the rope, and the next minute, crunch came the fish, and up its so'd kem through the plankin', stickin' about a foot into the bot, not three feet from me. I had sense enough to grab it, an' while I hung on, an' lashed it with the painter, the boys pulled alongside, an' we got him aboard. He measured fourteen foot—a pretty big fellow.

In fair weather they lie mostly on the surface, an' whether they're asleep or jest sunnin' themselves, it's hard to tell. It's a great sight to see 'em in among the bony fish; they go jest like a cavalryman, strikin' up an' down, right an' left, killin' hundreds o' 'em, an' I've seen 'em keep a-doin' it, which shows they kind o' like the fun it. I see once——"

But here there came a cry from aloft, and in a moment all hands were on their feet.

"Where away?" shouted the skipper, jumping into the rigging, and following the direction of the topman's arm we soon saw about one hundred yards distant, cutting through the water and flashing in the sun, the sharp fin of a great fish.

"Luff a little," cried the skipper, to the man who had taken the wheel, and the vessel hauled on the wind and toward the fish we were evidently to meet shortly if each held its course.

The swordfish was making fair time, and as we neared it, the sharp outlines could be plainly seen as it dashed away like a privateer in search of its prey.

"Luff a little," whispered the mate, who now took the deck while the skipper walked out on to the jibboom, unlashed the iron, and took his place in the pulpit, ready for the fray. The line was cleared and one of the hands took the gayly-colored keg and stood ready to toss it over. Gradually the schooner and fish drew nearer, and finally, by a sign from the mate, the helmsman put the wheel hard down, and the vessel rushed up into the wind, bringing the great fish fairly across the bows.

THE LOOKOUT.—"FISH, HO!"

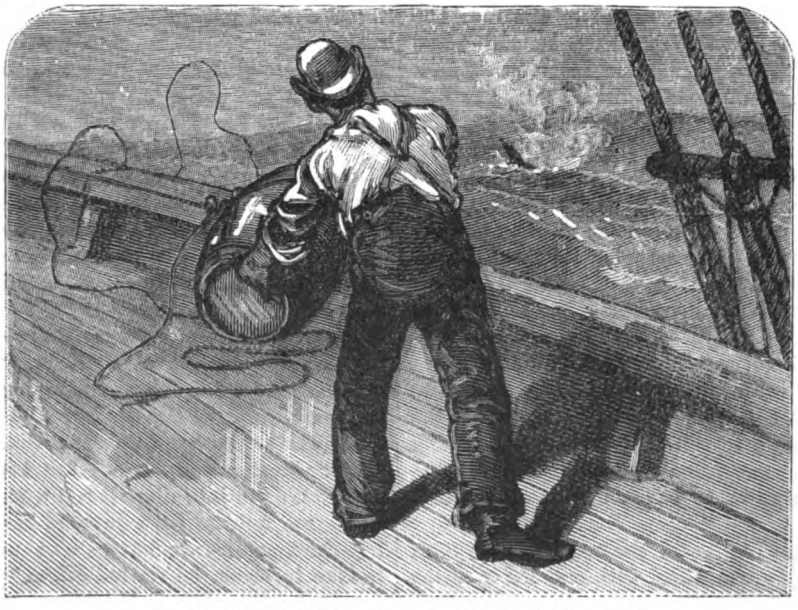
For a moment the skipper's arms were raised; a gleam of steel, a rush of rope, and the metallic lily was buried in the fish, that, hurling its scythe-like tail in the air, covered the harpooner with spray as it dashed away. Another harpoon being lashed on the pulpit, the skipper stepped aboard.

The schooner had now fallen off upon her course and was following the fish, the line hissing out of the tub, and making the wooden side fairly smoke, and the hands dance a wild fandango about it in their efforts to keep it from fouling the rigging.

"Stand clear!" shouted the man with the keg, and with a final hiss the last coil leaped from the tub, the keg going over with a jerk, and rushing away over the sea to tire out the gamy fish.

The vessel now set a big balloon jib in hot pursuit, but another hail from aloft changed the course, and soon the *Laughing Dolly* was falling away sharp to cross the path of another fish; that, however, was found to be asleep.

"I never could make aout," said the skipper, making way for the mate who was to try his hand, "whether they're asleep or what; but most every so'dfish we get, is lyin' still on the surface, and I reckon, if fish *do* sleep, they're a-doin' it."



"'STAND CLEAR!' SHOUTED THE MAN WITH THE KEG."

In a few moments the big balloon-jib was flapping and thundering in the wind; sail was shortened, and we were well aboard the second fish, the harpoon soon sent hissing into the

luckless victim, and soon two kegs were in sight to be followed.

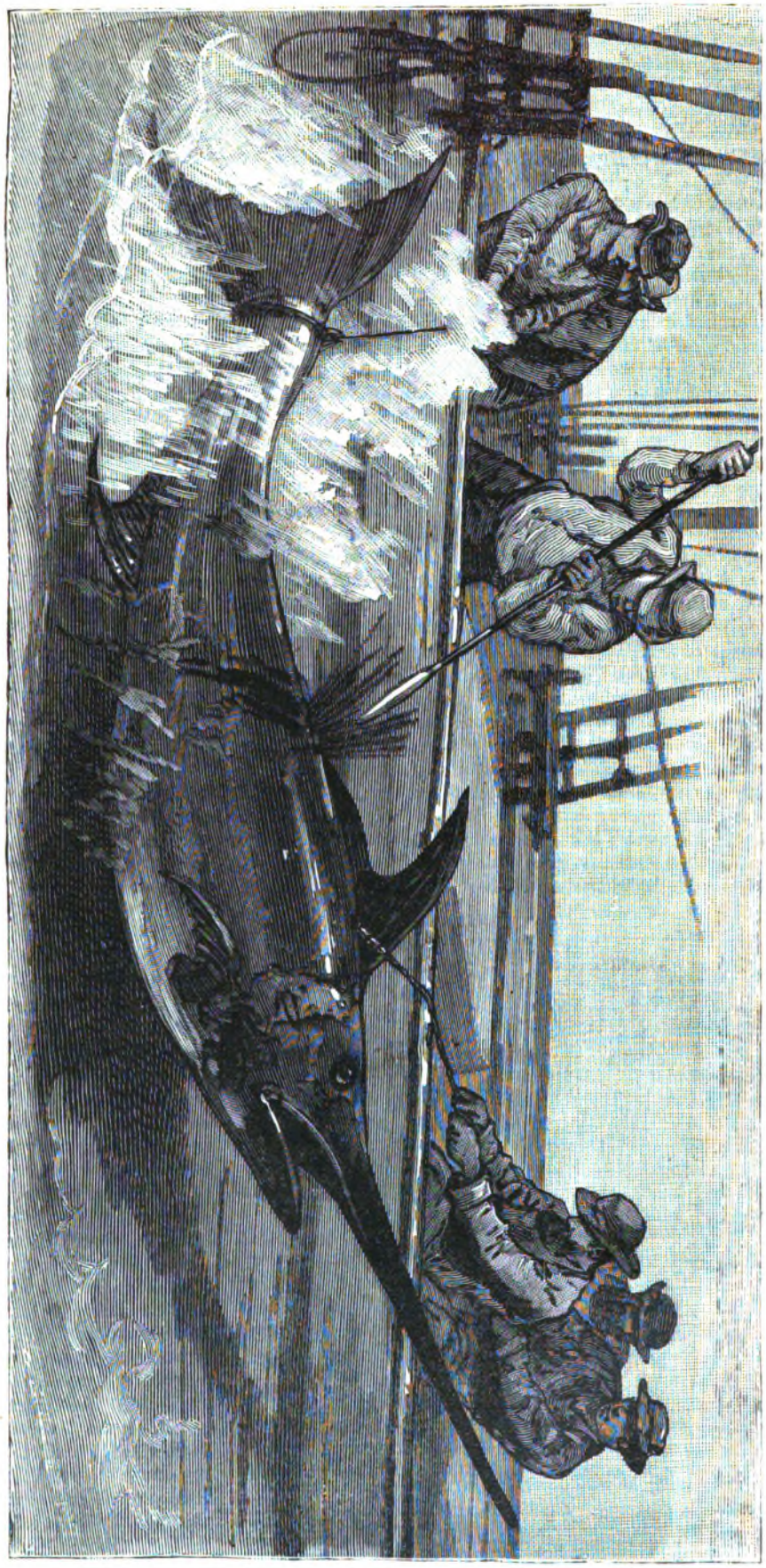
"I've had half a dozen over at one time," said the skipper, "an' I tell ye it makes a man look alive to keep his glimmers on 'em."

A hail from the top now told that we were gaining on the first fish, and it was soon evident from the deck that the powers of the gamy fish were on the wane, and in half an hour the barrel, now stationary, was alongside. The dory that was tossing astern was hauled alongside, and into it tumbled two of the hands, and the writer as volunteer, and, casting off, we pulled for the keg.

"Look aout!" yelled the man in the bow, as he grasped the keg and tossed it into the boat, taking a turn with the line.

But the warning was too late. The fish, feeling the haul, started off, throwing the writer down among the oars and bailers, and, amid the shouts of the lookers-on, we rushed away as if shot out of a gun, huddled in the stern that was high in the air, the bow being buried in foam by the maddened fish.

Under this spurt the schooner was left far astern, and as the speed diminished the men laid hold of the rope, and endeavored to take in the slack. Every movement, however, caused a renewal of the terrific burst of speed; but, as there is an end to all things, we finally gained slowly on the fish, and before long had it alongside and lashed. The writer incautiously looked over the side and attempted to grasp the creature's tail, when, with a tremendous effort, the fish doubled up, cutting a vicious blow over the boat that would have been hard to parry, but the men skillfully caught the sword and lashed it while we awaited the arrival of the schooner, that in the meantime had secured the other fish. Once alongside, a block and tackle were rigged, and the struggling yet helpless monster,

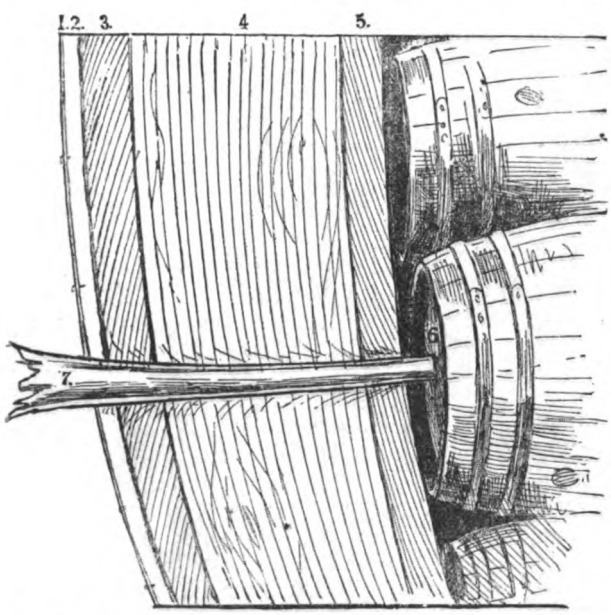


SPEARING THE FISH.

that was fourteen feet long and must have weighed seven hundred pounds, was hoisted aboard, and the vessel was soon on her course for other fields to conquer.

"If yaou ever get hold of their so'd, yaou've got 'em," said the skipper, as we watched the dismemberment of the swordsman. "I've seen 'em sleepin'—if they *do* sleep—and grabbed hold of the so'd and held 'em and brought 'em in shore. Bite? Not often; but I've seen 'em bite at a line; but it's rare. They like to run into a school of bony fish or mackerel and do their own killin'. Some folks say they don't use their so'ds to kill fish, but I've seen 'em do it, an' what's more, I've caught a heap o' fish with their so'd broke off agin the bottom, ships an' whales, and every one of 'em was so poor they didn't amaount to nothin'. No, I never see a young one, and what's more, they don't come araound the coast. I've got a standin' offer of a hundred dollars for the first so'd-fish under a foot long; but it's a safe one, as I say they don't breed here."

This is one of the most interesting facts concerning the swordfish. They do not breed on our shores, evidently crossing the ocean for that purpose, like the tunny and several others. The young have never been nearer our coast than the mid-Atlantic, and then would scarcely be recognized as swordfish, so unlike the parent are they in form. In the young of the genus *Histiophorus* the supra-orbital margin is ciliated; the parietal and præoperculum are prolonged into long spines; the dorsal and anal fins are a low fringe, and the ventrals make their appearance as a pair of short buds. When fourteen millimeters long, the young fish has still the same armature on the head, but the dorsal fin has become much higher, and the ventral filaments have grown to a great length. At a third stage, when the fish has attained to a length of sixty millimeters, the upper jaw is considerably prolonged beyond the lower, losing its teeth; the spines of the head are shortened, and the fins assume nearly the shape which they retain in mature individuals. Young swordfish without ventral fins (*Xiphias*) undergo similar changes, and, besides, their skin is covered with small rough excrescences longitudinally arranged, which continue to be visible after the young fish has in other respects assumed the form of the mature.



SECTION OF HULL OF SHIP "NEPTUNE," OF PLYMOUTH, MASS., SHOWING WOOD AND COPPER PENETRATED BY A SWORDFISH.

1. Copper Sheathing. 2. Inch Board Under-sheathing. 3. Three-inch Hard Wood Plank. 4. Twelve Inches Solid White Oak. 5. Two and one-half Inches Hard Oak Ceiling. 6. Head of Oil Barrel. 7. Sword of Fish, that was broken off immediately by the struggles of the Fish.

The adult fish of the genus *Xiphias* is extremely common upon our eastern shores, and attains a length of fifteen or sixteen feet, and a weight of over one thousand pounds, their fishery forming an important industry from Maine to Long Island, and hundreds of men and vessels being employed. The fish finds a ready market, the meat somewhat resembling mackerel, to which family they are indeed allied. The sword is a prolongation of the upper jaw, and used to cut up its prey, a proceeding they would be unable to accomplish without this, as they have no teeth for the purpose.

From the earliest times swordfishing is mentioned, the sport being described by Strabo and many authorities and naturalists of the early days. Ælian described it as entering rivers, and Southey records one that pierced and killed a man while bathing in the Severn near Worcester.

In the Indian Ocean, Red Sea and Malay Archipelago are found various species of the genus *Histiophorus*; as, *H. Americanus*; *H. Orientalis*; *H. pulchellus* and *immaculatus*. Many of these also occur on our own coast. One species in the Indian Ocean attains, it is said, a length of nearly thirty feet, and is a most aggressive antagonist. The dorsal fin is often ten feet in height, and proportionately long; and when the fish is rushing along at the surface it presents a wonderful spectacle, trembling and sparkling in the sunlight, displaying wondrous colors of blue and golden yellow. From a distance it is easily taken for a sail, and, in fact, the fish has given rise to many tales of phantom-ships in the East, and from its sudden appearance and disappearance often caused a panic among the superstitious seamen and natives. So powerful are they that one has been known to pass completely through a large canoe, ripping up its timbers and hurling the occupants into the water, returning to the attack with renewed vigor.

Although the stories that are current concerning vessels that have been struck by swordfish are generally doubted, they are in the main correct, and every year a number of vessels are damaged in this way, and often placed in great danger. The reason for these attacks probably lies in the fact that the swordsmen take the hulls of vessels for living enemies, as, perhaps, the grampus or some of the toothed whales, and this belief is carried out by instances where such attacks have been seen, showing that there is undoubtedly an enmity between some of these monsters of the sea.

The spearfish, known scientifically as the *Tetrapturus albidus*, also has been known to attack vessels and do much damage. Some of the most remarkable instances have been reported to Professor G. Brown Gorde, and placed on record at the Smithsonian. In the Philadelphia Academy of Science and the Boston Natural History Society can be seen sections of some of the vessels thus injured. One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of the whaleship *Neptune*, that put into Plymouth, Mass., in 1827. When unloading her barrels of oil, in the head of one was found, sticking half an inch, the tip end of the weapon of a swordfish that had penetrated the hull, and so nicely had it lodged that not a drop of oil had escaped. To accomplish this the sword first penetrated the copper sheathing, then an inch board under-sheathing, then a three-inch plank of hard wood, through a solid white oak timber one foot in thickness,

into a two and a half inch hard oak ceiling, and finally into the head of the oil-barrel. The reader can estimate the force required to do all this, and the amount of powder it would take to drive a ball into the same position.

The late Frank Buckland was called on to testify in court as to the power of one of these fishes in the case of the ship *Dreadnaught*. She was classed A1 at Lloyds, and had been insured for £3,000 against all the risks of the seas. She sailed in March, 1864, from Colombo for London. Three days later the crew, while fishing, hooked a swordfish, that, however, broke the line, and a few moments after leaped half out of the water, with the object, it should seem, of taking a look at his persecutor, the *Dreadnaught*. He undoubtedly satisfied himself that the enemy was some abnormally large cetacean, which it was his natural duty to attack forthwith. Whether this be so or not, the attack was made, and early the next morning the captain was awakened with the unwelcome intelligence that the vessel had sprung a leak. She was taken back to Colombo, and thence to Cochin, where she was hove down. Near the keel was found a round hole an inch in diameter, running completely through the copper sheathing and planking.

As attacks by swordfish are included among sea risks, the insurance company was willing to pay the damages claimed by the owners of the ship if it could only be proved that the hole had really been made by a swordfish. No instance had ever been recorded in which a swordfish had been able to withdraw his sword after attacking a ship. A defense was founded on the possibility that the hole had been made in some other way. Professor Owen and Mr. Buckland both gave their evidence, but neither of them could state quite positively whether a swordfish which had passed its beak through three inches of stout planking could withdraw without the loss of its sword. Mr. Buckland said that fish have no power of "backing," and expressed his belief that he could hold a swordfish by the beak; but, then, he admitted that the fish had considerable lateral power, and might so "wriggle its sword out of a hole." So the insurance company had to pay nearly six hundred pounds, because an ill-tempered fish objected to be hooked, and took its revenge by running full tilt against copper sheathing and oak planking.

Nor are these accidents to vessels all confined to foreign waters. In 1871 the swordfisherman *Red Hot* was struck and sent to the bottom by a swordfish off New Bedford, Mass. She was afterward raised and used by Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian, in the service of the Fish Commission.

An account is given of the Gloucester schooner *Wyoming* that was attacked by a swordfish in the night-time while on a trip to George's Banks. He assailed the vessel with great force, and succeeded in putting his sword through one of her planks some two feet, and after making fearful struggles to extricate himself, broke his sword off, leaving it hard and fast in the plank, and made a speedy departure. It was fortunate that he did not succeed in drawing out his sword, as the aperture would undoubtedly have made a leak sufficient to have sunk the vessel. As it was, she leaked badly, requiring pretty lively pumping to keep her free.

Captain Dyer, of New Bedford, struck a swordfish a few years ago, from a thirty-feet boat, forty miles southwest of No Man's Land, and, throwing overboard the keg, he tacked, and stood by to the windward of it. When nearly abreast of it, the man at the masthead called out, "Why, here he is, right alongside." The fish was then some ten feet from the boat and swimming in the same direction, but when he got where he could see the splash of water around the bow he turned and struck the boat about two feet from the stern and just below the water-line. The sword went through the planking, which was of cedar, an inch and three-quarters thick, into a lot of loose iron ballast, breaking off short at the fish's head. A number of boats, large and small, have been "stove" by swordfish on our coast, but nearly always after the fish had been struck.

The Mystic fishermen have their quota of tales about the swordfish, and the smack *Evergreen*, from that place, was nearly sunk by one of these monsters. In October she started on a voyage to Key West, in company with another fishing-vessel. When off Cape Hatteras, the wind blew heavily from the northeast, and the smack was under double-reefed sails. At ten o'clock in the evening they were struck by a "woho," which shocked the vessel all over. The smack was leaking badly, and they signaled to the other vessel to keep close by them. The next morning they found the leak and both smacks kept off to Charleston. On arrival they took out the ballast, hove her out, and found that the sword had gone through the planking, timber and ceiling. The plank was two inches thick, the timber two inches, and the ceiling one and a half inches, white oak. The sword projected two inches through the ceiling, on the inside of the "after run." It struck close by a butt on the outside, which caused the leak. They took out and replaced a piece of the plank, and proceeded on their voyage.

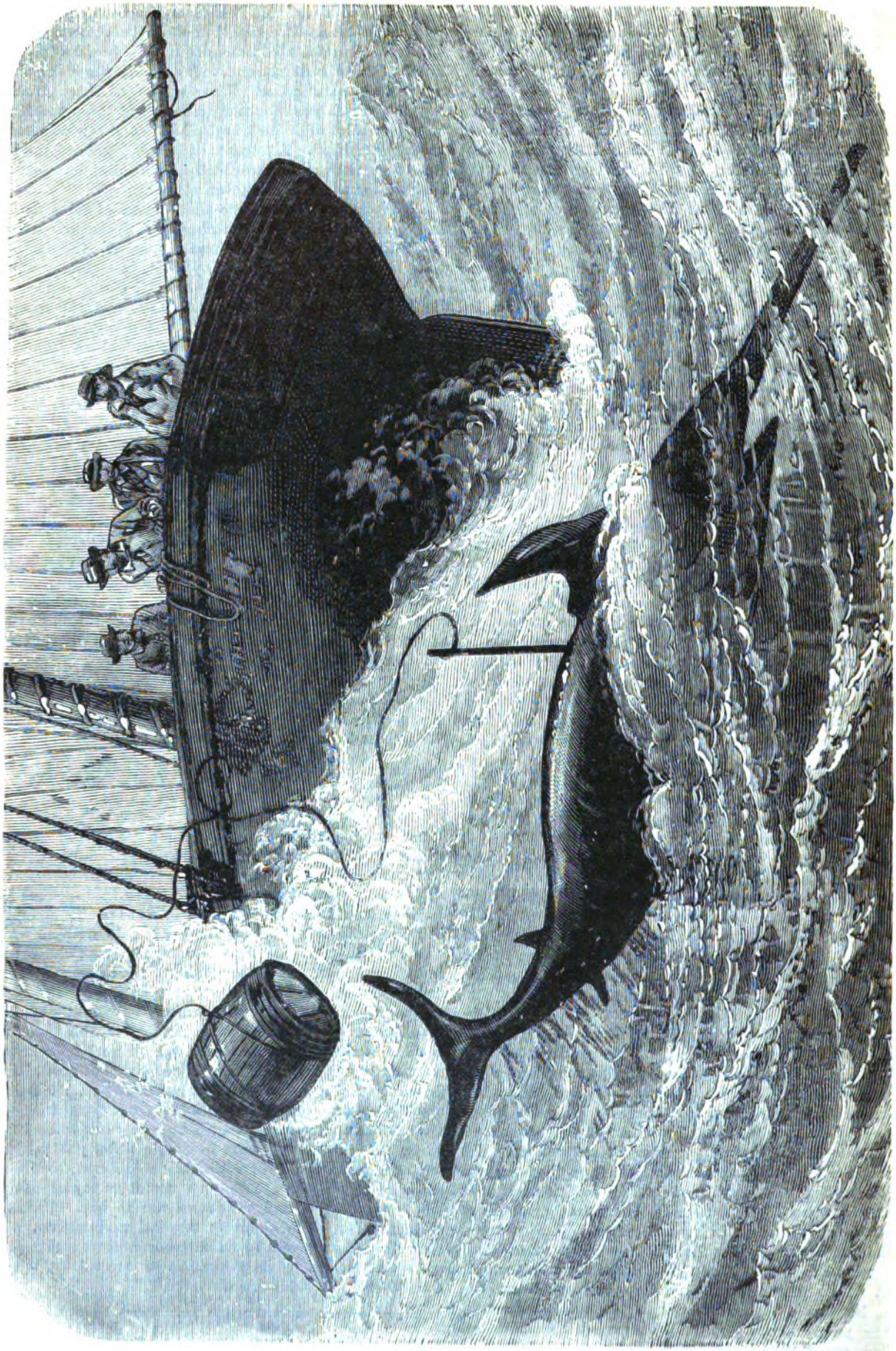
Every year such attacks are made and recorded in the local papers, and if all were collected it would show the swordfish to be one of the most dangerous as well as valuable of the finny tribe.

In the course of the day the *Laughing Dolly* secured five more swordfish, and as we had reached well down toward the Isles of Shoals, the skipper bore away for Gloucester to find a market for his fish.

"WEED" AND "PLANT."

"A WEED has been defined as a plant, the use of which is not yet discovered. If the definition be correct there are few weeds. For the researches of others besides human investigators must be taken into account . . . . Why should men be so provincial as to pronounce anything worthless merely because *they* can do nothing with it? The clover is not without value although the robin and the oriole may agree to think so. We know better; and so do the rabbits and the humble bees. The wise respect their own quality wherever they see it, and are thankful for a good hint from no matter what quarter. Here is a worthy neighbor of mine whom I hear every Summer complaining of the chiccory plants which disfigure the roadside in front of her windows. . . . . But I never pass the spot in August (I do not pass it at all after that) without seeing that hers is only one side of the story. My approach is sure to startle a few goldfinches (and they, too, are most estimable neighbors), to whom these scraggy herbs are quite as useful as my excellent lady's apple-trees and pear-trees are to her. I watch them as they circle about in musical undulations, and then drop down again to finish their repast; and I perceive that, in spite of its unsightliness, the chicory is not a weed—its use has been discovered."

TO-MORROW is the fatal time when all is to be rectified.



AN OCEAN SWORDSMAN.—"THE KEG GOING OVER WITH A JERK, AND RUSHING AWAY OVER THE SEA TO TIRE OUT THE GAMY FISH."—SEE PAGE 571.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

"Do you know Frederic Steinray?" Fanny asked this question with sudden determination to go right into the subject. Her hands lay folded over Nellie's, and the two women were looking honestly into each other's eyes, as those look who love and trust.

"Do you mean Steinray, the rich Wall Street broker? Everybody knows of him. I have seen him. He would be a strikingly handsome man, but for that hideous scar across his cheek. Does any woman know him? I have heard that he is the most implacable woman-hater extant."

"He is—but—I know him. He dined with us last night."

"What! Then you've made a conquest of him! Score one for the handsome Mrs. Wimple!" She was unconsciously paraphrasing the woman-hater's own words. "I have heard it said that he has never sought a woman's presence since his early manhood. No one knows how he

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.—"SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES FOR A MOMENT OF PRAYER." . . . "'DID YOU RING, SIR?' SHE ASKED, STANDING DEMURELY BEFORE HIM. HE WAS AS STERN AS A JUDGE ABOUT TO PASS SENTENCE OF DEATH."

got that hideous disfigurement. At least, no one that I know."

"I know," said Mrs. Wimple, in a low voice that was almost a shudder, and the white lids drooped over her eyes.

"You ?—you know ?"

"Yes; I gave it him," she whispered, huskily.

"Fanny Wimple, are you crazy ?" Miss Raymond unclasped her arms and drew far back on the hassock to sit bolt upright and stare at her friend wonderingly in the face.

"No; not crazy, Nellie, but the unhappiest woman that ever lived. Let me tell you about it. In my girlhood, that man insulted me. He tried to force a kiss from me. He thought the farmer's daughter was fair game for the dashing city boarder. In my fury, without thinking of anything but self-defense, I struck him with my heavy raw-hide riding-whip and laid the flesh open. I did not know there was so much strength in this puny arm, but that blow has recoiled on myself."

"I don't wonder," said Nellie, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes, "that he has eschewed kissing ever since. But what about the recoil ?"

"He is going to ruin my husband, and all to be revenged on me."

"But, Fanny, in the name of common sense, how can one man ruin another just to spite a woman ? Is your husband a piece of putty for this man to punch into shape, or out of shape, at his own wrathful will ?"

"No; but Horace has fallen into trouble of some sort, and Steinray has gotten him into his power; how, I cannot tell you. Oh, Nellie, you've always had such a cool, clever head, tell me how to manage this horrible business ?"

"With all due deference to the mouse that liberated the lion, my dear, I really cannot see that there is anything for you to do. You know, women are so much more hampered than mice. A mouse has so much larger liberty than a woman."

"I will tell you what I have done. I went to him this morning and told him that I demanded proof of an assertion he made to me last night, that he had it in his power not only to ruin, but disgrace, my husband. He has convinced me that he made no idle threat."

"Why don't you tell your husband ? Directness is always safe."

"I dare not !" said Fanny, in a low voice.

"Dare not ?"

"Dare not, for more reasons than one. It would crush Horace to the earth to discover that I knew anything to his discredit. Men are not like women. If a woman loves a man she'll keep on loving him the darker his lot grows. She will follow him to the convict's cell if need be, but Horace would never forgive me the simple knowledge of his disgrace. The other and the more binding reason is, that Frederic Steinray says—and oh, Nellie, he means it, too—that the moment I let Horace know of his danger, I seal his doom. I am obliged to be quiescent. He told me, I suppose, only to prolong my agony."

"Why don't you tell your brother ?" asked Nellie, in that calmly practical way which was her only way.

"Tell Dick ? I'd die before I would give him the privilege of looking down on Horace. I have telegraphed him to come to me. And he must raise the money for me. But he shall not know of Horace's condition, or of his peril."

"Excuse me, dear, but, then, why do you tell me ?"

"Because, if there is anything in woman's wit, you will be able to tell me how to pierce the armor of this cruel cynic, and save my husband. Oh, Nellie, you were Horace's friend before you were mine. For his sake, not my own, tell me what to do ?"

Miss Raymond rose abruptly from her seat on the low stool and walked suddenly away from Fanny toward the alcove, where she stood half hidden by the long lace curtains. She made a pretty picture there, with her soft blue cashmere morning-dress, trimmed with billows of white lace; with her black hair caught carelessly up in a golden arrow; with her great brown eyes fastened meditatively on the yellow throat of her canary, who was pouring out a perfect cascade of song in thankfulness for the bright sunshine that gilded his prison-bars afresh. She came back presently with a grave face.

"You must give me time to think, Fanny," she said. "Your statement is certainly a startling one. Yes, I was Horace Wimple's friend long years ago; but not as you fancy. I never loved him, nor he me. I know the world has imagined differently. But when you and he first came together at my house I could honestly forward your love-making, and encourage you to accept him finally, for I knew him to be a gentleman. I still know him to be that. That he may have become involved in Wall Street is not unlikely. Perhaps he has been a little weak, but nothing worse. No," she added, with a far-away look in her brown eyes, "I have not yet met my fate. He must be very strong, very strong—my conqueror ! Now, then," as the silvery-voiced clock on her mantel-shelf struck the half-past eleven, "I am due at Amelia Bedford's lunch at one, and here am I in gown and slippers yet. If you won't mind sitting still while I make what I call one of my lightning-express toilets, I will drive you home. I think my grays will carry you more comfortably than the municipal teams."

"I will wait. Perhaps you will think of some plan before we separate. Oh ! if I am not indeed the helpless butterfly my poor husband compared me to, I must find some way to ward off this blow."

"Did Horace ever compare you to a butterfly ?" Nellie asked, bustling about in the cause of personal adornment with stirring activity. "That is so like the very best of men. I sometimes think they mean to be complimentary when they pick out a type of absolute helplessness to liken us unto. He must be more just than that, my conqueror."

"I know a man," said Fanny, fastening her eyes admiringly upon her beautiful friend, "who would fill your ideas of the moral and mental man to perfection. He is strong and tender, sweet and brave, gentle and adamantine, true and loyal !"

"Admirable !" said Nellie, gazing into her mirror and pinning her lace collar with a flashing diamond pin. "How about the physical man ? I am not so spiritually minded as to yield myself a victim to any man, be he the living exponent of all the moral excellencies conceivable, unless he is good to look upon."

"He is a Viking and an Adonis in one."

"Adorable ! Bring him to me, and let me fling myself and fortune at his feet," said Nellie, gayly, as she stood equipped for the drive all save the buttoning of her long kid gloves.

"You would not give him a second thought," said Mrs. Wimple, rising and gathering her mantle up over her shoulders.

"And pray why not ?"

"Because he does not belong to the gilded youth of the age. It is only Dick, my farmer brother. I was describing him simply *pour passer le temps*."

"Unless you will bring him to see me how can you judge of the sort of impression we would make on each other. You are looking for him. Bring him around."

"Yes, he will come immediately in response to my telegram. Dear old Dick, it will hurt him to sell the farm; but it must be done. No, I will not bring him around."

"My dear child, don't dispose of things in such a summary fashion. I sha'n't have you off my mind all to-day. I have asked you to give me time to think up some plan for circumventing this rabid woman-hater. If you really think as much of my cool and clear head as you profess to, give it an opportunity to show what it can evolve. I will come to you with the result. Do try to look less tragic."

And with this understanding Mrs. Wimple was finally deposited at her own door, and Miss Raymond was driven off to the luncheon of Miss Amelia Bedford, where she arrived late enough to receive the rapturous welcome of all the other invited guests.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK ENCOUNTERS SISTER ELIZA.

In her impatience to communicate her perplexities to her brother, Mrs. Wimple ordered the carriage at three o'clock and drove to the Grand Central Depot, resolved on being there for the first train upon which he could possibly arrive, according to her calculations; but either she over-estimated the distance between her city home and the old farm up in Westchester County, or under-estimated the speed of telegraph, railroad train and Dick's loving anxiety, for scarcely had she been whirled out of sight of her house, before a stalwart young farmer, dressed in a shaggy business suit of pepper and salt, sprang lightly up the broad stone steps of the Wimple mansion, rang the bell, and requested to see "the lady of the house."

After coolly surveying him from head to foot, Mrs. Wimple's excessively genteel footman informed him that the madam was gone for a drive.

"I'll wait for her, then," said Dick, placidly putting the genteel servitor aside, and, walking past him, he entered the first door he came to. It was a handsome room, and he sauntered leisurely about it with his hands in his pockets, examining the vast accumulations of *bric-à-brac* and many tokens of luxury.

Fan's fixed up pretty genteel," he said, musingly. "Wimple's done the handsome thing by her in way of a cage. Let me see, three years; no, by George, it's most four years since he robbed the old nest of its song-bird. It was hard on father to give her up. Hard on me, too. Fan was our sunshine; but we never let on. She's been happy. She's bound to be, you know. Every woman's happy when she's got everything she wants." His peregrinations here brought him in front of a long mirror. He started and surveyed himself discontentedly. "By George," he exclaimed, aloud, "this furniture ain't becoming to me. I wonder if Fan'll think I look like a country Jake!"

He did not observe Mrs. Prior's catlike entrance; did not know she was standing just within the *portières* holding a small hearth-broom rigidly by her side, while she surveyed Dick with even more deliberation and disapproval than the footman had. She caught his self-condemnatory words and answered them with a toss of the head which might have been translated into an assertion that, whatever views Mrs. Wimple might entertain, Mrs. Prior's were altogether dverse.

"Young man," she said at last, with sharp intonation, advancing further into the room.

Dick faced suddenly about, and making one of his very best bows, said, quaintly:

"Servant, madam."

"Servant, indeed," Mrs. Prior was thinking to herself: "I should say that was just what he was cut out for," while to Dick: "Did you ask to see me?"

She looked sourly at the young man's sturdy boots, and advancing, furtively dashed the hearth-broom, with which she was always armed, across a dingy spot on the light carpet, suspiciously near Dick's feet.

Dick moved amiably to another spot as he answered:

"No, madam; I asked to see the lady of the house."

"Well," said Mrs. Prior, folding her hands about the handle of the broom, held suspended in front of her, "under some circumstances that expression becomes ambiguous. If you meant by the lady of the house the individual who keeps the house and bears the burdens, the servant was right in informing me of your presence. If you meant by the lady of the house the one who does the dressing and the ornamental observances, he made a mistake. I suppose, perhaps, he mistook you for a marketman."

She advanced and viciously brightened another dull spot on the carpet close to Dick's heels.

Mrs. Prior had never forgiven her brother's selection of a wife from the rural districts, and shrewdly suspecting this to be another member of the family, for whom she reserved her most acrimonious side, she was careless of any amount of offense given. She was bent on nipping any socialistic tendencies this sturdy young farmer might be developing.

Dick laughed and moved hastily aside as he answered:

"You make sweeping assertions, madame. Is it city style to invite marketmen into the parlor? Come to think of it, though, I invited myself in. Will the lady who keeps the house and bears the burdens, be so kind as to inform the lady who does the ornamental, that her brother, Dick Martin, is here?"

He raised his hat ceremoniously. I am ashamed to acknowledge that all this time it had been placidly resting on Dick's short, crisp, brown curls.

"Oh! I knew you, Mr. Martin. I supposed it was you from a general family likeness to your sister. Mrs. Wimple is out. She most generally is out. She will be glad to see you."

Another fleck of mud close to Dick's heels here received her individual attention.

To Dick Martin's broad breezy nature, in which no small spite could possibly find lodgment, Mrs. Prior's fussy tidiness was simply inexpressibly funny. He never thought of making a personal grievance out of it. He smilingly followed her energetic movements with his great, honest blue eyes, saying at last, apologetically, with a flashing smile:

"I'm afraid I've given you some trouble, madam."

"I'm used to it," said Mrs. Prior, plaintively, while Dick thought within himself that this, perhaps, was what Fan meant in that excited telegram when she said something was "running her crazy."

Mrs. Prior suddenly jerked up a rug, and spreading it in front of a sofa, said:

"Sit down, Mr. Martin, sit down. Your sister is out, as usual; but I might as well improve the occasion to have a little plain talk with you."

Dick seated himself, planting his feet conspicuously on the rug, wondering within himself what degree of plainness Mrs. Prior's talk could achieve.

"I hope Fan's not poorly?" he said, a trifle anxiously, as she condescendingly seated herself on the sofa by his side.

"Not which, Mr. Martin?" she asked, ostentatiously affecting deafness. He was a rustic, you know! Insufferably so!

"Not poorly? Not off her feed, as we farmers say? Not sick?"

"Oh! no, not at all. Your sister is fond of the open air, that is all, and as she really has nothing to do in the house but mope, she might as well be riding as not."

"Nothing to do but mope! Why, that don't sound a bit like our Fan. She used to be up with the sun, a-stirring round at something or other, a-pulling flowers, or a-fixing bouquets, or gathering eggs, or skimming the cream for breakfast. Oh, she was a daisy of a girl before pa sent her off to this here hotbed to be pushed into bloom. 'Finish off,' I believe you call it. Fan ain't the only girl that's been finished off to her own hurt in this great headquarters for humbug. But she's happy. Oh, yes, she's been happy. I haven't had any occasion to come to her house to see her, but she used to find her way to us in Summer, and I know Wimple's been good to our Fanny, so what's she moping about?"

Mrs. Prior looked at him so solemnly that he could feel the goose-flesh creeping over his arms.

"Young man," she said, "if there is one thing I do pride myself on, it is my moral courage, that sort of courage that enables a person to tell the truth in spite of the world. Poor, dear Prior used to say I possessed that virtue to an almost dangerous degree."

"Poor, dear Prior's head was——"

Dick stopped, in dismay. How could he finish his flippant sentence with that basilisk gaze fixed upon him?

"What were you about to observe?" Mrs. Prior asked, icily.

"I was about to observe," says Dick, offering an amendment, "that the lamented Mr. Prior, whoever he may have been, was, doubtless, a close observer of human nature."

"You are right; he was. Mr. Prior was my husband. Your sister's husband is my brother. Perhaps the connection has not been of importance enough in her estimation to be mentioned."

"Nothing but forgetfulness on my part, my dear madam. Doubtless Fanny has never failed to do you justice on all occasions." Dick felt self-convicted of ambiguity.

"I was about to say," Mrs. Prior resumed, majestically waiving that point, "that I believe you are Mrs. Wimple's only living relative."

"Yes, 'm, I'm all that Fan's got beside Wimple. Ma died when we was both little shavers, and pa, well, poor pa was always a sort of say-nothing fellow, but he never was the same man after Fan left us. He missed his song-bird, you know. The sun didn't seem to shine the same on the old farm after Wimple took her from us. But Fan wouldn't look at any of the farmer boys after she'd lived here a year. So pa let Wimple take her without ever giving a sign of how hard he was hit. Pa's gone, too, now, and Fan don't come to the old farm, regular as she used to. It wouldn't be worth while, seeing there's only me left. I'm only Dick."

"Well, as I was about to say, Mr. Dick, on the whole I believe I am glad you are here. Fanny really should be talked to by some one she will listen to."

"Then it ain't all right with Fan?" he said, more anxiously still. "Fanny never was one of the obstreperous sort. You say she ought to be talked to by somebody she'll listen to. Why, what's wrong?" Then, with a sudden flush of shame mounting from his cheeks up to the broad forehead that lay white and smooth under his brown hair, Dick said, quickly, "But, hold on, this is beastly. If there's anything awry in my sister's heart or home, I prefer hearing it from her, and I will not hear it from anybody else."

"As you please," said Mrs. Prior, rising with offended dignity. "That there is something wrong, I assert positively. Whether your sister will be willing to make a clear statement, remains to be seen."

With this cruelly vague statement, Mrs. Prior swept from the room by one door, only a second before Mrs. Wimple hastily entered by another, and flew rapturously into her brother's arms.

"You precious old Dick! I knew you would come when I wrote that I wanted you."

Dick stroked her cheek fondly, as he answered, "Of course you did, honey! Hasn't Dick been doing just whatever you told him to do, ever since the days when you used to harness him to your little wagon and drive him down to the creek for a load of pebbles?"

Fanny laughed, and drew him with her to a sofa. Her face was aglow with happiness at Dick's near proximity. Dick, so big and tender and true and wise! She was so sure that he could and would straighten out the snarl they had all gotten into, that she could afford to dally with fond memories.

"Oh, those dear, happy days! And my dear little old wagon! I suppose you've made kindling wood of it long ago, haven't you, Dick?"

Dick looked at her reproachfully.

"Kindling wood, indeed! Now, Fan, as if you didn't know that everything you ever prized, pa and me placed above gold!"

"I—— Dick, dear!" Mrs. Wimple winced at his bad grammar, and wondered if it would be possible for Nellie Raymond to appreciate his true nobility combined with his perfect physical beauty, in spite of bad grammar. Nellie was so fastidious about men.

"I?" Dick echoed, a trifle puzzled.

"Yes; pa and I. Not pa and me! Oh, Dick!"

"Well, I know better, of course, Fan; but when a fellow spends his life raisin' stock and cradlin' wheat, grammar and fine shoes don't assume their proper proportions, which reminds me——"

He stooped and carefully adjusted the rug under his feet.

"Why, what is the meaning of that?" Mrs. Wimple asked, following his actions with surprised eyes.

Dick laughed, explosively, then said:

"Oh, nothing worth mentioning. There was an old party in here who tried to winnow me out, only her machine wasn't quite big enough. Now, song-bird, I think Dick has found the cat in the meal-tub!"

"Found what, Dick?"

"Well, I can account for the milk in the cocoanut."

"Can do what, Dick?"

She was determined not to understand him until he put it in purer English.

"Oh, hang it all, I perceive where the hitch is."

"I am still in the dark."

"Didn't you write me you were in a peck of trouble, Fan?"

"Yes, I did; and, oh, Dick——"

"Well, little sis, all I've got to say is that you drew it mildly. I should call it a bushel, or the very largest denomination known to dry measure."

THE DICÆA MIGNON AND ITS NEST.—DRAWN BY GIACOMELLI.

Mrs. Wimple looked at him in alarm.

"Why, what do you know about my trouble, Dick?"

"Chronic case of sister-in-law, hey, honey?"

Fanny laughed so merrily and naturally at this that Dick's worst fears were relieved, and he rubbed his hands gleefully.

"That's good! You've got a new pucker in the corners of your mouth, pet. I was afraid it might be an anti-laugh pucker. You know poor pa used to say he'd rather hear you laugh than Jenny Lind sing. I was afraid you'd forgotten how."

Then it came over Mrs. Wimple, with a rush, that she was sitting there laughing and chatting with Dick about trivial matters, while Horace, the dearest object in life to her, was in peril, how great or how imminent she did not know. He would be arriving home to dinner presently, and Dick must know all about it before he came. There would be no opportunity for conference afterward. The nervous strain she had been under all day; the tense anxiety concerning the manner of statement she must make to Dick to secure her end; all coming upon her at the moment when Dick had made allusion to the tender, love-begirt days of her girlhood, was too much for her overstrained nerves, and from musical laughter she passed first into gusty sobs, then into a torrent of tears that Dick was powerless to quench, and before which he sat bewildered, distressed and yearning to pick her up in his great strong arms and to carry her away from all this glitter and luxury back to the dear old farm where he now lived alone among the memories of the loved and departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

INSTEAD, he got up and walked over to the great bay-window, where was a profusion of tropical plants in pots, and stood there ruthlessly prodding holes into a big banana-leaf with his long forefinger.

If this was any trouble between Fanny and her husband, how powerless he was to advise or to remedy! He never would interfere. Fan might beg him on her knees.

While she was wondering wofully how she could help Horace without betraying him.

"Dick!" she called to him, plaintively.

He was back by her side in a moment.

"Well, dearie."

"Oh, brother, you must help me! I have no one on earth to call on but you."

"To do what, my darling? Do be a little less obscure."

Poor Fanny, how could she help being obscure when she dare not tell him the truth in its entirety? She must make a demand for money without letting Dick know that ruin and disgrace hung over her husband. There was no use compromising.

"Dick," she said, suddenly, "I want some money."

He smiled broadly in his great relief, and thrust his hand promptly into the capacious pocket of his trousers.

"Why, bless my soul, darling, is that all? Five, ten, fifteen, twenty—name your figures, Fan, or help yourself, rather."

He extended a bulky pocket-book toward her.

She put out her hand, repellently.

"Put back your pocket-book, Dick; I want thousands. I want, oh, Dick, I don't know how much I do want, it's so much!"

She covered her face with her trembling hands, and fell to sobbing violently. Dick took her hands down and looked sternly in her face, as he asked:

"Fanny, what does this mean? It begins to have an ugly look! Tell me, child, and, whatever it may be, don't be afraid to tell Dick the truth! Dick, who has been standing between you and trouble all your life! When I thought you had gotten into a little tangle over a bonnet-bill, or an unpaid dressmaker, I was glad enough to think I could help you out, for I know women sometimes feel foolish about owning up such things to their husbands; but when you come to talk of thousands, and say, with a white, scared face—your face is white and scared, Fanny—that you don't know how much you want, it looks ugly, Fan, monstrous ugly! What am I to think, little sister? what can I think?"

She was looking at him now with stony composure. She had herself, finally, well in hand.

"I don't know what you are to think, Dick, only I must have the money! I must have it—not less than six thousand dollars! Do you understand, Dick, must have it; even if you have to sell the old farm to raise it for me?"

He seized her hands in both his, and searched for the truth in her eyes with all the agony of his honest soul showing in his own:

"Must have it, Fanny?"

"Must have it," she answered, resolutely; but her eyes dropped before his steadfast gaze.

He flung her hands from him with an angry gesture, and yet his words were pleading.

"Child, what have you done? Fanny, my pure, sweet sister, what have you been doing that you dare not go to your husband with this strange demand? He is wealthy and—he is good to you, is he not, Fan?"

"As good as an angel."

"And you love him?"

"Better than I do myself. Oh! my husband," she moaned, bitterly to herself; "does not the bitter humiliation of this moment prove it?"

"And yet you dare not go to him with this trouble?"

"Dare not! Cannot! Will not! Dick, you must sell my interest in the farm at once, brother, and bring me the money."

"Sell the farm, Fanny, or even one acre of it? Sell the old home, where you and I were born; where father and mother and their fathers all lie buried? Sell the old home, where you queened it right royally over old and young when you were a happy country girl yourself? Sell the old farm, that is as dear to me as this strong right arm, that has helped to till the soil, boy and man, for thirty peaceful years? Sell the old farm, where, even now, in the lonely evening-times, when I sit on the old stoop in the big, hide-bottomed chair that father used to sit in, I can look out on the little burying-ground under the weeping-willows, and see the white headstones that mark their resting-place standing side by side? And I've planted two rose trees there with my own hands, Fanny, since father died, and I said in my heart some of these days they'll lay me to rest under one of them, and sister Fanny under the other. The thought nor the act didn't come of gloom, dear, and I asked God to let me go first, only I just took it for granted that we'd all lie there together some of these days. It did seem to me, you know, as if there wasn't any other place we could rest in. They are white roses, Fan, and they are growing beautifully, darling. I pruned them only last week. Sell the farm! You're asking me to trade in my heart's blood, girl, and in father's and mother's ashes. I'll n ver do it—no, never!"

"Not even to save—me—from—disgrace, Dick?"

The words came from her lips in gasps.

"Disgrace! Disgrace, sister! Save you from disgrace!"

"Save me."

"Disgrace and Martin were never coupled before," he said, with bitter emphasis.

He walked away from her once more.

"You will get me the money? Oh! brother, say that you will!"

He faced toward her, but stood coldly aloof with arms folded.

"When you tell me the whole truth I will consider it. I know this place has many and fearful temptations. I know that women do strange and bold things in the giddy circles of fashionable life here. I've even heard of their gambling in Wall Street, just like the men who go mad or turn fool as soon as they breathe its foul, tainted air. Is that your trouble, Fanny? Will you not tell your brother? Have you used money that your husband gave you for other purposes in such a mad, wild way? My poor child, are you so far gone?"

Fanny's head dropped upon her breast. He took her stubborn silence for assent. Then his patience was exhausted, and in his most unrelenting tones he said, taking up his hat as he spoke:

"Then you have lost your brother! I will see you through this trouble, after which you and I lose sight of each other for ever."

He stood for a moment with his hand on the door-handle to give her yet another moment for reflection and confession. It was a long moment of agony to them both. No words came from her tightly compressed lips. She would not even look at him. He heaved a sigh that smote upon her heart sorely, then turned and walked slowly out of the room and out of the house. Very slowly! He hoped yet he might hear her call him back; but she did not. She heard the heavy front door swing behind him, and knew that Dick would be as good as his word. He would bring her the money, but he would never forgive her!

"I have saved my husband but lost my brother," she moaned, rocking to and fro in her misery and her helplessness. Then she lay back upon the sofa, so cold and white and still that she might have passed for ever from this troublesome world for all outward sign of vitality. How long she had lain there thus motionless she did not know. When she roused herself the gas in the library, which opened into the back drawing-room where she and Dick had held their stormy interview, was burning brightly. Her own room lay in the gloom of gathering nightfall. In the mirror opposite the sofa where she sat, she saw her husband bending over an open desk. He was throwing the papers about recklessly. His face was pale, and his whole manner betokened intense excitement. She got up and went toward him eagerly. He started when he saw her gliding through the folding-doors, but soon regained his composure.

"You here?" he said, coldly, and turned back to the desk. Whenever before had Horace failed of giving her a kiss in greeting?

"You are home early to dinner," she said, grown suddenly timorous under this harshness. "Shall I hurry Thomas?"

"Thanks, no; Sister Eliza has attended to my wants. I came up from my office simply to search for some very important papers that have disappeared most mysteriously. I shall not be here long enough for dinner."

"The discovery of your papers in my desk would be almost as mysterious as their disappearance from yours," said his wife, trying to smile over the chaotic disorder he had produced among her papers.

But there was no answering smile in his face. Instead, it was black with gloom. Coming near enough to him to lay her hand on his shoulder, Fanny said, tenderly:

"Husband! you are in trouble. Is it right to shut me out of it? Am I not entitled to share it?"

"Who says I am in trouble?" he asked, almost savagely; "who dares say that I am?"

He was looking at her now harshly and coldly.

"Your face says that you are. My heart dares tell me that you are. Horace, cannot you trust your wife? Are you afraid of a 'butterfly'? My own, she could not harm you, and she would not fly away from you." He turned and continued recklessly scattering the papers about in the desk. She laid her hand upon his impatiently. "Horace, that is my desk. How could your papers possibly get there?"

"I scarcely know myself," he said, looking her in the face for a fleet second; "but treachery may lurk in a woman's cabinet as well as in her heart."

"Treachery!"

She repeated the word after him mechanically.

"Yes, treachery! Child, child, to think that the last arrow left for me in misfortune's quiver should be dipped in the poison of deceit, and sped by your beloved hand! I am sorry you came in here. I wanted time to think. I did not want to see you just yet."

"Horace! Horace! don't look at me in that way! Tell me what you mean, my husband. Time to think of what?"

But he was already out of the room. Gone from her, not slowly and reluctantly, as Dick had gone only an hour or two before, but with the fierce rapidity of a man pursued by some thought that drove him forward in spite of himself. And for the first time in all their married life he was deaf to her voice as she pleaded with him to come back and not to leave her in anger!

CHAPTER IX.

A CRISIS.

She busied herself mechanically with the disordered papers in her desk, too much bewildered and stunned by this new phase of trouble to feel any acute sense of injury or personal resentment.

Horace's great trouble, whatever it might be, had obliterated for a little while all sense of reason. Only for a little while, she said to herself, smiling sadly as she thought of the relief that was to come to him through Dick. He will take back all the strange and unjust things he said to me when his affairs are all straightened out. Poor dear, he has spoiled me so with his goodness that his first harsh word stings like a poisoned arrow."

Her eyes filled with sudden, blinding tears, and she turned the key in the desk, resolved to defer the task of arranging it until to-morrow.

She listened with acutest anxiety for her husband's return at the usual hour that afternoon; but he did not come. Dinner was announced, but still no Horace. She sat down to table with no more congenial company than Mrs. Prior, who always assumed her most judicial aspect when she and Fanny were left *tête-à-tête*. It was as if she felt specially called on then to guard against any outbreak of frivolity or silliness that might be imminent.

Nourishing in her own unforgiving soul a deathless

grudge against the beautiful girl who had won her brother's heart, and been installed mistress in the house where by right of priority she was entitled to the first place, she left nothing undone to place her narrow and unreasonable prejudices conspicuously before her victim, and no amount of gentle consideration or patient endurance on Fanny's part seemed to effect a change.

"Mr. Wimple will not be home to dinner," she said, cautiously, with an air of giving her sister-in-law information, though there was always with her a rankling consciousness that she could never tell Sister Eliza anything about the household affairs not previously known by her.

"I am aware of it," says Mrs. Prior, taking her first mouthful of soup with audible haste.

She never encouraged conversation on Fanny's part. She herself was not one of the sort of women who could not exist half an hour without talking.

"I am afraid," Mrs. Wimple ventured again, taking advantage of the butler's temporary absence from the room, "that Horace is in serious trouble of some sort."

After all, she reasoned within her perplexed soul, this hard, cold woman was Horace's sister, and a great deal older than herself. If they might only discuss his trouble amicably together she might extract a crumb of comfort out of it.

"I am aware of that also," says Mrs. Prior, using her napkin with the spiteful energy that characterized all her actions.

"Has he talked to you about it, Sister Eliza?"

"'It'! What it?" Mrs. Prior asks, tartly.

"His trouble."

"Poor fellow, no. If he were to begin he would scarcely know where to stop."

"I'm sure it's only lately he has given any evidence of gloom or distress of any sort."

"Perhaps it is only lately you have taken any notice of it," said Mrs. Prior, in her most cutting manner.

"I noticed as soon as I saw Horace that he was a changed man."

"A changed man!"

Fanny looked at her in alarm.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Nothing!"

Mrs. Prior's teeth closed on the word like a steel trap.

"But, Sister Eliza, I insist upon your being less vague."

"Oh! well, if you insist I suppose I must. But far be it from me either to act the spy or the traitor in my own brother's house—the house where I was born, and lived peacefully and happily until poor dear Prior persuaded me to leave it."

"Spy! Traitor!"

Fanny picked these two words out of this rambling sentence and repeated them with a questioning air.

"I did say 'spy' and 'traitor,'" said Mrs. Prior, fixing her cold gray eyes relentlessly on the sweet pale face opposite her; "but I must confess they were rather harsh words to use when a body feels impelled to tell the truth, and the whole truth, to a body's only brother for his own peace of mind's sake. I hope I will always find the moral courage to do that, Fanny."

"To do what, Sister Eliza?" Mrs. Wimple put a hand up to her head with a gesture of bewilderment. The day had been almost too full of agitation for her. What was this hard-faced, hard-eyed, hard-voiced woman driving at? "What can you mean?"

"Nothing," Sister Eliza said again, explosively, and the appearance of the dessert closed the discussion. Nor did Fanny care to resume it after their return to the drawing-room. She would gladly have taken refuge in her private apartments, and there, secure from intrusion, have cried herself into a more serene frame of mind. But Horace should not come back and find Sister Eliza alone waiting to welcome him! He should not think she had gone sulking off to bed because of a few ugly words that had all come from a misunderstanding. Of course she might look for him now at any moment. In all their married life he had never been away from her, unless out of the city, for a whole evening. She wondered, with a little inward thrill of triumph, how many New York wives could say so much. So while Mrs. Prior settled down to her inevitable crochet-work, Fanny hovered restlessly about the room, now taking up a book, only to turn over the leaves and close it again; now studying the figures on the tall embroidered screen with an absorption of interest they had never excited when the charm of novelty was theirs, finally settling down to the piano, where she played on and on and on, now dreamily and softly, now passionately and brilliantly, now merrily and daintily.

"Upon my word, Fanny Wimple, you are certainly the most heartless woman a man ever intrusted his life to."

These cruel words came to her while her fingers were dallying with a soft, slow *adagio*, while her heart was aching with its load of anxiety for Horace, and her ears were eagerly strained to catch the first sound of his dear footfall in the hall.

It was just barely possible that Sister Eliza might be indulging in a pithless jest! She revolved toward her on the piano-stool, and, with her white hands folded penitentially before her, said, with well-assumed indifference:

"What is the indictment now, sister mine?"

"Oh! it's not for me to enter indictments; all I've got to say, however, is, that if I had nearly run a man crazy, I'd think I'd done enough for one day without running the risk of having him come home worn out and worried to find me playing jigs on the piano."

Mrs. Wimple stared at her in speechless surprise while these meaningless words fell from her thin lips like cold, hard hailstones; nor did she move while Mrs. Prior, whose hour for retiring was irrevocably fixed for ten o'clock, got up, and, with a curt good-night, left the room.

Then Fanny got up and softly closed the piano. Perhaps, after all, Sister Eliza was right. Maybe Horace had come in, and, hearing the piano, had gone on to his own rooms in offense. And yet he had so often said he loved to find her playing, it seemed to ward off loneliness. She ran across the hall to their chamber. No, he was not in. She came back to the drawing-room, resolved to stay there all night, if need be. He could not be much longer now. How still and lonely the room looked. How loudly the clock ticked. She wondered what wives did whose husbands went to clubs and such awful places. What a spoiled creature she was that she could not endure one evening of loneliness. With her hands tightly folded over her breast she paced restlessly to and fro, catching glimpses of her own face, so white and serious that it looked unfamiliar to her as she passed and repassed the many mirrors in the big room. It was with a sense of absolute physical exhaustion that she finally dropped into a large easy chair, and, laying her tired head upon its upholstered back, closed her weary eyes, resolutely determined to remain very wide awake until Horace should come home.

Against the crimson plush of the chair her soft white cheek looked almost infantile with the flush that came to it as refreshing slumber soon overtook her. Folded peacefully on her lap, her little jeweled hands lay crossed upon each other. Her waving yellow hair, that she always kept so daintily arranged, had blown about as it listed during this wearisome evening, and now curled about her forehead in charming recklessness. It was upon this pretty picture of unconscious beauty that Horace Wimple finally stole, a little while after the clock had struck eleven. He had entered the house softly. Of course the women were in bed hours before? Whose carelessness had left the gas turned up in the drawing-room? To remedy this neglect on Andrew's part he entered the drawing-room, and there discovered Fanny. Fanny, peacefully sleeping, happily oblivious of all the torture and injustice that had been her portion that day. His heart yearned over her! His first impulse was to gather her up in his arms and bear her, still unconscious, to their room. He bent over her with this half-formed

THE GRAPE HARVEST.— PAINTING BY LEON LHERMITE.

resolve, when there came to him with biting emphasis the memory of words that his sister had spoken to him that morning—words that had stunned him like so many blows. And harsh and cold though Eliza might be, he had never known her deviate from the truth.

"I tell you, Horace, I heard her with my own ears tell her brother that she must have thousands of dollars, even if he had to sell the farm to raise it for her. And I heard him tell her with my own ears that he would never have anything more to do with her. I heard him use the words 'Wall Street' and 'gambling.' I consider it my duty to tell you these things, and it is for you to act upon them as you please. My own conviction is that things are radically wrong."

That was all, but it had been enough to send him away from his young wife with his heart full of burning indignation at her duplicity. He had purposely staid away, trying to form some plan of action toward her. He had formed one, and had come home resolutely bent on acting upon it. Was he to be disarmed and foiled of his intention to wring the truth from her, simply because he found her looking as lovely and innocent as an angel freshly strayed from heaven in her sleeping helplessness? Their lips should never meet in caress again, until the truth was all told.

He stepped backward from her chair and folded his arms. An audible groan escaped him. The sound broke the spell of slumber that held his wife but lightly. She opened her eyes to face him, as he looked sternly down upon her.

"Horace! Horace, don't look at me in that way! Tell me what it all means, my husband!" Her hands were stretched out to him imploringly, but he would not touch them. Instead, he spoke in a coldly deliberate way, that showed better than volumes of reproach how deeply the iron had entered his soul.

"I am many years your senior, Fanny. In fact, when I went down to the old farm to ask your father for his child, that was his only objection to our marriage. I was too old. But love knows no calendar. You laughed his objections to scorn. I believe you did love me then, Fanny."

"Then? Not one tenth as dearly as I do at this moment, my husband, my poor, unhappy husband, when you need me most!"

She made an impulsive movement forward. He waved her back, sternly.

"Stand back, if you please. I am coming presently to some questions. If you can answer them satisfactorily, then all will be well with us."

She answered him with a coldness begotten of his own. She stood before him with crest erect and eyes looking fearlessly into his.

"Go on. I am ready for the inquisition."

"From the hour of our marriage up to the present most miserable one have I failed in every effort to make you happy?" he asked.

"Not once."

"Have I stinted you in expenditure?"

"Never."

"Or curtailed your liberty?"

"Never."

"Or given you any excuse for treachery and deceit?"

"Who dares couple such words with my name?"

"Your most unhappy husband does."

"Oh, Horace, Horace! there is some hideous mistake here!" she cried, in her agony.

"God grant you may be able to prove it so, Fanny. Was your brother Richard here this morning?"

Suspecting what was coming, she flushed to the temples and gave other unmistakable signs of agitation, but answered, firmly:

"Yes."

"And is gone again?"

"Yes; gone again."

"Did he leave you in wrath?"

"I see I have been the object of espionage. Yes; he left me in wrath. Sister Eliza reports accurately."

"I had hoped my wife would have been able to put her to confusion. Did you, or did you not, tell your brother that you must have money—thousands—even if he had to sell the old farm?"

"I told him so," she answered, defiantly.

"Did you, or did you not, refuse to tell him what you wanted with that money?"

"I refused to tell him."

"I, your husband, demand to know."

"I cannot tell you."

The words fell from her lips slowly and distinctly. Each separate syllable found in her tortured soul an echo in Richard Steinray's threat: "The moment you permit your husband to know of our previous acquaintance, that moment you consign him to public disgrace!" She must free Horace first, and then defy the man who held him in such an iron grip. Let him think what he would meantime.

Her husband came a step closer to her. His voice was hoarse with suppressed passion.

"Cannot! Beware how you persist. There are some things no man will submit to. What folly have you been guilty of? To what base use have you put your large liberty? I, your husband, demand to know." She stood dumbly before him, her hands clasped together, her fair head drooping like a flower on a broken stem. He seized her soft hands roughly. His voice was husky with rage. "Once more I ask you, what did you want with that money? Speak!" She remained mute. He hurled her hands from him with a despairing gesture. He pointed to the clock, which was on the stroke of twelve. "Hear, then, my final decision: Before those hands shall meet again for the stroke of midnight"—he paused with outstretched arm while the hammer struck off the hour of midnight with solemn deliberation—"full and unreserved confession—or—final and irreparable separation." She sank to her knees with a moan.

"Horace, take back your words. Trust me yet a little while. Trust me, oh! my husband."

"Trust you! Trust you with the shadow of a black secret standing between you and me, blotting out the very sunshine from the heavens! Believe in you! Never again!"

Stretching her arms outward and upward to him as she knelt there before him, so conscious of her own integrity that there was no sense of humiliation possible, she said, with ineffable sweetness in face and voice:

"Yet a little while and all will be well. Believe that much at least."

But he was not to be appeased. He was entitled to her confidence. He must have it, or they must place insuperable barriers between the old lovelit days and the new mystery-beclouded life.

"Make now your choice! Confession and full pardon. Persistence and separation."

She rose to her feet and turned from him without another word. She traversed the long drawing-room with faltering steps. The agony of the moment was almost too great to be borne. She turned upon the threshold and cast a despairing look back at him.

"You gave ready credence to your sister's accusation against me, Horace, cannot you not give as ready a credence to my simple assurance that all will yet be well."

"It can never be well with us again unless, before this hour returns you have cleared up the mystery."

"I cannot do it so soon, Horace."

"Then, by Heaven, we are wasting words. You know my decision. I shall not swerve from it if life itself should be at stake."

"Perhaps something more precious than life is at stake," she said, slowly.

"Something more precious than life is at stake," he answered, bitterly; "my honor. I shall protect that, at any rate."

"Without my help, husband? Oh! can we two fall asunder this way, Horace."

"We two have fallen asunder," he said. Then, turning from her, he disappeared within the library, and she heard him turn the key on the other side.

He had locked himself in against her! Locked her out of his sight, out of his heart! Left her desolate. With a sob that was almost a shriek she fled through the cold, dark halls to the refuge of her own chamber.

CHAPTER X.

MIDNIGHT.

"BEFORE those hands shall meet again for the stroke of midnight, full and unreserved confession, or final and irreparable separation!"

Those monstrous words of her husband's; words that had fallen from his lips with cruel and distinct slowness; words that had been emphasized by the solemn strokes of the clock as it told off the fatal hour, followed the unhappy woman to the chamber where she fled for refuge; rang in her ears when she flung herself prone upon the bed and buried her sobs in the pillows; came back to her with merciless promptness when, after an hour or two of troubled sleep, she opened her eyes once more to a day that could by no possibility hold anything but perplexity and weariness for her. Horace had looked so inflexible. His voice had such an inexorable sound. If he had felt any softening toward her, he would have come to her before going away for the day. But he had not. The day dragged itself to a close without a ray of comfort coming to her. No one remembered her in her wretchedness, but Mollie, simple, true-hearted, rough-tongued Mollie. Not a word from Dick. Not a word from Nellie. Not a word from Horace. The day was gone. Her husband had not returned to dinner. Before twelve o'clock he would come to her again and ask for the confession she could not give. To tell him the truth, would be but to hasten the hour of Frederick Steinray's revenge. To refuse again, was simply to write his curse.

Before the clock struck midnight again she had formed a desperate resolve, and carried it into execution with an inflexibility that one would not have looked for from a thing so soft and clinging and tender as she. She had ample opportunity for maturing her plan, and ample solitude in which to execute it without fear of detection. Mrs. Prior, either remorseful or frightened at the magnitude of the mischief she had wrought, studiously avoided her sister-in-law throughout the whole of that miserable day. This was as Fanny herself would have had it. It left her free to plan, and arrange and act. If Horace would not retreat from the monstrous position he had assumed, she would put it out of his power to carry it into execution. He could not punish a hidden wife. He could not curse her invisible form. If it was through her that Frederic Steinray sought to injure her husband, her disappearance would render null and void his plans of revenge.

It wanted but a few moments of midnight when she entered the library once more, dressed in a plain black dress, bonneted and wrapped, carrying in her hand a small traveling-bag. Opening her escritoire, she hurriedly wrote a note, sealed and directed it to her husband, placed it in a conspicuous place on the mantel-shelf, then she dropped upon her knees for a moment of prayer. This solemn second over, she rose to her feet and stood in an attitude of waiting. Not for Horace. Not for Dick. Not for friendly help from any one. Only for Mollie, faithful and true and tender-hearted!

"I have asked God to forgive him, for he knows not what he does," she said, aloud. "Perhaps, when he sees my vacant chair to-morrow at the table, when he misses my form in this dear little library where we have spent so many happy hours together, his heart will soften and his wrath will melt. He cannot then reproach me with wrong-doing of his own imagining. No; not his. My poor, unhappy Horace, not yours. There is a serpent in our Eden."

"And his name is Sister Eliza," said Mollie, just inside the door, with ungrammatical spitefulness, as she shook her fist at vacancy. "But oh, don't I hate her!"

Mollie, too, was equipped for outdoor exercise, and carried in her hand a larger bag than the one Mrs. Wimple held. Fanny turned at sound of Mollie's emphatic interruption.

"My faithful Mollie! Come close, Mollie."

Mollie advanced, sniffling audibly.

"Here I am, you poor, darling, persecuted saint, you!"

"Mollie," Mrs. Wimple asked, abruptly, "could any one make you believe me guilty of a wrong act; something very bad, I mean? Deceit, treachery, that sort of thing!"

"If a regiment of angels was to swear against you, my darling, I'd give 'em every one the lie."

"And yet—— Oh, my husband!" She stopped. Not before Mollie should one accusing word fall from her lips. She resumed, in a calmer voice: "Mollie, you have been a good and faithful servant to me ever since I came here, a bride. I am compelled to confide in you. My husband is in great trouble, Mollie, and by going away from here, where I shall be at liberty to carry out a plan I have to help him, I may outwit his enemies. You say you will take me to your mother's house?"

"Indeed and I will, my darling mistress; and if you don't find style and ilegance there you'll find peace and plenty. And if a man do but wink his eye at you between here and there, I'll—I'll——" Mollie here doubled up a very large and very red fist into a formidable weapon; but words proved inadequate.

Mrs. Wimple held out to her the letter she had written on first entering the room.

"Take this to my room, Mollie, and lay it on the cushion on my dressing-table. Horace! Ah! my poor husband, how he will suffer when he finds it."

Mollie took the letter and turned from her, muttering:

"To tell you the truth, that's about the only streak o' sunshine I see in to-morrow's sky."

"My absence will suspend every catastrophe," said Fanny, as Mollie disappeared behind the *portière*. "Frederic Steinray will not care to wreak his vengeance on a woman who may be dead! My brother will not nurse his wrath against a sister whose fate is shrouded in mystery.'

She drew on her gloves and turned to join Mollie, who came back just then, and seemed resolved upon finishing her interrupted sentence.

"Yes'm, I really do enjoy the prospec' of the weepin' and wailin' and gnashin' of teeth that'll go on here to-morrer, when they find you've took things in your own hands and ain't goin' to be trampled under foot no longer by Mistress Moral Courage nor nobody else."

"Hush, girl! She is iron-bound. She actually believes she has done her duty. Appearances are against me, Mollie; but——"

"Appearances be hanged! beggin' your pardon, m'am, for interruptin' of you. But did you ever hear of a woman turning against her husband for appearances? Did you, now, Miss Fanny?"

"He has not turned against me, Mollie, and you must not talk so. It is his great love for me that makes him so intolerant. He does not want me to have a thought he does not share."

"Oh! my goodness gracious me, if a woman's even got to think aloud for the benefit of her husband, I thank my stars no man ever done himself the unkindness to ask me to marry him, for I'm afraid I would have been fool 'nough to have took him at his word. And the man that gets the benefit of all Mollie Shaw's thoughts is goin' to have the conceit took out of him, sure!" Mrs. Wimple held up a hand to stay her. The clock struck eleven! The night was wearing on. "Time we was off," said Mollie, briskly. "Let me see, first, if Mrs. Moral Courage is asleep! If a cat walks across the floor when she's awake, she'll go down four flights of stairs to find out what that cat's after."

"Stealing from my home like a thief in the night! Hiding like a criminal, when I have done no wrong! Oh! my heart — my heart will surely break!" She moved wistfully about the familiar room. Standing on tip-toe to reach a small framed picture of her husband, she took it from its hook and hastily thrust it into her satchel. "This I must have; and this"—taking a book from the table—"Horace gave it to me on my last birthday. My beautiful home, never dearer to me than at this moment, when I am obeying what seems to me the voice of conscience, walking feebly in the only path I see." Then Mollie came back, and, drawing her mistress's wraps tenderly about her shoulders, drew the little trembling hand protectingly within her own strong arm, and started resolutely forward.

To Mollie, this move on Mrs. Wimple's part was nothing more than a proper display of spirit. Of course, things would all come right in a few days, and when they did get her back, she viciously added, "Folks would know they didn't have no worm to deal with."

When the clock once more struck midnight, Mrs. Wimple and Mollie were traversing a part of the city unfamiliar to the mistress's eyes, seated side by side in a closely crowded street-car, and Horace Wimple was entering his library-door, pale, haggard, but resolute.

He had hoped to find his wife there waiting for him—waiting to clear up this mystery that had already cost them both so dearly. She could not, would not, surely, defy him any longer. He had given her the very fullest allowance of the time he had promised her he would wait. He warmed his chilled heart with the prospect of making his pardon, for this, his darling's first transgression, the sweetest, fullest pardon that ever was granted. And after he had taken her in his arms, he would, in his turn, ask her pardon for the pain she had compelled him to inflict. Ah, had not the greater share of the agony been his?—his alone?

But there was no penitent wife waiting for him! There was no lovely suppliant ready to throw herself into his yearning arms, to plead for the pardon he so longed to speak! Instead, the midnight stroke of the clock sounded preternaturally loud and distinct, as it fell on the hushed and silent air of the vacant room. Must he follow her to her chamber, and there insist upon this point? She had fled there in cowardice. He followed, resolutely. He turned the door-knob of his wife's chamber with a faltering hand. It was dark within. He stood for a moment irresolute. He fancied he could hear her breathing yonder from the richly canopied bed. He closed the door and walked slowly back to the library. If it was possible for her to sleep at such time, to-morrow would be time enough to speak the irrevocable words. It would be persecution to arouse her simply to speak words of doom. He breathed as does a reprieved criminal. To-morrow—ah, perhaps to-morrow—she would, of her own accord, bridge the awful chasm; span it with the radiant arch of truth!

CHAPTER XI.

REVULSION.

It was with eager expectancy in heart and face that Horace Wimple entered his handsome library the next morning, a little earlier than usual. It was there Fanny always gave him his morning greeting. It was there she always wound her white arms about his neck and pressed her sweet lips to his with the first caress of the day. His second sunrise, he had called it in happy frivolity. It was there he would find her this morning, ready—ah, Heaven grant it!—to chase away all the clouds that had gathered so mysteriously and obscured the sunshine for them both. He was pale almost to haggardness, for the suspense and torture of the past two days had been excessive. A wave of disappointment swept over him as he entered the library and found it tenantless.

"Not up yet?" he said, aloud, more in bitterness than in surprise. She must be careless, indeed, of the pain she was inflicting, or else recklessly defiant. She does not believe yet that I meant what I said," he muttered, as he turned away in the direction of his wife's sleeping-room. He knew she was no sluggard, and she could not be sleeping at this hour. She was purposely avoiding him.

He was not absent from the room but a moment or two. When he came back he held in his hand the note his wife had left for him. He had not opened it yet. He was trembling like a man smitten with sudden palsy. So far, he had mastered but the one monstrous fact—his wife had fled her home. Her bed had not been slept in. Would the note in his hand reveal the terrible story of a suicide? Women just as young and soft and dainty and well-beloved as his Fanny had been known to seek this final escape from a coil of their own winding! Had he driven her to it by his inexorable demand for a confession? Then he was her murderer! As much her murderer as if the hand that held her last written words in a tremulous grasp had buried a dagger in the soft white flesh of her precious body, never so precious as now.

He staggered to a chair with a groan. It was many minutes before he could muster the courage to read her note. When he did, his worst apprehensions were relieved. It told no tale of meditated suicide. It avowed no guilt. It simply showed its writer's fixed and unalterable determination to maintain an attitude of secrecy toward her husband.

His face grew first calm, then hard and harder yet as

he read the short communication over for the third time. With sudden resolve he touched the bell on the table at his elbow.

"Did you ring, sir?" she asked, standing demurely before him.

He was as stern and calm as a judge about to pass

THE CHERRIES.— PAINTING BY EMILE BAYARD.

Mollie responded to it with such suspicious promptness that she must have been hovering somewhere near. Perhaps near enough to have extracted her full share of satisfaction out of her master's evident suffering.

sentence of death on a convicted criminal when he answered Mollie's inquiry.

"Yes, I rang. Mollie, you have been attached to my house for many years——"

"Yes, sir," Mollie interrupted, glibly, "ever since I was about as high as the brass fender yonder, sir."

"And in all these years I have never heard you accused of being a gossip."

"Thank you, sir. I don't think you're sayin' none too much for me, sir. I was raised to know better."

"Where my private affairs are concerned I believe you can be trusted."

"I hope so, sir."

He averted his face, which movement on his part was taken advantage of by Mollie to make a grimace expressive of her delight.

"When and where did you see your mistress last, Mollie?"

"Why, sir! when and where should I have seen her but in this very room last night, to be sure?" which return question Mollie mentally characterized as a "nice bit of skatin' on thin ice."

"You have not seen her this morning?"

"No, sir, I always waits for her to ring for me, sir."

He rose to his feet with a groan, and with his hands clasped behind his back, his head dropped, he made several turns of the long room, Mollie standing with folded hands waiting her orders.

"She will not ring this morning, Mollie. She is gone! Gone, and I have no clew to her whereabouts."

Mollie rushed toward her mistress's room in well-assumed alarm. She must have an opportunity to get one good grin unobserved. She was back again in a trice, with a face as sober as his own.

"Gone!" she echoed, in an awe-struck voice. "Gone as sure as a gun's iron! And small blame to her," she added, stifling the words in her apron, which might or might not have been applied just then to stanch the tears that ought to have flowed at such an agonizing discovery.

"Go and tell Mrs. Prior I wish to see her here in the library."

"I will, sir," said Mollie, throwing a deceitful commiseration into her voice as she gladly started for the door, immensely relieved at the shortness of the examination.

"And, Mollie!"

"Yes, sir!" She paused with the door-knob in hand.

"Beware how you gossip about my affairs."

"I ain't goin' to gossip about nothin' that concerns that sweet saint. You can trust me that far," said Mollie, sweeping from his presence with an offended air.

"Sweet saint!" Horace Wimple repeated the words, lingeringly. "Oh, it is hard to associate the idea of evil with that pure, sweet image! Fanny, Fanny, darling of my life! why could you not have opened your heart to me? I would have forgiven much, so much, everything but secrecy and deceit, for my love is infinite!"

He was still pacing the room restlessly, when Mrs. Prior entered with that bustling importance that was characteristic of all her motions and was the exponent of her own self-valuation. She had a long-handled duster in her hand, and presented a suggestion of universal and all-pervading activity.

"Did you send for me, Horace?"

He turned his face toward her. It was so cold and white and drawn, that she started toward him in genuine alarm. This brother, whose home and happiness she was making wreck of, was the idol of Mrs. Prior's narrow, selfish soul.

"Horace you are sick! You need a doctor."

"I am sick, but I need no doctor you can bring. I am soulsick, heartsick, brainsick. Yes, I sent for you, Sister Eliza." He walked over to the table where his wife's letter lay, took it up and extended it toward his sister. Read that letter, please."

Mrs. Prior glanced at the open sheet he thrust in her hand, and read aloud: "'My precious husband——'" She glanced up in astonishment, turned the letter over, picked the empty envelope up from the table, and exclaimed, in a puzzled voice: "A letter from Fanny to you. Why, why; is Fanny gone anywhere?"

Her brother turned upon her in a fierce outbreak of his long-pent wrath.

"Gone?—yes; she is gone! Driven from her home by you and by me. Oh, fool, fool that I have been. Tormented and absorbed in my sordid money anxieties, I took no time to investigate the cruel charges you brought against her, before bringing them to bear upon her. My punishment has followed fast. Read that letter, and then go yonder; go into the deserted chamber, and, kneeling, there ask God to forgive you and me too if He can!"

"Go into your wife's room?—No, sir. I was never invited there while she was in it, and I'll certainly not intrude during her absence. She's gone off in a pet just to give you a scare. I never have been asked into that room. I suppose if I was less of a foe to dust and cobwebs——"

"Silence!"

Mrs. Prior clapped her hands to her ears as the explosive command smote the air.

"Gracious goodness, Horace Wimple, such a yell as that is enough to jar the very windows out of their frames, much less the nerves of a woman who has never recovered the shock of an idolized husband's death. I know that the dust and the cobwebs in that room must——"

"Silence, I say! I have let you throw in my eyes dust of the devil's own grinding, and weave cobwebs about my brains to my own undoing. Read that letter, and answer it for me if you can. Answer for it you must!"

"Mercy, Horace! You'd better kill me and be done with it. I'm sure I'd be better off in my grave with my poor, dear Prior, than I'm likely to be with you, if this is the way you're going on."

"I am waiting for you to read that letter, Sister Eliza," her brother said, more quietly.

And she read it until she came to a certain passage, which made her exclaim, exultantly:

"I did not think it was in her." Then she read aloud, triumphantly: "'Your sister has told you nothing but the truth.'"

"Selfish egotist! Is that all you extract from that letter?" her brother asked, bitterly.

"No," she answered, volubly, "I see plenty more, but I am certainly very much obliged to her for that sentence. It ought to convince you that I have not slandered your wife. And if I have not slandered your wife, I have told the truth about her. And if what I told you was the truth, you ought to have known it, and if there is one thing I do pride myself on, it is the possession of enough moral courage to tell the truth if it kills me. And I'm sure I'd just as soon be killed as to be treated this way by the brother that I've been both mother and sister to," which declaration Mrs. Prior watered copiously throughout by tears which seldom ever bedewed her hard, gray eyes.

"Peace, sister! Let there be peace between us. It is her wish. My darling begs in that letter that you and I shall dwell together in peace."

This evidence of Horace's "infatuation" for the young wife, whom she had shown him to be so entirely unworthy of trust, angered Mrs. Prior, and the heat of passion readily quenched her tears. His infatuation, as she persisted in calling it, was positively incomprehensible.

"Horace?"

"Well," he said, not turning to her, but poring or the fourth time over his wife's letter.

"If you are going to regard me as the author of all your woes, instead of the wife who acknowledges there in black and white that she has fled your presence because she dares not tell you the truth, you had better let me leave the house at once."

"Would you stab her in the back again?" he asked, with an ugly look in his eyes.

"If doing my duty necessitates stabbing, I hope I shall always find the moral courage to—*stab*," said Mrs. Prior, with vicious emphasis.

"I make no doubt that you will." He turned coldly from her to ring the bell once more. "Mollie," he said, as that embodiment of treachery and constancy once more appeared on the scene, "before I return from my office to-night, see to it that all of Mrs. Wimple's personal belongings are stored in these two rooms, the library and her chamber."

"Horace!" Mrs. Prior began, indignantly, "I am the——"

"Silence!" Then to Mollie: "When your task is complete lock the doors and place the keys upon the desk in my study."

"Yes, sir," said Mollie, keeping her eyes cast down for fear the exuberant satisfaction therein might create suspicion.

"Horace," Mrs. Wimple again interrupted, "if you are going to humble me before the very servants you'd better order me out of the house at once."

"I humble you before no one. Mollie!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Prior is the head of my house. Conduct yourself accordingly."

"Indeed, sir, and I will."

"And now let it be understood in this household that there is no Mrs. Wimple. Sister Eliza, I lay this command upon you as well as upon every other inmate of this house. I have no wife."

He turned from them and walked slowly toward the door. Mrs. Prior arrested him with the words:

"If I did not have the approval of my conscience this would be a black hour for me, Horace. But the time will come when you will thank me for what I've done. Thank Heaven I have moral courage to sustain myself on. He answered only by an impatient gesture as he passed through the door. "Poor darling," said Mrs. Prior, bustling after him; "it will be just like him to forget that he hasn't swallowed a mouthful of food this day," and she, too, took her departure.

Mollie looked after her with all the venom her good-natured countenance was capable of expressing.

"The time will come when you'll both find out you ain't fit to button her sweet boots; no, nor to unbutton 'em either. Oh! don't I hate 'em, though, and don't I rejoice in every pang he's sufferin', and don't I wish I had moral courage enough to punch their heads, though. One thing I'm truly grateful for. That man framed his questions so ambiguous like that it wasn't a bit hard on my conscience to answer him. It's a great comfort to be able to tell the truth; but it's a luxury everybody can't afford."

With which choice bit of moral philosophy Mollie disappeared in the direction of the linen-closets, and returning laden down with Holland covering for the library furniture, applied herself vigorously to the task Mr. Wimple had imposed on her.

An occasional, only partially suppressed chuckle escaped Mollie's lips, which showed her to be by no means in sympathy with the funereal gloom that seemed to have settled down permanently on the handsome home of the Wimples.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE HIDING.

Love was playing hide and seek,
  And we deemed that he was gone.
Tears were on my withered cheek
  For the setting of our sun;
Dark it was around, above,
But he came again, my love!

Chill and drear in wan November,
  We recall the happy Spring,
While, bewildered, we remember
  When the woods began to sing,
  All alive with leaf and wing,
Leafless lay the silent grove;
But he came again, my love!

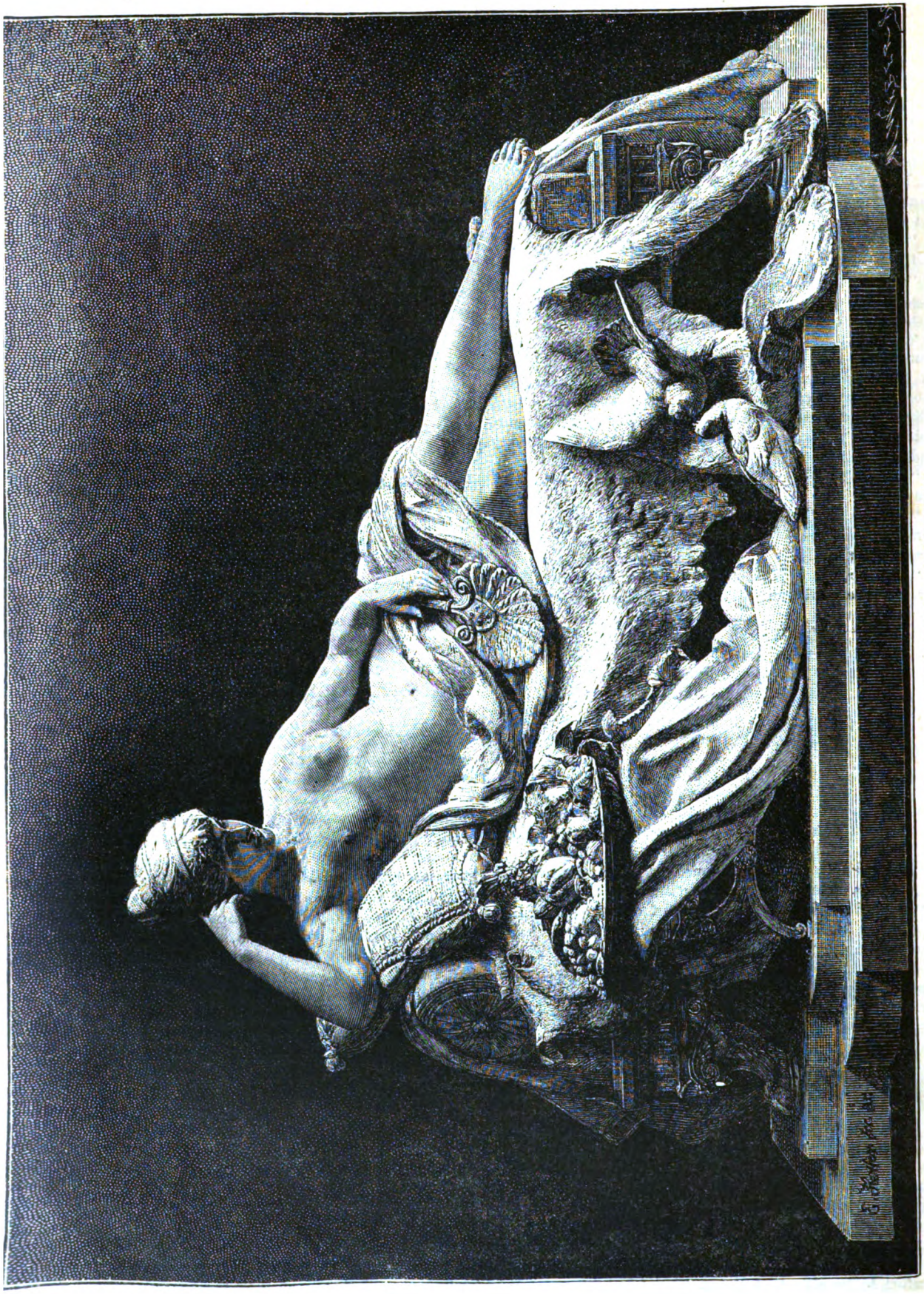
And our melancholy frost
  Woke to radiance in his rays,
Who wore the look of one we lost
  In the faraway dim days;
No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move,
Yet he came again, my love!

Love went to sleep, but not for ever,
  And we deemed that he was dead;
Nay, shall aught avail to sever
  Hearts who once indeed were wed?
Garlands for his grave we wove,
But he came again, my love!

BRINGING THE HOUSE DOWN.

In the University of Glasgow there are two distinguished professors, one of whom occupies a lecture-room which is situated exactly over that of the other. The professor who is nearest to the sky is given to flights of oratory which seldom fail to "bring down the house," in a metaphorical sense. On a recent occasion the worthy professor quite excelled himself in this direction, and the result was that the over-demonstrative students, completely carried away by his impassioned eloquence and their own youthful enthusiasm, threatened, by the storm of applause which arose when at length the peroration was ended, "to bring the house down" literally also. The professor on the ground-floor was silenced for the moment by the noisy clamor of hands and feet overhead, and as he glanced helplessly around on his more sedate class he noticed that small fragments from the ceiling, loosened by the storm, began to descend, like the silent advance-guard of the snow in Winter. A gleam of humor shot up into the grim face of the baffled preceptor as he dryly remarked to the wearers of the dusty coats around, "I am afraid, gentlemen, our premises will scarcely support Professor ———'s conclusions."

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest, as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one. It is recorded of Professor Porson that he talked his Greek fluently when he could no longer articulate in English.



ASPASIA.—FROM THE STATUE BY ERNEST HERTER.

"IN THAT AWFUL MOMENT HER ANGER TRIUMPHED, AND WITH HER FETTERED HAND SHE STRUCK AT THEM."

A BATTLE FOR A THRONE.

By M. Duff-Gordon.

The glory of an Italian moon fell athwart the walls of Genoa, and revealed the commanding form of Count Maximilian Orloff, as he bent to catch the low-spoken words of his companion, mingling with the delightful strains of the band and the Summer breeze that floated through the groves of myrtle and orange.

"How pleasant to leave the corroding cares of business, the anxieties that follow even a royal exile; to cast aside the burdens of ambition and forget, even for an hour, the vanity of human endeavor, the wickedness of human nature, and believe that they have ceased to mar the loveliness of earth! How happy if to-morrow could repeat this scene, this unfeigned joy, nor return with its routine of duties and shadows!"

"Then," he replied, with studied grace and sincerity, "how doubly beauteous this scene to me, since I behold not only the same vision of earth and sky, but that being whose charms transcend all others; who not only teaches me to banish human cares and doubts, but lures me to cherish a hope that, alas! like yonder twinkling star, may be far and for ever beyond my reach!"

"Ah, if I could but trust you—if I could see your soul clear-mirrored, as fair as yonder bay!"

"Then it would come to you as yon tide to your feet, and lay the homage of a lifetime there; it would sigh to you as softly as the south wind wafted over the palms and citron; it would seek you as the light of this midnight moon, enfolding and cherishing you in its tender embrace. Already it has sought you in exile, made me flee the strong, pure air of my colder land and languish here beside you. It has separated me from the voice of kin and home affections, from the gracious smiles and favors of a mighty autocrat."

She looked at him standing there, a veritable god in his figure and beauty.

After a moment of silence, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, and sorrowfully turned away, murmuring not a word, till she recalled him.

"Whither away?"

"A soldier knows his duty, your Highness; and if in this fond hour a love that has existed ever since we first

met has found expression and my secret been revealed, I awake from its confession to meditate upon its presumption, and prepare for an absence—a banishment, as it were—from every joy of heaven and earth; for naught but my unswerving faith in the Great King can sustain me and enable me to see in the hereafter that better land where the line between ruler and subject is not drawn, and heart can lovingly respond unto heart."

"Why have you deemed it wise to conceal the knowledge of your love from me until now?" she asked.

"Because," said Orloff, kneeling, "'tis hard for a soldier to surrender!"

"If I had made the human heart a study only to trample upon its tenderest chords, and crush all the divine harmony of life, like the cold and haughty Catherine, I might have divined the passion ere now."

"And your Highness might well have doubted me, since it has been my effort to conceal beneath a calm exterior the storm that raged below."

"What if that storm finds echo in my own heart, and I kneel at the same confessional?"

A sudden cloud of regret and surprise swept over his brow, as, in an affected tone of bitterness, he said:

"Your Highness must be aware that a sovereign cannot wed her subject; and still, in all the unutterable sadness embraced in that fact, there comes the bliss of being loved in return. Oh, it is worth all the ermine and gold and glory of the Czars. With your love the lowliest fisherman's hut upon the shores were worth all their leagues of land and their legions, a memory lighting up all my future with a glow brighter than the glitter of a throne."

She heard the deep tones of his voice, musical with love and sad with the pathos of regret, and yet strong in his efforts at self-renunciation; she heard the notes of the band float over the silver silence of the waters; she saw the mighty throne, so rightfully hers, and the great of the land burning as suitors for her hand, and she heard the cry of the woman's heart rise and triumph above it all, while her modesty found excuse in these words:

"My remote ancestors did not disdain to give their maidens in marriage to their own noble subjects, and, had the same principles remained, we should not now behold in an insolent alien the tyrant and ruler of our beloved Russia."

"Would it be right in me to thus interfere with your policy and prospects?"

"My prospects lie in the hands of the Great King, of whom you spoke; my policy is shaped by His Divine dictates; and, following the impulse of my soul, I leave all my future in His hands."

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Not many days subsequent to this conversation, the rumor of the approaching marriage of the illustrious couple created a great sensation throughout the Continent, many of her partisans violently opposing, while the influence of Orloff in his country increased.

Deceiving her with the announcement that his brothers had opened a private correspondence with him, he went so far as to tell her that a large fleet, under the command of his friend, Admiral Tchilchagoff, was actually destined to find him, and recognize, in her, upon arrival in Genoa, the only lawful sovereign; thus she silenced her more cautious and wary advisers by these confidential assurances, and dwelt, in all the ardor of her nature and the fervor of her love, upon the growing and widespread popularity which her engagement with a Russian had created in her favor, both at home and abroad.

That the reader may more clearly enter into the details and spirit of an historical incident that must ever darken with ineffaceable crimson the scroll of Russian history, it will be necessary to retrace our steps and recall a few events antedating our story.

After the murder of the Emperor Peter III., the title of his able and politic widow, Catherine II., was disputed by an hereditary claimant of the throne in the person of Alexandrina, Princess of Lithuania.

Gifted, young and beautiful, her cause found many followers who held firm faith in its justice, and thus rendered her a constant terror to the peace and safety of the court; and while her supporters in Russia labored to effect a revolution in her favor, she retired to the City of Genoa, Italy, where she held her court and was recognized as the real Empress of Russia by many disaffected nobles who had fled their native land.

Amongst these, her most trusted friend Count Maximilian Orloff, a younger brother of Gregorio and Alexis Orloff, at that time Chief Ministers of the Russian Cabinet and members of *that* famous family whose names are so closely identified with the fame and power of the Czars.

Remarkable for his size and physical beauty, as well as his accomplishments, this young man would have proven a dangerous rival and an irresistible lover at any court; but how much greater seemed his charms in the eyes of that exiled princess who saw in him a willing wanderer for her sake, and recalled, in every accent of his voice, the familiar language of her own race, the memories of her own childhood, under skies more cold and gray than those of Italia.

Added to this was the rumor that most of all flattered her woman's vanity, the wily and haughty Catherine herself had felt the wondrous spell of his power and looked on him with favor; and he easily succeeded in making the princess believe that one cause of his voluntary exile was the natural revulsion of his feelings toward her rival.

Thus, doubly entertaining and fascinating, he was not only her devoted cavalier but chief counselor, and society was not at a loss to imagine that a purer and tenderer emotion than patriotism and ambition had something to do with his preference for a young and pretty maiden as ruler, to a middle-aged and by no means handsome woman.

Such was the state of affairs existing when our story opens.

Autumn had come, bringing all its tender grace to the heavens, and its harvest and vintage to the fields, and its subdued peacefulness and beauty to that land so favored above all others.

Amongst all the happy hearts about them, none seemed happier and lighter than Orloff and his royal bride; and upon an afternoon full of as surpassing loveliness as that upon which we first saw them, the Russian fleet anchored in the bay.

Later on, a man, apparently disguised, issued from the house of the Russian Consul by a private door, and sought a place on the ramparts near the very spot where love and treachery had met and mingled.

The figure was none other than that of Count Orloff, who, upon seeing his wife approaching, concealed himself behind a cannon, while, in a tone of stifled emotion, he communed with himself:

"I cannot bear the thought of what *may* happen! Surely, one woman's heart must feel sympathy for another; and, all things considered, the worst can but mean a brief imprisonment. Nevertheless, I feel a sick-

ening, revolting instinct at the work before me. My training has made me subordinate affairs of the heart to affairs of state; and yet I wish we were both peasants, content in ignorance and poverty. But I must act my part of the tragedy, even if death comes to me when the curtain falls. Oh, that some other medium might have presented itself! Still, there is no time nor chance to trifle with Fate. I must act or perish, and the inevitable is too strong for my resistance in this last hour."

Resuming his promenade, he feigned surprise at meeting Alexandrina, saying:

"What mission has brought you here, dearest?"

"To await your coming."

"Disappointment is your reward, for I am going aboard the fleet, and shall remain there all night."

"Let me accompany you."

"That is impossible."

"Why?"

Kissing her tenderly, he replied:

"Will you ever learn to rule a nation, or value the ceremony of a court above the desires of your heart? What a degradation to the dignity of an empress, being received on board a fleet at this hour without notification! Pray remember, also, that I am still your subject."

"And do you remember that I am not yet officially declared or recognized as empress, and if you are going to risk your life for me at St. Petersburg, then I shall, as your wife, share the danger. Have you not told me that the cruel Catherine had set a price upon your head?"

"You have chosen your fate," he murmured, "and I must needs abide by your wishes."

They pursued their way in silence to the quay, where Orloff gave a private signal, and soon a boat appeared, and they entered it and passed over to the ship.

The princess occupied the seat of honor, her husband seeming all the while buried in anxious thought; nor could all her smiles and playful sallies arouse him, nor obtain from him any satisfaction.

The Autumn moon had set early behind the waters of the bay, and the night was dark when they reached the flagship.

Orloff assisted her up the ladder, and, hastily turning to the admiral, began to speak in a low and excited tone, without introducing him to the princess.

Suddenly she felt her arms seized from behind; there was a brief struggle, and the brave and lovely Princess of Lithuania, in whose veins coursed the oldest and proudest blood of Russia, stood manacled and held by a common sailor.

She looked at Orloff, but he turned away from those eyes that erst had beamed only in love upon him; then he broke the dreadful silence by saying to the admiral:

"I have done my duty, and I will regard it as a great favor if you will hasten to discharge your own."

The admiral signaled to two young officers to lead the princess down the gangway; but even in that awful moment her anger triumphed, and, with her fettered hand, she struck at them, while, as they forced her away, the vessel resounded with her cries.

On the 13th of December the fleet and its perfidious crew cast anchor in the icy waters of Cronstadt.

No cannon resounded in honor of the dread gift it bore. Silent under the gray skies of a brief northern Winter's day, it lay in mist and snow, like the image of a sneaking thief, or a private hulk returned from a cruise of wreck and ruin.

In the darkness of a bitter night the princess was conveyed to her dungeon, while Orloff returned to his home in St. Petersburg, until a summons came for his appearance at the Imperial palace.

The Empress Catherine received him in the ante-room adjoining her boudoir, saying, in her cool, studied manner:

"You have conferred a great favor upon me," while he, like the cringing slave that he was, bent knee and head in reverent response. "And you have also done me a great injury; for, while you have established my throne beyond all fear or danger, you have also broken my peace of mind—yea, my heart!"

"Believe me, your Majesty, every chord of my own aches, and fain would I feel its every pulsation grow feebler and fainter, till it lies dead, but still loyal, at your feet."

"Alas! you are devoid of heart, Maximilian!"

"Then I was fitly chosen to perform your mission."

"True. And would that you and I had perished ere this bitter truth was revealed to me!"

Perceiving his shame and silence, she fairly hurled her words at him in all the fury of her fierce nature:

"You, standing there, my subject, have cruelly humiliated me; for in my heart, bleeding from disappointment, hardened by the struggle I am making for the preservation of my empire, and too black with crime for even God's pity, you wrung from my heart its last womanly impulse. In my arms I folded the garments you had worn; my lips kissed the pillow your treacherous head had pressed, and I prayed to my Maker to take back the breath of life He had given me when I realized that my love as a woman was lesser in your estimation than my power as a sovereign. And bear this well in mind—that, unless you pass unscathed through this fiery ordeal to which I am about to subject you, then your liberty is for ever forfeited."

"What have I done," said Orloff, "to merit such injustice?"

"Would that there were faith sufficient remaining in me to believe you; but, after such treachery, how can I trust you?"

"And, from the determined manner in which your Majesty has spoken, it seems beyond my power to convince you; all that I can now do is to reject the official favors you may confer; and I beg you to recollect that no act can heal the wounds which your hands have inflicted. Had the love you cherished equaled mine in strength and steadfastness, could you but dream of the struggle through which I have passed, then you might comprehend my position and appreciate my determination to carry into effect your plans, even at the risk of losing you, the one object dearer than my life and soul. As it is, I will not ask of you the poor boon of life and royal honors, but only ask of you the blessing of death, for only in its arms shall I find the happiness refused to me in yours."

He glanced now and then at her face, to see the effect of his words, and, a perfect student of human nature, discovered that he had succeeded in his *rôle;* so, taking both her hands while she turned her face away, he continued, in a tone deep with injured honor and hopeless passion:

"Oh, Catherine, woman as well as queen, never hath man so loved you before, and never hath subject served you as I have done. And for what? To crave death at your hands."

A low, loving light filled her eyes, and a smile, half yearning, half incredulous, lit up her stony face; but she coldly turned away from him, saying:

"I will test you, even if it kills you!"

MYRTIS, THE FLOWER-GIRL.

The sound of approaching footsteps brought back her usual caution, and hastily ordering him to conceal himself behind the curtains and utter no sound, she sat down with the calmness possible only to such a trained and hardened nature.

The door opened and Alexandrina entered under guard of two soldiers. They soon withdrew, leaving the illustrious women alone, face to face, grand in their claims for possession of the throne of Russia, and abjectly wretched in their love for the man who had betrayed them both.

Standing thus, what a subject for an artist. Catherine, with her face and form well preserved, and an almost girlish grace in her blue eyes and fair complexion, not impressing one that she was then past fifty. Alexandrina was twenty-four, tall and stately, with her beauty enhanced by fine eyes and black hair; plainly robed, her only insignia of rank were her jewels; and, though marked by the hand of misery in every feature, she was still an exquisite type of Sclavonian beauty.

"Be seated, and tell me are you the Princess of Lithuania?"

"I am; and I refuse the chair you offer, while I most respectfully ask if you are the Empress Catherine of Russia?"

"So the world says; but have you not disputed my claim to that great title?"

"It matters very little now."

"That reply is not definite enough for me. There are some whom I would prefer as friends, and others as enemies; you belong to the first class, and I really wish to know how to classify you."

"You have treated me

as an enemy, so that I presume you have already decided that question."

"Then what must be done with the laurels of Judas?"

"Wear them yourself, with the certain assurance that I shall not dispute your title to them."

"I did not order, nor approve of, this deed, and you are mistaken in laying the blame of it at my door."

"In such event does your Majesty intend to punish the deed?"

"My agents who go beyond my instructions never escape my chastisement," said Catherine, who smiled complacently at the look of scorn hurled at her. "After all, princess, I believe I can count upon you as being my friend."

"Deceive yourself no longer, for it is beyond the power of time that we can ever be friends. My body is yours by conquest; but my soul is my own. It, at least, is free."

"For idle words or sentiments, clothed in poetical figures, I entertain only contempt, and you had better define your position, and trifle with your fate no longer. Tell me plainly what you intend to do."

"I mean that the limit of your power over me has been reached, and all your threats will never cause me to betray a human being, either friend or foe, for your sake."

"Perhaps all your friends are in my hands."

"I can neither help nor injure them, but am indeed sorry for their fate."

Handing her a small bundle of documents very securely sealed, Catherine said:

"You may read those letters."

DUELING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.— A JENA "KAHN," USED IN BOATING EXCURSIONS ON THE RIVER SAALE.— SEE PAGE 599.

A JENA STUDENT.

"Perhaps you have already rendered me that favor."

"I know nothing of their contents."

"Your majesty can be remarkably gracious after all."

"Your sarcasm falls short of its mark; I care simply nothing for such nonsense. But, to return to business: Suppose I conclude to pardon those people?"

"I should rejoice for their sakes."

"Would you also thank me?"

"No, for your Majesty has proclaimed yourself beyond the effect of idle compliments, and make your people believe that your every act is wholly inspired by policy; and that, however seemingly noble, deserves no gratitude."

"Would you warn them of your own helpless condition, and counsel them to submit peacefully."

"I think I should."

"Then write and so express yourself."

"Are my letters to be read by you?"

"I have no such desire; your word is all that I require."

Having answered the letters, and the empress having placed them in her desk, she resumed:

"In the event of your receiving a full pardon, would you promise never to attack me again?"

"Yes; for whatever my personal sentiments might be, I am powerless to sustain them."

"I shall consider you my friend."

"I fail to comprehend your Majesty's reasons for wishing to make a friend of a miserable captive. You declare yourself to be one of those rare beings who neither hate nor love, and one above such human weakness; besides, of what avail could my friendship be? while from my enmity you can have nothing further to fear."

"Alexandrina, I read you as plainly as a page whose only blots are tears; as a woman you are nearer perfection than any other I have ever seen. I mourn your untimely fate. As a sovereign you would be a failure, a puppet in the hands of your most crafty and ambitious subjects. You, my poor princess, have trusted one of these, and the result is, that you stand here as my prisoner and your doom is sealed."

Her glance fell so fixed and terrible upon Alexandrina, that, already weakened by anxiety and suffering, she grew pale and wellnigh fainted.

"Maximilian!" called Catherine, in her haughtiest tone; but there came no response. "Max!" she repeated, striking the table with her clinched hands.

The curtain was slowly pushed aside, and, pale as death stood Orloff, his huge frame trembling so that he was forced to lean upon a chair for support. Alexandrina buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. The empress gazed from one to another alternately, and yet covered the conflicting emotions of her heart in a sneering smile.

Alexandrina raised her head, and, glancing scornfully at Catherine, said:

"I see that your Majesty is fond of stage effects," then turned her back on the empress and Orloff, and proudly looked at the jewels that still adorned her shapely hands.

"I have to question you again."

"Then send that man away if you expect a reply."

"I will lock you both up together in the same dungeon if you do not answer." Receiving no reply, she continued: "The test to which I shall put you is torture."

Pointing to Orloff, but disdaining to look at him, Alexandrina replied:

"Your Majesty's tame monster has all the secrets I possess; why not submit him to the torture? He can tell as much as I can."

With evident exultation, Catherine answered:

"That I believe; but I place more confidence in your veracity than in his."

"Doubtless your Majesty has good reason to do this; but torture would only produce the same results with both; for I should certainly say nothing, and he, as usual, would tell you a lie."

"Do you deem him brave?"

"I presume he may possibly possess some degree of animal courage; but I may be mistaken in even that element of his nature."

The empress smiled and said:

"I scarcely believe even the small compliment you pay him is deserved, though he pretends to be, like yourself, a stoic."

Turning to Orloff, she laid her hand caressingly upon his arm; he hastily raised it to his lips in the most lover-like grace and devotion. In a flash the princess had snatched a steel paper-cutter from the table and sprang upon her enemy. With a furious grasp he seized his wife just in time to save Catherine, whose screams of terror filled the apartment. In his struggles the knife had cut his hand, and, in disarming her, he threw her violently across the room; and, for a moment their eyes met as she lay there in the agony of her despair.

Realizing her own safety, the empress fixed her cold eyes upon the helpless victim of her rage and jealousy, enjoying her last humiliation.

"And this is your return for my courtesy; but I shall even now show you clemency, and allow you time in which to prepare for execution."

Catching sight of the blood on Orloff's hand, Catherine rang for her attendants, and tied up the wound, saying in a voice deep with emotion:

"I tested you too heavily, my poor Orloff, but I never dreamed that you would be injured. You are sweet and noble enough to forgive me for trying you thus; but there was an hour in which I could freely have torn you both in pieces, and killed myself. Oh, why are you so silent? Can it be that you are thinking of her? No, it is the pain from your wound, my darling. Remain here, my own Max, for I will never again trust you out of my presence."

The servants, meantime, had borne the fainting form of Alexandrina to her cell.

Thus, like the old god, "chained to the rock, the vultures ever gnawing at his heart," that vile creature, Orloff, paid the penalty of his treachery. Voluntarily he had sold himself into serfdom; and, in comparison, exile to Siberia, or the more peaceful realms of death would have been more welcome. When for ever too late, he knew he loved the innocent, pure and ill-fated princess.

* * * * * *

Four years passed, and a storm unparalleled in its fury swept over the Gulf of Finland. St. Petersburg was flooded and presented the appearance of a besieged city. For many days in succession the waves rolled over the citadel of Cronstadt, inundating the garrison and the subterranean dungeons. Afterward it was discovered that, amid a number of captives drowned in their cells, was the legitimate heir to the throne of Russia, the beautiful and beloved Alexandrina, Princess of Lithuania!

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

By John Moran.

To-day we hold high carnival
And wanton with the grace of Love,
Unwitting that we ever shall
His punitive resentment prove.

We spill his wine in revelries,
His choicest viands spurn withal,
Seeing that scribes and men held wise
Read not the writing on the wall.

But, ah, how near may be the day
When those twin worms, remorse, regret,
Shall feed upon our sentient clay,
So that our prayer is to forget?

Chaldeans, Magi, kings that be,
Some Daniel, knowing well the word,
Shall come, queen-called, to make us see
And feel the decimating sword!

UNDER THE LADDER.

One of the commonest of popular superstitions is that which causes so many people to refrain from passing underneath a ladder, and, in preference, to go outside of the foot of it. Perhaps nine people out of ten would repudiate the superstition, if asked, and say that they don't care whether it is unlucky or not. But if pressed for a reason, they will probably say that they choose to go outside as being the safer in case the ladder slipped. But is it so?

Suppose the case of a person unfortunate enough to be passing a ladder (which we assume to be leaning against a house) at the very moment when it slipped outward at the foot—by far the most likely mishap to occur. Passing under the ladder, he has ample time to escape either forward or backward as it slides down, and so avoid damage. But outside the foot of the ladder, he is instantly upset without a moment's warning, and will be fortunate if he escapes a broken ankle and other injuries from falling sideways on the steps of the ladder, as he can scarcely fail to do.

The actual experience of any given number of such accidents would probably show a balance strongly in favor of the "unlucky" course as being the safest.

DUELING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

By M. Wilcox.

Geographically, Jena is central enough; socially, it is very remote. Although but a few hours by rail from the shops and music and pictures of Leipsic and Dresden, a new fashion in bonnets will yet reach the corners of the Saale Valley late, if at all. The River Saale at this point is a mild little stream, flowing quietly and fringed with rushes. On its banks there is a fine growth of willow, and then, stretching out as far as one can see, in all directions, green meadow, studded with clumps of willow and alder. In a long day's tramp one need not desert this beautiful natural park, across which, in all directions, paths lead from the town to the neighboring villages. It was along one of these paths, by-the-way, that a peasant rode to Jena, carrying to the physician a sick child in his arms; and the terrors which fevers and the darkness put into that poor little brain, are commemorated in Goethe's "Erl König." Of course, the town is full of reminiscences of Goethe and Schiller; for the former was active here in a Government office, and the latter was Professor of History at the University.

Adjoining the meadows rise the sides of the valley; at first in gradual slope and covered with grain or vine, then in almost sheer ascent. Just above the town, on the western hills, the battle of Jena was fought, and the soldiers of Napoleon I. sacked every village for miles around. The whole valley is a great river-bed—a cutting by water through an upland plateau. The waters played freakishly with the soft stone and clay, carving out a valley whose limiting hillsides look like gigantic cones and tents, crested, many of them, with ruins of castles.

Eight or nine thousand souls are said to have their homes within the compactly built little town, which the reader is now invited to enter.

Passing through the gateway (Johannisthor), the visitor will kindly imagine himself in the Johannis Street. The tower, showing at the end of this street, is a modern addition to the town church. At this point, turning to the right and passing through a narrow "dive," we find ourselves in the market-place and centre of the town.

It is not my purpose to say more about Jena than will suffice to give a "local habitation" to the curious practice of the students' duel; but now that we are arrived at the market-place, it may be permitted to describe one scene which every year the citizens witness in this public square. As an ancient custom, derived from the worship of one of the gods of the northern mythology—Balder or Freya, possibly—this will illustrate a very attractive side of provincial character.

On the last evening of the year, a wood-pile, twelve feet high, is built in the centre of this market-place, and so packed with tinder that the whole mass will blaze in a moment. Throughout the evening two constables stand guard and keep the space about this offering to the sun-god clear of the crowd as the citizens begin to assemble. It is the custom for every one to sacrifice some article peculiarly associated with the old year, and thus to propitiate the new. Those disposed to observe the custom sentimentally, will approach with their offering earlier in the evening, for when the crowd has gathered there begins an indiscriminate tossing of old hats into the heap. When the clock in the church tower strikes twelve, the pile is immediately in flames, and a few minutes later there is the sound of music approaching. A company of students in *corps* uniform appear, and, preceded by the musicians, march around the fire; then, joining hands, they dance around it, singing "Gaudeamus Igitur"; then fling into it their white and green and red caps. Even the more commonplace headgear which they snatch from the bystanders is not disdained for this sacrifice—offering to the new-born light and warmth. Next, water is passed in buckets from hand to hand and poured over the half-burned logs. The crowd dissolve instantly; the whole square and the converging streets on all sides ring with shouts of "Prosit Neu-Jahr!"

Proceeding now across the market, through the eastern half of the town and across the river by the stone bridge, in half an hour we arrive at the neighboring village of Ziegenhain. Entering the tavern and gaining admittance to a large room, through clouds of tobacco-smoke, one sees dimly upon the walls pictures such as "The Student's Love: to-day I love Johanna; to-morrow, the Susanna"; mottoes, such as, "Who never once got jolly tight, he is no honest man." All the world over the decorations of students' headquarters have a character of their own. Each with his beer-mug and pipe, half a hundred young fellows, in colored caps and sashes, are sitting at the tables or standing in a circle about the duelists. These, bandaged stiff as posts, stand immovably facing each other, blood flowing generously from the upper part of the head and staining bandages and shirt a solid color. A few sharp words of command and the light, dull swords are crossed. One, two, three passes, and a fresh stream of blood makes its way between the clotted locks. The affair was to have continued for fifteen minutes; but after five minutes of active work, the attendant physician declares officially that "the loss of blood makes continuation dangerous to health."

If a foreigner were to criticise, or even attempt a scientific description of, this peculiarly German institution, the objection might justly be made that only a limited class among the Germans themselves can enter fully into the spirit of it, and further, that even with exceptional opportunity for observation, a foreigner can form but a partial acquaintance with so widespread a practice. Fortunately, the writer is delivered from the necessity of relying upon his own observation. He begs to introduce the work* of a master in the art of "Paukerei," as this kind of sword-play is termed, and to let his author speak the first and the last word, except, of course, as additional explanation of statements intended for the initiated may be considered necessary.

The author is, or was in 1882, instructor in Pauking at the University of Jena. His name will be found in the official list of instructors in the department of "Freie Künste." He explains that, being himself a member of a famous old dueling family, from youth up his thought had ever this bent, to labor in the spirit of his ancestors and to assist in perfecting the art of dueling. Having this goal ever before him, he must now and then take up the pen in order to come forward in opposition to errors and false views. Mathematico-physical laws are the basis of the rules of the art. *Paukerei* and *duel* are, indeed, used as synonymous terms, but the author makes a distinction. By Paukerei, one means that kind of duel with swords for cutting, and not thrusting, in which the two

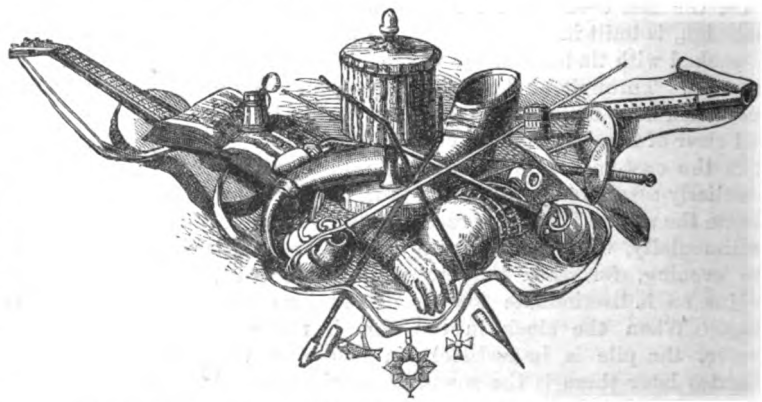
* Deutsches Paukbuch. Von Friedrich August Wilhelm Ludwig Roux, Fechtmeister an der Grossherzogl., etc., Universität zu Jena. Jena, 1867.

IN "PARADISE," ON THE BANKS OF THE SAALE, NEAR JENA.

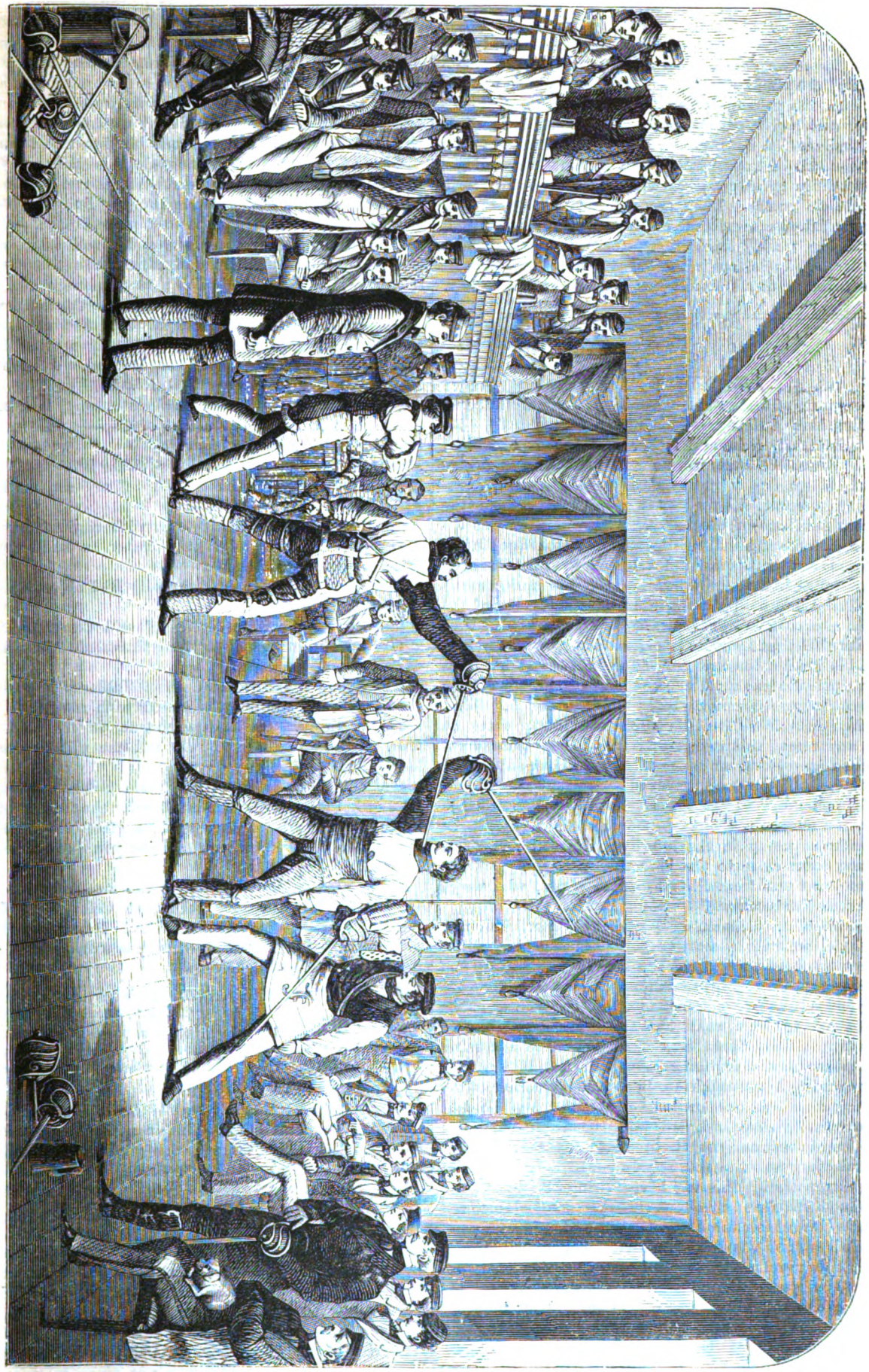
parties fight for the honor of the thing in knightly fashion, and with attendance of seconds, an arbiter, witnesses and a physician. The parties are defended against cuts dangerous to life, partly by rules which forbid all such, partly by bandages which protect the person. In other words, it is the duel modified by the traditions and usages of university life. Against inartistic and dangerous bungling our author directs his attack; and in rendering the practice of pauking, which is not to be suppressed, less dangerous, he labors quite as effectively for the wellbeing of the students, and perhaps more so, he assures us, than many a learned bookworm who each *semester* rereads his old lectures little changed *ex cathedrâ*. The attempt never has succeeded to induce the students to settle affairs of honor like the Philistines, in court, with money or imprisonment, except in cases where they have lost all respect for one another. Whenever parties of students have given up the practice of pauking, they have been despised as inferiors by their antagonists. From this source have arisen mutual hate and provocation of every kind. Abusive language and clubbing have made their vulgar appearance; and one excess of that nature harms a university more than all the pauking of twenty years.

The principals in the encounter, as represented, are experienced swordsmen, veterans—in the slang of the university "Mossy Heads" (*bemooste Häupter*). As their attitude suggests, the blows are all directed at the head. The arm is held rigidly in the position indicated. The various cuts are delivered and warded by motion of the wrist. Bandages protect the neck, arm, shoulder and body from accidental injury. The seconds stand ready to intercept any unlawful "attack"—that is, any cut not permitted by the rules of the code. Where so much skill in defense is possessed by both parties, the encounter may pass off without injury to either.

Here we see two novices—"Foxes," as such greenhorns are called in their societies—doing themselves credit. The mental state of a "Fox," entered for his first duel, is described by our author with much appreciation: "He means to show himself a plucky fellow in the presence of his patron 'Mossy Head.' He can scarcely await the time of his first encounter. Secretly glowing with heroic purpose, he hastens to the field of honor; sees there his antagonist surrounded by a crowd of sympathizers; among the 'Philistines' who have crowded in, recognizes his own over-curious landlord. The surgeon unpacks his apparatus with dignified and earnest air, although, in fact, this surgeon is a practical joker and takes out ten times as many instruments as are necessary. The 'Fox' is taken aback, begins to feel uncomfortably, in spite of himself loses some of his previous confidence. A tremor runs through his limbs. The 'Mossy Head,' a connoisseur in 'Foxes,' marks this in his *protégé* and reproves him with a quieting look. The 'Fox' recognizes this, makes a show of pulling himself together, but for all that cannot prevent a slight weakness at the knees. At last the stiff leg-bandage, perhaps sticky with blood, is put on; his arm is carefully wrapped like a child in swathing-clothes; a heavy, thick pauking-cravat is tied around his neck, and the surgeon affects great solicitude. Of course, with all this, when the command 'Los!' is given, he has forgotten all the points and advice of his patron, and just hacks away blindly. What his opponent is doing—whether he guards or attacks—he does not know. What he himself is doing, he knows just as little, until there is a cry of 'Halt!' and the seconds interpose. Whether he or his antagonist has been hurt, he has no idea. In fact, while the thing was going on, he did not know whether it was day or night, for the blood which streamed over his eyes. While the surgeon is examining his head, he asks, with astonishment, 'Am I wounded?' The surgeon replies. 'And how?' Now, for the first time, he begins to recover from his excitement. While some of his friends support him and the surgeon sponges his head, cuts away the hair from the wound and puts on a plaster, he notices that his antagonist is being treated in the same fashion. Well content, he now gladly submits to the professional fussing about his head. The friendly patron then whispers to him, 'You have fought



THE DRINKING AND FIGHTING INSIGNIA OF THE JENA STUDENTS.



DUELING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.—"THESE, BANDAGED STIFF AS POSTS, STAND IMMOVABLY FACING EACH OTHER."

splendidly!' Smiling with delight, the 'Fox' gratefully presses his patron's hand."

Encounters like that which has been described take place by arrangement between the various fraternities, and are commonly tests of skill and pluck merely, in which the principals have often no feeling of hostility for each other. Bandages and the light, dull swords used reduce the danger to a minimum. These supply that element of excitement which in American colleges is offered in greater variety and more attractive form by athletic games. They are regarded as spectacles; many students, members of fraternities represented, attend the weekly exhibitions, for which a sufficient number of duels are arranged to keep the interest alive throughout a forenoon, or perhaps an entire day.

"BRING MYRTLE."

By Constance M'Ewen.

A number of letters were awaiting Colonel Haldane, Commandant of Newly, on his return from parade. He was unmarried, rich, and rather distinguished-looking. It will, therefore, surprise no one that he was accustomed to receive a great many sweetly scented, delicately monogramed, prettily worded letters from the various members of the fair sex with whom he was acquainted. Amongst the little heap which lay before him was one conspicuous for its careless handwriting and rough envelope. Oddly enough, this was the one he selected first for perusal. Scrawled on the lip of the envelope were these words: "*Bring Myrtle.*"

Colonel Haldane put up his gentlemanly eyeglass, and held his head a little on one side; he twisted his iron-gray mustache into a yet more poignant expression as he inspected those curious words: "*Bring Myrtle.*" Who was Myrtle? What was Myrtle? How many times he read and reread that message he was, perhaps, unaware. But it was useless. "Bring Myrtle" remained on the lip of the envelope, an unsolved enigma.

Slowly he opened the letter. It was an invitation to afternoon tea at the Whites'— people he knew slightly, as he knew so many in the heavily garrisoned naval and military town close to the barracks at Newly.

The letter was from Miss Florence White, who wrote in her mother's name.

He called up a vision of Florence White. Tall and stately, a girl with a mass of golden-brown hair, rolled off her forehead; a girl he had greatly admired, as one admires a serene and lovely landscape; a girl who made him feel provokingly "fogieish.' *Other* young ladies rattled away at him, as if he were a sub, asked him to play tennis with them, and treated him like a mere youngster. But *this* young lady had placed him, with due regard to his complexion, in a shadowy corner of the drawing-room on one or two occasions when he had taken "tea" there, and had introduced him to some deep-toned matrons, as if in that direction lay his natural bias; and now this stately young lady sends him a jocular postcript bidding him "Bring Myrtle!"

Colonel Haldane sat down in the comfortable red velvet chair which faced the Parade Ground, and commanded a fine view of the ever-companionable sea. The little rippling waves had an expression of infant smiles to-day, and the buoyant clouds were chasing one another like schoolboys on a common. How innocent and fair was the world of nature! He sat dreaming over his problem "Bring Myrtle" quite happily.

A knock with the knob of a stick on the door breaks into his reflections, and Captain Hilton enters with his customary off-parade familiarity.

"Well, old fellow, what's up? Sea and sentiment, eh? It's fatal to sit in *that* attitude, looking at the sea. What's up, I ask you?"

Colonel Haldane roused himself from his reverie with an effort; he gently tapped his left hand with the letter which yet remained idly between his finger and thumb.

"Jane!" he said, addressing Captain Hilton by his nickname; "Jane! what on earth does it mean when you receive a message from a young lady to '*Bring Myrtle!*'" and he handed the envelope to Captain Hilton.

Jane, who had a rolling eye and a rollicking smile, took the envelope daintily, and, after reading it, pressed it to his heart, and said, with a strong brogue:

"Why, man, it's a proposal! What do the ladies wear on their festal brows and twist about the flowing satin of their bridal gowns but myrtle? 'Bring myrtle,' I tell you, is a proposal—a *bonâ fide* proposal. I wish you every joy! She is a sweet girl, if a bold one."

Without a word, Colonel Haldane sprang, in a melodramatic manner, at the throat of Captain Hilton, and held him with a grip of iron.

"How dare you speak of Miss White like that? She is the most distinguished girl of my acquaintance. Apologize!"

Captain Hilton rolled his eyes with a ghastly appeal on Colonel Haldane, when the latter as suddenly relaxed his grasp, and said:

"Forgive me, Hilton; but really I—I object to such an unseemly idea."

"I beg your pardon, colonel," said Captain Hilton, stiffly; "I object equally to being throttled. Allow me to wish you good-morning!"

"Stop, my friend," said Colonel Haldane, confusedly; "I don't know what is the matter with me! I'm half asleep, I think. Sea and sentiment, as you said just now. Come, my friend! *Do* tell me what on earth Miss White means."

"Means?—something *green*," said Hilton, viciously; "but whether sprouting in a tub, after the fashion of the blossoming shrub, or done up in a glass case after the artificial mode, I know not. I wish you good-morning, colonel."

And with that he retreated to the mess-room.

"Blossoming shrub," murmured Colonel Haldane. "Bless his Hibernian wit! Eureka! Now I have it!"

And with that he sat down at his writing-table, and penned the following letter:

"Au Myosotis, 10, Avenue Victor Emmanuel,
"Menton, Alpes Maritimes.

"Send the finest flowering myrtle you possess to the following address: Miss Florence White, the Grange, Porterdown, Sussex. The myrtle must arrive on the afternoon of September the 7th, one week from this date."

Then Colonel Haldane rang the bell hastily, and told his man to post the letter. This done, he placed the note from Miss Florence White in the pocket of his frogged coat, and then proceeded to read the rest of his correspondence.

* * * * * *

The afternoon of the 7th duly arrived, and with a strange palpitation at his heart (a sensation which ought to have aroused his suspicions as to the exact state of his susceptibilities), Colonel Haldane drove up in his little hooded carriage, with the tiger jumping up and down behind, to the gates of The Grange.

"Here comes the pig in the poke," said the Felicity White, a younger daughter who was given to using her

brains in off-hand criticism. "If a man will drive a carriage with a hood, what is one to call him, but a pig-in-a-poke, you know? He is fidgeting at the gate most awfully, Florence; *do* come and look."

"I like that hooded carriage," said Florence. "*Le style c'est l'homme même.*"

And then she turned with ready grace to meet Colonel Haldane, who had just entered the room.

"Felicity and I were drawn to the window by the magnetical influence of your charming little carriage," she said. "I so admire your 'poke.'"

"Do you?" said Colonel Haldane, gratefully. "It is very kind of you!"

And then he looked steadfastly at Florence, absolutely blushing as he did so.

Florence, catching the glance interrogative, was arrested in her amiable intention of transporting him to the other end of the long, lone drawing-room, and introducing him to Mrs. Harlington, the rector's wife. This agitated gentleman did not look exactly in a fit state to be discoursed to about Winter blanket clubs and working men's clubs and friendly societies.

It's all very fine to talk about leading an unpuzzled existence, like Jane Austen; but *why* on earth did Colonel Haldane look at *her* with this unfathomable glance from his undeniably fine gray eyes? What did it mean? She fell away from him, musing, and turned the outward machinery of trite commonplaces on her greeting of the numerous guests, who were now rapidly arriving.

The Whites had just started a page, who answered to the ubiquitous name of "Tommy" and one of those specimens much adopted by ambitious matrons as an improvement on parlor-maids; a creature raw of the fields, with the expression of an animated turnip and brains to match. In the midst of a buzz of voices intermingling with the *frou-frou* of rich dresses, Tommy suddenly darted into the room, and made straight for Miss Florence White; carrying in his lobster-colored hands a book suggestive of the P. D. Company.

Colonel Haldane, from his solitary seat in the deep recess of the bay window facing the entrance to "The Grange," felt an awful sensation come over him. Was this the myrtle arriving? and had the Menton folk absolutely charged the carriage to Miss White? What should he do? He shrunk behind the deep amber of the curtains, then as suddenly emerged.

"Bring Myrtle!" these were her own words, and he made a violent rush across the room to her side.

"It's the myrtle," he said, breathlessly. "Allow me! The stupid people have made a mistake," he continued, incoherently. "The idea of charging the carriage to you!" And he threw a sovereign into Tommy's bashful fingers.

Miss White looked at Colonel Haldane with ever-enlarging pupils. He had returned lately from Egypt, had been indefatigable at the bombardment of Alexandria, had had an illness on his return, and she remembered hearing that he had been obliged to have his head shaved. She continued to look at him quite tenderly, as these thoughts flitted phantom-like about her.

"Thank you, Colonel Haldane," she said. "You have saved me the trouble of fetching my purse. This is a new boy—country manners, you know; he wants instruction!" and smiling pleasantly, she moved out of the room after the vanishing figure of Tommy.

In the round, roomy hall stood a huge tub matted up and bearing the name, "Au Myosotis, à Menton," etc.

"It's a flowering myrtle, miss," said Tommy; "the biggest, the carrier says, it ever fell to his duty to deliver."

"Fetch a pair of gardening scissors, Tommy," said Miss White; "and another time never venture to bring P.D.C. books into the drawing-room. Go to the housekeeper with that kind of thing."

Tommy took the color natural to him in yet deeper hues, and ran for the scissors. Miss White soon snipped the detaining strings, and gave way to a very natural delight as the starry blossoming myrtle was exposed to view.

"Very odd," she thought; "it's addressed unmistakably to me. Poor Colonel Haldane. What does it mean?"

Thinking again of the shaven head and the bombardment of Alexandria, she sighed a little pensively and a little compassionately, and returned to the drawing-room just in time to escape the entry of Mrs. Danvers, whose forest cart, drawn by a lovely pair of Welsh ponies, she saw turning in at the gates. That lady now entered, followed by her inseparable companion, a long-bodied, bow-legged, flap-eared, pedigreed creature, which rejoiced in the possession of seven prizes.

Florence immediately made a rush at the dog.

"Ah! you have brought Myrtle! I was afraid, when I saw you this morning, that you would forget, though I mentioned it in my note!"

Both ladies had moved in the direction where still sat Colonel Haldane, plunged in startled reflections, in the recess of the window. Was this long-backed, bow-legged, flap-eared dog the honored object of that message?

"Of course, I brought dear old Myrtle," retorted Mrs. Danvers. "I should suffocate at an afternoon if I hadn't a bit of natural life like that trusty Scotchman about me."

"*Now, it's explained!*" said a deep voice from behind the amber curtains, and Colonel Haldane came forward once more.

The hesitation of his manner had vanished; he was smiling serenely, and his eyes were fixed with an expression of perfect understanding on the countenance of Miss White.

"Bring Myrtle!" he continued, laughingly. This is Myrtle! Rival Myrtles there may be; but this form of Myrtle can't be improved upon!"

Again Miss White's pupils enlarged sympathetically. Worse and worse! Poor Colonel Haldane! she trembled for his reason. Not so Mrs. Danvers. Fixing him with her bright eyes, she said:

"What is explained? Confusion of circumstances?"

"Confusion of envelopes. 'Bring Myrtle' was scribbled on the wrong back—that's all," said Colonel Haldane.

With a sudden illumination, Miss White sank down beside Colonel Haldane in the recess, with a deep blush of mortified confusion.

"Does that account for the presence of the flowering myrtle in the hall?" she asked, after a moment of horrified silence.

"Yes. Charming mistake for me," muttered Colonel Haldane. "Give me an opportunity that I——" and he looked at Mrs. Danvers, who, with a finesse worthy of her, dashed away to the other end of the room to meet the extended hand of an apropos acquaintance. He went on smoothly enough now. "An opportunity that I wanted. Will you one day wear a sprig of that other myrtle for me, Florence?"

Miss White didn't say "No"; so she evidently intended to say "Yes."

HABITATION OF A LAKE-DWELLER.

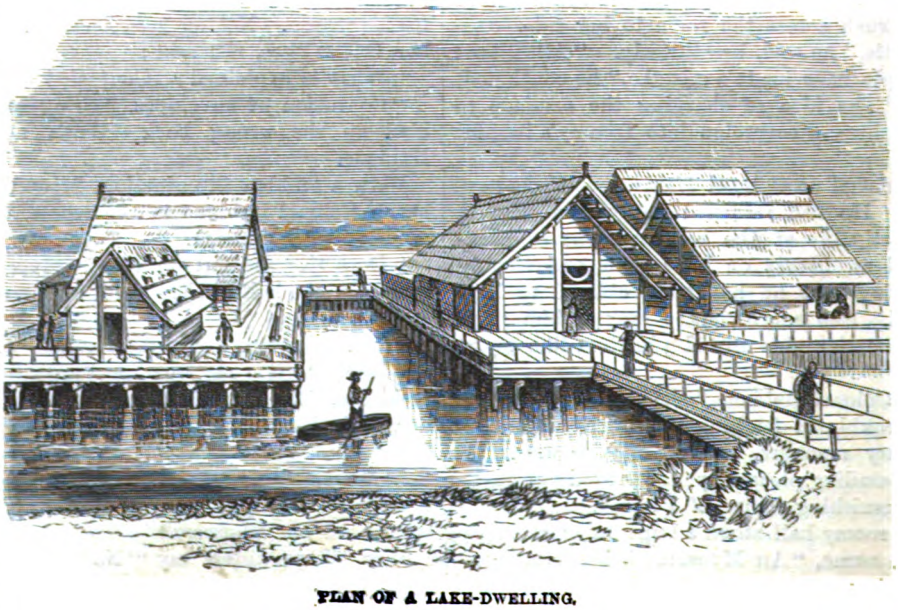
AMONG THE LAKE-DWELLERS.

By W. Seton.

Many centuries ago—not later than the very beginning of the Christian era—there lived in Switzerland a people who have been called the Lake-dwellers. But it is remarkable that neither Cæsar nor Pliny speaks of them; and it was not until the Winter of 1853-4, when the Lake of Zurich, owing to an uncommon drought, fell much below its usual level, that their ruined abodes were discovered.

Then, a little below the surface of the water, were observed a vast number of wooden posts, from eight to twelve inches thick, and standing in rows from one to two feet apart; while scattered over the muddy bottom, between the posts, were curious-looking objects, which, on being dredged up, proved to have been made by the hand of man. At once curiosity was awakened, and it was not long before similar discoveries were made in nearly all the Swiss lakes.

Evidently these posts had at one time supported little cabins, for the wooden frames of the cabins, as well as the platforms on which they had stood, were found buried in the mud.



PLAN OF A LAKE-DWELLING.

Professor Ferdinand Keller, of Zurich, a man whose attainments well fitted him to carry on the explorations, soon discovered that the Lake-dwellers might be classed in two divisions: those of the east and those of the west.

In the eastern lakes the settlements belonged to

A LAKE-DWELLER RETURNING FROM A HUNT.

what is called the Stone Age; in the western lakes they belonged to the Bronze Age, which comes down to our era, and finally merges into the Age of Iron. In the villages of the Bronze period the posts are better preserved than in those of the Stone period, which have rotted away almost to the level of the mud; while the bones, which had been split open for marrow, are the bones of domesticated animals. The reverse is the case in the villages of the Stone Age, where the bones are chiefly those of the stag and the roe.

In the Bronze Age, too, the sheep outnumber the goats; in the Stone Age, the goats outnumber the sheep. But no reindeer-bones have been found in any of the lake-settlements, for even at the distant epoch when the first Lake-dweller came to Switzerland, the reindeer, which had once roamed as far south as the Pyrenees, had already retreated with the musk-ox to the Arctic circle.

Indeed, the animal remains brought to light all belong to species which now, or within a few centuries, inhabited central Europe, with the single exception of the wild bull, which, however, was known in historical times. The wild mammalia, whose bones have been dredged up, are the bear, badger, common marten, polecat, ermine, weasel, otter, wolf, fox, wildcat, hedgehog, squirrel, field-mouse, hare, beaver, wild-boar, roedeer, fallow-deer, elk, steinbock, chamois, Lithuanian bison and the wild bull.

The domesticated animals are the dog, horse, pig, goat, sheep, and two kinds of cattle: one quite small and to which the name of marsh or peat-cow has been given; the other, very large and supposed to have been derived from the wild bull. The mud from about the posts of the Bronze Age has revealed objects of exquisite workmanship, made of bronze; such as leaf-shaped swords, daggers, spear-heads, knives, sickles, fish-hooks, pins, rings, bracelets, and occasionally a Roman coin; and in one of these settlements were forty bronze hatchets.

In this age, also, appear the remains of a large hunting dog, which had, probably, been obtained by barter from some other people.

But in the villages of both the Stone and Bronze periods, the bones of the hare are exceedingly scarce, which would seem to prove that the same superstition which prevails at this day among the Laplanders, and which, as Cæsar relates, prevailed among the ancient Britons, existed among the Lake-dwellers.

No doubt the reason which prompted the Lake-dwellers to build upon the water was to have greater security against wild beasts and human enemies. The trees selected for posts were the oak, beech, birch and fir. After having sharpened the posts at one end either with a hatchet, or by means of fire, they were driven into the bottom of the lake by heavy wooden mallets, which have been found in great numbers.

Owing to the sudden shelving of the bottom, the villages were never placed far from the shore, with which they were connected by narrow bridges. The posts supporting the platforms and cabins generally rose two or three feet above the surface, and were strengthened by cross timbers. The boards which composed the platform were secured to the framework with wooden pegs. Then the outer rows of posts were provided with a network of twigs, perhaps in order to keep off floating ice.

The dwellings were of rectangular shape, and plastered inside and out with clay two or three inches thick. The roofs were of bark or straw, and over the floors was spread clay mixed with gravel, so as to fill up the chinks. In the middle of every cabin was an open hearth, made of several slabs of sandstone. The largest cabin measured 27x15 feet.

It sometimes happened that the bottom of the lake was rocky, so that posts could not be driven down. In such cases the houses rested on artificial elevations of stone. The stones were conveyed to the spot in skiffs; and one skiff, which had been overloaded, was found by Professor Keller lying on the bottom with its heavy cargo.

At Pfäffikon a lake-village covering three acres was discovered in a peat bog. The peat was cut away, and now we are able to stand on the very floors of the dwellings abandoned thousands of years ago. This settlement belonged to the Age of Stone, and among the interesting objects brought to light in one of its little huts, were two perfect long-bows, very like the bows used by the South Sea Islanders. Some woven cloth, too, was found; also half a dozen melting-pots made of clay mixed with horse dung — a combination which molders still use. The melting-pots were provided with handles, and near them lay pieces of melted bronze and a lump of pure copper. But not another trace of metal was found in all this interesting excavation. Would it not seem as if here was a first attempt to make bronze by the Lake-dwellers at Pfäffikon? It has been suggested by Professor Keller that in this settlement we find ourselves on the borderland between the Age of Stone and the Age of Bronze.

But great was the surprise of archæologists to discover buried underneath this village at Pfäffikon two other villages, the first and second ones being separated from each other by a bed of peat three feet thick.

The Lake-dwellers both of the Bronze and Stone periods seem to have been an industrious, intelligent people. They dwelt in groups of families, or it may be that whole tribes dwelt together, ruled by a chief, or by the will of the community.

Caves opening to the south, and sheltered from the north wind by well-wooded hills, yet not too far from pasture and arable land, were the spots which they chose for their homes.

Labor among them was divided. They kept cattle, which were driven every night into stalls built over the water. They cultivated flax, which was spun into threads by spindle-whorls, and many mats and pieces of cloth have been found buried with the spindle-whorls in the mud. But no hemp has been found, nor any traces of domestic fowls. They cultivated barley, wheat and millet; but rye was not known, while oats appear only in settlements of the Bronze Age. Nor were the Lake-dwellers in want of fruit, for heaps of carbonized apples and pears, as well as the seeds of the raspberry and blackberry, have been dredged up, also many flat cakes of bread.

In one village skates made of horse bones were found; and knitting-needles, hairpins and fish hooks are plentiful in all the settlements.

The cat seems to have been unknown to the Lake-dwellers; but cats were probably not wanted; for rats and mice were not likely to trouble the storehouses built over the lake.

It would seem that this ancient people had a trade with countries on the Mediterranean, for in one of the lake-dwellings belonging to the Stone Age, a glass bead of a bluish white color was found. It is very similar to the beads found in the most ancient graves of Egypt. Some of the hatchets, too, are made of a stone known as Nephrite, which mineralogists say does not come from Europe, but from Egypt and Asia. It is strange that among the heaps of bones got from the mud of the lake-

villages, there are so very few bones of men. And as no burial-places have been discovered, it is a mystery how the Lake-dwellers disposed of their dead. Perhaps they were burned. This is the opinion of Troyon, a French writer.

While the presence of a few Roman coins proves that the Lake-dwellers were the same people known as Helvetii, and did not disappear until about the commencement of the Christian era, the best authorities cannot tell us how many ages back they date. The Bronze Age is believed to have begun from three to four thousand years ago; and beyond it comes the Age of Stone, when all implements and weapons were wrought of stone, bone or wood.

Professor Keller, who has given most study to the subject, says the oldest lake-dwellings probably do not reach further back than two thousand years before Christ. He likewise believes that the Lake-dwellers of the Bronze and Stone Ages were one and the same race, and were a branch of the Celtic population of Switzerland. From the beginning to the end of their existence they show a gradual, peaceful development.

But the very oldest of them did not see the last mammoth; and the rhinoceros and the cave tiger had likewise become extinct in Europe when the first little cabin was built over a Swiss lake.

"HOW THEY TAXED THE DOLL AT SCHANDAU."

By James Baker.

We had just swung alongside that charming little station, upon a glorious day in early Spring, when the Elbe scenery was at its loveliest, the cherry orchards on the sloping banks were white as snow with blossom, the pink of the peach and apricot-blossom contrasted with the green slopes of soft turf that lay beneath them, and the great piles of fantastic, mighty rocks were lit up by the tender leaves of the young birch-trees that opposed themselves to the sombre green of the stately, solemn pines.

The journey down from Utschen had made us happy with ourselves and the world; the glorious sunshine and pleasant river air, and all the sights of timber-cutting and raft-steering, were gently occupying our thoughts, when, at Schandau, we were rudely brought back from our pastoral and forest dreams of idyllic life by a strong force of nine men and officers coming on board, standing at the gangway to overhaul the baggage for contraband goods.

It was useless shaking our heads; portmanteaus had to be opened and everything turned out. One tall officer of, say six feet three, overlooked with stately dignity and through spectacles the proceedings.

We had nothing—no cigars, no spirits—and we laughed and shook our heads, as we could speak no German *pour le moment, bien entendu*). It is best to speak but English at these times—there is still a comfort in being an Englishman, and generally the fact helps one through these little worries of travel. But our head-shaking was useless; we might have new clothes, a new shirt, or even a pair of socks, and then "Victoria" would stint the representatives of the King of Saxony, and bear these new articles in triumph away untaxed.

Alas for them, we had no such articles, but one of our party had a long paper box.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the searcher, "what is this?" and touched it.

"*Poupée*," said the owner, abjuring German, but explaining in a French word that was near enough.

Our little party of three had just come through from Bohemia, where three dolls dressed in the brilliant Pilsener costume had been purchased; one of these had been left on board the steamer that had brought us on from Zeitmeritz, one at this moment was not, and one, the largest of all, but even then but a little one, was now pounced upon by this Saxon officer, dragged from her resting-place, and held up to the gaze of all the little crowd of passengers, crew and officers.

It was no good laughing or shaking the head; the doll was contraband, her dress was taxable, her shoes would be smuggled goods, her ribbons and her hair must be noted. We must go ashore and bring our portmanteaus with us; we objected by vigorous shakes of the head and shrugs immense of the shoulders, and laughingly, saying, "*Poupée*," all to no purpose, and as we would not bear the doll on shore, an officer of a lower grade was called, and he in triumph bore off the Pilsener doll; her eyes were bandaged, so that she looked helpless against the indignity. On shore they bore her, examined her thoroughly, and weighed her, and then the nine officers and men clustered round to insure full payment of the tax imposed. The doll herself was borne back to the ship by a stray porter, the officer not deigning to again carry it back now that it was taxed. The full sum of thirty-five pffenning was demanded, and a lengthy and complete receipt was handed over to the would-be smuggler upon his producing sufficient good coin of the German Empire to meet this demand upon his purse (of about eight cents).

The receipt ran thus, headed:

"Zollquittung.

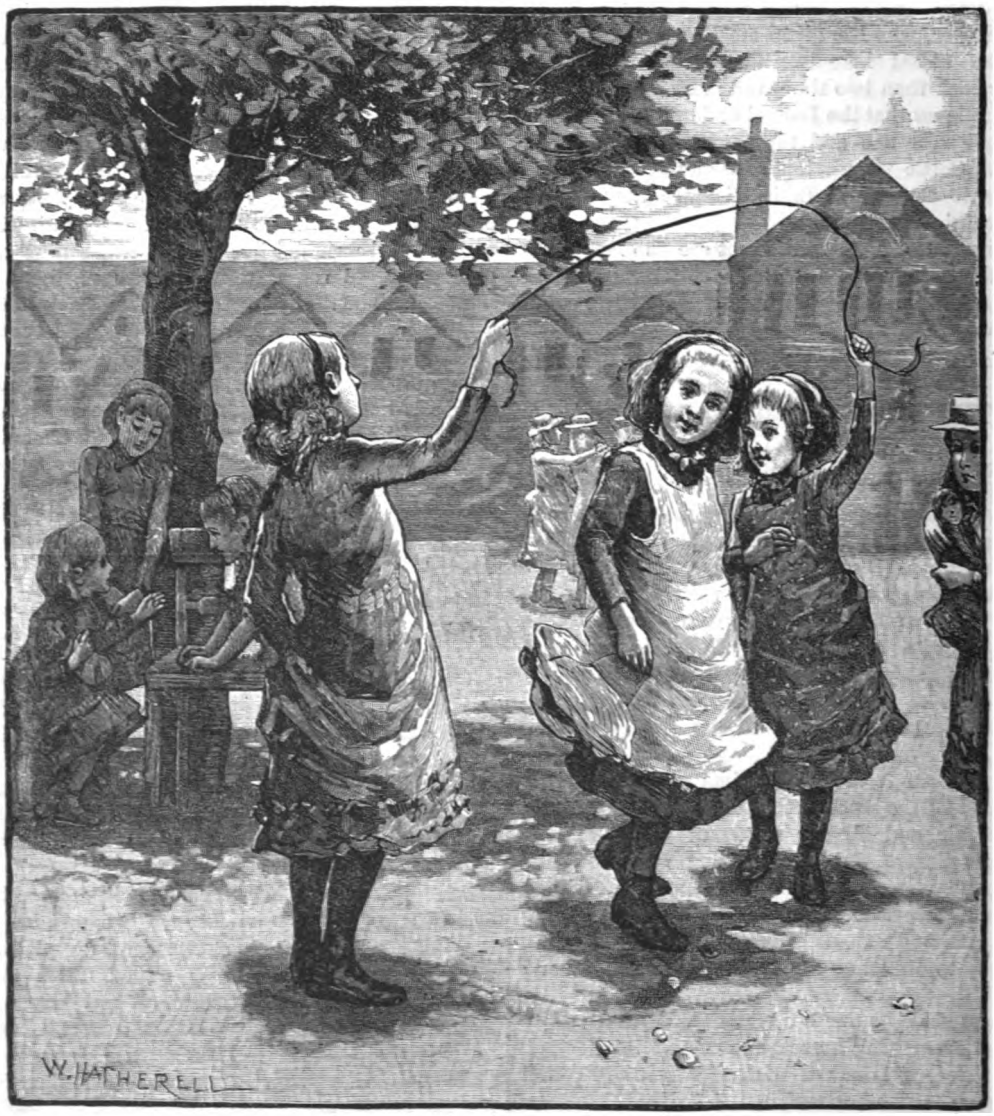
"To Mr. —— out of England, has on this day at the entrance customs discharged one packet containing a doll of woolen stuff in connection with leather (the doll's boots), weight 300 grammes, Payment 35 Pffenning. Booked in the Revenue Register under the number 125. Schandau, 25th April, 1884, Royal Head Customs. "Signed, Leutner."

Our friend paid the tax, the captain and crew breathed again, and went off to their posts to at last once again get under weigh. The passengers all settled down, the fore-passengers in awe of the strong force of the Zollamt, and the bell rang to swing off, but the last man to rush on shore was the porter who had borne back the doll from the weighing and taxing ceremony. He had been trying to extract some further pffenning for this service from these law-infringing islanders, but unsuccessfully. Out into midstream we swung, the whole force of the nine officers standing on the platform to see us depart; we laughingly waved them our adieux, chuckling that the doll that "was not" lay yet untaxed and unweighed in a well-searched bag. But we were heartily thankful to them for enabling us to enjoy this little farce of "How they taxed the doll at Schandau" for the small sum of but thirty-five pffenning, including the full official receipt as proof of our pleasure.

RESTRICTIONS ON JEWS IN RUSSIA.

It is generally understood that the Russian Jews are unenfranchised, and enjoy no political rights. But this is only partly true; and if the Hebrews were altogether unemancipated, as their co-religionists were formerly in other countries, the situation would be comparatively simple. As is is, they are free and not free, and their half-emancipation is their greatest grievance, for the sufficient reason that it subjects them to a whole series of police ordinances, capriciously enforced at the will of the

local authorities. For instance, the great mass of Russian Jews are confined to Poland. An exception is made in favor of traders, belonging to the First or Second Merchants' Guilds, paying respectively 800 and 200 roubles yearly for the privilege. To such Russia Proper is open. A short time ago, one of these merchants residing in St. Petersburg happened to lose his parents, and sent for his orphaned sister to come and live with him in the capital. As soon, however, as she arrived there, the police ordered her to leave the city within three days, since, being a Jewess, she did not enjoy the privilege of domicile there. In vain the brother protested and explained; there was nothing to be done. So he went and formally engaged his sister as a cook, notified the fact to the authorities, and in that capacity the young woman was allowed to remain, there being no local ordinance in St. Petersburg prohibiting a Jew from employing a Jewish cook. In another case, a young Jewess from Kischineff, having completed the necessary preliminary studies in the Gymnasium, came to St. Petersburg to enter the Medical College for Women there. As soon as her religion became known to the police, she received the usual order to quit the city within forty-eight hours. But having made up her mind to stay, in spite of the authorities, she boldly entered her name upon the so styled "black list" of the capital as an "improper character," and as such was accorded the privilege of domicile which had been denied to her as a repectable Jewess. Odder still was an instance coming from Kieff. Here, General Drenteln recently revived two old police ordinances, one that prohibits a Jew from employing a Christian servant in his house, and another forbidding any Jew from taking up his residence outside the limits of the city. It subsequently happened that the wife of a Jewish merchant was unable to tend her child owing to ill-health, and it became necessary to procure a nurse for the infant; yet, incredible as it may seem, it was found impossible to do this under existing Russian laws. A Christian girl was not permitted to serve with the Jews, a poor Jewess was not allowed to come to Kieff, and the child could not be sent out to nurse in the country, since the police order prohibited a Jew from living beyond the town limits. How the law of domicile is worked in the smaller towns and in rural districts, where every official spends five times his nominal income, and bribery is an institution, it is not difficult to imagine.



A REAL BIT OF SUNSHINE.

A BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON.—"THE HEAVY BOOK DROPPED FROM HER HANDS. HER EYES WERE DILATED, AS IF SHE SAW THE HORRIBLE SENTENCE EXECUTED ON HER FATHER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TWO FORTUNES.

(*From the French of* COPPEE.)

Two SISTERS with their arms entwined, there stand
Before a fortune-teller, bowed with age,
Who slowly turns with feeble, faltering hand
The cards prophetic, like a mystic page.

One dark, one fair, and both fresh as the morn;
One like the flower which blooms in Autumn late,
The other like to Spring's pale, sad first-born,
Together there they wait to learn their fate.

"In life, alas! I see no joy for thee,"
The gypsy said to her, the dark-eyed maid;
"Tell me, I pray, will he at least love me?"
"Yes." "*That* alone is happiness," she said.

"Love on thy heart shall shed no gladdening ray,"
The gypsy said to her with snow-white brow;
"Shall I love him at least? tell me, I pray."
"Yes." "Then for *me* that will be bliss enow."

A BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

MONSIEUR THIBAUD looked troubled. He was pacing the floor of his library uneasily, now and then stopping at a wide window that opened to the sunshine.

Outside, the garden lay full of fragrance and beauty. There was a serenity in it that might well steal with a benison of peace into a restless heart.

Beyond were quaint rows of poplars, and fields of corn and vine. A great shield of scarlet and golden flowers lay on the green lawn before him, blazing in the light. It was a copy of the Thibaud coat-of-arms, and shone with splendor to-day in its emerald setting.

There were other devices of the fantastic kind, showing that the gardener had a fertile fancy. Persian rugs were imitated in quaint arabesques of flowers in every hue, and laid about on the lawn as if just spread out there after having been wrought in wondrous fairy looms.

But Monsieur Thibaud did not glance at the marvels of his garden. He looked, instead, at the gleam of a silvery-white dress flitting in the green gloom of distant trees.

"I must leave it all," he said, gloomily. "There is no other way. I ought to have gone at first, but could not muster up courage."

He glanced about the handsome room as he spoke.

There were bookcases in carven woods, surmounted with Etruscan vases and *bric-à-brac*. The chairs were covered with dark leather and golden arabesques—everything bespoke wealth and taste.

More than all else he loved the room and all its belongings.

"How would the New World seem?" he thought. "I have taken root here."

He sank into his familiar chair, and rested his head upon his hand.

"It must be," he said, "for Marcie's sake. They tell us there is a happiness found in self-sacrifice. I have a good chance to try it now."

Once more he walked to the window and looked out. The silvery-white dress was nearer now—so near that he could see a blue blur—which meant the stephanotis at her bosom—against the slender outlines of a girlish figure.

"He is with her again. Madame Brissot is not there—asleep under a tree again, I suppose. My duenna is growing too old and fat for her duties. Ah, I see! She is waddling after them. Bah! but they had plenty of time to whisper those eternal vows. Poor Marcia, poor little girl!"

The object of these pitying words looked at that moment so radiantly happy, they seemed singularly inappropriate.

Her laugh, as sweet as any song-bird's note, was ringing on the Summer air. Her cloudless eyes, her fresh color, her bright hair, the girlish figure—all formed a picture that might have been labeled "Springtime," or "Joy," or any other name that typified the glory of the morning-time.

And yet this girl had suffered a great loss, but it was in her infancy. Her uncle had done everything to supply the place of the parents so ruthlessly snatched away.

The thought of them came sometimes with a tender melancholy; but her life lay in the sunshine, and she did not know the meaning of grief.

Gerald Lamballe, looking at her with adoring eyes that day, vowed in his heart that she should never know it. Ah, he had never proved the impotence of love! He felt so strong to guard and keep her for ever, if she would trust him.

"You torment me," he was saying. "Why will you not say just those three words—quick, the steam-tug will be upon us!"

By this name he rather irreverently designated the duenna—a lady with three chins and a tendency to what she called a reverie.

"When I close my eyes, my dear," she was wont to say, "I am living in my past. You see, *petite*, you have not come to my age, when the treasures of memory are all in all."

The young people were delighted at Madame Brissot's fondness for the past—it gave them such golden opportunities in the present.

"Poor Madame Brissot!" exclaimed Marcia. Do you think she ever had a lover?"

"Perhaps so," answered Gerald, "and she might have tortured him as you do me, till at last he deserted and jumped into a pond, and left her to become what she is—take warning!"

"Oh, Gerald!" cried the girl. "Imagine me weighing two hundred and living among the treasures of the past."

"Be warned in time!" cried the young man, taking advantage of a tree-shadow to seize the slender white hand and kiss it. "Say I may speak to your uncle, and ask him for your hand?"

"You should have begun with him," said Marcia, demurely. "You are all wrong. You'll have to do it all over again, and you a Frenchman, too."

"But my mother was American, so I must have inherited from her a liking for their ways. Say I may see him to-morrow. I think he will not object; family, fortune—all is right."

"Yes, you have so many, and I have none," exclaimed the girl. "I wonder where my relatives are. I must have some one besides Uncle Clement."

"Never mind. But, by-the-way, how were you saved when your parents were drowned—that was a miracle."

"I don't know. I will ask."

"You were saved for me, my darling. That miracle was wrought for me!"

"You must think you are of great importance in the economy of nature, Gerald," said the girl, with a gay laugh.

"Only because I love you," he said. "There are some love-sonnets in a book of my mother's I must read

to you some time. One ends this way, and expresses my meaning :

"'And what I *feel*, across the inferior features—
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself and show
How this great work of Love enhances Nature's.''

Marcia did not laugh any more. The young man's voice was too earnest, and there was a strange thrill in her own heart as she raised her eloquent eyes, of that bewitching tint which is said to be—

"Blue of things gray,
Gray of things blue."

to his face, But the panting just behind them stopped any word of hers, and Madame Brissot, with a face the color of broiled cranberries, stood by their side.

"This day is so like many unforgotten Junes of the past!" she panted.

"To-morrow," whispered Marcia, and the young man bowed and turned aside down one of the paths which led to a gate.

Marcia walked thoughtfully toward that open window, where Monsieur Thibaud was looking out rather wistfully.

"My dear," he said, ignoring the parting he had witnessed, "how would you like a journey ?"

He was surprised at the sudden paling of her face. He had thought he was nipping a love affair in the bud —he had no idea it had blossomed and borne fruit.

"A—a journey ?" she faltered ; "to Paris ?"

"No, to a New World, a land that offers everything to every one—vigor, new life, new opportunities, new chances for happiness."

"Oh, but this is home, and I am so very happy here. Must we go ?"

"We must go, I am afraid," said Monsieur Thibaud, very gently, seeing how the shock had swept all the light from the young face.

"Is it—is it business ?" said the young girl, in a low tone.

"Yes."

"Oh, if it is poverty, let us be poor here in France," cried the girl, "we will be at home, and not among cold and careless strangers."

"No ; it is not poverty," answered Monsieur Thibaud, softly.

"Then—I cannot understand," said Marcia, in a puzzled way.

"You will trust me, won't you, little one ?" asked the man, gravely. "You know I love you."

"Oh, you have been everything to me ; but, Uncle Clement, how is it that I have no one but you ? Did *you* save me when the ship went down ?"

"The ship ?" exclaimed Monsieur Thibaud, in a puzzled way.

"Why, you know, when poor papa and mamma were drowned. They *were* drowned, were they not ?" exclaimed the girl.

"Oh, yes ; yes, of course ; don't talk about it, dear—a sad time."

"But Gerald asked me how *I* escaped. 'Twas odd—a baby, you know. I couldn't save myself."

"Oh—a sailor—you know how kindhearted they often are."

"I suppose poor mamma put me in his arms, when she saw she could not save herself. I should like to see that good, brave fellow. Did you see him, Uncle Clement ?"

"I ? No——"

"Then he didn't bring me to you ?"

"Yes—yes, to be sure. I'm so full of other things to-night, that I am absent."

"And you rewarded him, dear uncle, I am sure," she said. "You are so kind and generous, and he told you, perhaps, about my parents' last moments ?—they went down in one another's arms. I am sure papa would be trying to save my dear mamma. Oh, how hard for them when they must have been so happy !"

"Dear Marcia, why bring up all those painful memories of the past to-night ? We have so much to consider just now."

"I am just like Madame Brissot," said the girl, with a faint laugh, "only I have no treasures of memory. I wish—oh, I wish I had some recollection of a sweet mother-face bending over me."

"Marcia, for Heaven's sake, stop !" exclaimed Monsieur Thibaud, starting from his seat and pacing the floor.

Marcia looked at him with surprise.

"She was your only sister. I know how you must have grieved !" Marcia said, slowly. "But I wish you could talk to me about her sometimes. I would be so glad to know her tastes. I want to be like her, my poor mamma."

"Oh, my Heaven !" involuntarily the cry came from the man, as if in intolerable anguish.

Marcia ran toward him.

"Oh, you are ill ! Dear, dear Uncle Clement, forgive me. Let me get you something—a glass of wine ?"

"Yes, I will take a glass of wine," he faltered, and the young girl went out to the great oak sideboard in the dining-room.

"It's very odd," she thought, as she took the heavy decanter in her hand, "that my uncle will never talk about my parents. I don't know anything except that they were drowned when I was six months old, and that my mother's name was Thekla Lemoine. I saw that in a volume of Camoens once that had fallen behind some great books in the library—'To my dear brother Clement, from Thekla Lemoine.' I suppose he gave me his name because he wished to adopt me and leave me his fortune. Ah, well, I will not agitate him any more to-night. How he must have loved her, if ever, after sixteen years ! Are you better, dear uncle ?"

"Oh, yes ; all right now," answered Monsieur Thibaud, seizing the glass. "The fact is—a journey at my age is an exciting affair."

"How soon would we be obliged to go ?" Marcia asked, her thoughts deserting the past and flying to Gerald.

"In a couple of weeks, if possible," he answered. "But we won't talk it over to-night. Go and dream over it, dear."

And Marcia, seeing that his face looked strangely haggard, did not venture to speak of her love-dream, or of the visitor who was to come in the morning, but we may be sure her visions were not of the New World.

She went straight through the ivory gate of dreams into a new Garden of Eden, where the trail of the serpent had never passed over the flowers. But, then, we know that garden was enchanted.

A strange shyness kept her from saying anything to her uncle in the morning, and she remained out of the way till she saw Gerald walking up the broad path.

When he was fairly in, she made her way to a certain rustic arbor that commanded a view of the front door. She thought she could read her lover's face aright long before he reached her.

"It makes no difference, nothing can separate us," she

AFTER THE BULL-FIGHT.— FROM THE PAINTING BY VIBERT.

kept saying to herself, but her heart sank strangely as she saw her lover's face.

In a moment he had taken her hand and was looking into her eyes.

"I cannot understand," he said. "He will not give you to me."

"But I will give myself," she whispered, with a wan smile,

"You cannot yet," he answered.

"But how can he object?"

"I don't know; only he is very firm. He is going to take you away—to America."

"Oh, I cannot—cannot go."

"It is so far," murmured Gerald. "If you staid here I might have hope. But, Marcia, promise, swear you will be true. The day will come when you can do as you like."

"I swear it!" she cried.

Her eyes filled with tears, and then — only a couple of golden butterflies saw the kisses that were showered on her face, and they were not at all shocked.

A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.—FELLOW-TRAVELERS—A SOLDIER, A PRIEST AND A PEASANT. SEE PAGE 615.

Very drearily Marcia began to make preparations for this strange exile, as she called it in her heart. Now and then her uncle tried to rouse some bright anticipations about the new life, but her joy seemed quenched, and she was very quiet and thoughtful.

The house began to look dreary and dismantled. All the costly knickknacks were packed in great boxes, the curtains were taken down, and all the dreariness of the flitting crept into the house.

One day—a particularly long one—Marcia went down into the library to get a book with which to while away the time. Her uncle was not there, and, glancing about, she saw a compartment of books open which before had always been kept locked.

"*Journaux des Tribunaux.* I wonder why uncle has them? Oh, he was a lawyer once. Perhaps he was in some of those trials."

Marcia put out her hand.

Was it Chance or Fate that guided it to one particular volume?

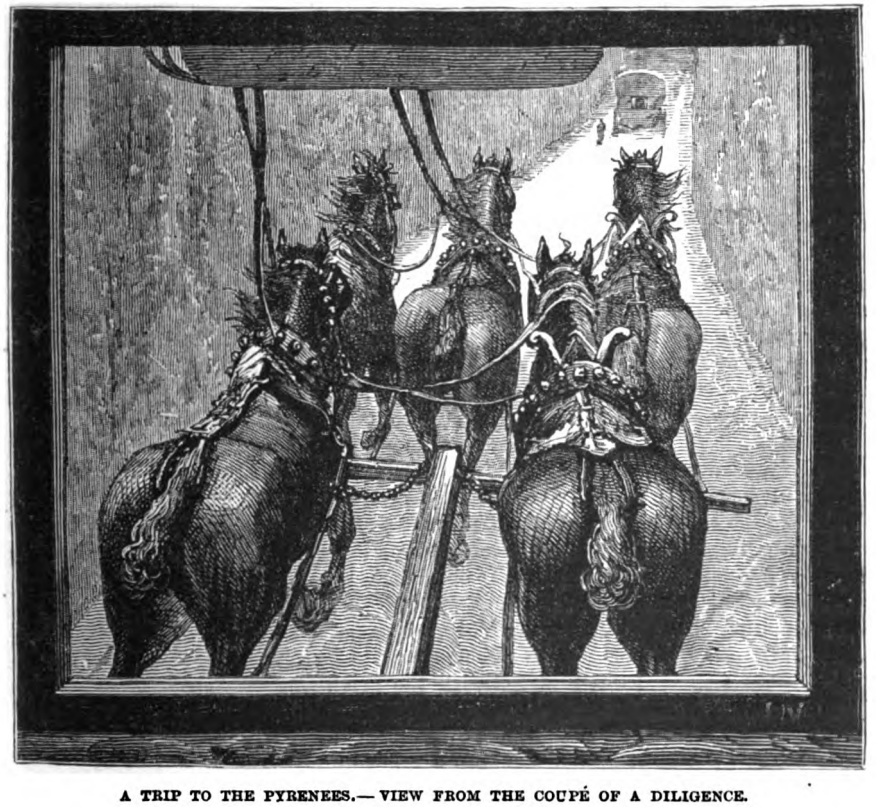
It was heavy, and she leaned it against the great arm of the chair in which she had nestled.

"'1856.' Why, that is the year in which I was born!" she said, as the date on the title-page met her eye.

Why did the book fall open at one fated page?

Marcia gave a low cry, and every vestige of color forsook her face. Her eyes had fallen on these words:

"The woman, Thekla Lemoine, has not the face of a murderess. Her hair, to be sure, is as golden as the Borgia's; but all the lines of the face are soft; the eyes, frightened and appealing, are blue as heaven. The mouth is full of curves. There are no hard lines such as evil passions leave."



A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.— VIEW FROM THE COUPÉ OF A DILIGENCE.

"My mother—*my* mother!" gasped Marcia. "Oh, have I found you at last—*here*—on trial for your life?"

She had frozen with the horror of it all; she still grasped the book mechanically, but there seemed no feeling in her hands or in any part of her body, save where something that had been her heart seemed alive with great throbs of pain.

But she could see well enough. Although the room seemed swimming about her, she could still read with horrible distinctness:

"*Cause célèbre.* The great trial of Paul Lemoine and his wife for the murder of Antoine Thurot. *Sang froid* of the man. Strange demeanor of the woman."

And Marcia devoured every word, as one in a strange and horrible trance. There was at first a concise statement of the circumstances of the murder, which we will give for the benefit of our readers:

"The accused, Paul Lemoine, inhabited a well-appointed *étage* in the Rue Taitbout. He is fifty years old, and made a fortune in the indigo trade. Notwithstanding his wealth, he lived in great retirement and without display. His wife, a pretty young woman of only twenty-two, gay and coquettish, resented, it seems, monsieur's dull life.

"At seventeen she had made a marriage of convenience, arranged by her parents it is said, compelled by them. She had not found a recompense for giving up a young man whom she loved for the elder *parti*. Even the promised lavish supply of money did not come. So, in bitterness and disappointment, she sought comfort with the man who still loved her.

"On a certain evening he came to the house. She had written for him. Her husband was on hand to receive him. The unsuspecting victim had walked into a trap. He was brutally murdered, and Paul Lemoine swears his wife was the accomplice.

"A note was in the victim's pocket, written in the wife's hand, and making this appointment. But her motive? The husband furnishes tha The lover had at last proved faithless. He was about to be married. He had not visited his old friend for a long time. Jealousy furnishes, therefore, the motive. Frantic at his loss, the woman plotted his death.

"It is a strange and unnatural murder; nothing so horrible has stained our columns for many years. How the body was found, how the crime was traced to its authors, will be shown in the course of the trial."

We have little to do with all the horrors through which the girl waded till she came to the end—to the sentence. She seemed to hear that thundering in her ears.

"Paul Lemoine, found guilty of the murder of Antoine Thurot, sentenced to the guillotine, June 28th, 1856.

"Thekla Lemoine, found guilty as accomplice, sentenced to imprisonment for sixteen years."

Starting up, the heavy book dropped from her hands. She looked like one distraught, her eyes were dilated, as if she saw the horrible sentence executed on her father—as if the cry of her mother, dragged away to solitary confinement, had reached her ears.

"She may be alive," she moaned. "Why—why—it is sixteen years now—now."

She spoke the words aloud, and started forward with a cry, when the door suddenly opened and her uncle faced her.

"What is the matter?—where are you going?" he cried, in alarm at her strange air.

"I am going—*to find my mother!*" she cried; but even at the words the poor girl felt the room swimming about her, and then all floated away into utter darkness.

* * * * * *

The volume lying on the floor, which Monsieur Thibaud recognized with an exclamation of horror, told the whole story. It had been the aim of his life to keep all this evil knowledge from the girl. He had given her his name; he was about to fly to America on her account. There, he flattered himself, her youth and beauty might avail to bring her love and happiness without the keen scrutiny of antecedents that prevailed in France.

He knew his sister would soon be set at liberty. He had never held a word of communication with her since the day of the sentence.

She was to him as one dead, but he had rescued the innocent child. He had devoted his life to her. He had made her happy, and now this frightful apparition from the past had come to wreck everything.

He paced his room unceasingly. He could not rest till Marcia came out of that deep swoon that seemed like death.

When at last they brought him word that she was better, he shut himself up and tried to rest.

The next morning a very pale and fragile-looking Marcia stole to his side and clung to him.

"You meant it all for the best," she said, faintly. "It was best that I should not know. But now that I do know, do you not see what I must do?"

"No, dear; I don't see," answered her uncle.

"I must find my mother."

"Oh, Marcia, my love—no! You mistake your duty. She is not fit——"

And then he paused. It was so hard to defame a mother to her child.

"I must see her—I must hear her! I would believe what she said. Courts are not always right," she answered, proudly. "And if"—with a heartrending sigh—"even if it were all true, it is sixteen years, and God may have changed her heart."

No pleading could change the young girl's determination.

"I will do all you ask else, dear uncle," she said. "I will give up Gerald—I must! He would not"—with a half-sob—"and I would not let him, if he would, disgrace his name. I will go to America with you, but I must see her. She, too, may find a home in the New World."

And seeing her steadfastness, there was nothing left but for Monsieur Thibaud to aid her. He could not let the young girl make her way about the country alone.

So it happened that on one bright June morning the two stood in that gloomy shadow which "blurs the sunshine half a mile"—the shadow of a prison.

Marcia shuddered as she looked at it.

"It is death in life," she said. "Oh, the other sentence was more merciful—to cut the misery short at once!"

"It is expiation for sin. You forget, dear," chided her uncle, "the prisons are not for innocent victims."

"And yet sometimes such are sent here," said Marcia.

She could not—would not—believe that her mother had ever been so deeply, darkly stained with sin.

"Wait here a moment," said her uncle; "I want a word with the inspector alone."

Marcia waited with terrible heart-throbs. How would this mother look? Was the golden hair turned to silver? the innocent, child-like blue eyes sunken and lustreless?

Monsieur Thibaud came back. There was a look of sorrow on his face, and yet a strange expression of relief was mingled with the grief.

"My darling! she is gone to the Judge who judgeth all men right," he said, gravely.

"Oh, uncle!—not dead?"

"Yes, my dear; and it is better so. How could she

have taken up her life again and found any sweetness in it?"

"And is there nothing—no word for me?" Marcia whispered.

"They tell me that she died with these words on her lips: 'I strayed into forbidden paths, but God is merciful and I have repented and expiated that sin; yet I never helped in that horrible crime. I am innocent of the stain of blood. As I hope for heaven, I am innocent! I pray that my child may never hear my name.'"

"Oh, uncle, you do believe her, do you not?" asked Marcia, trembling.

"I do, dear," he answered. "The journey has not been in vain, after all."

* * * * * *

Ten days afterward, as the steamer pushed off from Liverpool, and Marcia stood sadly glancing at the receding shore, a well-known voice thrilled her.

"Why, Gerald," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Going to America to visit my mother's relatives," he answered, with a smile. Then, in a lower voice: "Oh, Marcia, did you believe I could lose you?"

"But you must," answered the girl, in a shaken voice; "or else you will lose yourself."

"We shall see," answered Gerald, in a very skeptical tone.

And in time, when he had made his name in the New World, he heard the whole story, but held fast to his love.

"We will never go back," he said. "This New World is good enough for me, and they know nothing of the tragedy here."

"But you know," said Marcia.

"And I love you," he whispered, "and my love is strong enough to remove mountains."

THE TWINS OF LOCANA.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: "John and Jacob Tocci, the twins of Locana, who have been shown in almost every city of Europe as the successors of the famous Siamese Twins, are dying in the Prater. Their mother is a strong, healthy countrywoman. The boys resemble each other exactly, have pretty, delicate features, and are now in their tenth year. John and Jacob are separate as far as the sixth rib, and have one abdomen and one pair of legs between them. Jacob moves the right leg, John the left. The twins cannot walk, and keep their balance by lacing their arms round each other's neck. Jacob eats often and heartily, and is the healthier of the two, and to all appearance it is he who keeps his brother alive. Recently the twins quarreled over a toy, and John grew so excited that his heart's blood suddenly ceased to flow, and he changed to a condition of complete lethargy, from which he had not awoke on the following morning. The boy suffered from the same complaint a year ago in Berlin, and Professor Virchow then declared that a recurrence of the lethargy would certainly put an end to the twin's life. A number of Vienna physicians are observing the malady, but they entertain little hope for John's life, and if John dies, Jacob must follow him to the grave. The twins, as they lie in their bed, offer a strange contrast: Jacob with feverish eyes and a red face, seems to harbor all the blood that has retreated from John's lifeless body. The conscious boy cries incessantly, because he has often heard Professor Virchow's remark repeated, and knows that his brother's death is but the harbinger of his own. The poor creatures are meeting with the same fate that some time ago put an end to the life of the Siamese twins, the second of whom died of poisoned blood-vessels, after having spent six terrible hours with the corpse of his brother. The advisability of an operation separating the living from the dead brother was discussed at the time, but before a resolution could be taken death had done its work. The twins of Locana, who for the last eight years have traveled to all the world's shows, were to have left to-morrow for New York, where Barnum is said to have engaged them for a year at a salary of 30,000 francs. In the event of their death, the parents have sold their body to a London anatomical museum for the price of $40,000.

NOTE ON COCA.

COCA has increased very greatly in use during the last year, from the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of its alkaloid; and it has been found especially useful in ophthalmic cases.

There appear to be two very distinct varieties of coca, the Peruvian and Bolivian, each country claiming its variety as being the best. Each variety is divided into the wild and cultivated leaf. Coca from wild plants is larger and thinner, and is generally considered inferior, but of its inferiority there is much doubt. In Bolivia and Peru, from three to four crops of leaves are procured per annum. The women pick the leaves by hand, and in doing so are careful not to touch the top of the bush, for if this be touched by man or animal, "it withers and dries up."

The consumers of coca in Peru and Bolivia are the native races, and the habit must have descended from the times of the Incas, since it has been found buried with the ancient Peruvians, with the small earthen vase used to hold the lime of the coca chewer.

Few alkaloids are so sensitive to physical and chemical action as cocaine, and hence the percentage of active ingredient varies greatly in different samples of the leaves. "Leaves dried in damp weather, or pressed into the sacks before being completely dried, undergo a fermentation that destroys the cocaine. The destruction goes on gradually, until the complete disappearance of the alkaloid." In the new edition of the "British Pharmacopœia," just published, coca leaves are made officinal, together with the hydrochlorate of cocaine; and a preparation of this salt with gelatine and glycerine, in small disks, each containing 1-200 of a grain of the salt, is authorized. The coca plant blossoms profusely several times a year, but does not produce seed very freely. It is readily propagated from cuttings.

A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.

THE length of the portion of the Pyrenees running between the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, and forming the boundary line between France and Spain, is estimated at about 270 miles. The highest parts of the chain are near the centre, but only one summit within the French frontier attains an elevation of 11,000 feet. Though inferior in height to the Alps, and on the whole in grandeur of scenery, number of snowy peaks, and extent of glaciers, yet the Pyrenees possess peculiar beauties of their own. Their lower latitude gives a gowl to the landscape which will in vain be sought further north; nearly every rock is clothed with verdure, while

A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.— THE CASCADE AND GORGE D'ENFER.

their vast forests, not merely of monotonous fir, but also of oak and beech, afford to the eye a sea of undulating foliage. Lakes are almost entirely wanting, and here the inferiority of the Pyrenee mountains to those of Switzerland is most decided.

The Pyrenees are not nearly so well known to American tourists as they ought to be, although every year, no doubt, tends to bring this district into closer competition with its great rival, Switzerland. The great objection to the trip is the wearisome railway journey from Paris to Bordeaux. The most comfortable plan is to go by steamer.

We started from Pau, where we get our first glimpse of the Pyrenees, stretched out in a long line before us, with vague notions of the perils of our voyage, but were quite unprepared for the splendid, broad macadamized road, the numerous towns and villages, comfortable hotels, capital saddle-horses and handsome carriages, which we saw *en route*. Some of the diligences seemed by their appearance to be the old friends of our boyhood, which used to take two days and a night from Boulogne to Paris, but they are well horsed, go at a fine rate, and are cheap. We admit the cheerful feeling caused by being on the box-seat of a well-driven four-in-hand, but the downright intoxication of good spirits is to sit — no, you can't sit — to stand up in the *banquette* of a diligence, crane your neck over the driver, hold on tightly and watch the process of going down the fag-end of a hill and half-way up the opposite one.

Our coachman was the proprietor of all the saddle-horses that he wishes to let to his fare sitting behind him, so he took especial pride in showing what his cattle could do. Scorning to use the whip, he stoops forward as if imploring his seven little nags, and screams one long-drawn *hee!*

Away they go, all as hard as they can split; loose reins, ends of rope, flowing manes, and tails and heels, are all the beholder sees whilst clutching the seat, and as one glances at the sides of the road (a precipice of rocks with a torrent on one side and a wall of mountain rock on the other), one feels that no sensation like this can be obtained at home.

We should strongly recommend a party of four to do the regular round by hiring a carriage at Pau, and a pair of horses. Better still to walk, and send your luggage on before by diligence. A party of ladies might even take a walking tour here with perfect comfort, sure of meeting with civility from the country people, good roads and a comfortable hotel at night.

All through the French Pyrenees the routine is much after this manner: You have about ten or twenty miles of railway, jogging along leisurely, winding about the fertile plain, skirting the mountains by a good coach-road blasted out of the rocks, which winds about, following the *gave* or water-course; this for three or four hours, when you suddenly burst upon a little town, with its boulevard, and its *établissement* and sulphurous baths. You rest here for a few days, making excursions by bridle paths, on foot, or on horseback, then back again to the valley; a little more railway, another turn into the mountains, and another Eaux—something or other; or if you are a good climber you can take short cuts across the mountains instead of going back to the plain.

The guide, when dressed in his best suit, with scarlet jacket over one shoulder, crimson sash, buff waistcoat and dark velvet breeches, and heading a party of visitors, looks very picturesque as he strides along before the others and turns now and then to see how they clamber over the little difficulties. A friend thus describes his first sight of Eaux-Bonnes:

"In whichever direction we turn there are houses built into, and often forming part of, the mountain, resting on ledges of rock, like the aeries; but so cleverly contrived is the arrangement of the place, so admirably has space been economized, that there is a feeling of freedom about it, quite inconsistent with living in a bird's nest. Thus, with the mountain several thousand feet above our heads, and the Val d'Ossan stretching away for many miles at our feet, with rocks overhanging and tree-tops waving below, through which we can see below the blue sky, with scarcely a foot of level ground anywhere (save the Promenade Horizontale), with cascades and waterfalls almost at our windows, we find ourselves as comfortably and luxuriously housed as in any modern city. Looking down upon the Place from our hotel window on this bright sunny afternoon, it is the gayest scene imaginable; and we scarcely know which to admire most, the costumes of the fair riders who about this hour (5 P.M.) come flocking in, dressed in white riding-habits and scarlet hats; or their cavaliers in buff and green, like members of the Ancient Order of Foresters; or their dandy guides, in embroidered Spanish costumes, silk sashes and white stockings; or the gay trappings of their thin steeds, or the motley groups that stand about to see the arrivals."

A STORM AT EVENING NEAR EAUX-BONNES.

THE LAC DE GAUBE.

The Val de Lys, which may be easily reached from Luchon, derives its name from an old word signifying the number of its streams and waterfalls. After a pleasant ride through a wood of beeches and hazels, the gorge expands into a green valley, overlooked by lofty mountains, among which are the snowy peaks and glaciers of the Crabioules. The fir woods are streaked by the white lines of foaming cascades, the principal one of which dashes through a very narrow fissure, called the "Gorge d'Enfer."

The most interesting excursion from Cauterets is to the Lac de Gaube—one of the few mountain lakes in the Pyrenees. This lonely basin of green water is reached easily on horseback or on foot. On its edge one is startled to see an unmistakably English tombstone, which

commemorates the death of a young English barrister and his wife who were drowned there during their honeymoon.

"The Lac de Gaube," says Mr. Blackburn, "is a perfect mountain basin, the water being prevented from escaping into the valley by a natural granite wall which forms a sort of embankment at the northern end. From this point we obtain a grand view of the sand-covered Vignemale, reflected in the still water. The sides of the lake are steep and rugged, with black masses of fir-trees reaching almost to the water's edge."

In looking at the sketch of "Soldier, Priest and Peasant," our readers will bear in mind that as swiftness is only attainable on French railways by paying first-class fare, we often meet in first-class carriages very humble folks, because for some reason or other, they are in a hurry.

A MERCIFUL TIGRESS.

By Henry Nash.

I had been out for a day's snipe-shooting with my friend Jack O'Grady in some swamps a few miles from his estate on the Patchagheri Hills; but, after meeting with fair success, we turned our steps homeward early in the afternoon, as I was somewhat fatigued. Having only just come up from the plains on a short visit to Jack, I was not in good condition for walking; and though the excitement of the sport had enabled me to sustain an unwonted amount of exercise in the stiff ground that morning, my feet began to feel very heavy before we had accomplished half the distance back to the bungalow. In this plight, on reaching a shady spot by the side of a little stream, I proposed a short halt, to enable me to admire the grand scenery—as I said. Jack agreed to an "easy" for a quarter of an hour; but warned me that, having no desire to nurse me through a fever, he would not allow me to go to sleep—a refreshment I felt very much disposed to indulge in.

"If, however, you really wish to see some of the grandest scenery in the world," said he, "you could not find a better point than near where we are now. About two hundred yards further down its course this stream precipitates itself over the rocks; and from the edge of the cliff you have a view, on a clear day, extending for more than forty miles over dense forests, rugged cliffs and fertile plains as far as the Indian Ocean."

It required an effort for me to regain my feet; but, knowing the imprudence of lying down in the rarefied mountain atmosphere whilst in an overheated condition, I bestirred myself; and we walked together toward the point O'Grady had mentioned.

"Now, tell me," exclaimed O'Grady, as we stood on the brink of the precipice, "have you ever seen anything finer than this?"

"Never!" I replied, with enthusiasm; "though I have traveled on foot through the grandest scenery of Europe."

It was, indeed, a magnificent sight. The day was clear, though hot; and the slanting rays of the afternoon sun lit up the forest at our feet with a rich coloring only seen in a humid tropical country; whilst the immediate foreground was illuminated by a brilliant rainbow reflected on the spray rising in a cloud from the cascade, which fell sheer sixty feet on to the rocks below.

After gazing on the splendid panorama at my feet for some minutes in silence I was about to turn away, when an unexpected object arrested my attention, causing me to grasp O'Grady by the arm, while warning him in a whisper to observe silence and caution.

On a flat ledge of rock, about a hundred yards to the right of where we were standing, a magnificent full-grown tiger was stretched out asleep. It was lying on its right flank, basking in the sunshine, with its left fore-paw over its eyes, and was evidently quite unconscious of our proximity.

The ledge of rock on which the royal beast was taking its siesta might be about thirty feet below the level of the ground on which we stood, and as we drew back out of sight I whispered a congratulation to O'Grady on the grand prize thus placed in our grasp. I suggested that we should load with ball-cartridge, creep up to the edge of the cliff immediately above where Stripes was reposing, and then fill the marauding beast full of holes in the region of the heart, at which fatal spot we could fire at such point-blank range as to make an instantaneous kill a matter of certainty. To my surprise, however, he did not seem to sympathize with my proposition, and I thought my plan for deliberately "potting" even a tiger had shocked his sportsman's chivalrous instincts.

"You see," I argued, apologetically, "a tiger is such an exceptionally dangerous and destructive animal that I consider it is fair to destroy it when, where, and how one can. And in the present case to flush the game before firing will be to lose all chance of even a snapshot, as with one bound it will disappear in the dense underwood close to the rock and be no more seen, though you may hear of it again only too soon when some of your best cattle are lifted, or your lines are deserted by the estate coolies, in consequence of one or more of their number having furnished a light refection to his royal highness."

"No apology is necessary for your plan, my dear fellow," said O Grady. "In ordinary circumstances I should not hesitate about following it myself, as it would be a good thing for the planting district to exterminate these formidable brutes. But, strange as it may seem, I think in the present instance I may be morally bound in honor to let the opportunity go by. However, we will load with ball-cartridge, creep to the edge of the cliff as you suggest, and, if after seeing the animal at close quarters I should nod my head, we will shoot it dead where it lies. But if I shake my head we will quietly draw back without firing. Is it agreed?"

"Certainly," I replied; "though it seems strange to throw away such a chance."

I spoke with some irritability, as to have shot a tiger would have made me famous, and such an opportunity for bagging the first prize of an Indian shikarry's ambition was not likely to recur in my experience.

"It is hard lines on you to ask you to observe such a restriction," resumed O'Grady, "but I will give you my full reason by-and-by. At present, come on!"

Having loaded our guns, and seen that our knives were hanging free and ready to hand if wanted, we crept forward, making a circuit so as to bring us to the edge of the cliff opposite to where the tiger lay; and so well had we judged the position that on peering over we saw the animal immediately beneath us.

I raised my gun, and, with suspended breath, looked eagerly toward O'Grady for the preconcerted signal.

He paused a moment, and then shook his head.

I was keenly chagrined, but, of course, did not hesitate about respecting our compact, and without disturbing the sleeping beauty—for on near inspection the animal proved to be a tigress—we stole noiselessly back to the bank of the stream where I had originally proposed to rest awhile.

"Sit down, old fellow," said O'Grady, "and I will tell

you as briefly as possible my reasons for sparing that creature's life."

"All right, fire away," I replied, somewhat surlily, as I flung myself down on the grass; "only I must say that if her ladyship had seen us sleeping peacefully on a ledge of rock, as we saw her, I doubt considerably whether we should both now be numbered amongst the living."

"It is for the very reason that she and I have met before, and that quite recently, on which occasion she spared my life, which was completely at her mercy, that I now grant her boon for boon. One good turn deserves another, you know. However, listen; and if after hearing my tale you think you ought to shoot that tigress, I will not oppose you, though I will not fire at her myself, at least, not unless it should be absolutely necessary to protect your life or my own."

"Good!" I murmured, my equanimity being restored, "I am all attention."

"About three weeks ago," began O'Grady, "I had occasion to visit a neighbor's estate, about four miles hence on the Koprapalli Ghaut; and as my pony happened to be lame just then, I had to walk the distance. That, however, is a bagatelle to me, and starting about ten o'clock in the morning, I stepped gayly along, carrying nothing except a light Anamullay cane. As my visit was strictly on business, which I wished to dispatch as soon as possible, and be back again by six o'clock that evening at the latest, I thought it better to have no inducement to delay my progress either going or returning by stopping to bag any game I might chance to meet with, and, therefore, purposely left my gun at home.

"The Koprapalli Ghaut has lately been improved by the road being carried round the well-known Honeycomb Rock, instead of over it as formerly; and this work, though adding a little to the distance, has greatly improved the gradient. This new section has been blasted out of the face of the cliff, which has a sheer descent of nearly two hundred feet from the roadway; and rises fully sixty feet above it. I had gone about half way round this new cutting, and had just turned a corner in the road, when I came face to face with a large tigress, the same animal which we have just seen asleep. I will not attempt to describe my sensations at this undesirable *rencontre*. If you cannot imagine what a fellow's feelings would be in such circumstances, I am positive no words would convey a true impression to your mind.

"The tigress was evidently just as surprised as I was; and for about a minute, which seemed sixty to me, we stood and looked at each other, only about ten paces dividing us, which distance is, of course, a mere hop of a tiger. I momentarily expected the animal would crouch for its spring, and the thought of flinging myself over the parapet of the road into the abyss below once suggested itself to my mind. But that idea I instantly cast behind me, and resolved to trust to the tender mercies even of a tigress rather than hurl myself to certain destruction over the cliff; besides, I reflected that the tigress would not have much difficulty in making her way to the base of the rock, and eating my mangled remains at her leisure and pleasure.

"As, however, she did not crouch for her spring, but continued standing in the roadway, banging her tail about lustily from side to side, I began to wonder what she really did mean to do, and bit by bit I found the terror I was in began to grow less intense. I bethought me presently of various stories of the power which the human eye is said to be capable of exercising on the brute creation, and I quickly formed the resolution of attempting to mesmerise my tigress. Accordingly I glared at her with an expression of fierce hatred which was meant to strike terror to her heart, but only produced more energetic flickings of her tail, so that I speedily abandoned intimidation.

"I next tried surprise, and raised my eyebrows as if in astonishment at her jolly good cheek in blocking up the imperial highway; but the only notice she took of this demonstration on my part was to advance one pace toward me.

"This was a negative triumph for mesmerism; the power of my resolute eyes had moved the tigress, though in the wrong direction. By all rules of the mysterious influence she ought to have quailed before my gaze, and have slunk off cowed and crestfallen. But perhaps a further experiment might produce a better result. So, contracting my brow, I forthwith assumed a look of terrible anger, hoping thereby to convince her royal highness of the imprudence of pushing my forbearance too far. My look of displeasure she answered by advancing two paces, quick march, causing me to make a corresponding movement to the rear, which brought me to the parapet wall. Clearly I had not yet touched the right chord to tame that fierce nature.

"There remained conciliation; and wreathing my countenance into benevolent smiles, I beamed on the tigress as if wishing to convey my sentiments of admiration for her great personal beauty, and evident amiability of disposition. I hoped that as my antipathetic regards had attracted her, so my kindly aspect would, on principles of contrariety, repel her. But I was disappointed, as she immediately advanced three paces at the double. As I was already against the wall I could not back any further without going over the cliff, so I was compelled to leave the last move of the game unconditionally to Mrs. Stripes. I was fairly checkmated; but somehow, though I did not for a moment suppose my life would be spared, I began to grow very callous as to my fate. I speculated as to whether I should prove tender; whether my death would be avenged; whether I should be regretted by my neighbors. I wished I had made my will, and I remembered a host of little matters which I knew it would be most inconvenient to leave unsettled before I was eaten; but which must now right themselves or be shelved in perpetuity. If I were to write hard for a month I do not believe I could record all the subjects that crowded into my mind in those five minutes, during which I and the tigress stood face to face. One thing I had observed with satisfaction, which was that the terrible beast was not angry; but any momentary ray of consolation I might have derived from that circumstance was extinguished by the reflection that neither am I possessed by fierce and consuming wrath against a sheep, for instance, when I cause him to be slain that I may browse upon his muscles. I reminded myself that, after all, tigers must eat to live, just as much as man.

"Taking these philosophical views I continued to cast regards of absolute Pickwickian warm-heartedness toward the mistress of the situation, who presently sat down on her haunches, as if to consider what course she ought to pursue. At all events, whatever her ultimate decision with regard to my fate might be, she clearly did not mean to slay me there and then; and the relief of knowing the fatal spring was not to be made at once caused me to become quite gay and light-hearted. The strain on my nerves could be sustained no longer. Fear gave place to hysterical recklessness. I grew light-headed, and even laughed aloud; and presently mechanically putting my fingers into my waistcoat pocket, I

pulled out a packet of snuff which I habitually carry, and took a pinch. My nose being thoroughly seasoned, I did not sneeze; but the action evidently offended the tigress, and as if to say she would tolerate no such levity of conduct on my part, she got up and growled at me in a manner which caused me to drop the packet of snuff in great trepidation, scattering the contents all over my shirt-front.

"For fully a minute we continued to gaze at each other; and then the tigress advanced a pace.

"'Is this the h'end?' said I to myself, quoting Fanny Squeers; for though expecting to be instantly torn in pieces, I could not suppress my merriment.

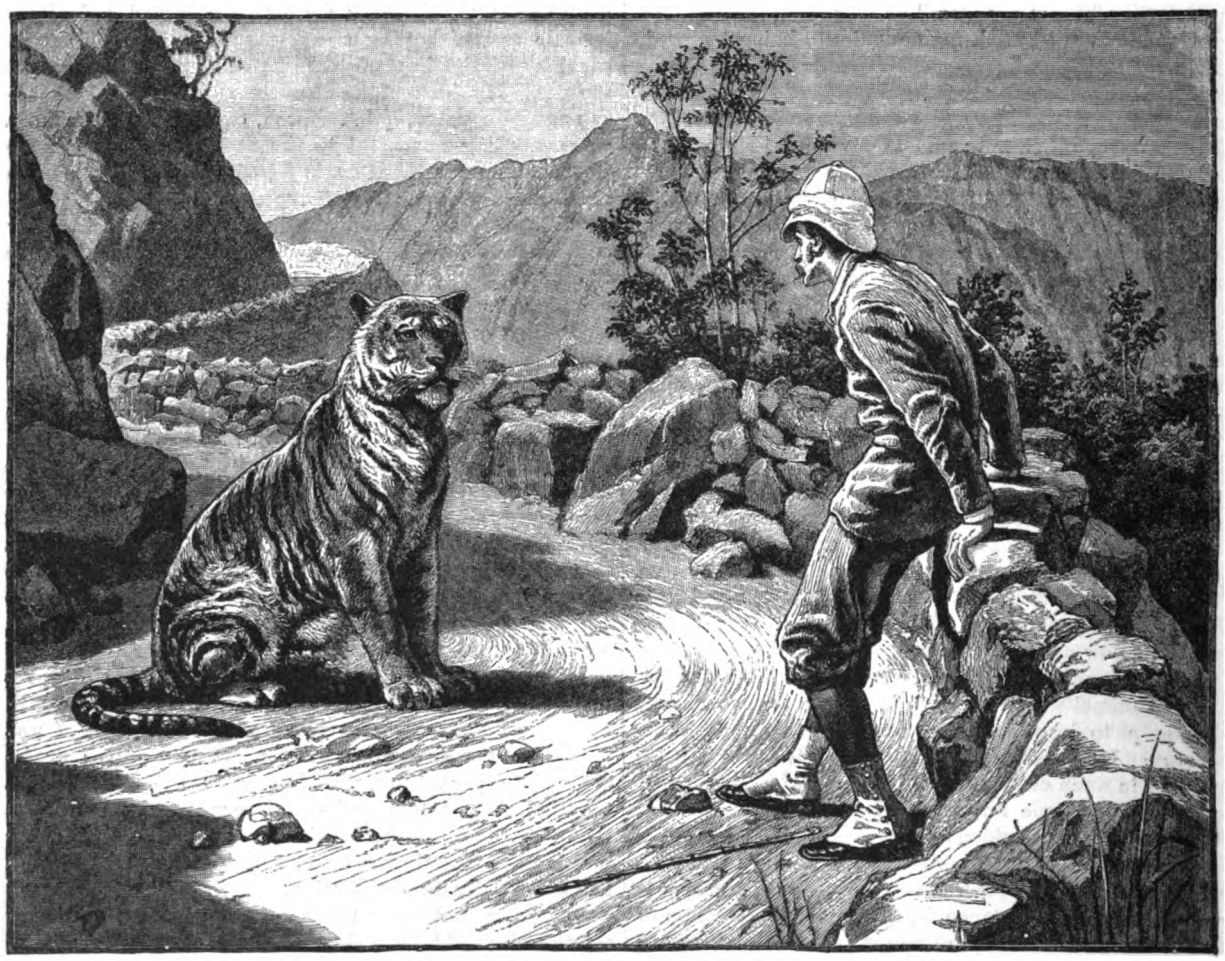
"Apparently the 'h'end' was at hand, as Madame Stripes took two more paces to the front. She paused for a few moments and then, still keeping her eyes on me, once more advanced, but not exactly toward me.

"Could it be possible?

"Yes; thank Heaven! she meant to pass me.

"I was almost delirious with excitement at this new phase of the situation, the possibility of which had, of course, never for one instant suggested itself to my imagination.

"On she came, with majestic pace, and had almost passed me, when she paused. I suppose my reason must have been temporarily unbalanced by the fearful suspense I had endured, or I should scarcely have done the act of madness I then committed. I raised my right hand, brought the palm down on her quarters with a hearty smack, calling out at the same time, 'Gee up, old lady!' The next instant I was knocked down insensible. On regaining consciousness I found I was hanging face downward over the precipice, and was being held up by my nether garment, while two hundred feet below me, I could see the mountain torrent rushing over great rugged boulders in its bed, to fall upon which would inevitably be to be ground to pieces. I had evidently been dashed against the parapet wall with such force as to carry it away; and I should have gone over the brink with it had not the tigress arrested my fall by seizing me in the manner indicated. My position was truly an alarming one, yet I could not help recognizing its decidedly ridiculous aspect. If the tigress let go I must perish by being broken on the cruel rocks; if she hauled me back on to the roadway, she would probably make a meal of me for my unparalleled impudence and folly in not letting her pass quietly when she wished to do so. Which course would she adopt to punish me?



A MERCIFUL TIGRESS.—"AS I WAS ALREADY AGAINST THE WALL, I COULD NOT BACK ANY FURTHER."

"After a few moments she lifted me up and deposited me face downward on the ghaut; and I expected instantly to feel her fangs rending a *biftèk à la tartare* from my quivering flesh. But she did not bite; and, whether from feminine curiosity or mere caprice I cannot say, she presently turned me over on my back with one of her paws, I lying as rigid as possible, and feigning to be dead. Then she yawned, and from under my eyelashes I perceived that my head would not be much more, comparatively, in that capacious mouth than a walnut would be in mine. While I was making this cheering reflection I felt her breath on my face.

"She smelled my hair, my cheeks, my mouth; and finished her examination by giving me a kiss, if a lick with a pliable nutmeg-grater can be so termed.

"'My dear,' thought I, on receiving this salute, 'you really ought to pay more attention to your toilet. Your breath is positively offensive. Try Fragrant Floriline, or some other aromatic dentifrice.'

"I had been spared so long, and had suffered so much anxiety, that dread once more gave place to recklessness, and I could jest even in the dire extremity in which I lay; but my jocularity was soon checked by my becoming aware that blood was trickling slowly from my chin where the tigress had licked me; her rough tongue having peeled off the skin.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

"Then I felt that all was up, knowing that the terrible beast, having once tasted my blood, would not be long ere she plunged her dreadful fangs into my jugular vein; and closing my eyes tightly, I resigned myself to the fate my own folly had brought upon me.

"Once more I felt her breath upon my face. She was smelling me over, as if irresolute where to make the first bite, when all at once the sniffing ceased.

"'Pwsstch!'

"A noise resembling the sudden blowing-off of steam from a locomotive engine made me open my eyes in astonishment. The tigress was standing by my side, rubbing her nose with her off fore-paw, and looking at me with an expression more of alarm and disgust than anger.

"'Pwsstch!'

"The noise reverberated up the glen again, and I perceived it was caused by the tigress sneezing. Sniffing me all over she had come upon the snuff I had spilled on my shirt-front, and her nostrils being unaccustomed to the pungent dust, she had received a violent shock to her nervous system.

"I lay perfectly still, and was presently overjoyed to see her walk away from me as if I were something too nasty for any decent, well-bred tigress to touch. She stopped several times to look back at me, as she strode with leisurely majesty up the ghaut; and I was careful not to move as long as she was in sight; but the instant she disappeared round an angle in the road I picked myself up, and ran as though Old Clootie himself were after me; nor did I stop until I reached my friend's bungalow.

"He and some other fellows had organized one or two beats for my tigress, but have seen nothing of her, and I thought she had probably left this neighborhood. However, we now know that she is still here, and I leave it to you, having heard how she spared my life, to decide whether you will 'pot' her as she lies asleep on the ledge of that rock."

"First of all," I asked, "how can you be certain that the tigress we have just seen is the same that you met on the ghaut?"

"My dear fellow," replied O'Grady, "if you had examined those royal features as long and at as close quarters as I did, you would not fail to recognize them again. Besides, you may have observed that our sleeping beauty will shortly become a mother; and the same condition was apparent in the animal which allowed me to go unharmed three weeks ago, so that I have no doubt as to her identity."

"It was the snuff which saved your life," I objected, being still reluctant to let the opportunity of establishing my reputation as a shikarry slip away.

"Perhaps so, at the last," answered O'Grady. "But even if she were not hungry, and had no appetite for *gigot d'homme au naturel*, she might have dropped me over the precipice, or broken my head with a mere pat of her paws. Remember the provocation I had given her, when she was willing to pass peaceably on her way."

I reflected for about a minute, and then gave my verdict.

"Let her live," said I, "for one good turn deserves another."

So saying we both arose, and walking cautiously to the spot whence I had first seen her, we once more admired her graceful form basking on the rock. Just then the hooting of a black monkey rang through the forest below, and the tigress awoke with a start. One bound carried her out of sight amongst the dense jungle, and even had I repented of my merciful resolution, it was then too late.

O'Grady and I kept our own counsel, but some Badagas, or hill men, also happened to discover the tigress's basking-place, which it seemed was a favorite spot with her kind; and they speedily sent an ounce of lead into her brain from an old matchlock, whereby they became entitled to a Government reward of fifty rupees.

Wishing, however, to secure the skin for myself, I offered the men an extra ten rupees and two bottles of arrack for it; the bargain was forthwith closed, and I became its proud possessor.

I have never had another chance of shooting a tiger, but I have never felt dissatisfied with myself for sharing O'Grady's chivalrous resolution on that memorable afternoon to give grace for grace even to a tigress.

BURIED IN THE RUINS.

An anecdote is told of a gentleman in Monmouthshire which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrrid, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses, and, among others, asked: "Whose is this antique mansion before us?"

"That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, the Earls of Pembroke of the second line, the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Ramsay, Cardiff and York, the Morgans of Acton, the Earls of Hunsdon, the houses of Ircowm and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort."

"And pray, sir, who lives there now?"

"I do, sir."

"Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice: Come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it."

The Telephone of 1664.—"As glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventors to improve our other senses, of hearing, smelling, tasting, touching. 'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having been already don ; and perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it more impossible though that furlong should be ten times multiplied. And though some famous authors have affirmed it impossible to hear through the thinnest plate of Muscovy glass, yet I know a way by which it is easy enough to hear one speak through a wall a yard thick. It has not yet been thoroughly examined how far Otocousticons may be improved, nor what other ways there may be of quickening our hearing, or conveying sound through other bodies than the air, for that is not the only medium. I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of a distended wire, propagated the sound to a very considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light; at least, incomparably swifter than that, which at the same time was propagated through the air; and this not only in a straight line, or direct, but one bended in many angles."—*Works of Robert Hooke, published in* 1664.

BONNIE BAIRNS.

THE lady she walked in yon wildwood,
Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
Were running at her knee.

The tane it pulled a red, red rose,
With a hand as soft as silk;
The other it pulled the lily pale,
With a hand mair white than milk.

"Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns,
And why the white lily?"
"O, we sue with them at the seat of grace
For the soul of thee, ladie!"

O, bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns!
I'll cleid ye rich and fine;
And for all the blackberries o' the wood
Ye's hae white bread and wine."

She heard a voice, a sweet, low voice,
Say, "Weans, ye tarry long"—
She stretched her hand to the youngest bairn:
"Kiss me before ye gang."

She sought to take a lily hand,
And kiss a rosie chin——
"O, naught so pure can bide the touch
Of a hand red wet wi' sin!"

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wildfire filled the air,
As that lady followed thae bonnie bairns
For three long hours and mair.

"O, where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown!"
"O lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown."

There came a shape which seemed to her,
As a rainbow 'mang the rain;
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.

"And O! and O!" said the younger babe,
My mither maun come in!"
"And O! and O!" said the eldest babe,
"Wash her twa hands frae sin."

"And O! and O!" said the youngest babe,
"She nursed me on her knee!"
"And O! and O!" said the eldest babe,
She's a mither yet to me!"

"And O! and O!" said the babes baith,
"Take her where waters rin,
And white as the milk of her white breast,
Wash her twa hands frae sin!"

THREE BUNCHES OF VIOLETS.

BY N. ROBINSON.

THE FIRST BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

GEOFFREY WHITCOMBE was one of those lazy fellows who wouldn't unbutton his frock-coat to look at his watch, if he could find anybody at hand to tell him the hour.

He had seen a lot of life—"the whole confounded thing"—and, if not actually tired of it, was living in that enervating atmosphere, half *dolce far niente*, half inanition, which surrounds the *blasé* man like an asphyxiating vapor. He was five-and-twenty, and, to use his own phrase, "considerably shelved." He had danced and flirted in every capital in Europe, had hunted with the Pytchley, fished in Norway, and yachted in the Mediterranean.

He had served in the army for three years, and had thrown up his commission in disgust because his colonel refused to extend a six months' leave to twelve. He wrote a novel that passed into a second edition, a poem inscribed to Swinburne, and a drama that saw the first night only. He had been in Parliament for a session, and had made one speech, which was noticed by the *Times*.

In a word, he had done a little of everything, had seen a little of everything, and had compressed in the years from eighteen to twenty-five as much ordinary life as most men are enabled to fold over at twenty-five.

In the palatial smoking-room attached to the Junior United Service Club, London, a group of warriors were sitting, lounging and standing, engaged in that most delightful of all occupations—to wit, gossiping.

Commend me to "a gentleman of the army" as a gossip; he knows everything, from the horse that's to win the Derby to the exact number of layers of pearl-powder upon the blushing cheeks of Mademoiselle Lafontaine, of the Alhambra; from the last clumsy utterance of the Duke of Cambridge to the delightful *mot* of pretty Mrs. Blackmore Denny; from the breakfast of the Tycoon to the cause of Jones's bankruptcy.

"I say, Geoffrey," cried a tanned old colonel, with a pair of grizzly mustaches hanging over his chin, like the ears of a tranquil rabbit. "I had a beastly scrawl from your uncle, Major Bottlebush, this morning."

"Ah! How is the old boy?" asks Geoffrey Whitcombe.

"All there, sir; end-on every time. He's smitten with America!"

"Is he in America?"

"Why, of course he is."

"He's due at Hawksly's for the cock-shooting."

"By Jove! sir, he resembles one of Kitely's notes of hand—he's overdue."

"Haw, haw!" from a chorus of warriors.

"What the doose took the major to America?" lisped a pink-faced cornet, with yellow silken hair, parted in the centre, and pasted upon a receding forehead.

"He went out with Jack Needham," replied the colonel, "whose uncle died in California, or Chicago, or Chimpanzee, leaving Jack no end of coin. Bottlebush says we're all asleep here, and that if it wasn't for this club and Fitzboddo's '34 claret, he'd stop at some place he calls Newport, where he spent the Summer and Autumn."

"He'll lose that shiny old scalp of his if he doesn't look out."

"I defy any brave to take it; there's not a hair between him and heaven."

"If I thought I should see him scalped I'd run over," laughed Geoffrey."

"You've not been to America?"

"Not yet."

"By Jove, sir!" lisped the cornet, "it's about as unsafe a place as the East End of London. Spotchby, of the Twenty-ninth, was there lawst year, and he saw more shooting than in the Abyssinia campaign."

"New York is a miserably small, dismal hole," chirped a raw lieutenant.

"Spotchby says it's a common thing to see a herd of buffalo dash down a narrow street they call Fifth Avenue."

"And he told me he shot a bear on Broadway."

"I've seen bears in Wall Street," chimed in a weather-beaten veteran, with a wink.

"What the doose does your uncle mean by prating about this Newport? Some backwood settlement—a few log huts and a monster hotel?"

"*Sabe Dios*," replies Geoffrey, with a shrug.

Master Geoffrey Whitcombe, as he sits in a lazy, indolent attitude, his body flung into the innermost recesses of the luxurious club-chair, his right foot upon his left knee, languidly whiffing a genuine Lopez, worthy the lips of the Khédive of Egypt, is a pleasing picture to gaze upon. Geoffrey is a *blasé*, aristocratic-looking man, appearing older than he is, with dreamy blue eyes, head worthy of a Greek statue, delicately chiseled nose, with a thinly carved nostril; ripe, rich, flashing mouth, the shoulders of an athlete and the hand of a countess. His light brown hair, parted in the centre, is smooth and satiny as a woman's, while he wears his mustache and beard in that fashion common when Henri of Navarre wooed and won La Belle Gabrielle.

"I shouldn't mind digging up that old fossil," he laughs. "I *should* like to astonish the major."

"Why not go, old man?" urging.

"Traveling is such a bore."

"Take a White Star boat, half a dozen French novels, a box of the same weeds you are smoking now, a double quantum of brandy-and-soda, and you will be in New York before you know that you are out of the Mersey."

"I'll toss it over in my mind."

"Go, Geoff!" cried a hussar, "and let us have a book on America. Fred Burnaby has ridden to Khiva, Cameron stumped Africa. You ought to do something in that line. *I've* been up Mont Blanc."

"Well, if it amuses you fellows, I don't mind. I'll take a turn at it."

"When will you start?"

"Let's see Bradshaw."

That wondrous guide, philosopher and friend, having been duly consulted, Geoffrey Whitcombe replied:

"I go now."

"To-day?" exclaimed several voices.

FELINE AMENITIES.

"LOOK, DEAR! THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND GOING INTO SUPPER WITH MRS. SCUDAMORE—A DANGEROUSLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. LET ME *warn* YOU!"

"HOW GOOD OF YOU! HOW I WISH HE WAS GOING INTO SUPPER WITH *you*, DEAR, INSTEAD!"

"Why not? I've one visit to pay in the West End, *et voilà tout*, and, like Sir Peter Teazle, I shall leave my character behind me in this howling school for scandal."

The visit Geoffrey Whitcombe referred to in so careless a manner was to no less a personage than Lady Maude Milwyn, the oldest daughter of the Earl of Crabstock, of whom he was the accepted suitor.

How it came about he never knew. He dined occasionally at the earl's at Grosvenor Square, had gone on a visit to Chester Towers, shot pheasants, played whist, flirted with Lady Maude to kill a couple of wet days, and returned to town an engaged man.

Lady Maude was tall, thin, pink and white, Roman-nosed, and a patrician to the tips of her nails. She regarded her engagement to Geoffrey Whitcombe as

THREE BUNCHES OF VIOLETS.—"SHE WAS SEATED IN A DEJECTED ATTITUDE UPON A LOW FAUTEUIL NEAR A GRAND PIANO, WHOSE EBONY FRAME FORMED A QUAINT BACKGROUND TO HER LOVELY FACE."—SEE PAGE 623.

one of those matters of business that will obtrude themselves into life, however distantly removed from the odious whirl of commerce.

Accepting the situation and the man upon two grounds —firstly, because the Marquis of Doosethorpe had jilted her, and, secondly, because she was—twenty-eight.

Plunging into a hansom, Geoffrey was whirled in the direction of the earl's residence in Grosvenor Square.

"I wonder will she get up any steam at my going off? Pshaw! It takes a long time to get up steam off ice."

A footman in gorgeous livery, and with his hair powdered, admitted Mr. Whitcombe.

Lady Maude was in one of the drawing-rooms, seated at a grand piano, engaged in trying over a difficult passage in the "Lohengrin."

"Is that you, Geoffrey?" she asked, without removing her hands from the instrument.

"Yaas."

"Anything new?"

"I was thinking of running over to America for a month or two."

"Ah! When do you start? Just turn over that page, please."

"To-night."

"Then you won't be at Lady Torchester's?"

"Cawn't."

"Fancy a dinner-party in November! *We* are only in town because of the Cabinet meetings. Mr. Disraeli doesn't seem to know his own mind—I beg his pardon, *Lord* Beaconsfield. The idea of letting such people into the Upper House!"

A few commonplaces, and Geoffrey takes his leave.

"Shall I hear from you, Geoffrey?"

She had ceased playing.

"Won't a newspaper do," Maude?"

"Certainly. *Sans adieux donc.*"

"*Adios.* You may as well give me that bunch of violets as a souvenir."

"I shall be very pleased," detaching them from her waist. "They are from the Towers, and grew right beside that moat that has not run dry for four hundred years."

"I suppose it's all right," he mutters, as he descends the stairs; "but, *per Bacco!* she doesn't seem to care a dump whether I go or stay."

THE SECOND BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

In a snug sitting-room in the Brevoort House sits Major Bottlebush, engaged in discussing fried oysters, a brandy-and-soda, and the *Army and Navy Gazette.*

Major Bottlebush, formerly of Her Majesty's Ninety-seventh Regiment of Highlanders, is a dapper little gentleman of a well-preserved fifty-five. His nose betrays tawny port and "bottled velvet" claret; his crop of hair becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, has dwindled into two well-dyed wisps which are carefully twined like a creeping plant around the base of his skull, and brought out over the ears, where they blossom into curls. His lip is adorned with a lumpy mustache, from which waxed, needle-like points stick out at either side. His eyes are blue, and, when he laughs, water copiously. His teeth are good, while his hands and feet are unexceptionable. He dresses his dapper little person in excellently well-made clothes. Take his toilet, as he sits in an easy-chair, in a snug little sitting-room attached to the Brevoort House—a black frock coat, fitting like a glove, a pair of bluish gray trousers, such as the officers of the English infantry used to wear, in the days of epaulets and swallow-tails; a black satin stock folded by himself, not one of these half-made, geometrically arranged scarfs wherewith the *aurati juvenes* of this fag-end of the nineteenth century love to decorate their manly bosoms, fastened by a black pearl pin. His boots are of patent leather, varnished in three coats, and his gloves of pale lavender. This is the story of the gallant major's dress from year to year; he never varies it; and the bleakest day in December, or the hottest day in July, will find him in the bay-window of the Army and Navy Club, attired just as we find him, this tenth day of December, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

"So Dick Manby gets command of the Fortieth? He's not fit to command an awkward squad. Blind as a bat and as deaf as an owl, beggad!" he mutters, glancing at the promotions. "Muldoon to be major! I wonder, is that the wild Irishman that served with me at Dum-Dum in the year '40?—Lord Bazing, the horsey, to be captain Tenth Hussars, *vice* the Marquis of Trenthorn, who retires. That's Geoffrey's old corps. What an ass Geoff was not to——"

"Not to what, major?" asks the individual in question, in his usual languid tone.

"The doose!" cries Major Bottlebush, jumping to his feet. "This *is* a start," shaking his nephew by both hands with great cordiality, exclaiming in a breath: "When did you arrive? What brings you here? How long do you stop? *Where* do you hang out? Take a B and S!"

"I came to see you scalped, major."

"It would take a clever brave to do it, Geoff," slapping his bald cranium; "but, no chaff, come out to see the country, eh?"

The major has a peculiar way of putting this "eh." It comes after his sentence like a jolt.

"'Pon my soul, I cawn't say what brought me here. The men of the smoking-room in the Junior seemed to wish me to come—and here I am—make much of me."

"So you knew I was in America, Geoff?" observed the major, splashing himself considerably in opening a bottle of soda, consequent upon the sudden and unexpected yield of a refractory cork. "Just like a woman," he mutters, as he wipes the seething froth from coat, cravat and trousers—"you never know when you have her."

"I heard it at the club; and may I be permitted to inquire, if it's not an impertinent question, what brought *you* here? Who's the woman?"

The major fidgeted a little.

"No, Geoff, I came over here with Jack Needham, who served with me in India. Jack's uncle died at Chicago, a pig-sticker, leaving Jack thirty thousand pounds. 'Come along, and I'll pay the whole infernal thing,' said Jack, and on these terms I have been as they say here, 'tearing round the block,' beggad. I've been to Newport, and imagined myself in the Isle of Wight. Why, Geoff, but their turn-outs there would astonish Rotten Row!"

"Ah!"

"I tell you, sir, we don't know this country on the other side. Beggad, I was prepared to meet red Indians on Broadway, and buffalo on Fifth Avenue. Spotchby said so, *con*found him!"

"It don't seem so very wild, after all."

"Wild! Why, hang it, Geoff, there's more cultivation, refinement, high-breeding, and what the swells call æstheticism, in this country than you ever dreamt of in your wildest philosophy. Such houses, such furniture,

such luxury, such women!" kissing the tips of his forefinger and thumb. "And dressed, by Jupiter, in better style, in better form, than the Parisians themselves!"

"This is soothing."

"I shall introduce you to-day, Geoff, to a roughish diamond, but a diamond, a Mr. Byecroft Smith. This Smith wound up Jack Needham's uncle's affairs, and handed over the coin to Jack. He is enormously wealthy, lives here in New York, in a palace on Fifth Avenue fit for the Shah, entertained us sumptuously—beggad, sir, he has a tap of claret such as the Prince of Wales hasn't at Marlborough House. And here comes the most important part of all. He has a daughter going a-begging with three hundred thousand dollars. That's, let me see, about sixty thousand golden sovereigns. Do you hear that—eh?"

"Yaas," with a yawn.

"What the deuce do you mean by gaping, sir? Why don't you exhibit some animation?" cries the major, fiercely, twisting the needle-like points of his mustache between his forefingers and thumbs.

"What interest have I in Miss Smith's sixty-thousand?"

"Simply that I mean to have old Smith hand them over to you with his daughter. You're just here in the nick of time. That's business—eh?"

"It looks very like it, and if you can induce old Smith to hand me the coin *minus* the lady, I shall say that you have been doing *very good* business indeed, major."

"I'm not chaffing, Geoff. It's the correct thing for English swells, and rich ones, like yourself, to come over here and fetch back a dollar-laden bride. I have arranged it all in my own mind. The course is as clear as the Derby."

"Have you arranged the day, the clergyman, the bridesmaids, the cake?"

"Sixty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at!" cries the major, emptying his tumbler.

"Miss Smith's young affections may already have been secured by another," dramatically.

"Cut the man out."

"Suppose I was ungallant enough not to like the lady?"

"Like! It's no question of like or dislike, it's business. Though, for the matter of that, she is likable enough. A Vestris in figure, an eye melting, sir—melting and flashing by turns. Mischief in every glance, and *such* a caressing glance! Attractive—I tell you, sir, she is going a-begging. No young fellow visits the house. She is cooped up as if in a convent, beggad! Smith wants a gentleman, and here you are, ready to step in and hang up your hat. The whole family is vulgar, doosid vulgar—vulgar, sir, as boiled mutton in July, beggad! Smith was a navvy, Mrs. S. a cook, but the girl is good enough, beggad! Come along. Turn into your best-fitting clothes, and we'll go up to Fifth Avenue, where I will present you in due form. Go in to win. Put on a lot of side, listen religiously to Smith, who, *entre nous*, is an infernal old bore, pay devoted attention to Mrs. Smith, who is a Mrs. Malaprop. I need not tell you how to act with the girl, and above all things wire into the claret."

"Major, I am bespoke," and, in a few words, Geoffrey Whitcombe informed his uncle of his engagement to the Lady Maude Millwyn.

"It's a pity to let sixty thousand pounds go out of the family—eh?"

"A crying shame,"

"'Pon my life, it's worse than a crime—it's a blunder. Smith's in *my* hands, so is Mrs. S., and Missy is in *their* hands."

"You wouldn't think of compaigning yourself, major? You've got to win your Waterloo."

"Have we any man in the family who wants sixty thousand?"

"I should say every man in the family would go for considerable less."

The major fiercely twists his mustache, coughs, regards himself critically in the mirror over the mantelpiece, coughs again.

"I'd like to drink '34 claret."

"Of course you would."

"And have a shooting-box in the Highlands."

"Rather."

"And a salmon-run in Connemara."

"I should say so."

"I'm not much over fifty."

"Scarcely off the line."

"Fresh, too, beggad!"

"As a primrose."

"India took very little out of me."

"Not a rupee."

"Beggad, it's worth thinking about."

"Plunge, major."

Once more does Bottlebush cling on to the ends of his mustache, once more does he survey his florid visage and sun-kissed gills in the mirror.

"I'll plunge, by George!" he exclaims, flinging his dapper little body back into the easy-chair, stretching his varnished boots out before him, and thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his pantaloons.

Geoffrey Whitcombe put up at the Windsor, where in due time he received a note of invitation from Mrs. Byecroft Smith, inviting him to meet his uncle at dinner upon that day.

"It will be rather good fun to see the major in the toils," thought Geoffrey, as he incased himself in those funereal garments which constitute *costume de rigueur*."

It was raining as he left the hotel, and the hacks had all been engaged.

"What a country! Not a hansom. How I miss my hansom," he thought, as he was flung into a passing stage.

"I beg pawdon," he muttered, helplessly scrambling to a seat, and clinging to the nearest object for dear life.

Right opposite to him sat a young girl of exquisite form, pale—very pale—face, lustrous eyes, rich red lips, and a vague, magnetic beauty that affected his senses like a delicious perfume.

She was attired in a sealskin sacque, a black dress, and a *piquante* Gainsborough hat. The indifferent light revealed all this, and more—the dainty handkerchief, which she occasionally put to her mouth, was stained with blood.

Geoffrey felt himself attracted to this girl in a strange, mysterious way.

He became fascinated; and when her lustrous eyes, shining out in almost unnatural brilliancy against her colorless face, met his, his heart throbbed in bounding, stifling beats.

She returned his gaze, wonderingly, as if seeking some explanation, searching her memory to recall him. Then, with something akin to a sigh of disappointment, she lowered the lids, while a vivid crimson flushed up to the roots of her hair.

"She is lovely! Such tenderness—such grace! That one inch of classical forehead! Ah, that cough!"

Geoffrey winced as she applied the handkerchief to her mouth.

He gazed at the long, sweeping, dark lashes that, willow-like, swept her cheeks; at the delicately chiseled nose, with its highbred nostrils; at the faultless form, which even the caressing folds of the sealskin could not conceal.

Who could she be? Why out in the cold, damp night, and with such a cough?

Ah, there it came again, hollow, harsh, wicked—torturing that lissome frame, bringing a thrill of anguish to that fair white brow, and crimson blood to those luscious lips.

Again her eyes met his.

His was the respectful gaze of a pilgrim upon a worshiped Madonna—honest, earnest, pure.

Hers that of an ailing child — innocent, grateful, tearful.

Would he address her? Dare he? And this man, who had risked his life in forcing a conversation with a princess in a royal palace at Naples, hesitated ere opening his lips to a fragile girl in a Fifth Avenue stage. He was about to beseech of her to avoid the night-air as much as possible until her cough had disappeared, when she raised her hand to pull the strap.

Anticipating her, he grasped it, nearly jerking it from its fastenings, and, plunging to the door, over the feet and legs of irate and indignant passengers, stood in the mud of the roadway, ready to assist her to alight.

"Will you permit me?" he said, extending his hand.

BONNIE BAIRNS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 623.

"Oh, thank you very much!"—uttered in a voice low, musical, inexpressibly sweet.

As she sprang to the ground, a bunch of violets, that had been fastened in the bosom of her jacket, fell on to the step of the stage.

Geoffrey, quick as lightning, seized upon the flowers, his first thought being to restore, his second to retain, them.

"A sweet *souvenir*," he thinks, "even if I never see her again," and as he hastily thrust them into his breast, in the pocket-book then reposing over his heart lay the bunch of violets given to him by Lady Maude Milwyn at parting. Did he think of them now?

The fair *incognita* stepped gently upon the sidewalk, and ascended the steps of a palatial dwelling.

"I shall find out if she lives here," mutters Geoffrey; "and, cost what it will, I shall make her acquaintance. I *feel* that I have come face to face with my destiny."

The door opened, and in the blaze of light he saw the charming outlines of her figure revealed almost magically. She turned round. Was it to seek for him? And, at the thought, the blood dashed through his veins with a wild and startled joy.

The door closed again, and all was dark.

"I wonder what street this is?—I shall ask."

A policeman came along of whom he made the inquiry.

"This is Fifth Avenue."

"Do you know who resides in that house?"

"This one, right here?" pointing with his club to the mansion which the young girl had entered.

"Yes."

"That's Mr. Byecroft Smith's." With one bound Geoffrey sprang up the steps.

There is Destiny, Fate, *Kismet* in this. What would be Miss Smith's surprise upon seeing him? *Was* she Miss Smith? What did it matter—she was in that house—and, with a soul full of expectation, of yearning, of a wild, joyous champagne-in-the-blood sensation, he gave his hat and coat to the servant, and was duly announced in the drawing-room.

The major, who had arrived before him, presented him to his hostess, a fat, red-faced lady, with very staring eyes, a bulbous nose, a vast, expansive smile, and hair done in small wavelets around a great mound of forehead, *immortelles* laid upon a white slab.

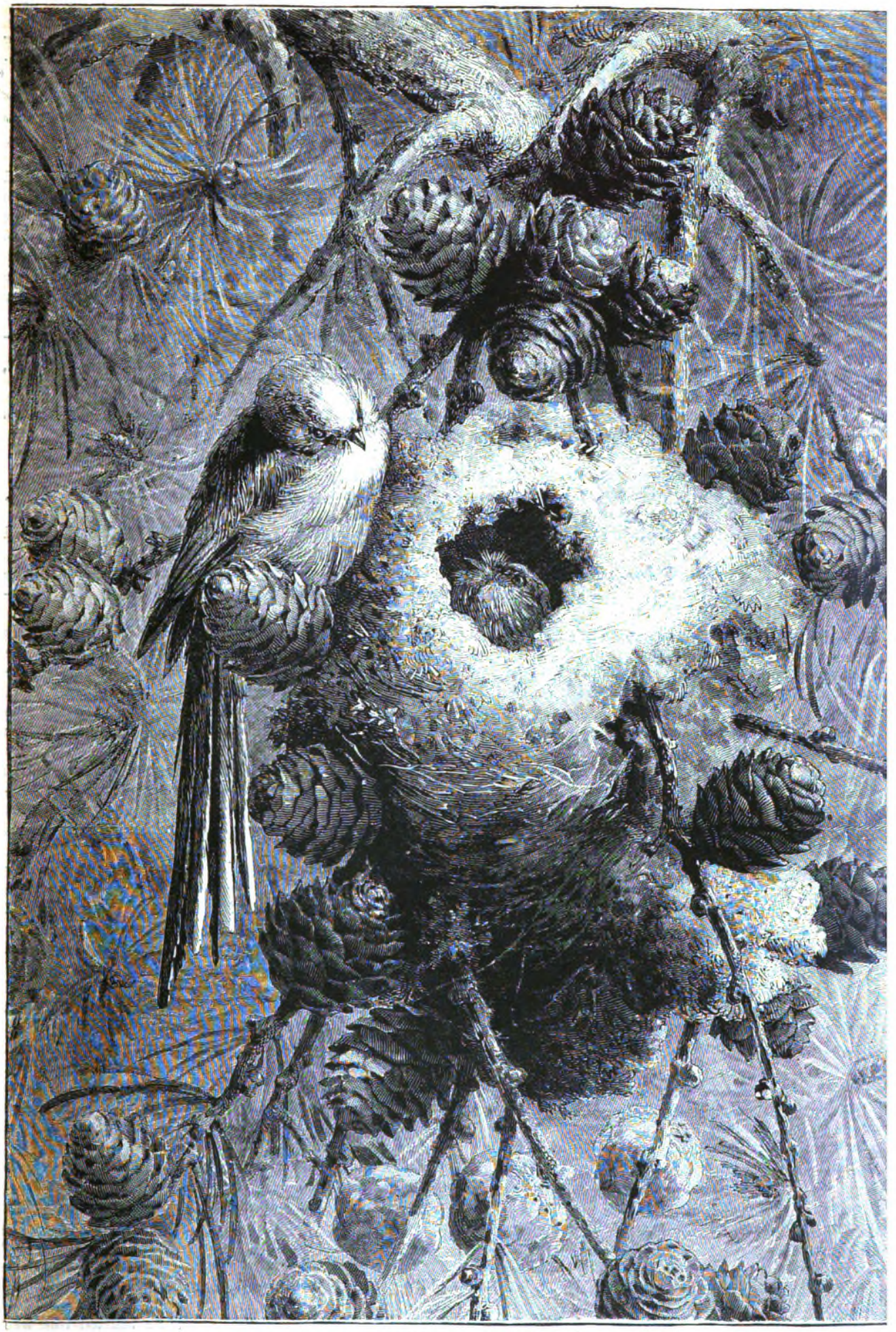
Mr. Smith was a huge, unwieldy man, with a small, sharp, cunning eye, great shaven plains of cheeks, terminating on a greasy-looking chin-tuft: a navvy in broadcloth; a navvy in the huge, hard hands and filthy nails; a navvy in manner, language, gesture.

He had "struck ile," in wondrous and divers ways, piling up the almighty dollar until the mere monotony of amassing wealth became embarrassing. It may appear strange to the impecunious, but there is such a sensation as the embarrassment of riches.

"Good heavens!" thought Geoffrey Whitcombe. "Can that fair flower have come from such a stem as this!"

"Glad to see you, mister," exclaimed the host. "The major here's been spinning yarns about ye. When did you come across? Will you smile afore supper?" tossing a sausage-like finger, adorned with a great gold ring, in the direction of his cavernous mouth, unctuously smacking a pair of lips as thick as those of a negro's.

"You've come at an inclement season, sir," observed



NESTED AMONG THE PINE-CONES.

Mrs. Smith. "Colds and guitars is plenty. My tonsure was oxidized quite lately. I feel quite reverberated in frost. Frost in this country is the grand desidarium. I think if it was always frosty, I'd live to be a centurion."

"What's keeping supper?" asked Mr. Smith.

"*Dinner*, Mr. Smith!" exclaimed his wife with a majestic frown.

"Well, I guess you may call it anything you like, so as I see it. And where's Jiggie?"

"Susan Eleanor is completing her twylett."

"She's a precious long time about it."

"Don't vilify your daughter. I assure you, Mr. Whitcombe, when Mr. Byecroft's Smith's dinner is retained, he's as bad-tempered as the autograph of all the Russias."

Geoffrey's heart beat fast when the rustling of silk announced the approach of the daughter of the house. Yea, even her surroundings had not broken the spell that was upon him.

"Violets grow near earth," he thought, "and pearls are not less white because of their birth."

The great tall door opened to admit a very small, very snappish-looking young lady, attired in the richest possible toilet, and in the worst possible taste.

He face was short, her nose *retroussé*, devoid of that piquancy which the "tip-tilt" claims as its heritage; her eyes light "chaney" blue, no eyebrows worth mentioning, lips molded after the richness of her sire's, and a very well-to-do figure.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Susan Eleanor, this is Mr. Whitcombe, of London"; adding, *sotto voce*, "A real nob."

Susan Eleanor cast a languishing glance at Geoffrey, who stared at her in silent horror.

Where was the fair young girl whom he had encountered in the stage? What cruel trick of destiny was this?

"Poppa is going to take me to U-rope next Fall," said Miss Smith. "Ain't you, poppa?"

"If I can find the stamps," laughed her parent.

At this moment dinner was announced.

"Link the old woman, as it's the real chew. You, major, take my gal. It's all darned——"

"Poppa!" exclaimed his daughter, in a tone of horror and astonishment.

The dinner was profuse; the silver was profuse; the flowers were profuse; everything new, from the napkin to the saltspoon; a perfume of varnish pervaded the apartment.

The Eastlake furniture bore the appearance of being still in the upholsterer's.

The quantity was enormous, the hard-breathing servant-girl stumbling over it at every step. Pink ice-cream portraits adorned the wall, chocolate doing duty as human hair.

"Will you take broth, Mr.——"

"Soup. *Potage*, poppa!" interposed Miss Smith.

Geoffrey was on thorns.

"Is this your only daughter, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith's mouth being very full, she nodded assent.

"Have you any nieces?"

This was a delicate way of approaching the subject nearest his heart.

A negative shake of the head, the hostess being engaged in worrying the drumstick of a chicken, holding it in both hands, like a flute.

"I saw a young lady enter this house just as I came in."

"You didn't see no *lady*. That's Miss Flossmore, my daughter's governess."

"No lady?" thought Geoffrey. "God help the poor child! Such hands to have fallen into! What soul-torture!"

"She's a Southerner. Her father was bu'sted in the war. She comes of a fine posterity. They were at one time as rich as Creosote."

"She seems delicate."

"That's the worst of it. She's always coughing, and we can't get the value of our money out of her. She's kinder well-educated, but there ain't no stamina in her teaching. Her knowledge is only supercilious. She has a voice, if it could be brought out, but the minute she begins to sing the cough comes at her. I'm afraid she got a confirmed assiduity on the chest. I'll make her sing to-night, though."

"No, no; for Heaven's sake, no!" said Geoffrey, entreatingly.

"What's Mr. Whitcombe so earnest about, mamma?" asked Miss Smith.

"He won't let me ask Miss Flossmore to sing for us to-night."

"Why?" with a snap.

"I don't know."

"I hear that singing affects Miss Flossmore's cough, and——"

"Oh, never mind her cough, Mr. Whitcombe! I'll settle *that*. What is she paid for?"

"Clever gal, major. Takes arter me. Minds the stamps," delightedly whispered the host to Major Bottlebush.

Geoffrey was disgusted—utterly so. He could make every allowance for vulgarity, ill-breeding and purse pride, but the tone of the Smith family, with reference to the hapless lady whose misfortune should have rendered her sacred, and whose presence was the one redeeming influence in that *parvenue* mansion, was simply brutal.

He was silent during the remainder of dinner, and at an early hour, asked permission to ascend to the drawing-room, leaving the major with his host over a claret that, under other circumstances, would have woven its own spell.

She was seated in a dejected attitude upon a low *fauteuil* near a grand piano, whose ebony frame formed a quaint background for her lovely face. She was attired in a black costume up to her white throat, a Puritan cambric collar falling low upon the dress, back and front; great cuffs of the same encircling her wrists.

She started when he entered, coloring violently and pressing a hand that Canova would have coveted, against her bodice. He strode straight over to her.

"Chance," he said, "has been very gracious to me, Miss Flossmore," and then he stopped. This *blasé* child of society, to whom rose-colored words for women came at beck of will, was brought to a dead stand-still. His ideas seemed to dry up; every faculty becoming merged in that of sight.

That look into her violet eyes caused his heart to take one backward beat. His fate was sealed.

"You should cure that awful cough," he murmured, at length.

She shook her head, sadly.

"I fear it is the truest friend I have on earth," she said, unutterable sadness in her low, musical and sighing tones.

"For God's sake, don't say so!" he blurted out, like a big schoolboy.

She regarded him half-timidly, half-curiously.

"I know," he went on, "that it may appear strange, rude, bad form, in me to speak in this way, but I—that is—have you not felt sometimes, Miss Flossmore, as if you had known people for years, when you've only met them for two minutes?"

"I felt as if I *ought* to have known you this evening," she replied, coloring to the roots of her hair.

Miss Smith, who had been posing over a photograph-album all this time, in the full expectation that Mr. Geoffrey Whitcombe would have rapturously joined her, as in duty bound, suddenly exclaimed:

"It ain't nice to be whispering, Miss Flossmore, is it?—especially to a gentleman you don't know!"

"Miss Flossmore and I are old friends," boldly interposed Geoffrey.

"Is that so?"

Mrs. Smith, who had been taking a post-prandial nap upon a neighboring sofa, suddenly came to her senses, and, rolling off her temporary couch and on to her feet, requested the governess to sing.

"Do not ask her, please," pleaded Geoffrey, as the poor girl prepared to comply.

"Oh, but *I* will, though," snapped Miss Smith.

Geoffrey saw that there was nothing for it but to conciliate the daughter of the house—a jealous, spiteful creature, who would merely resent as a slight to herself every word he might bestow upon the poor orphan girl who was now passing her hands over the piano with a touch of exceptional brilliancy and marvelous delicacy.

"I can't put on too much side," he thought, as he commenced a most outrageous flirtation with the delighted Susan Eleanor.

Once or twice he turned toward the piano, always to find the violet eyes gazing at him in a mournfully fascinating way that impelled him suddenly to stand up, to walk to the instrument, and to utter, in a low tone:

"Miss Flossmore, when can I see *you* again?"

For an instant she hesitated.

"I—I—do not know."

"I *must* see you."

She looked up at him, angrily, fiercely. What did she see in his eyes that caused her to lower hers, as she murmured, "I am always here"?

"Must I come *here?*"

"Well," with a bright smile, "I should suppose so."

"I have something that once belonged to you."

"To *me?*" in intense surprise.

"Yes, and I *do not* mean to make restitution"—producing, as he spoke, the bunch of violets.

She half-reached forth her hand for them.

"Let me keep them," he half-whispered, "I shall send you a double-barreled bunch to-morrow."

"I love the violet," she said. "It is nature's perfumed *Ave Maria.*"

Miss Smith, who resented any attention to the governess as a slight to herself, now came forward, and, rudely brushing Ada Flossmore from the piano, proceeded to indulge in a vivid display of chromatic fireworks upon the instrument, to the intense admiration of her father, who bellowed in stentorian accents:

"Go it, gal; pitch into it," and, rapping Geoffrey on the back with a blow that caused him to reel again, "guess I posted them stamps well as I piled upon top of her eddication."

Geoffrey Whitcomb *had* met his destiny—had come face to face with his fate.

A new joy had entered into his life, an undefined ecstasy, a glorious burst of vivifying sunlight.

His heart had never beaten thus until this moment.

He thought of Lady Maude, and winced. Should he stain his soul with the deep shame of a loveless marriage?—barter truth, honor, life, liberty, his soul's independence, for an idea?

No. Love had come to him with a wild leap, as a magnificent revelation, and he would go with the sheening tide.

"Well, isn't she a nice little girl?" asked the major, as they walked down Fifth Avenue together, the stars throbbing overhead in the dark-blue vault.

"Nice? She's simply perfection."

"Fine eyes, eh?"

"Marvelous."

"And to think of the sixty thousand pounds!"

"Good-night, major," said Geoffrey, coldly.

They had been speaking at cross-purposes.

As he strode up to the Windsor, it seemed to him as if life and the world were new again—as if a new force had set the warm blood racing through his veins—as if the very air he breathed had a magical power!

"I shall win her, make her my wife, take her to Italy, and in the balm of that delightful clime kill that fearful cough!"

How strange and new seemed that wondrous prospect of happiness, like a sudden break in a leaden storm-cloud, filling all the world with dayshine!

THE THIRD BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

THE following day and the next he called at Fifth Avenue.

Susan Eleanor was always "on hand," but of Ada Flossmore he saw nothing. She was only pretty well, he was informed, in a tone implying a sense of commercial disappointment.

He sent Miss Flossmore an enormous bunch of violets by a trusty messenger, who gave it into her own hands, and who was well rewarded for the trouble.

Geoffrey was invited to dinner, and eagerly accepted the invitation, in the hope of meeting her.

But it was not to be. Miss Smith entertained him with *scenas* from Italian operas, Mrs. Smith with a "choice derangement of her epitaphs," and Smith *père* with a choice collection of anecdotes in connection with running an "ile mill out West" where "there warn't no ile at all."

It was Thanksgiving. The major and he had been invited to Smith's.

Geoffrey met them at church, trusting to find Ada at the service, but he was doomed to disappointment.

He asked to see her.

"She ain't here."

"Not here?"

"No. She was complaining that bad that we sent—we let her go away."

"Where is she? What is her address?" he asked, stifling his feelings by a supreme effort.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Smith, with an impatient toss of her head.

"*Who* can tell me?"

"Some of the servants, I guess."

"Have I your permission to ring?"

"Here's Maria. Say, Maria, where's Miss Flossmore boarding?"

"She ain't boarding nowhere. She's rooming in 29 East Twenty-second Street."

"You ain't going, Mr. Whitcombe?" exclaimed Susan Eleanor, casting a languishing glance at him.

"Going! My regret is that I should ever have come into contact with such low, ignorant, contemptible creatures as your father, your mother and yourself!"

And, scarcely according the amazed young lady the courtesy of a bow, he strode from the house.

It was not a polite speech, but there are moments when the conventionalities must stand aside to allow passage to the hot utterances of the heart.

When Geoffrey Whitcombe reached Twenty-second Street, he was informed that Miss Flossmore was very ill, and that the doctor was at that moment in attendance upon her.

"Those cursed brutes have murdered her!" Geoffrey muttered, as he took his seat in the hall in order to intercept the physician in his exit. "Yes, they have dismissed her with a week's wages like a servant," he thought, bitterly — "they, who were not worthy to touch the hem of her garment."

A grave-looking man descended the stairs.

"Your are Dr.——"

"Rawdon."

"How is Miss Flossmore?"

"She may live till morning, but I doubt it."

Geoffrey staggered as if smitten by a heavy blow.

"Great God!" he gasped, "is there no hope?"

"None, sir," was the calm, incisive reply.

His senses reeled, a mist swam before his eyes. His heart ceased to beat, save at hideous intervals. It was too ghastly. He could not, would not realize it.

Then on earth there was no such future as he had dreamed of—his dark path must be trodden alone. And yet the man's earth-born nature clung to earthly hope. The chalice was too bitter to be drained at a single quaff.

She would recover — she *must* recover. Youth was by her side, and its brave young hand would thrust aside the mystic vail of death. He would obtain the best medical aid; he would watch over her, cherish her. All his desires were now bounded by the hope of her speedy recovery. He longed with a wild longing to clasp her to his breast, and carry her away to some serene haven of secrecy and loneliness.

"Can I see her?" he asked in a faint, low tone.

"Are you a relative?"

"No; and I will tell you more, doctor," in a fierce, odd way; "I never saw Miss Flossmore, but once."

"The poor child seems friendless."

"She is *not* friendless, sir," he burst in; hastily adding: "Dr. Rawdon, you will place me under a lifelong load of gratitude, if you will permit me to see her."

"*Now?*"

"Yes—oh, yes, *now!*"

"Remain here," and the doctor ascended the stairs.

"The young lady is mighty bad, intirely, sir," said the tender-hearted Irish servant, her eyes filling with tears.

"And this poor creature can see that she is a *lady!*" thought Geoffrey, bitterly, "while those gilded brutes could only treat her as a slave."

The doctor was absent for some little time. A bell rang violently. The servant rushed up-stairs. In a few seconds she flew down past Geoffrey.

"What is the matter?" he cried, a cold, nameless, numbing fear at his heart.

"Don't ask me," was the response, in a storm of sobbing.

"Could the supreme moment have arrived?

Geoffrey Whitcombe ascended the stairs, his brain throbbing. Upon the third flight a door stood open. Noiselessly he entered, his very soul in suspense.

There, upon a little bed, white as the driven snow, lay Ada Flossmore, her eyes closed, her lips slightly parted, her soft brown hair falling over the pillow in a glorious cataract. Her tender hands, folded across her bosom, clasped a bunch of violets—the *violets* he had sent her.

IN THE GUARD-ROOM.— BY MEISSONIER.

A NOBLE SAUSAGE.

THERE formerly existed a custom amongst the butchers of Königsberg, in Prussia, of drawing through the streets of the town on New Year's Day, to the sound of trumpets and drums, a sausage of gigantic dimensions. One of these remarkable processions is thus described: "On January, 1st, 1601, the butchers of Königsberg marched gloriously, with drums beating, fifes whistling, and banners of green and white gayly flying. Their leader carried in his hand a spit decorated with ribbons. One hundred and three journeymen dragged the monster sausage, which measured one thousand and five ells in length. On each side were stationed guards to protect it. When they arrived at the royal castle, his princely grace was presented with one hundred and thirty ells. Thence they proceeded to the Sowenichi, where they were received with many honors by the bakers, and detained as guests. To them they presented a portion of the sausage, and the day closed with festivities, which were prolonged far into the night."

This sausage is said to have weighed eight hundred and eighty-five pounds. Eighty-one hams were used for it, and it occupied eighty-seven journeymen two days in making it.

THE rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

GETTING WARM.

By William Ackroyd, F.I.C.

Any one passing not long ago along the main street of a busy town in the West Riding of Yorkshire might have observed a very curious fact—the lower halves of several large plate-glass windows were rent from side to side. A single glance was sufficient to show that the cracks were not produced by the stray missiles of certain street Arabs, for they had not that radiating or star-like arrangement which is generally seen in such cases, but, instead, consisted of one large rent proceeding from one side to the other, with one or two minor cracks branching therefrom (Fig. 1). To account for this curious and highly inconvenient phenomenon was a sore puzzle to many of the good folks about; some there were, however, more knowing than the rest, who arrived at a sensible and satisfactory explanation, thereby proving what is, perhaps, demonstrated every day—nay, every hour—that science is only, to use the words of Huxley, trained and organized common sense.

It was midsummer. The windows of the shops where these cracks were to be seen faced the south, and were, therefore, exposed to the full glare of the sun's light and heat. The lower halves of the windows—*i.e.*, the cracked parts—were painted, on the inside, of a dun-color, and by two in the afternoon had become quite hot to the touch, whereas the upper and unpainted halves were only slightly warmed. Herein lay the secret. When a substance is being warmed it expands, grows bigger in every direction, and the following simple experiment (Fig. 2) well illustrates the fact: A rod of copper or brass, A, just fits lengthways between the ends of the metal gauge, B, and its diameter is such that one end of it fits tightly into the hole, C, when neither is the hotter—that is, when both gauge and rod are of the same temperature. If now the rod, A, be heated in a gas-flame, it will be found that it can neither be thrust into the hole, C, nor adjusted lengthways in the gauge as before; for this heating has made it larger in every direction, so that it is too thick to fit into the round hole, and too long to fit into the gauge. This fact, which is here so well shown, may be proved in many other ways equally simple. We may here give one, and then we shall show that the fact is usually recognized in the arts, and taken advantage of or allowed for, as the case may be. Let a flask, A (Fig. 3), be quite filled with water, and then fitted with a cork through which a glass tube has been previously passed. As the cork is being thrust tightly into the vessel the water will rise in the tube, say to *a*. Now place the flask in a basin of hot water. The first thing noticed is the fall of the liquid column to *b*. The process of warming the flask has made it expand, its capacity has been increased, and the water in the tube falls to take up the increased space. This does not last long, for soon the water within becomes warm, and now it expands likewise, and there is a race in expansion between the water and the flask, in which the latter has got the start. The water expands the faster of the two, however, so that soon the liquid column has reached *a* again, passed it, and arrived at *c*.

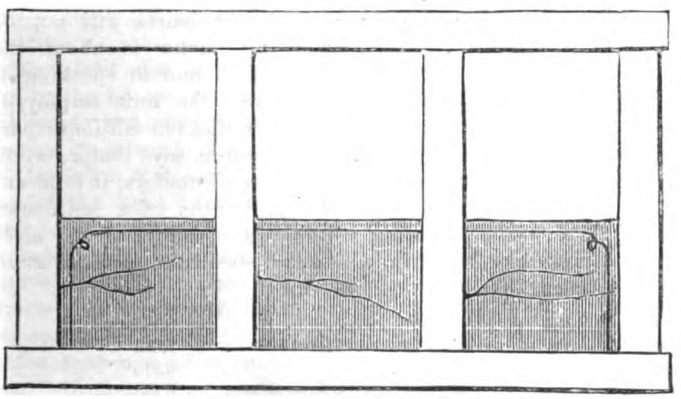


FIG. 1.—CRACKED WINDOWS.

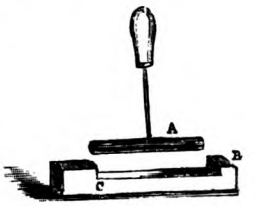


FIG. 2.—THE EXPANSION OF METALS.

And now for an example or two where the artisan makes use of, or an allowance for, this nearly universal law. The cartwright who wants to fit the iron rim tightly on to a cart-wheel takes that rim and heats it in the fire until it is red hot, thus making the rim much larger than it would be in a cold state. The rim is now pressed on to the wheel, cold water is poured on to it, and in regaining its usual size in getting cold it clasps the woodwork in a vise there is no escaping from. Again, the reader may have noticed that in a tramway the ends of the iron rails are not in contact; there is a small space between each to allow the metals to expand on hot days. If this allowance were not made—if the metals were in contact end to end on a cold day—then, when it became warmer, Nature, relentless, and as if in scorn at man's work, would tear up those rails, sleepers would be riven up, and bolts bent as if in play. What we have imagined in this last instance is the nearest approach to what took place when the plate-glass windows were broken. The glazier fixed the windows as if they had been small panes, where the amount of expansion is very minute indeed, and they were fixed in a rigid framework that would not give way. The painter, on his part, in his ignorance of certain principles we shall presently explain, put on a color which led to the glass being strongly heated in the sun's rays. This followed: the plate-glass was heated, and it expanded; the frame of the window tried to restrict that expansion, and in the struggle the weaker had to give way, not doing so, however, until it was irremediably injured. The condition of the window was not unlike that which Dr. F. Guthrie imposed upon specimens of glass of various shapes in a research on the fracture of such objects. The accompanying six illustrations (Fig. 4) exhibit some of his results. The first, *a*, shows that when a round plate of glass is placed on a thick, soft cloth, and is pressed in the centre by a round cork, it cracks radially—that is, the lines of

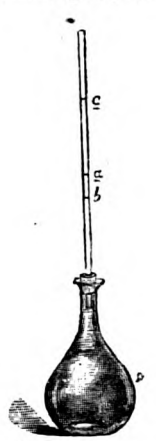


FIG. 3.—THE EXPANSION OF WATER.

fracture spread outward from the centre. The remaining figures, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, and *f*, show what takes place when plates of glass of peculiar shape are heated in the centre with an air-gas burner. We have here a difference of temperature between the borders and central areas, which produces an internal strain that relieves itself by fracture. Of this series of breakages, *e* and *f* nearest approach the conditions met with in the window-panes. The rigid frame in the one case corresponds to the cold and comparatively non-expanding rim in the other; and there being a similarity in the conditions to which the glass in the two cases is exposed—viz., an expansion of a central area restricted by the comparatively non-expanding framework—there is a likeness in the cracks produced.

What was a mystery, then, is now a mystery no longer, for it will be clear to the reader that the agent at work was the sun; and two other facts, from their boldness and prominence, equally command our attention: first, that the sun's heat passed quite through the bare glass; and second, that the sun's heat did not pass through the painted glass, the dun paint here evidently acting as an obstructionist. While we are, therefore, getting some idea as to the nature of heat, learning what is going on when a substance is being warmed, we shall do well to look for and inquire into the use of two classes of bodies—one class the members of which, like the glass, apparently allow heat to pass through them without stopping much, and the other, which stop so much that they soon become sensibly hot, or at least permit only a small quantity to get through. In this search we shall be materially aided by considering the similarity, and in some cases the identity, of light and heat. They both come together from the sun, and we shall see that they behave alike when we submit them to certain tests.

Light is bent in passing from one medium to another; so is heat. The simplest proof of this is the action of a burning lens, which, when held in the sun's light, bends the heat-rays, just as it bends the light-rays, to a focus where objects may be burnt. It may be shown with one of the glasses of a pair of spectacles adapted for long sight; for if such a convex glass be held some inches from the back of the hand, so that the image of the sun is projected on to it, the heat will be very sensibly felt. Larger lenses are of course more powerful for this purpose, and we have seen that in times past effective scientific work has been accomplished in this way, as when Priestley discovered oxygen. In the polar regions Dr. Scoresby has often lit fires and done other wonderful things with a lens made of ice. These facts, then, plainly show us that heat radiating from the sun is bent like light when passing through suitably shaped media. The question now arises, To what extent is it bent?

In working out this problem many interesting facts have been discovered. When a solar beam is passed through a prism it is evident that a sorting of the different kinds of light is effected, each ray being gathered unto its kind—red to red, blue to blue, etc. Class distinctions here reign supreme, and it is found that *dark heat-rays* have precedence of the red light-rays, just as red light comes before the orange, and the orange before the yellow, in the solar spectrum. In the effort to get through the prism the dark heat-rays have the least trouble and the violet rays have the most. It will be seen, then, that the heat-rays are less bent than the light-rays, save where, as we shall presently try to show, light and heat are identical. Suppose, now, we were to employ a prism of rock salt (P, Fig. 5) in producing a solar spectrum, and were then to place a delicate thermometer in different parts of the spectrum, we should find that the highest temperature is registered a little beyond the red light, and that we should get lower and lower degrees upon testing each part of the spectrum on the way to violet. It would seem, then, that the ultra-red part of the spectrum is the most favorable for getting warm in, and that there is less and less warming power as we proceed toward the violet end. Let us regard these constituents of the solar beam now as they affect our organs of sense. The ultra-red rays have no effect on the retina; they are invisible—hence the phrase we have employed to designate them, *dark heat-rays*. When we come, however, to the red, if we were to concentrate this part of the spectrum on to the skin we should feel the sensation of warmth still, and the same rays passed into the eye would give one the sensation of light. Here, then, heat and light are identical, and we employ either one or the other term according to the nature of the physiological effect. The physical basis of the dark heat-rays and of the more easily bent light-rays is the same—viz., a wave motion of that all-pervading medium, ether, which connects atom to atom and star to star.

A word or two on scientific measures will not be out of place. The French millimeter is about the twenty-fifth part of an English inch, and in speaking of the lengths of these ether-waves, the unit employed, technically termed a *tenth-meter*, is the ten-millionth part of a millimeter. When one, therefore, says that a certain ray has a wave-length of 7,604 tenth-meters, it is meant that the wave is 7,604 ten-millionths of a millimeter long. The following are the wave-lengths of the more important lines in the solar spectrum, according to Angström:

Solar lines.	Wave-lengths in tenth-meters.
A	7,612
B	6,875
C	6,568
D_1	5,900
D_2	5,894
E	5,274
b	5,177
F	4,865
G	4,310
H_1	3,972
H_2	3,936

To return to our consideration of the warming power of different parts of the solar spectrum. It will have been noticed that the heat-rays are crowded together, as it were, at one end of the spectrum, and gradually spread out at the other. In thinking over this matter, it appeared probable to the well-known American investigator, Dr. J. W. Draper, that if a given series of red rays were collected, and their warming power tested, it would be equal to that of an equivalent series of violet rays. He accordingly tried the following experiment: In a visible spectrum, he collected all the light of wave-lengths between 7,604 and 5,768 together, and also all that of wave-lengths between 5,768 and 3,933, the former belonging, of course, to the red half of the spectrum, and the latter to the half ending in the violet; and he found their warming power to be equal, as determined by the thermopile. This result one might thus express: Any series of ether waves in the solar spectrum, the difference in length of whose extremes is a certain number of tenth-meters, has the same warming power as any other series of ether-waves with the same difference of extreme wave-lengths. In the case of Draper's experiment, it is seen

at a glance that the differences of wave-lengths in the two series employed are approximately equal:

7,604	5,768
5,768	3,933
1,836 tenth-meters.	1,835 tenth-meters.

We may now profitably resume our comparison of light and heat. *Light is reflected from a polished surface; so is heat.* In the case of light, myriads of proofs constantly present themselves, because of the sensitiveness of the eye to light, and many simple proofs of the reflection of heat might be devised, based on the sensitiveness of the skin. Get the tinker to beat out a small sheet of "tin" into the shape of a can-bottom, say a foot in diameter. A polished concave reflector will be thus obtained for a few cents. Let there be a good fire in the grate, and take up a position at one end of the room where the heat-rays are not felt, although their path is not obstructed. Now turn the concave side of such a reflector toward the fire, but bent sufficiently on one side to allow any rays that may fall on it from the fire to be converged on to the face. When this is done a feeling of warmth is experienced, showing clearly that the heat of the fire has been brought to a focus *by reflection*, just as light and sound would be under similar circumstances.

We might also show that the heat coming from the sun or the house-fire may be polarized like light, and is subject to the same laws of interference; but we shall content ourselves here with showing that *just as light may be absorbed so may heat.* In every colored body, more or less of the light falling on it is absorbed, and the remainder, which produces the sensation of color, is reflected; and it is plain that if the light absorbed is that which will produce the sensation of warmth when directed on to the skin, then we have here likewise an absorption or drinking-in of heat.

The heat-rays of a sunbeam are, also, absorbed by many substances that are transparent, and ice is one of these; for although we have seen that if a lens be made of ice, sufficient heat is passed through and converged to a focus to set many things on fire when the lens is held in the sun's rays, we likewise know that a few heat-rays are stopped by the ice, and therein melt it in the most beautiful and systematic manner. Tyndall has shown that when a bundle of rays are passed through a slab of ice, beautiful six-petaled flowers are revealed, each with a bright spot of empty space in its centre, and they are liquid flowers formed in the melting of the ice (Fig. 6). In this manner, no doubt, glaciers, bergs, and other accumulations of ice, are melted. They may, however, be melted in a much more expeditious manner by a process precisely similar to that by which the window-panes we have spoken of were overheated. There the dun paint captured a large amount of the sun's rays by absorption, became hot, and imparted a great part of its heat to the glass it was in contact with. So, in like manner, if the ice were covered with a colored substance greedily absorbing heat, and sufficiently thin for the heat to pass through it, the underlying ice would soon disappear. The skater may frequently have noticed twigs, brown leaves, and straw sunk many inches in the ice. Being ready absorbents of heat, these fragments of vegetation have soon become warm in the sun's rays, have slowly sunk into little icy graves of their own making, and probably at the very next frost the water lying over them has been frozen. We have, then, seen a leaf or a twig in the middle of a solid block of ice, and have probably been as much puzzled to account for its presence as the ancient geologists were bothered about insects embedded in amber. This melting of ice by means of colored vegetables lying on them may have performed a most important part in the history of the world. In 1870 the Arctic explorer Nordenskjöld visited Greenland for the purpose of seeing which were the more suitable in the Arctic regions for sledging purposes, reindeer or Eskimo dogs. He and a companion had one long excursion out on the "inland ice," and everywhere they noticed vertical cylindrical holes a foot or two in width, and from a couple of lines to a foot or two deep. In some cases the holes were so near each other that it was impossible to find room between them for the foot. Nordenskjöld invariably found at the bottom of them a gray powder, which had evidently been the means of stopping the sun's heat in the first instance, and afterward of melting the ice. He remarks: "When I persuaded our botanist, Dr. Berggren, to accompany me in the journey over the ice, I joked with him on the singularity of a botanist making an excursion into a tract, perhaps the only one in the world, that was a perfect desert as regards botany. This expectation was, however, not confirmed. Dr. Berggren's keen eye soon discovered, partly on the surface of the ice, partly in the above-mentioned powder, a brown, poly-cellular alga, which, small as it is, together with the powder and certain other microscopic organisms by which it is accompanied, is the most dangerous enemy to the mass of ice so many thousand feet in height and hundreds of miles in extent. This plant has, no doubt, played the same part in our country; and we have it to thank, perhaps, that the deserts of ice which formerly covered the whole of Northern Europe and America have now given place to shady woods and undulating corn-fields." But nine years before Berggren's observations, Dr. Robert Brown, during his researches in the same desolate region, had shown that Arctic ice was often colored brown by the presence of Diatomaceæ, and was often seen to be honeycombed, having at the base of the cavities accumulations of these colored microscopic objects.

It is plain that in the brown alga, yellow straw, black twigs and dark bodies generally, we have substances, like the dun paint, which readily absorb the heat coming from the sun or any other fierce heat-source, and lead to the melting of ice on which they may rest, at a much faster rate than when it is bare. It will be apparent, therefore, on this account, that a kettle coated with soot will sooner heat the water within it than another kettle that has been highly polished on its exterior. And now we may point out that these highly absorbing substances are exceedingly useful; for when they have received heat they give some of it out again, and thus warm the substances around them which cannot themselves absorb the sun's rays so readily. Nature's great rule of reciprocity is here strikingly illustrated; a good receiver of heat is a good giver, and gives lavishly of its abundance to the bodies which are around it; and, on the other hand, a bad receiver of heat parts but tardily with what it has absorbed. A glass flask containing hot water is longer in growing cool than it is when its surface has been lamp-blacked, because the lamp-blacked surface radiates heat better than the surface of bare glass; and the same flask filled with cold water would be longer in growing warm if put in the sunshine than it would be if its surface were lamp-blacked, because the lamp-blacked surface is a better absorber of heat than that of the bare glass. Hence, to keep the heat for a length of time within the flask, the worst thing we could do would be to cover its surface

with a deposit of lamp-black or soot, and the best we could do would be to surround it with a worse absorber and radiator than glass itself. For the latter purpose we should probably find the hairy coverings of animals very effectual, and probably better still those patent coverings for boilers, cylinders, etc., which inventors, taking a

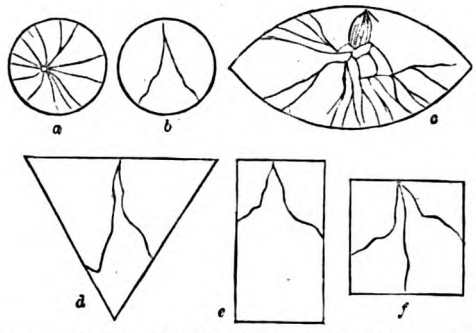


FIG. 4.—GUTHRIE'S EXPERIMENTS ON THE FRACTURE OF COLLOIDS.

hint from Nature, have devised to economize the fuel employed by the manufacturer.

Another important element we have to take into consideration is distance. A substance may be warmed much sooner near the fire than a long way off it. There is a precise law which tells us the exact proportions of heat which two like surfaces in every respect receive at various distances; and in accordance with this law, if one of them, say A, be one yard off, and another, B, nine yards away, we know that B would receive only 1-81st part of the heat received by A. The importance of our properly understanding this law is very great, because of its wide applicability. By means of it we can easily calculate the comparative amounts of heat falling on two surfaces at different distances from the house-fire, and in precisely the same manner we can ascertain the comparative amounts of heat that each wandering planet receives from the great central focus or fire, the sun. This law is known as the law of inverse squares. It will be readily understood from the following elementary considerations; and as it applies to light as well as heat, we may as well investigate the matter with regard to light. From the candle *c* (Fig. 7) light emanates in every direction and in straight lines. Suppose, then, we place a screen, *s*, a square yard in area, just one yard away from it, there will be behind it a pyramid of shadow. Now, suppose this pyramid of shadow to be cut across at two yards and three yards from the candle, and screens *s'* and *s''* placed there just to fill up the section; the area of *s'* will be four square yards, and of *s''* nine square yards. Upon removing the screen *s*, it is evident that the light which fell upon it will be spread out to cover *s*, which is four times its area; consequently, the light falling on a part of *s'* equal in area to *s* has only one-fourth the illuminating power of that which falls on *s*. Suppose now that the screen *s'* is removed, the light which at first fell on *s* will fall on *s''* nine times its area, and being spread over nine times the surface, any square piece of it equal in area to *s* will receive but one-ninth the light which *s* receives. We thus see that three surfaces of equal area placed at distances—

1, 2, and 3

from the candle receive amounts of light which may be expressed in figures, as:

1, 1-4th, and 1-9th,

respectively. And, as with light, so with heat; for it can be experimentally proved that the dark heat emanating from such a candle, and falling on screens of equal area in the positions *s*, *s'* and *s''*, are warmed to an extent which is expressed by the figures 1, 1-4th and 1-9th. Taking the warming power of the rays falling on the first screen as 1, then the warming power of the rays falling on an equal area at double the distance is 1-4th, and at treble the distance 1-9th, or the warming power varies inversely as the square of the distance from the heat source. Thus it is that the astronomer knows the warming power of the sun's rays when they reach each of the planets, and is able to furnish us with the following results, from which the reader will see that a square of planetary surface, say a mile in area, receives nearly seven times more heat on Mercury, and a thousandth less on Neptune, than it receives on the Earth:

Planet.	Warming power of Sun's rays.
Mercury	6.674
Venus	1.911
Earth	1.000
Mars	.431
Jupiter	.036
Saturn	.011
Uranus	.003
Neptune	.001

For getting warm, then, under the most favorable conditions there must be close proximity to the heat-giving or radiating body, and the recipient must have a very good heat-absorbing surface. If the giver and receiver of heat be in absolute contact, then the colder substance may get warm by *conduction*, even although it be an indifferent absorber. A poker is sometimes left in the fire, and the end in contact with the red-hot cinders soon becomes red-hot too. The heat at the red end flows toward the colder parts of the bar of iron, so that it would be dangerous to seize it some distance from the red-hot part. The process by which the heat has passed from the hotter to colder parts of the bar is termed *conduction*, and this quality of conductivity is possessed in very various degrees by different substances, so that we have good, bad and indifferent conductors of heat, just as we

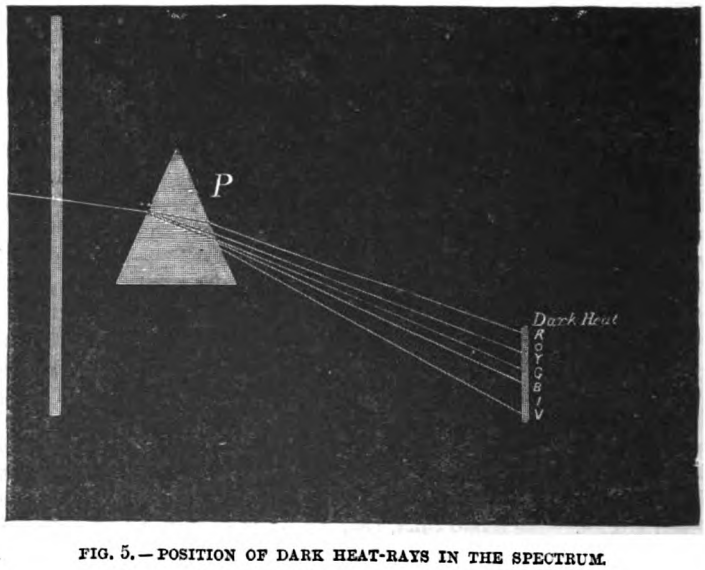


FIG. 5.—POSITION OF DARK HEAT-RAYS IN THE SPECTRUM.

have absorbers of every kind. There are a number of simple devices for showing this difference of conductivity. The following is one of them: A metallic trough has a number of holes made along one side. These are closed by corks, through which are passed rods of various substances—as copper, iron, wood and glass. If now each of these rods be dipped in melted wax or tallow, they become coated with a thin film of that substance, which solidifies as soon as they are withdrawn. Let the rods now be placed in the apparatus shown in Fig. 8, with their unsmeared ends reaching into the vessel, and next fill the box with boiling water. The extent to which the heat is conducted along the different rods is roughly seen by observing the distances to which the wax or tallow is melted along them. In this way we should soon find out that the metals are the best conductors of heat. More refined experiments would teach us other facts respecting conductivity, as that the metals themselves vary in the degree of facility with which heat is permitted to flow along them, silver being the best and bismuth about the worst of metallic conductors; as that heat flows much more easily through certain substances in some directions than others; and that there is a close analogy between heat conductivity and electric conductivity, the best conductors of heat being the best conductors of electricity.

When a pound of water at 30° C. is mixed with a

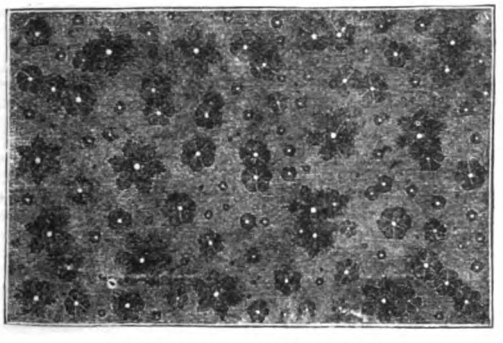


FIG. 6.—LIQUID FLOWERS IN ICE.

pound of water at 50° C., the resulting mixture has a temperature which is the mean of the two, viz., $30+50 \div 2$, *i.e.*, 40° C. This we should quite expect, for two separate pounds of water are two portions of matter alike in chemical composition and physical properties, and will, therefore, when mixed, attain to a common temperature by a transfer of heat, which leaves one of the pounds debtor to exactly the same extent as the other is creditor in their mutual heat-account. If, however, one of these pounds of matter had been different from the other in chemical composition and physical qualities, then, upon mixing them, we should have a very different state of affairs. Suppose now we take a pound of quicksilver and mix it with a pound of warmer or colder water, the temperature of the resulting mixture is not mean, but one much nearer the original temperature of the water than of the quicksilver, Suppose the pound of quicksilver has a temperature of 40° C., and the pound of water one of 100° C., after well mixing, the mixture registers 98° C. In gaining this common temperature the water has lost only 2°, and the quicksilver has gained 58°, whence it is very plainly evident that unlike substances take different amounts of heat to warm them to the same extent. In the problem of getting warm it is, therefore, a point of some importance to take into consideration the kind of matter that has to be warmed. Let us now turn to the figures for a few moments more. The 58° the quicksilver has gained are equivalent to the 2° the water has lost; whence it follows that a change of 29° in the quicksilver would be equivalent to a

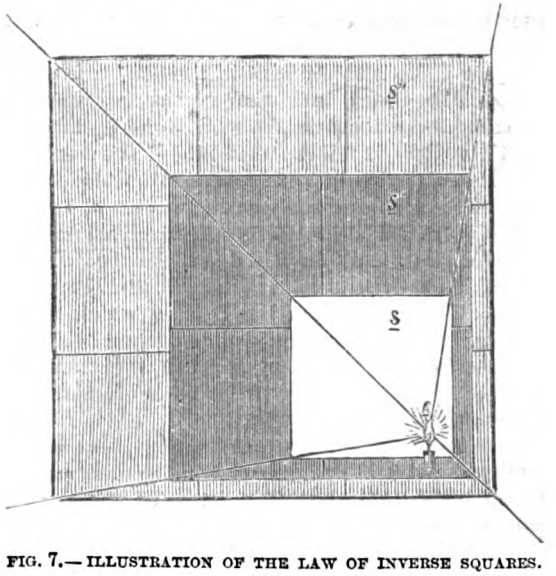


FIG. 7.—ILLUSTRATION OF THE LAW OF INVERSE SQUARES.

change of 1° in the water, and from which it is further clear that if we wanted to raise the pound of quicksilver only one degree we should require only 1 29th the amount of heat which would be wanted to produce the same change of temperature in a pound of water. The quantities 1 and 1-29th, therefore, show us the comparative amounts of heat required to produce a change of temperature of 1° C. in water and quicksilver respectively, and they are called *specific heats*. In the same way we might ascertain the specific heats of the other metals, taking that of water as the unit.

From all we have said it will be apparent that this operation of getting warm is a most important one from a philosophical standpoint, seeing that we have to take into account so many of the qualities of the body receiving that mysterious something, heat. Let us now inquire what this heat is. During the last century it was thought that when anything was being warmed an invisible substance, which philosophers were never able to weigh, was being made to enter it. They called this hypothetical body *caloric*, and they were firmly persuaded that when caloric was made to leave, say, a stone, the stone became cold, while, if the caloric was made to enter the stone and store itself amongst its ultimate parts, then the stone became hot. In process of time, however, some facts were discovered which this hypothesis of caloric thoroughly failed to explain. If there existed such a substance as caloric, then, like all other matter, it would be impossible to entirely destroy it or produce it from nothing. Heat, however, was plainly produced when a smith, to show his strength and dexterity, would take a piece of metal and beat it with a cold hammer on a cold anvil until it was too hot to touch. Where had the heat come from? The question became more startling still, when Count Rumford found

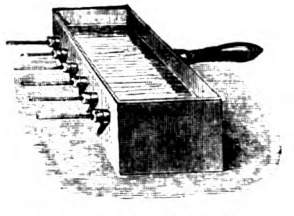


FIG. 8.—ILLUSTRATING THE CONDUCTION OF HEAT.

that in boring brass cannon, the heat developed by the friction, even when the shavings of metal cut out by the borer weighed only a few ounces, was sufficient to make two and a half gallons of water boil. The quantitative results in these experiments showed that the amount of heat produced is proportional to the work spent. And conversely, in the experiments of Hirn, it was shown that when heat is made to do work in a steam-engine, part of the heat disappears, and the portion apparently destroyed is proportional to the work done by the engine. From these facts it follows that heat is not a substance, but a something very nearly related to the swinging motion of the hammer, the rotating motion of the borer, and the up-and-down rotating and revolving motion of a steam-engine; it is, in short, a motion of the molecules of a body exceedingly rapid and exceedingly minute. When, therefore, the bearing which supports a rotating shaft becomes very hot for want of oiling, we figure to ourselves a transmutation of this visible motion of rotation into an invisible molecular motion which we term heat.

In making a substance warm, then, by whatever means we choose, we are agitating its molecules more and more, and we may carry this on until the molecules vibrate so quickly that they affect the ether which surrounds them, and so send off a continuous series of ether-waves, which, rushing against the skin, may give us the sensation of heat, or, coming against the retina, the sensation of light. If the motion of the ether particles be taken up by some substance other than these organic membranes, we have an absorption of heat similar to that we saw in the case of the dun paint. The dun paint may, again, communicate its molecular motion to any substance like the glass that it may be in contact with. Thus it appears the various facts concerning heat may readily be explained by this theory, for it is a structure of sufficient capacity to hold all the new facts which are being constantly ascertained. But while the scientific antiquary well sees that the mechanical theory of heat is more commodious than the ancient one of caloric, he is strongly impressed with the fact that its builders have largely availed themselves of the material presented to their hands by the demolition of the old caloric theory; he recognizes the old stones of fact, although in many instances they have been re-dressed; and the main difference between past and present century work he traces to the more powerful and precise instruments, mental and material, which are now being employed by the scientific craftsmen in rearing and perfecting their theory.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE project of tapping the Niagara River by means of a canal, and bringing the water to Lockport, N. Y., for manufacturing purposes, is pronounced entirely feasible by engineers. The natural advantages for bringing a gigantic water power thus within control of Lockport and its neighborhood, are very conspicuous; and it is estimated that 300,000 horse-power can be delivered there at a minimum expense. Lake Erie would be the millpond for this power, Niagara River the head race and Lake Ontario its tail race.

THE quarrying of basalt at Orange, New Jersey, has exposed a mass of this columnar rock 750 feet long and 100 feet high, covering 14 acres, which consists of a solid mass of columns ranging in shape from prisms to octagons. They generally stand vertically, but some lie in a horizontal plane, and others radiate from a common centre. Interiorly they are dark blue in color, but the outside is stained and incrusted with reddish particles. The columns are being quarried for building blocks and micodons.

THE experiments in the use of dynamite as an explosive filling for projectiles in war, which Lieutenant Zalinsky, of the Fifth Artillery, has been making at Fort Lafayette, are thus summed up in a recent account: He has fired over 200 charges from his eight-inch pneumatic dynamite gun, and over 100 of these were cartridges loaded with from 10 to 100 pounds of dynamite, yet no accident whatever has occurred. The Secretary of War and a commission of officers promise to awaken active interest in the application of dynamite to coast defense. The friends of the gun claim that, smooth bore as it is, it has practically overcome all the difficulties which were supposed to lie in its way—namely, accuracy of fire, rapidity and safety. The gun is discharged by compressed air, thus insuring uniform pressure and consequently greater accuracy of fire than in the usual powder-charges of the rifled gun, the latter becoming overheated after many discharges, while the pneumatic gun can discharge a hundred-pound charge of dynamite every minute all day long, without the slightest expansion or the necessity for swabbing. As a testimony in favor of the results of these experiments, it is said that designs have been drawn by the naval authorities for the construction of a cruiser 200 feet long, with a speed of twenty knots an hour, carrying two or more ten and a half inch dynamite guns, with a slinging capacity of 200 pounds of dynamite. The ship is to be long, low and sharp, with a ram extension. She will carry two funnels, one forward and the other aft of a turret, whose purpose is not made known. The dynamite guns are concealed under a thick sheathing of armor forward. When ready for use the armor slides down the sides, the gun is discharged, and is then protected again by the armor during the time of reloading.

ONE of the side results brought out by the recent elaborate tests of improved brakes made by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway, was an important contribution to the science of train-moving and the control of momentum. Experiments were made as to the value of some slack allowed in coupling the cars as a help in starting; the use of loose coupling, of course, allowing the engine to start each car separately in rapid succession. The results of the experiment, however, were not in favor of this, though they showed the beneficial effect of some slight elasticity in the coupling. A train of fifty loaded cars was given a continuous close coupling by driving iron wedges into the links, thus taking up all the loose slack and leaving only "spring" slack, or that which is given by the compression of the draw-bar springs when the train is started. It was found necessary to drop one car before the locomotive could start the train on a level. Without the wedges—that is, with about three inches of loose slack at each coupling—the same locomotive was able to start but forty-eight cars. The experiment was repeated on the grade, where the highest number of cars which the engine could start either with close or open coupling was thirty-eight. It seems thus to be demonstrated that the loose slack gives at least no aid in starting a train, but that the slack given by the buffer springs is beneficial.

SEA-VOYAGING has of late become one of the most important agents in recovery of health, especially by those who are suffering from overwork. Apart from the absolute rest afforded, or, at least, the complete change of thought, the purity of the sea-air is undoubtedly the principal source of benefit. Its purity, however, is not the sole virtue of sea air. Its remarkable equability is scarcely less important, especially for consumptive invalids. Sudden changes of temperature are practically unknown upon the ocean, and it is a well-recognized fact that sailors enjoy a high degree of immunity from diseases traceable to exposure. Catarrh, for example, is rare among all classes on shipboard, and in the warmer latitudes even invalid passengers sleep upon deck without risk of injury. The value of this equability of temperature to all sufferers from respiratory disease can easily be seen. A similar equability at sea exists in respect to the barometric range, changes of pressure over wide areas of water being naturally more regular and uniform than upon land. This is probably not without beneficial effect upon the organism, while the impregnation of sea-air with bromine and iodine may also have a part in the general good exerted.

AN Eskimo account of thunder and lightning is given in a late article by Mr. John Murdoch, who was one of the party of Signal-service people who wintered at Point Barrow, the northern extremity of Alaska, in 1883-4. It rarely thunders at Point Barrow, but the natives know what these phenomena are, and briefly account for them as follows: Long ago a grown person and a child went up to the sky carrying a dried sealskin and torches of tar. With these they make the thunder and lightning by waving the torches and rattling the sealskin. The Greenland Eskimo on the opposite side of the continent have a somewhat similar story, as related by Crantz and Egede. The thunder and lightning, the Greenlanders say, are made by two old women who live in a house in the air. They now and then quarrel about a dried sealskin, the stretching and flapping of which in the struggle is heard in the thunder. Finally their fighting tumbles down the house, and knocks over and breaks the lamp, the flying fire from which illumines the sky.

A NOVEL temperature-regulator has lately been devised by a Western inventor for use in connection with natural gas. It consists of a brass tube filled with alcohol fastened to the wall of the room. If the temperature rises above a certain degree, the alcohol thermometer closes an electric circuit which shuts the gas valve. As soon as the temperature falls below the desired degree, the valve is opened by the same method. Should the weather grow warmer, the instrument gradually shuts off the gas sufficiently to maintain the proper temperature. The instrument can, of course, be adjusted for any temperature desired.

IN that charming little volume, "Talks Afield," by L. H. Bailey, Jr., some real additions to botanical science are made, and pre-

sented in a most delightful way; and every new success in making attractive the facts of natural history for the unlearned in that direction ought to be regarded as real "progress in science." A short quotation will at once exhibit Mr. Bailey's pleasant style as a writer, and furnish a novelty in point of fact: "By the side of a brook, and in sight from my window [p. 139.], is a clump of white willows. This sunny April morning, as I strolled toward the brook to note any signs of returning life along its banks, I noticed that underneath the willows were lying numerous small branches which had been broken off square near their bases. They were lying in the water or very near it, and knowing that these trees have a wonderful propensity to grow from cuttings, I thought that, unless the branches were removed we should soon have a tangle of young willows. I have been surprised many times by the sudden snapping off of the branches of certain wild willows when I jostled them in impetuous botanical rambles. It is even more surprising that these same branches are sometimes tough enough for withes above the one brittle spot near the base. There must be some significance to this peculiar disposition, and I know of none so probable as that suggested by Dr. W. J. Beal, who thinks that in this manner do willows undertake to propagate themselves. This is certainly a beautiful provision. The very enemies which browse upon or break the plant become active agents in its dissemination!"

An article in a late number of the *Revue Scientifique* discussed the characteristics of the brain of the French statesman Gambetta. Its weight, which was remarkably small, scarcely more than half that of Agassiz's brain, for instance, adds another bit of evidence to the destruction of the theory that weight is of much importance in an estimate of the quality of the organ. It appears that, compared with the brains of persons known to have possessed but little intelligence, the brain of Gambetta, besides other structural peculiarities, showed extreme development of the third frontal convolution. This development was such that not only were the secondary convolutions more complicated and numerous than those of ordinary brains, but besides this, the "cape" was double. This development is evidently in favor of the localization asserted by Broca, who held that the third frontal convolution was the seat of speech—which might have been expected in the case of such a subject as Gambetta.

A writer in the *British Medical Journal* gives the details of a simple method for the extraction of foreign bodies from the ear. It consists in the use of a silver wire loop, which, being flexible, is not only quite devoid of danger, but is more efficient than forceps or scoop. It is impossible that it can injure the tympanic membranes or the walls of the auditory canal. The method of procedure is, after having put the patient under an anæsthetic, to introduce the loop gently into the ear and turn it about until it is believed to have got behind the foreign body. This it will often do at once; but sometimes patience is necessary. In one instance the writer took out a heavy piece of lead by using two loops at right angles with each other.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A rousing Speech.—"Get up—breakfast's ready!"

The man whose wife woke him up in church by sticking a pin in him says he doesn't like such pointed suggestions.

The reporter who was discovered in the act of robbing a bank has been released on the plea that "he was only taking notes!"

I went to India, and I *didn't* go there. And I returned back because I *stopped* there! Now, what am I? Why, a watch to be sure.

A councilor named Lamb once said to a witness, "I want none of your sauce," who retorted by saying, "I thought Lamb wasn't good without sauce."

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered 'No.'"

Nearly one-half of the sailing-ships of the world bear the names of women. Sailing ships are charming sights in fair weather, but utterly unmanageable in a storm.

"Which would you sooner be," said an author to a young literary aspirant, "a horse or an ass." "An ass, to be sure," was the modest reply. "Why?" returned the author. "Well," said he of the pen, "I've heard of an *ass* being an author, but of a *horse*—never."

Lalande, the French astronomer, when the Revolution broke out, only paid the more attention to the heavenly bodies; and when he found, at the end, that he had fortunately escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow-ruffians, he gratefully remarked: "I may thank my stars for it."

A French money-lender, complaining to the late Baron Rothschild that he had lent a nobleman ten thousand francs who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the baron said: "Well, write to him and ask him to send you the seventy thousand francs he owes you." "But he only owes me ten," said the money-lender. "Precisely," rejoined the baron; "and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgment."

The following was overheard at the last church parade: "Have you heard that Lady X. is dangerously ill?" "No," was the reply;" she *was*; but she is now 'dangerously well.'"

In a university in Texas the faculty consists of a father and two sons. The sons conferred the title of LL.D. on the old gentleman, who returned the compliment by making each of then Ph.D.

A shrewd father, who wanted to break off the engagement of his daughter to a man of whom he did not approve, didn't try to persuade her that he was false, but just contrived to get them both to join the same church choir, and in less than a week they didn't speak.

Carlyle was very angry with Emerson for not believing in the devil, and, to convert him, took him amongst all the horrors of London, the gin shops, etc., and, finally, to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, "Do you believe in a devil now?"

Débutante: "You young married women treat us unfairly by monopolizing the attention of the gentlemen." *Young Married Woman* (sweetly): "That difficulty is easily overcome." *Débutante:* "How!" *Young Married Woman:* "Become a young married woman yourself."

The following passage between Bench and Bar occurred in a certain court the other day at the end of a lengthened wrangle. *Judge:* "Well, Mr. Blank, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." *Counsel:* "That is so, your honor."

French Visitor.—"I call to see Monsieur Rolland." *Maid:* "You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet." *French Visitor:* "Vat you tel? I com' yester, and you say, 'Can't see heem, because he not down'; now you say, 'Can't see heem, because he not oop.' Ven vill he be in ze middle, mademoiselle?"

A writer named Saint-Ange, connected with the *Journal des Debats*, was noted for his audacity as well as his venality. He once wrote to M. Véron, the wealthy manager of the Opera House: "Lend me two thousand francs. You are so wonderfully lucky that it is not impossible I shall return them to you."

"Darringer, you're looking very well after your visit to the Lakes. You needed rest, you said, and you got it, no doubt." "Yes, Bromley, I had plenty of rest." "And the change, of course, was very——" "I didn't go there for change; I had lots of change before I went. I haven't any now; I left it with the hotel keepers."

Little Randolph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the morning. At the table, his hostess inquired, anxiously: "Randolph, can you cut your own meat?" "Humph!" said Randolph, who was sawing away. "Can I? I've cut up quite as tough meat as this at home!"

German Countess: "Baron, will you give me a photograph of yourself?" *Baron:* "Certainly, madame; you flatter me by asking for it." *Countess* (after the baron's departure, to her waiting-maid: "Here, Claire, put this picture in your album, where you can study the features closely. Whenever the original of it calls, tell him I am out."

Smith (landscape painter, hard np; only one pot-boiler sold in six weeks): "I tell you what it is, Brown, old chap, art is a hard mistress to serve. What do you say to giving it up." *Brown* (a figure painter, still harder up): "You have anticipated my thought; I am going to give up art to-morrow." "And then?" "And then I shall paint landscapes."

Charley wanted to give Mira a present, but he couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring. "Want to make me a present, Charley!" Mira exclaimed, in well-disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley, you forget yourself." Charley took the hint, and offered himself on the spot.

An intelligent compositor came across the words, "Cricket on the Hearth." With his usual perception he saw that "cricket on the hearth" was nonsense. "Of course," he thought, "it is impossible to play cricket on the hearth; evidently it should be heath. Cricket on the heath means something." He made the emendation, and another gray hair was added to the editor's whitening head.

Novel Mode of Treating Lunacy.—According to a New York paper, two violently insane persons have been cured at the Hudson County Lunatic Asylum by being placed in the same cell, each with instructions to watch the other, who was represented to him as being a lunatic, while he himself was treated as if he were sane. The pair sat, we are told, from morning to night gazing compassionately at each other; in a week they were perfectly quiet; and in two months they were discharged, cured.

All men are prophets save in their own country; and M. Meissonier, the great French artist, is no exception to the rule. Once, when his little granddaughter had received a beautiful white satin fan, he offered to paint a little picture on it. The ten-year-old maiden was highly indignant. "I am inclined to think you won't do any such thing, grandpa!" she exclaimed. "I don't want my nice fan dirtied with your old paints." "Thus," said the great artist, "the child scorned what an empress would have prized. Which is right, I wonder—the child or the empress?"

THE OPENING SEASON.

PARTING KISS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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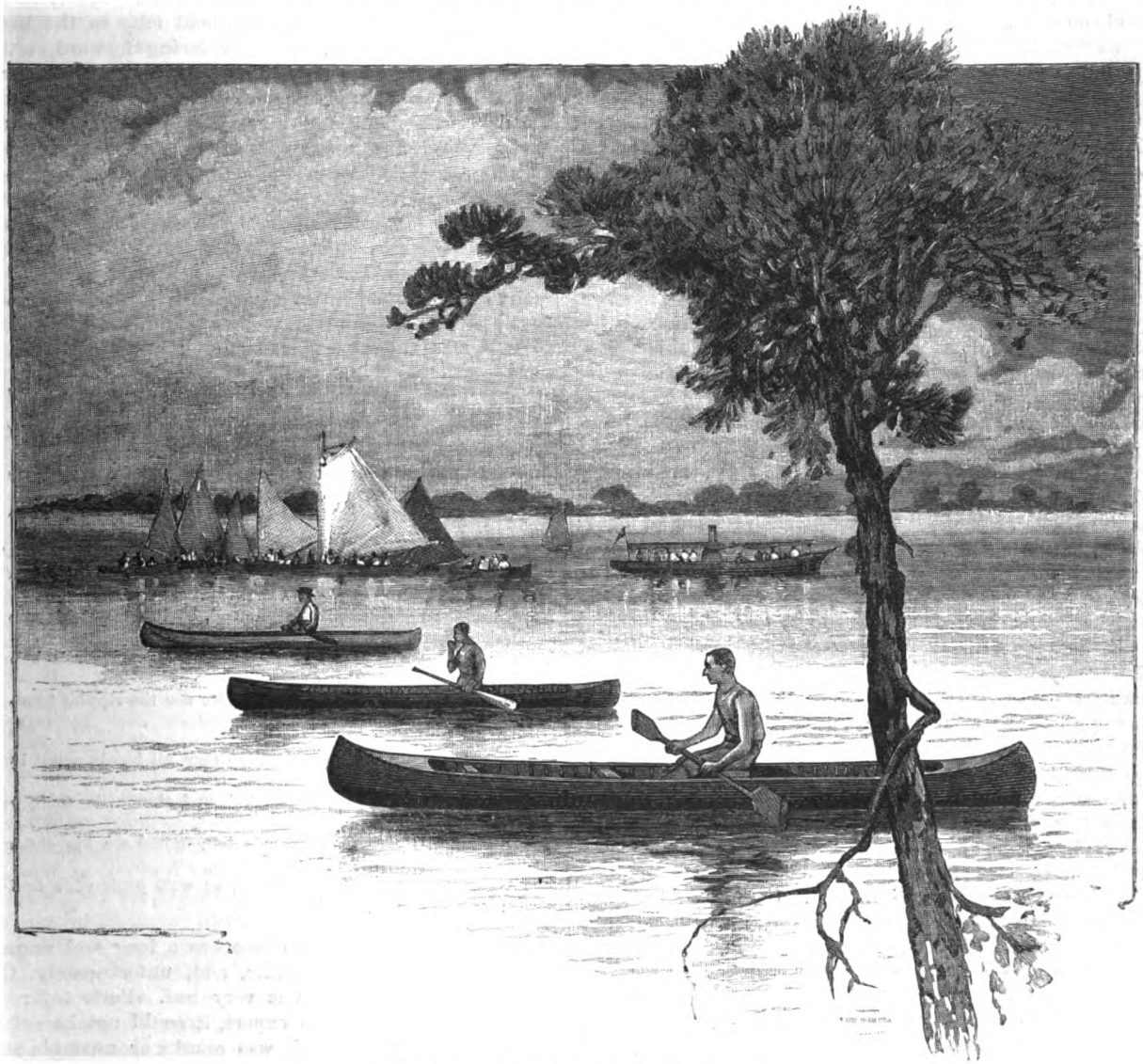
WHY WE CANOE.

By W. P. Stephens.

On each of those occasions which occur at greater or less intervals, when a threatened war-cloud for a time calls attention to the question of national defense, a great deal is said on all sides concerning the small size of our standing army and the weakness of our navy. Both of these may well cause apprehension to thoughtful men; but, on the other hand, there is a contrary influence at work quietly, and little noticed, but increasing each year, which gives promise of a great addition to our national strength in the near future. Prior to and during the great war Americans were a busy people. Their business was their pleasure, and while yachting, baseball, and some other sports, were to a certain extent popular, there was no such general interest in outdoor



WHY WE CANOE.—A CANOE-RACE AT THE START.

life and outdoor sports as exists in older countries. Gradually, however, this has changed. The prejudice which once widely prevailed against sports and recreations, a relic of old Puritan times, has been driven out by the prevalence of more rational ideas on the subjects of health, recreation, outdoor life and exercise. The teachings of Herbert Spencer, Dr. Dio Lewis, William Blakie and others have opened a new and wider life to many an overworked clerk and dyspeptic student, and under the guidance of these pioneers there has grown up, from a mere corporal's guard twenty years ago, the great army of outers whose presence to-day gives the strongest guarantee of the strength and vitality of our nation. Recruited from all ranks, scattered over all parts of the country, following each his own special tastes, they are all animated by common principles. Relaxation from business and private cares, healthful and suitable exercise of body with its accompanying rest of mind, and a life spent as far as possible in the fresh air and sunshine, are the main instruments in building up this great army of vigorous men, healthy women, and children that shall some day surpass their parents in physical and mental development, for the two are firmly connected.

Like all armies, this one is composed of two great divisions, the land and water forces, the army proper and the navy. The first comprises an infinite number of branches — the horsemen, hunters, tourists, explorers, pedestrians, wheelmen, archers, anglers, cricketers, ball-players, marksmen, campers, and numerous others; while the latter numbers, on board of the thousands of large and small craft that compose its fleet, yachtsmen, oarsmen, hunters and fishers, solitary cruisers and explorers, and, by no means least of all, canoeists.

Though canoeing was introduced here over fifteen years since, and earnestly fostered by a few enthusiastic promoters, its great growth and development has been comparatively recent, dating really to 1880, in which year the American Canoe Association was formed. For the ten years of its previous existence in the United States it had met with little general favor, one reason for which, as follows, will at the same time serve to explain to the uninitiated what a modern canoe really is. The greatest hinderance to the general extension of the sport has been its name, conveying, as it does, an entirely false idea of the boat. The canoe properly is of savage origin, being, indeed, the most primitive form of boat; following, probably, very closely after the savage first crossed a stream on a single log, or on two or three lashed together with vines, while the paddle, held only in the hands, is the next step to the primitive pushing pole, and far antedates the oar supported on the side of the boat. The earlier canoes, like those of some savage nations to-day, were made in several ways, the usual one being to shape a huge trunk of a tree to the required form—sharp at both ends—and to hollow out the inside by means of fire or stone implements. Canoes of this pattern are sometimes over eighty feet long, and are carved and ornamented with great skill. Another method, employed only for small boats, was to construct a framework of wicker or osiers similar to a basket, and to cover it with skins. Such were the coracles of the ancient Britons, and similar boats, such as the Esquimau kayak, are in use to-day, while canoes of modern shape are often built of wood, covered with canvas in the same manner. These savage canoes had their representatives in America, a very peculiar type. Mostly of small size, from ten to twenty feet long, they were built of the tough and flexible bark of the white birch, sewn with strips of bark or thin filaments of wood, or the sinews of animals, over a light framework of cedar. Strong, light, buoyant, it was these boats which, so far as known, were the sole means of water transport for hundreds of years. In them the Indians made their excursions for war, hunting or pleasure when the *Half Moon* ascended the Hudson; in them the famous *voyageurs* traversed the lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, gleaning the first facts of American geography; and in them the priests and Jesuits carried their missionary work among the savage tribes of Canada and the West.

These boats have come to be widely known in America; they are in use in many places to-day, and the name canoe, applied in a general sense to all such savage craft, has with us been specially used in connection with them.

In all savage canoes, of many sizes, shapes and material, some common characteristics are found which are inseparably connected with the term canoe. In the first place, they are, with few exceptions, of great length compared with their breadth, the proportion being about six to one, and often greater, while the depth is small. Both ends are invariably sharp and very similar in outline, without the square stern which distinguishes the ordinary boat. The most striking feature, however, is the means of propulsion, a paddle, held only in the hand, being invariably used, the crew facing forward, either standing, kneeling or sitting. The oar, a fixed lever with a point of support on the edge of the boat, is a mechanical expedient for increasing power, which the savage mind has never compassed, and while its propulsive effect is undoubtedly greater, the constrained position, the awkward backward motion, savored too strongly of labor for the noble savage, and he wisely preferred the free and unimpeded swing of the paddle. To whom the modern canoeist owes this companion of so many happy hours, history does not tell us; the best account of its origin, a tribute from a grateful canoeist to his unknown benefactor, runs thus:

"I've traveled all the world around, from China Seas to Puget's Sound,
In every sort of craft that floats, from schooners down to jolly-boats;
And for calm or storm my choice is made, of a stanch canoe and a double blade;
So I toast the man, whoe'er he be, who first shaped paddle from the tree.

"For he knew that danger lurked ahead, from jagged rocks or arrow sped
From ambush; so the paddle planned, and watched his course on either hand.
Though he fear no foe as this brave of yore, there's beauty lurks by wooded shore;
And cooler zephyrs fan the brow as we see the ripples kiss our prow.

"Then we'll drain a bumper to the dregs, all hands stand by to man the kegs;
We'll toast him till the strongest fall, and stands the table over all;
For, though his name no legends tell, united we his children dwell,
One tribe, one totem, brothers true, so we'll pledge his health, and his paddle, too."

To Americans, then, the canoe was a long and narrow boat, propelled with a paddle, and, unfortunately, the reputation of the birch was very bad. Perfect for its work in the hands of an expert, it could not be safely handled by a novice, as it was cranky or unstable and treacherous, while it had nothing to recommend it as a

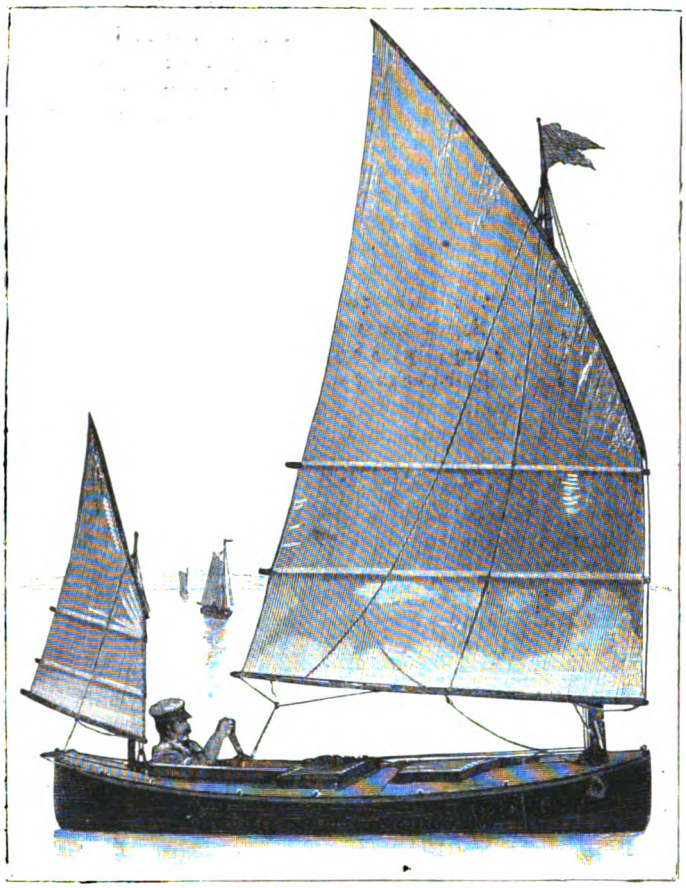
pleasure-boat. In Canada, where hunting, fishing and camping have always been more generally popular than south of the St. Lawrence, the primitive birch had been used as a basis for an improved canoe; stiffer, more able and better adapted to civilized wants, but still without a deck, and used but little for sailing; and even these canoes were little known in the United States.

With their inborn love of water sports, the English have always been far in advance in facilities for enjoying them, and their fleet of pleasure-craft, though inferior in some classes to ours, has always been much larger and has comprised a greater variety of styles. To the already long list, from the gunning-punt to the cutter-yacht, a new boat was added over thirty years ago, making its first appearance on the Thames, near London. This boat, essentially a canoe, was long, narrow and propelled by a double-bladed paddle, but was of light build, being used only for speed, either for racing or practice. It was soon found that, while less speedy than the racing-shell propelled by oars, it had some great advantages: the man faced forward, so as to see his course; he sat upright against a comfortable back, and the entire position was far more comfortable and unrestrained than in the shell or wherry of the day. These points commended it to many, especially those who went afloat for a pleasant hour of exercise, or an evening's enjoyment of the quiet Thames side. Gradually changes were made without attracting much notice, until, in 1865, an adventurous Englishman, who traces his ancestry across the border to the famous Rob Roy, and who had traveled the world around in various craft and vehicles, was seized with a desire to cruise on some of the picturesque rivers of France and Germany. A review of the available craft showed some serious defects in each, and none would meet the requirements of the voyage: a strong, light boat, easily propelled, capable of a little sailing, small enough to go into a European railway-van, large enough to carry a man and his luggage, and to sleep in, if necessary, and not too heavy or cumbrous to be carried by him at times. After much study the first *Rob Roy* was launched, tried and found successful; a long cruise was made in her, and the very interesting story of "A Thousand Miles in the *Rob Roy* Canoe" spread the fame of the boat, gave to the world what may really be considered a new type of craft, and established canoeing as a sport. The Royal Canoe Club was soon formed, other canoes were built, cruises were made, rivers were sailed, and the new arrival attracted general notice in the aquatic world. These early boats were from 14 to 15 feet long, with both ends pointed; 26 to 28 inches beam; 9 inches deep at the gunwale amidships, and very little higher at the ends, having little sheer or upward curvature of the gunwale. They were entirely decked, leaving only an oval opening about three feet long, covered at will with a cloth apron, in which the canoeist sat, with his face to the bow. In his hands he held a paddle about seven feet long, each end shaped much like a spoon, while in front, in the deck, was a brass tube, in which a mast, carrying a very small sail, could be set. The steering was done with the paddle, and, as the keel was very small, sailing was only possible with the wind nearly astern. Below-deck was carried a change of clothing, blankets, food of various kinds, an alcohol-stove and some compact cooking-utensils; the leading idea being that the boat was self-contained, and that, if necessary, her solitary crew could depend on her for transport, sleeping quarters and meals as long as his provisions lasted; something that, prior to this, was seldom attempted except in yachts of some size.

Such was the *Rob Roy* canoe, perfect in its way for shallow and rocky rivers, mountain lakes and secluded waters, but not intended for sailing or for more exposed localities. The possibilities of the type, however, attracted the attention of a yachtsman and sailor, Mr. Warrington Baden Powell, and in his hands a modified form, intended for sailing as well as paddling, was soon afloat. The *Nautilus*, as the new canoe was most appropriately named, was 14 feet long and 28 inches wide, but with an extreme sheer or rounding, her bow and stern being ten inches higher than the *Rob Roy*, thus fitting her for rough water. A rudder and deeper keel were added, and a rig, consisting of three sails, a jib, mainsail and mizzen, carried her rapidly to windward. Like her namesake, in calm weather nothing was seen above deck, but when once the wind began to blow she spread her tiny wings, and the paddle was sent to keep watch below. Delicately built of thin planking, decked with finest woods, fitted with carefully wrought brasswork, and sails of fine texture, the new "canoes" had little in common with any of their savage ancestors, and should never have borne their name, a title at once indefinite and confusing. Canoes they were, however, and canoes they will always be, and as canoes they made their first visit to our shores about 1868.

As mentioned, the word canoe had a certain significance here, and a reputation which the new craft by no means deserved, but which was at once credited to it. Bearing in mind the failings of the birch bark, the new "canoe" was at once condemned, and a strong prejudice arose against it before it was tried. Boating-men, yachtsmen and the Press ridiculed and derided it, and few were found brave enough to try the now-fangled English idea. Beside this, it was injured by the ill-judged and indiscriminate praise of a few devoted followers, who claimed a superiority for one boat such as no previous craft had possessed, and whose extravagant promises the boats did not fulfill. All boats, as we know, are but compromises between many conflicting requirements and none will do all things in the best possible way This truth, now generally admitted, it has taken many years to prove, and it is only with its recognition, and a clearer understanding of the use and purpose of the canoe, that the latter has obtained its present wide popularity.

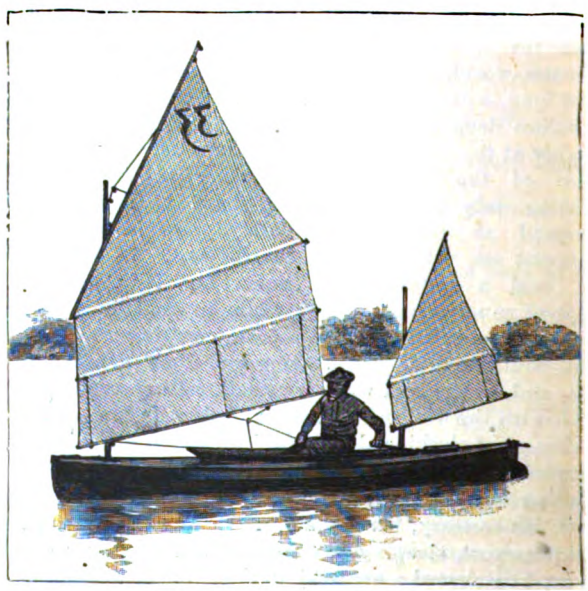
Two features besides its low cost combine to make the canoe so well suited to the wants of persons of limited means and leisure—its portability and its adaptability to a number of uses, perhaps more than any other boat. Owing to its size, weight and compact shape, it may be carried by one or two persons; it may be easily stowed on a steamer or in a baggage-car, or taken across country on a light wagon. By its means the most delightful cruising-grounds may be reached; lovely lakes never before explored; the birthplaces of the great rivers in spots only known to the birds and fishes, and solitudes where nature has known no intrusion since the Indian was driven away for ever. Again, the canoe is capable of a great variety of uses. One day, with sails set, the canoeist is master of his own yacht, with all the excitement of a rattling breeze; the next, with an hour to spare before meal-time, his craft is soon afloat, owner aboard with stanch spruce paddle in hand, to land again after a pull of four or five miles, with nerves calmed and blood tingling with the healthful exercise. Perhaps a holiday offers. Blankets, stores and luggage are quickly bundled aboard, the boat is sent fifty or a hundred miles by rail in a night, launched early next day at the head of some stream, and a day or two is



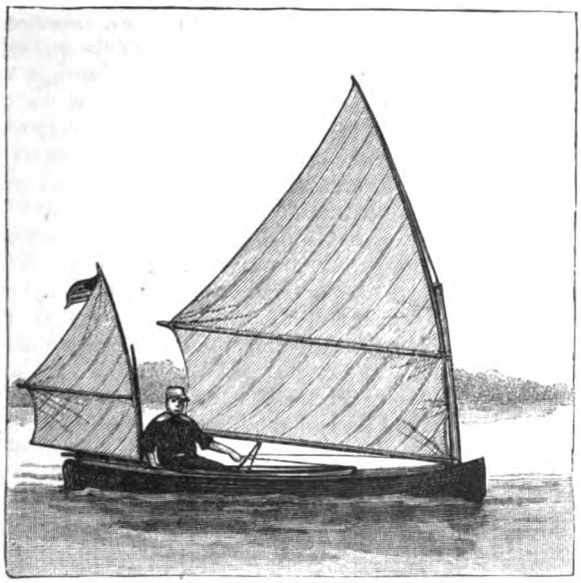
ENGLISH METHOD OF CANOEING.

spent in its descent. Saturday night comes round, the end of a week of toil and worry. The canoe is set afloat, half an hour over the paddle and the city and its noise are far astern, and life seems a little more worth living. An hour, and business has been forgotten entirely. Supper-time comes, and over the crackling fire a meal is cooked such as no city life can give. Then a quiet evening, a sound sleep beneath the heavens, a day of free oxygen and radiant sunlight—of dancing waves and pleasant breezes—now idly drifting, now paddling with a will to beat a hard stretch of tide, now with decks awash against a glorious breeze, to finish with a quiet sail as the day declines, and the charm of a Summer twilight settles over all. Once at least in a year comes a longer holiday, dreamed of for the past half-year, to be remembered for the next. With canoe and tent the canoeists hasten to one of the garden spots of America—Lake George or the Thousand Islands. Tents are pitched on pleasant hillsides and in shady groves, camp-fires are lit, old friends meet for once only each year, new friendships are formed. The time passes quickly with racing, visiting, fishing, and the many duties of this busy idleness, and when the pleasant two weeks are over the great assemblage separates in small groups, some returning by rail, while the more favored ones launch their boats for cruises of 500 to 1,000 miles down the St. Lawrence and Hudson, through the Great Lakes, down the Ohio and Mississippi.

These are the uses of the canoe; now let us see how it is fitted for them. American canoes, of which there are now hundreds of varieties, may be traced directly to the two typical ones described, the *Rob Roy* and the *Nautilus*. At first these were copied exactly, but soon many improvements were made and many new models brought out, the *Shadow*, *Jersey Blue*, *Princess*, *Mohican*, etc., and in course of time each has undergone changes until there are now eight Pearl models, ten Nautilus, four Mohican, three Jersey Blue, and an unknown number of Shadows, and so with the others, until these names have lost entirely their distinctive meaning. All of these various models, however, belong to a few well-marked varieties, and for a description of a canoe we will take the largest and most popular class. This is the boat for general cruising, camping and racing, or, as it is best called, the sailing and paddling canoe. An average boat of this class, such as the *Sea Bee*, *Marion*, *Venture*, *Sofronia*, *Princess* and many famous craft, would now be 15 feet long, 30 inches beam, 10 to 11 inches deep at the lowest point of the gunwale, from which the bow rises about 7 inches and the stern about 5 inches. The hull is decked over with thin mahogany, leaving a well or cockpit from 5 to 7 feet long and 18 to 20 inches wide, which, however, can be covered partly by wooden hatches in cruising, or entirely when shipping the boat. Beneath the deck the extreme ends are devoted to water-tight compartments or to tanks of thin brass, which will float the boat if filled. Besides these, is a large space forward and another abaft the well, reached from the latter or from deck, through tight-fitting hatches, in which a great variety of articles are stowed. First is the canoe-tent, of gay striped stuff, slung between the masts at night and fastened along the gunwale, making a dry shelter in which a man may sit erect and read by the light of his little lantern, which also shows green and red for sailing at night. A rubber bag contains a jersey, a change of flannel clothing and a few similar articles. Stowed with it in a dry place is the sleeping-bag, long enough for a man to get completely into in cold weather, made double like a quilt, and stuffed with eider down or feathers, warm, light and soft. With this is sometimes an oiled muslin sheet to keep it dry when sleeping away from the canoe. The bed, a seat by day, is a long bag of loosely woven canvas, partly filled with cork shavings.



AMERICAN STYLE OF CANOEING.



THE CANOE "ATLANTIS."

These may be spread out, making a bed 4 feet long, as wide as the canoe, and 3 or 4 inches thick, or for a seat they may be shaken into one end of the bag, making a cushion 18 inches square and 7 or 8 inches thick, or less, at will. A most important point is the *cuisine.* For cooking afloat an alcohol-stove, called a "flamme force," is used, but much of the cooking is done on shore over a wood fire, for which a frying-pan, a few small kettles and a coffee-pot are carried. A camp-ax serves many a useful purpose besides supplying fire wood. Plates and cups of clean granite-ware, silver fork and spoon and one or two knives complete the essentials. Economy of room is the great point in a canoe, and many are the ingenious devices in use. One of these is the mess-chest, a box 18 inches by 12 inches and 6 inches deep, in which, besides the knives, forks, etc., are neatly stowed little tins, with screw covers, containing coffee, sugar, tea, flour, rice, corn-meal and similar articles. Bread is carried in a compartment of its own, butter, if the heat permits, a little pork or bacon, and from these the canoeist—generally a fair cook—will soon produce a good meal, aided by canned goods from the hold. Log-book, sketch-book and camera, the latter an indispensable item now, furnish, with paper, ink, postal cards and a book or two, another department. Besides these are numerous other traps; fishing-rods and lines, gun and cartridges, fog-horn, water-jar, oilskin clothing, charts, compass, folding anchor and cable, and various odds and ends. If several canoes are in company, one will carry an oil-stove, one a large tent and one the heavy provisions.

In order to sail well, a keel or centreboard is necessary, the latter being most common now, as a keel increases the draught, and the boat, when ashore, must lie on its side. There are several patterns of centreboards designed for canoes, which fold like a fan in very little space, so that the centre of the boat is unobstructed. If a single centreboard, such as is used in sailboats, was placed in a canoe, it would require, to balance the boat properly, to be just about amidships, or where the man must sit. This is obviously impracticable, but the fan boards, such as the Radix and Atwood, only rise a very little above the floor, so that one may sit on them. Another plan, lately introduced here, is to use two centreboards of plate brass; one about ⅜ inch thick, 30 inches to 3 feet long, and weighing from 15 to 50 pounds, placed in an ordinary case, as far forward as possible; the other, ⅛ inch thick, 14 inches long and 6 pounds weight, placed in the extreme after end. These two preserve the balance, and act as one board amidships, while they are entirely out of the way. A very important part of a canoe is the steering-gear, including the rudder. This latter is usually of wood, similar in form to the ordinary boat-rudder; but of late a new style, termed the drop-rudder, has been introduced. It consists of a brass plate, like a centreboard, so hung as to drop readily or to be raised by a line from the deck. The advantage is a deeper and better hold on the water when running before the wind, or when in very rough water. The rudder-yoke is connected, by small chains or wires, with a second yoke, pivoted on the deck aft of the well, to which a tiller is fitted, within easy reach of the hand. Other chains or wires lead from the rudder yoke below deck to a foot-gear, by which the feet can be used for steering when seated below or when paddling.

The canoe may be built in many ways, of wood, canvas or metal, but the usual method is that called lapstreak, with five or six narrow planks on each side, the edge of one overlapping its neighbor and being riveted to it. The Canadian canoes are built in a different manner, without laps, but the latter is the most common. All canoes of this class are fitted with sails, usually two, a mainsail and a mizzen. The masts are stepped in tubes of copper, so as to keep all the water out of the holds; the forward one being 15 to 30 inches from the bow, and the after one 3 feet to 3½ feet from the stern. Of sails there are almost as many varieties as of models, but canoeists have settled on two or three as the best.

First among these is the lug-sail, the favorite form being known as the balance-lug, introduced into England from China, and adopted by canoeists there and here. This sail is so hung that a portion of it is always forward of the mast, thus helping to balance the after portion. The sail is laced to a yard and boom, while across it at intervals battens of light wood are run in pockets sewed to the sail, thus holding it perfectly flat. This sail is very effective for racing, but is not as simple as some others for a cruising sail. A canoe such as described would carry for racing a mainsail of seventy square feet, a mizzen of thirty-five feet, and a storm mizzen of triangular or leg-of-mutton shape, using the thirty-five

THE CANOE "AURORA."

feet sail set forward, with the storm mizzen aft for heavy weather, racing or cruising. A sail that has met with much favor within the past three years is the Mohican, devised by members of the club of that name at Albany. The sail has but one batten, and very little sail is shown forward of the mast, while a simple arrangement of lines allows the canoeist to reef his sail when seated in the canoe. A sail very similar to this, and antedating it a little, is that of the famous canoe *Atlantis*, in which Mr. S. R. Stoddard has made his long cruises. Another simple sail is the lateen, a plain triangle with yard and boom, a very effective sail to windward, and free from complicated lines or gear; but nevertheless dangerous, as it cannot be reefed, and is liable to upset the canoe in setting and furling it. The simplest and safest of all is the common leg-of-mutton sail, which will be described later. Even to mention in detail the many little fittings which go to make up a complete canoe would require the space of a builder's catalogue; but the above description will give a good idea of the craft in its most common form.

Such a canoe is suited for cruising on the Sound, the Hudson, the lower Delaware, the Florida coast, on lakes, bays and inlets, and on any waters of moderate extent, and with a similar boat of twenty-eight inches beam, used by lighter men generally, is found in the greatest numbers at the yearly meets. There are, however, many places for which it is not suitable, and for which special boats may be had. Are you an expert in want of a boat for the shallow streams and long carries and portages of the Adirondacks? For you there is the little canoe of ten or twelve pounds, large enough for the average man and a little baggage, and from which he can cast a fly in safety. Do you wish to spend weeks on some narrow mountain stream, or to explore some unknown region? The *Rob Roy* or a similar boat 14 feet by 26 or 28 inches, will carry you better and give more room for stores on a long trip than the little one. Do you wish to sail rather than paddle on waters where storms and tide demand a powerful boat? Then the longer canoes of the *Pearl* type or the later *Nautilus*, with a beam of 32 or 33 inches, a depth of 12 inches, with heavy centreboards and shot for ballast, will take you in safety, while even they may be hauled up and housed when not in use, not requiring the attention and expense demanded by a boat kept afloat at an anchor. Thus the canoe, ranging in cost from fifteen dollars for a serviceable canvas boat, to two hundred dollars for a complete racing crack, is suited to all tastes and purses.

For the first decade of its existence in the United States canoeing was carried on in a very desultory manner. One club only, the New York, was organized and successfully carried on, holding races at times and keeping alive a certain interest in the sport in spite of the ridicule everywhere showered on it. The number of canoeists gradually increased, and many cruises, some of great length, were made; but there was a total lack of unity and organization which greatly hindered the extension of the sport. Canoes were not then recognized by the railways and steamers, and it cost as much to send one by rail as a large carriage or a steam-launch. Foremost among the cruisers was one man, widely noted for his energy and perseverance in carrying through everything he undertook, as well as for his fondness for all kinds of outdoor life afloat or ashore. The restless activity and love of discovery which some centuries before would have put him with Columbus, Ponce de Leon or Cortez, had already found a partial vent in some solitary trips, the stories of which have been well told by his own pen. The first of these, when but seventeen, was a pedestrian tour of over 1,000 miles across South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, only a plucky Yankee boy, without money, and with no language but his own. In later years came a canoe cruise down the entire Atlantic coast by Hudson and inland waters from Quebec to New York, and thence along the coast to Florida, followed by a similar trip in a twelve feet gunning boat from Pittsburg to the Gulf of Mexico.

Resting at his beautiful home, high up on the hillside above Lake George, the idea of uniting all the canoeists and cruisers of America in a national association first occurred to this gentleman, Mr. N. H. Bishop. Taking it up at once, he began a long and extended correspondence with the canoeists of America and England, lasting over a year of hard and continued work on his part, at the end of which time he had the pleasure of welcoming as his guests at Lake George a small band of canoeists from the East and West. Numbers who had promised to attend were not present, and the organization of the American Canoe Association was effected by thirteen members, the number present at the first meet, in August, 1880. Thirteen colonies formed our Union a century ago; the thirteen members of the A. C. A. have, in six years, been joined by nearly a thousand more, and yet the number is considered an unlucky one. The place of meeting that year was at Crosbyside, a beautiful spot near the south end of the Lake. Tents were pitched by the water, races were held, camp-fires made the evening pass pleasantly, and the two weeks were soon over. Within the next year the Association grew rapidly, many Canadians joining its ranks, and by August, 1881, there was a long meeting-house erected on Lorna Island, one of a group of three owned by several members, including Mr. Bishop. The groves were cleared of underbrush, a mess-shed was built for those who had not time for cooking, and soon all was alive as men came in from all points. Since then meets have been held each year in August; at Stony Lake, in 1883, and at Grindstone Islands, in 1884, 1885 and 1886. The Association has members in all parts of the United States and Canada, and all localities are represented at the meets, but naturally it is strongest where first established and, owing to the distance, but few from the West can attend a meet near New York, New England and Canada. To meet this difficulty, the parent organization last year modified its constitution so as to provide for divisions embracing different sections of the country, all under a general government and laws, but each with its local commander and annual encampment.

Already a Western association has been formed, and two meets have been held on Lake Erie. The aims of the A. C. A., as set forth in its brief and simple constitution, are "to unite all *amateur* canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health or exploration, by meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing; and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books. Each year a commodore, vice and rear commodores, a secretary and treasurer, with an executive committee, are elected, being chosen from different localities, so as to represent all interests fairly. The business is transacted at the August meet and at a meeting of the executive committee in November. Except, perhaps, the wheelmen, no other body have organized so thoroughly and efficiently as the canoeists, evidence of which is given in the growth of the Association. Within six years it has enlisted a thousand members; it has aided in the formation of clubs in all

parts; it has disseminated widely all the facts concerning canoeing, and has organized a plan for obtaining and imparting cruising information. First in following up the work begun by Mr. Bishop, is Dr. Charles A. Neidé, himself a famous cruiser and camper, and the best of jolly companions in camp, afloat, wherever he may be met in his many wanderings. The Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Gulf, have all been traversed by his canoe, and the *Aurora* is as well known to American canoeists as her genial skipper is. A special feature of the A. C. A. is the aid it extends to cruisers. Last year a list of cruisers was printed and distributed, giving the addresses of members in all places, all of whom were prepared to give local information to fellow-members from a distance. Thus, if a man in Boston is preparing for a trip down the Delaware or Susquehanna, he can be put in communication with canoeists at various places on those streams who will instruct him in advance, and will aid him in person when he reaches their locality, while the houses of the various clubs are always open to the red and white burgee. Each year the Association publishes its "book," containing a list of members and much other information.*

An encampment of the Association possesses features of its own, which distinguish it from any similar gathering. Perhaps the most noticeable one of these is the character and standing of the men who attend. Of course a number are college men and young boys, whose presence one might expect, but a much larger number are of a very different class. From the first the Association, and the leading clubs, while promoting racing, have strictly prohibited any contests for money or prizes of intrinsic value which might open the door to the evils which have so injured rowing and other sports. Thanks to this, canoeing is thoroughly a gentleman's sport, unmolested by the gambler or the professional amateur. This, coupled with the rare pleasures of cruising, has brought in many men of sedentary pursuits; doctors, lawyers, judges, even ministers are known and rated in this community, not by their years or attainments in their avocations, but by the cruises they have made, the rapids they have run and their skill with tiller or paddle. The stranger who visits camp for the first time, and meets a lot of pleasant fellows in old flannels and odd samples of ancient headgear, who sits with them by the camp-fire or chats sociably on very short acquaintance about boats and cruises, knowing each, perhaps, only by the name of his boat—a favorite fashion among canoemen—may find, when camp breaks up, that his pleasant friends have donned the clerical black or the sombre vestments of a staid and respectable business men, and are on their way back to the pulpit, the bar, or an editorial desk.

Another peculiarity of the canoeist is the variety of costume which prevails. Many of the clubs boast neat uniforms, but most canoeists revel at times in a gorgeous undress uniform of their own choosing. Knickerbockers, stockings of any striking color, a jersey or a tennis jacket of rainbow hues, surmounted by a fez, a straw helmet, or a huge peaked straw hat, decorated with flags and ribbons, with a bright sash about the waist, make a costume that would rival an opera chorus. Apart from a few needed rules for cleanliness and order, the men are free from any restrictions except those imposed by the knowledge that they are gentlemen. The ceremonials and social observances of society are openly set at naught, and a pleasing familiarity and good-will take their places. One reason for this is, that even in a camp of several hundred a great many are well acquainted, and a great many more are known by reputation throughout the fraternity, and few attend who are not vouched for, to a certain extent, by this general acquaintanceship—in fact, throughout the entire Association there is an undercurrent that is apt to detect and expose any improper person, as has several times been proved. The pleasures of the camp are many: the meeting with pleasant friends this time each year; the life under canvas and apart from business; the interchange of experience and ideas connected with one's pet boat; the quiet excursions and fishing trips about the islands; and, finally, the excitement of the races.

While cruising is the chief pleasure of canoeing, it takes time which cannot always be had, and there are many occasions when a cruise would be impracticable, but a few hours may be passed pleasantly in a race. Recognizing this, as well as the important part that racing has played in stimulating improvements in canoes, many clubs set apart an afternoon in each week, or alternate week, for races, while, with the A. C. A., they also encourage the holding of regattas each year. The rules have been very carefully formed, so as to prevent, as far as possible, the construction of racing canoes, but to encourage the development of the racing qualities of such a cruising boat as before described, and with good success, as the winners in the races are mainly men and boats renowned as cruisers. The programme each season includes about twenty races for all classes of canoes, covering three days. Sailing, paddling and mixed races of various kinds, excite a strong but friendly rivalry among men from different sections, and afford a beautiful spectacle to the many visitors who are attracted by race-week to the hillside at Grindstone. Small as the craft are, they lose nothing in beauty, and a fleet of sixty canoes under sail, with as many more under paddle, as in the grand review, is a sight unexcelled even by a race of the largest yachts. The beauty of the scene, however, is greatly increased when night falls, and under the starlight a long train of canoes in single file, each decorated with half-a-dozen bright-colored Chinese lanterns, wind, like a fiery snake, around the point and over the clear St. Lawrence waters. For these races the prizes are almost exclusively silk flags, the only point being to secure the greatest number. This season, for the first time, a new element is introduced into racing, by the visit of some English canoeists to the camp, giving the racing an international character. In honor of their visit a special prize has been offered by the Association, a handsome silver trophy, to be preserved as a challenge cup, and raced for at the annual meet each year unless held by foreign canoeists at the time. The visit of the English canoeists, however, is mainly due to another race for a handsome international cup presented by the New York Canoe Club, and raced for this year for the first time. The donors, in defense of the cup, will select champions from among the best sailors of America to meet an equal number of canoeists from the Royal Canoe Club of England, and with picked men and boats on both sides the contest promises to be a most important one.

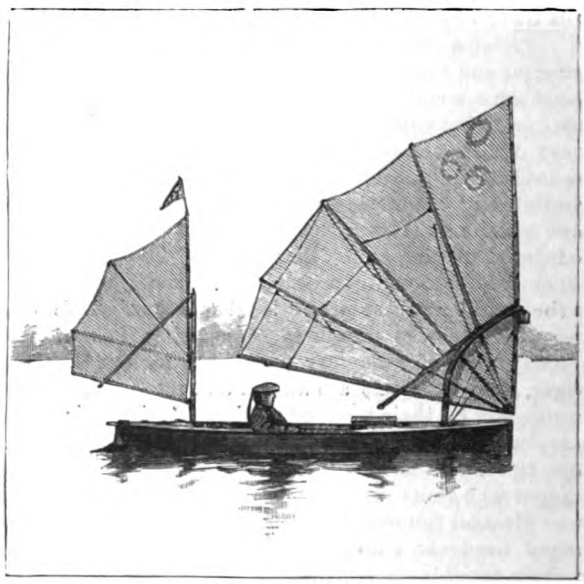
In view of the many accessions to the ranks of canoeists some plain instructions may be of use to the novice who is unfamiliar with the sport. First as to a boat. One of the sizes described, 14 feet by 26 inches, 15 feet by 28 inches, or 15 feet by 30 inches, will be found most suitable, according to the size and strength of the canoeist and the water he will use it on. It should be fitted with a good wooden rudder, a strong and simple foot gear, a tiller on deck, a backboard to lean against in paddling,

*The dues of the A. C. A. are $2 per annum, with $1 initiation fee. The Secretary is C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.

"MARION B," MOHICAN CANOE.

two mast tubes, and a double paddle 8 to 9 feet long, with a joint in the middle. If the novice has sailed a boat, and is fairly expert, he may carry two balance-lug or Mohican sails, say 50 and 15 feet on a 30 inch canoe. If he is not familiar with boat-sailing the safest and best rig is the leg-of-mutton, a triangular sail with a long mast and a boom on the foot. The sizes may be 43 and 12 feet. Every canoeist, as indeed every boatman and yacht sailor, should be able to swim fairly, and to support himself if thrown into the water fully dressed. Supposing the novice to be able to do this, his first lesson should be to take the canoe into water four or five feet deep and to practice with it—falling out, crawling about the deck, entering it from the water, by the side and over the stern, upsetting and righting it—until he is perfectly at home with the boat in any position. After this the rudder should be shipped, the seat and backboard adjusted, and the canoeist takes his place with the paddle grasped in both hands, the latter separated a little more than the breadth of his body. Now, with a firm, steady stroke on alternate sides, the boat is driven ahead, avoiding all swaying of the body and unnecessary motion. The rudder is used to steer a straight or curved course, or to turn, until the motion of the boat is controlled at will. After a little practice with the paddle the sails may be set, and, if possible, a lesson taken under an experienced hand. If this is not possible, the best plan is to go out prepared for a swim, and with a light breeze, and, if possible, in water two or three feet deep, to try what the canoe will do. A capsize or two will be of no consequence, and will give most useful experience. After some practice under such conditions, and the consequent knowledge acquired, longer trips and deeper waters may be safely braved; but it is a great mistake to start out from the first to sail a canoe without knowing how, and even if not attended with serious results it will prove very unpleasant if the first upset is made with clothes, provisions and luggage for a cruise on board. Like all sports, canoeing has its dangers, but with reasonable care and prudence they are comparatively slight. While some fatal mishaps are recorded, they are in nearly all cases due to carelessness or to ignorance.

Canoeing has found favor not only among men, but there are many ladies who wield the single and double blade effectively, and who are enrolled on the A. C. A. list, while some of them have made long cruises with their husbands. Canoeing as yet is only in its infancy. Large as the fleet now is, there are still many localities where canoes are scarcely known. Year by year, however, the number increases, and each new recruit brings in others. As a pastime there is much in its favor. It is healthy, vigorous, and followed in the open air; it makes a man independent, self-reliant and ready to meet any emergency; while it also teaches him to make the best of everything, taking rain and discomfort, when unavoidable, as a matter of course. Best of all, it is clean in its accompaniments and elevating in its tendencies, and free from all taint of gambling and money-making, and as long as it is kept so it must grow and prosper, and retain a foremost place among American outdoor sports.



THE CANOE "ISABEL."

"SIREN," AMERICAN NAUTILUS CANOE.

THE best of men have doubted their powers of judgment between right and wrong.

THE MELODY OF PROSE.

To a carefully trained or to a naturally sensitive ear, there is often a beauty of rhythm in prose as powerful as the most exquisite in verse. Indeed, on some natures the perfect harmony of the prose period produces an effect such as no measured cadence can ever achieve. Not that prose, however melodious, can affect the emotions or stimulate the imagination as poetry can. Only when the mere beauty of concordant or contrasted sounds is considered in isolation and apart from the higher emotional forces, is it true that prose is capable of higher harmonies than verse. Only for the direct effect upon those senses that respond to the enchantment of well-matched cadence can it be maintained. But if the supreme rhythm of prose is higher than the supreme rhythms of verse, so is it far less common. The inner mystery has been divulged to few, and those few, save on rare occasions of inspiration, have been unable to cast the spell. Like the crowning accomplishment in all other arts, it can be better illustrated than defined. That there is something divergent, almost antagonistic, to measure in its formation, is shown in the fact that the poets, however skillful in prose, have never quite reached it. Milton's poetry is, beyond that of all others, filled with the magnificent concord of sweet sounds; but in his prose, splendid and sonorous as it is, we never find the true gem. The matrix is there, but the crevice that should hold the ruby is empty. There are phrases of great beauty, but the notes struck are too few. Exquisite if only sustained, might have been such a period as that which describes how the soldier-saints of the Puritan ideal compose their spirits "with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, while the skillful organist plies his grave and fancied descants in lofty fugues," or that which tells how "every free and gentle spirit" is "born a knight." Landor is, again, an instance of the poet whose prose has every other quality of greatness, but who does not reach the perfection of melody; and for the same reason, that his ear was a poet's ear. To show how near he came, and yet how certain it is that he did not attain to the last secret, one has only to quote the phrases that conclude his eloquent dedication of the "Hellenics" to Pope Pius IX.:

THE VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

"Cunning is not wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength: Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him; he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence."

This is beautifully written. There is much to excite the imagination and raise the sympathies of association, but of word-melody, dissociated from the thought, there is little to charm. Place beside it the famous passage from De Quincey from "The Dream-Vision of the Infinite" that ends the essay on "Lord Rosse's Telescopes":

"'Angel, I will go no further. For the spirit of man aches under this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God's house. Let me lie down in the grave, that I may find rest from the persecutions of the Infinite; for end, I see, there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued one choral chant—'Even so it is: angel, thou knowest that it is: end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded; 'and is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God? Lo! also, there is no beginning.'"

Here is the true melody of prose, though a melody rarely obtained in such perfection even by De Quincey. De Quincey has it when he sees how "a vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever"; when he is buried "in narrow chambers at the heart of the eternal Pyramids," or "flies from the wrath of Bramah through all the forests of Asia"; when on Easter morning "the hedges were rich with white roses"; or when "the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*" dissolves the pageant of his dreams. These symphonies of sound we must pass by, to examine more in detail the melody of prose in other writers. But let the passage quoted above stand as the touchstone of successful harmony.

The history of all literature shows how far more rapidly the style of poetry develops than does that of prose. In English literature this is particularly marked. Doubtless the Romances have a certain rhythmical swing, and in the "Morte d'Arthur" there are a considerable number of passages of pleasant sound—but taken as a whole, the higher harmony is entirely absent. Maundeville's writings, too, have often a certain quaint melodiousness. His descriptions of the abbey of monks near

the City of Camsay, where is the fair garden full of divers beasts, and where "every day, when the monks have eaten, the almoner carries what remains to the garden, and strikes on the garden-gate with a silver clicket that he holds in his hand, and anon all the beasts of the hill and of divers places of the garden come out to the number of three or four thousand"—is not without suggestions of great beauty. The earlier writers are, to a great extent, debarred from the happiest effects by the use of an unvaried rhythm, which produces the same effect on the ear as measure, and so robs them of those changes which are essential to the best prose. In the Romances, in Lily the Euphuist, this is easily seen, and though less marked, it is present in Latimer and Sidney, in Bacon and Izaak Walton. Hooker, indeed, conquered the monotony; but he is content with clearing the stream of thought from affectations and obscurities, and with developing a style of eloquence and imagination. With Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne there is, again, a monotony of cadence, though a beautiful monotony. In the great writers of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, the melody we seek for is not to be found. Dryden and Swift, Pope and Addison, had enough to do to make their style completely flexible and perspicuous. They did all that was needed to render the instrument complete, but left it for others to draw from it its most perfect tones. Though Bolingbroke woke here and there a faint prelude, it was reserved for the nameless and mysterious writer of the greatest political satires that the world has ever seen first to achieve success. If Chatham could tell William Pitt to study "Junius" as his model, and Coleridge gives such great, if not unqualified, praise, there is no need for an apology for such a contention. When "Junius" banters the Duke of Grafton on his connection with the University of Cambridge, and tells him that its admiration will cease with office, it is impossible not to recognize a new element present in English prose style:

"Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an Installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the University will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal Muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues."

The fall of the last sentence, indeed, is, for sound, inimitable. Contemporary with, or somewhat earlier than "Junius," there are, however, writers whose work is capable of rhythms almost as melodious. There is Sterne, with the reflection on Uncle Toby's oath:

"The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever."

And, far deeper in sentiment, there is Johnson's lament in the preface to the dictionary, where he tells the story of his book, written "not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconveniences and distractions, in sickness in sorrow":

"If the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

Of course, Johnson did not always write like this. Too often the exquisite melody of such a phrase as "this gloom of solitude" is exchanged for the mechanical, organ-grinding tones of the *Rambler*. Personal feelings always inspired him. He gets the same ring in the letter to Lord Chesterfield and in the passage on "Paradise Lost," where he is, in truth, comparing Milton's life with his own.

When Burke's hand touches the instrument, whatever of rigidity belongs to Johnson vanishes. The passages in which the finer melody is found delight the ear as does De Quincey. For instance:

"Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to the seas and winds, to be blown about, at every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean."

Or:

"Here the manufacturer and the husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor."

With the orators who were Burke's contemporaries, it is not our purpose to deal, since the imperfect manner in which their speeches were reported makes it impossible to do them justice. Gibbon, then, next claims consideration. It is too much the fashion in these days to sneer at Gibbon's prose as monotonous and stilted. Yet, in truth, it was capable of great beauty of development. What could be more harmonious than the reflection on Julian at Paris?

"If Julian could now revisit the capital of France, he might converse with men of science and genius, capable of understanding and of instructing a disciple of the Greeks; he might excuse the lively and graceful follies of a nation whose martial spirit has never been enervated by the indulgence of luxury; and he must applaud the perfection of that inestimable art which softens and refines and embellishes the intercourse of social life."

This has a serenity of cadence almost equal to the account, in the "Autobiography," of the writing of the last page of the last chapter of the "Decline and Fall." Yet neither can compare for beauty of sound with the last sentence of the well-known criticism of the consequences of the Reformation:

"The predictions of the Catholics are accomplished: the web of mystery is unraveled by the Arminians, Arians and Socinians; and the pillars of Revelation are shaken by those men who preserve the name without the substance of religion, who indulge the license without the temper of philosophy."

With the great prose writers of the beginning of the present century, it is impossible to deal in detail. In many of them the true melody of prose, as we have attempted to show it by illustration, is present. In one of the greatest, if not the best known, it is easily discovered. Sir William Napier, in the "History of the War in the Peninsula," shows that he was a man blessed with an ear for prose style unusually fine. His description of the advance of the English infantry at the close of the battle of Albuera is unrivaled:

"Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valor, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly, and with a horrid carnage, it was pushed by the incessant vigor of the

attack to the furthest edge of the height. There the French Reserve mixed with the struggling multitude, and endeavored to sustain the fight; but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion; the mighty mass gave way, and, like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discolored with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!"

If for no other purpose than that of contrast, we might put side by side with this a passage from another military historian, whose work is among the best of histories in the English language, and is only not a classic because it is overwhelmed by the public ignorance of all things Indian. Captain Grant Duff's "History of the Mahrattas" contains a description of the advance of the Peshwa's army on the morning of the battle of Kirkee, which, for charm of literary skill, it is difficult to match, but which is just too elaborate for quotation. Instead, we will quote his friend's account of a Mahratta charge. The magnificence of the Mahratta onset Mountstuart Elphinstone had himself admired, had witnessed "the thunder of the ground, the flashing of their arms, the brandishing of their spears, the agitation of their banners rushing through the wind."

In our own generation, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Symonds are among the most melodious of prose writers. Each in his way is excellent. One of Mr. Ruskin's happiest efforts, a description of Southern Italy, may be quoted:

"Silent villages, earthquake-shaken, without commerce, without industry, without knowledge, without hope, gleam in white ruin from hillside to hillside; far-winding wrecks of immemorial walls surround the dust of cities long forsaken: the mountain streams moan through the cold arches of their foundations, green with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers. Far above in thunder-blue serration stand the eternal edges of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impendence of volcanic cloud."

A man who has written a passage such as this may claim to be forgiven any number of weaknesses and follies. Mr. Symonds has struck the public fancy most in his descriptive writings, and is best known by them. In his historical books, however, his work is just as worthy of recognition, not for learning only, but for beauty of style. In "The Predecessors of Shakespeare," he has written a passage, personifying the Muse of the Elizabethan comedy, of wonderful sweetness of tone:

"Hers were Greene's meadows, watered by an English stream. Hers, Heywood's moss-grown manor-houses. Peele's goddess-haunted lawns were hers; and hers, the palace-bordered paved ways of Verona. Hers was the darkness of the grave, the charnel-house of Webster. She walked the air-built loggie of Lyly's dreams, and paced the clouds of Jonson's masques. She donned that ponderous sock and trod the measures of Volpone. She mouthed the mighty line of Marlowe. Chapman's massy periods and Marston's pointed sentences were hers by heart. She went abroad through primrose paths with Fletcher, and learned Shirley's lambent wit. She wandered amid dark dry places of the outcast soul with Ford. "Hamlet" was hers; "Anthony and Cleopatra" was hers; and hers, too, was "The Tempest." Then, many after years, her children mated with famed poets in far distant lands. "Faust" and "Wallenstein," "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Marion Delorme," are hers."

Here, again, is the true melody.

To write of melodious prose and not to quote from Newman or Carlyle seems an anomaly. The clear and liquid cadences of the one, and the picturesque magnificence of the other, has on some ears an effect scarcely to be obtained from any other writing. To illustrate these qualities, one has only to recall the passage on music from the "University Sermons," or the close of the "Life of Sterling." Space, however, will not allow us more than a reference to the enchantments of the style of either passage.

Among the orators of our time, Mr. Bright alone can claim to have produced melodious prose. The perorations of his speeches are, indeed, distinguished by a remarkable sweetness of cadence.

So inadequate and so hasty an attempt to exhibit by quotation the resources of English prose literature as the present, seems to need some apology. Let us hope that those who know and love that literature will not be displeased to see the favorites of their reading quoted as they have been here; and that they will pardon the omissions and the rejections. In one respect, at least, our inquiry cannot be distasteful, for it serves to remind one how splendid, how wide and how various is the field of English prose.

NAPOLEON II., DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

[SONNET.]

[By F. S. Saltees.

Dove that found birth within an eagle's nest;
Bauble of circumstance and changing fate:
Thou wert too young to know thy lofty state,
Before thy marvelous father, foe-oppressed,
Fell like a hero! and then hadst not guessed
In thy sweet, guileless play, that thou wert great;
And that his name, with its gigantic weight,
Upon thy weakness was ordained to rest!

When thou in after years, with tears and pain,
The dazzling record of his deeds supreme,
With all their pomp and splendor, didst peruse,
There must have passed in thy bewildered brain
Fantastic visions, fugitive as a dream,
Of glorious Jenas and grim Waterloos!

PERSIAN AND TURKISH TOBACCO.

By Oscanyan.

We have desires to which we are impelled by nature, and their attainment is indispensable to the continuation of life; but we have desires, also, which are the results of acquired tastes, and which habit also makes as imperative as our natural wants. Thus are created the luxuries of life, and, to increase the delight which we derive from such sources of enjoyment, we endeavor to refine, to etherealize their forms, and divest them of all sensual and grosser accompaniments. Among such luxuries, tobacco is pre-eminent, especially in the East, where it is made the basis of hospitality and the bond of social intercourse even at the West.

"Will you have a cigar, sir?"

Tobacco, ever since its first introduction to the civilized world, has become so indispensable an item of consumption that it has long been ranked among the staple commodities of life, and seems to claim the double title of a natural and artificial taste. Yet, no form of pleasure and exhilaration has ever been the subject of so much study as the ways and means of enjoying this fragrant weed.

All the world are well aware of the different forms in which tobacco is used—viz., inhaling in the form of smoke; titillating the nostrils by its powder, called snuff, or stimulating the nervous system by the action on the salivary glands through the process of mastication. The two latter forms of enjoying this luxury seem to admit of no refinement as time rolled on, and snuffing and chewing yet remain in their pristine state of simplicity. On

TURKISH TOBACCO-PIPE.

the contrary, no ingenuity has been spared to invent, improve or remodel the various vehicles by which the more exquisite and graceful practice of smoking may be enjoyed.

Although tobacco may have been indigenous to America, yet we have the assertion of Professor Beckman to corroborate the fact, that this plant was known to the Tartars long before the discovery of America. As early as the year 1610, a native Turk was paraded through the streets of Constantinople with a pipe transfixed through his nose, as the penalty of indulging in the pastime of smoking, which was then in great disrepute. Indeed, if we may credit tradition, Mohammed himself predicted, "that in times to come there should be men, bearing the names of Mussulmans, but not really such, who should smoke a certain weed called *Dukhan*, or Tobacco."

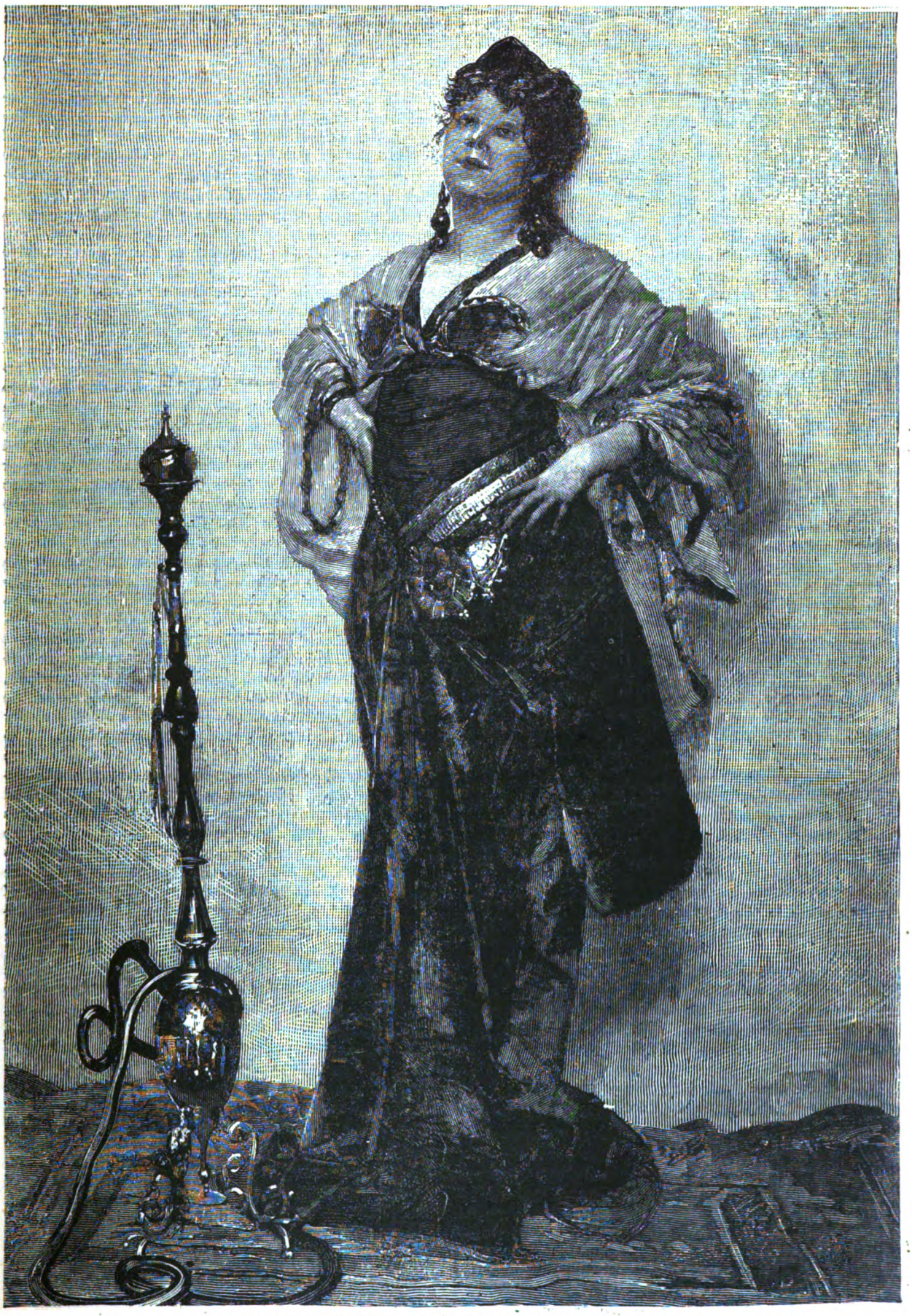
On the other hand, it is very singular that there is no allusion whatever made to the weed in the "Arabian Nights."

Tobacco was introduced into England soon after the discovery of America by Columbus, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and thence found its way into Europe. But from whatever clime this fragrant weed was first derived, it is not our purpose to dispute; suffice it to say, that the earliest method of using it was, doubtless, in a *pipe*, and not in the form of cigars — since the *calumet* of the Aborigines is of historic renown—nor by imbibing the juice by mastication, which latter practice was unknown to the early lovers of tobacco, and is unpracticed by the Orientals even at this day.

As the aromatic plant became popular, and even essential, to the happiness of mankind, including the fair sex, doubtless, the inconvenience of the pipe suggested the idea of a more portable form, whence the invention of cigars. In Holland, in 1670, they smoked out of conical tubes, made of palm-leaves plaited together, and subsequently the leaf of the plant was rolled up and the present form of cigars adopted. But those nations who retain the original, natural, and simplest mode of enjoying the weed have never relinquished the pipe, but have varied the form of this implement and beautified and improved it. The people who have retained the use of the pipe are the Dutch, Irish, English, Scotch, Germans, Russians, Turks, Persians and all Orientals.

In the perfection of the art of smoking, the Persians may rank first, then the Turks, Russians, Hungarians, Dutch, English, and, last of all, the Germans. This last observation may somewhat startle the reader, since a German is seldom seen without a pipe in his mouth; the fact is, he is a

A PERSIAN PIPE-BEARER.



PERSIAN AND TURKISH TOBACCO. — THE NARGHILE AND ITS BEARER.

great consumer of tobacco, but not a *smoker*, since he does not know how to enjoy it.

The Persians rank high in this respect, because they have studied the philosophy of enjoying the fumes of tobacco in their greatest purity. This they have attained by passing the smoke through water, and thus not only purifying it from the essential oil of the plant, but cooling it as well.

It is said that "necessity is the mother of invention"; Persian tobacco, called *Tömbeky*, evidently a corruption of the word tobacco, is a singular plant, both in texture and flavor. Its leaves are long and narrow, and rather light in color. It is coarse and has heavy fibres, and is, owing to the nature of the soil, extremely acrid, requiring a careful preparation before it can be utilized. When dry, the leaves are chopped up into small bits, or crumbled in the palm of the hand. This tobacco-dust is then placed in a piece of muslin and washed thoroughly. In a moist state, it is deposited in the pipe-bowl, to be smoked by the aid of a piece of ignited charcoal. Nor is the instrument used for the purpose an ordinary pipe. It is called *kalleon*, and is an air-tight vessel, globular in shape, made usually of a cocoa-shell. This is partially filled with water, and is surmounted with a tube about eighteen inches in length, on the top of which is the bowl containing the tobacco. A reed, of about two feet in length, is inserted diagonally into the vessel above the level of the water. When the smoker begins to draw through the weed, a partial vacuum is created in the vessel, which occasions the pressure of the external air to force the smoke of the tobacco downward through the perpendicular tube, above mentioned, into the water beneath, where, after losing its solid particles, it bubbles up into the vacant space above, and thence through the stem into the mouth of the smoker, the musical gurgling of the *Kalleon* reminding one of the incantations of the witches:

> "Double, double toil and trouble;
> Fire, burn: and, caldron, bubble."

The reason why the *Tömbeky* is used in a humid condition is to retard combustion, otherwise, the draft being great, the smoke would rush into one's mouth in a voluminous quantity, almost suffocating the person. Thus thoroughly washed and cleansed of its impurities, the fumes of *Tömbeky* impart a most delicious flavor, which is highly appreciated by its votaries.

Many natives in the East adopted the Persian style of smoking, amongst others the Turks, who are extremely partial to the weed. The unwieldliness of the *kalleon*, however, suggested the necessity of certain modifications, which they did by substituting a glass vessel in the form of a decanter, in lieu of the cocoanut, so as to enable it to stand on the floor instead of being obliged to hold it in the hand as the Persians do. Then again, in place of the short reed which conveys the smoke to the mouth, a flexible tube, made of kid, supported on wire frame, and of any required length, is substituted for the reed; yet, owing to its cumbersome nature, the narghillé, as it is called, is not a popular apparatus.

Ever since the peculiar and agreeable properties of this fragrant plant have been known, the ingenuity of its votaries has been excited to invent and improve the ways and means of obtaining the greatest amount of satisfaction from its use.

The Turks have displayed the greatest refinement and taste in the manufacture of their long and beautiful chibouks. These are composed of three distinct parts—the stem, the bowl and the mouthpiece.

In the earlier stages the pipe was made of one entire piece of clay; but soon the fact was established that this substance became so heated as to decompose the tobacco. Metallic and other pipes were tried, but still the same evil existed; until wood, especially brier-wood, became the most popular. But that also being combustible, the flavor of the tobacco was deteriorated, and at last the arrangement was made of a stem of wood with a bowl of clay attached to it, to contain the ignited plant. The wood was a non-conductor of heat, capable of being constructed of any length, and, moreover, easily cleaned, by swabbing, so that this was pronounced the great desideratum.

The meerschaum, or the froth of the sea, is a native rock formation of Turkey, and is excavated about two or three hundred miles from the Sea of Marmora. Every particle is exported to Vienna and elsewhere and is never used by the natives, because it is a calcareous substance, and when in contact with fire undergoes a process of combustion to a sufficient degree to decompose the tobacco. This fact is well attested by the circumstance that a meerschaum pipe-bowl is greatly enhanced in value when, by a long and tedious process, it has lost all its combustible properties, and is thus rendered incapable of deteriorating the tobacco. A peculiar species of clay exists in Turkey, so well adapted to this purpose as to supersede all other substances for the construction of pipe-bowls; and these Oriental and philosophic smokers have displayed their wisdom and science, not only in their selection of materials, but also in the peculiar form into which they have molded them. The form of a *lullé*, or Turkish pipe-bowl, is that of an inverted cone, the base of which, when filled with tobacco, forms the surface. The design of the form is to present a greater surface of exposure to the atmosphere, and to bring a smaller body of tobacco in contact with the bowl, which is made as thin and delicate as the nature of the material will permit, so as to possess the least quantity of body, and thus less power of retaining heat. The pipe is lighted in the centre of the bowl, *not* with a piece of *paper*, for that would scorch the surface of the tobacco, but with a piece of spunk, or a bit of ignited charcoal. At each inhalation the ignited circle enlarges and extends toward the edge of the bowl; and as the combustion takes place proportionately downward, it is evident that all the tobacco is consumed without the assistance of *fingering* it, as some are in the habit of doing. Indeed, a Turk never smokes his pipe out entirely, nor rebuilds on its ashes. He must have it fresh, and waits till his pipe gets cool.

The stem is always of wood; but great care is used in its selection. Jasmine is cultivated expressly for pipe stems, and carefully trained so to increase in length and uniform thickness. Cherry stems are much prized and more durable than the jasmine, and there is a species of wild fruit-tree, called *g'ermeshek*, peculiar to Turkey, remarkably suited for the use of tobacco, and very generally used. These pipe-stems are never less than four or five feet long, and perfectly straight. The object gained by the length is that the smoke arrives at the lips comparatively cool, and having in its passage deposited its more solid particles in the stem, in a state of purity, and being straight, is easily cleansed; for, contrary to German philosophy, the stem must be kept clean and sweet. Still another advantage gained by the length is, that the pipe may be easily disposed of for the moment, resting by the side or against a table without deranging the tobacco in the bowl, which has a flat bottom, and is, moreover, guarded by a brass tray beneath

it to protect the floor from any accident. The stem is invariably surmounted with an amber mouthpiece, so agreeable to the lips and free from all impurities. Certainly, then, a Turkish chibouk is unequaled as an implement for smoking. It is the very essence of luxury, and no wonder the Turks repose for hours on their silken couches, and recline on their fluffy cushions, and puff and puff again "ambrosial gales." Indeed, the pipe is their all in all—it is their "eye-opener" on awaking, and their "nightcap" before retiring! The women enjoy it as well as the men—in fact, every one is a smoker. It is considered by all the Orientals that "a pipe and a cup of coffee is a complete entertainment."

The chibouk and the narghilé, besides being symbols of hospitality, have, by reason of extravagant outlay bestowed upon them, become objects not only of luxury, but of wealth and distinction, among the Orientals, as services of silver are appendages of elegant life to the Europeans, so that there was great ambition to excel each other in the costliness of their appurtenances of smoking. But times have changed, the chibouk and narghilé being superseded by simple cigarettes.

But it is not only the utility and beauty of the long chibouk and the gurgling narghilé which constitute the Osmanlis the best and most philosophical smokers. Turkish tobacco has a world-wide renown. The plant differs materially from the Havana in its narcotic properties, peculiar taste and aroma. Tobacco is cultivated all over Turkey, but the production is not the same everywhere. There are four varieties: the Bafra, the Mannissa, the Yenidjé and the Djebel. The Bafra is a plant of large leaves, dark-brown in color, coarse in texture, and strong in flavor. It is an Asiatic production, cultivated in the neighborhood of the Black Sea. The Mannissa or Magnesia is cultivated in the vicinity of Smyrna. Its leaves are not very large, and in color are light, resembling somewhat the Virginia plant. In quality it is very ordinary, and in flavor rather mild. But the Yenidjé, which is a production of European Turkey, is, by reason of climate and soil, of a quality that is not equaled by any in the world. The leaves are small, of a brownish hue and delicate frame. When smoked its delicious taste gratifies the palate, and the aroma imparts a pleasing sensation to the olfactories. It is highly appreciated by all amateurs of the weed of whatever nationality, and patronized extensively. It carries the palm over the famous Havana in one particular, that it leaves no unpleasant consequences.

An apartment may be filled with a thick cloud of smoke of Yenidjé tobacco, yet when the room is ventilated the air becomes purified in a very short time; whereas the fumes of the Havana permeate every fibre of clothing or furniture, and it seems difficult to get rid of. It is this fact that drives the gentlemen out of doors for a smoke, and compels those behind the counters to resort to chewing. Hence, it can easily be conceived why the ladies in the East do not object to the use of the weed, but become partial to it themselves, and take pleasure and comfort in rolling cigarettes.

There is also a great choice exercised in its narcotic strength. As tastes and nervous requirements differ, extra care is bestowed in its preparation.

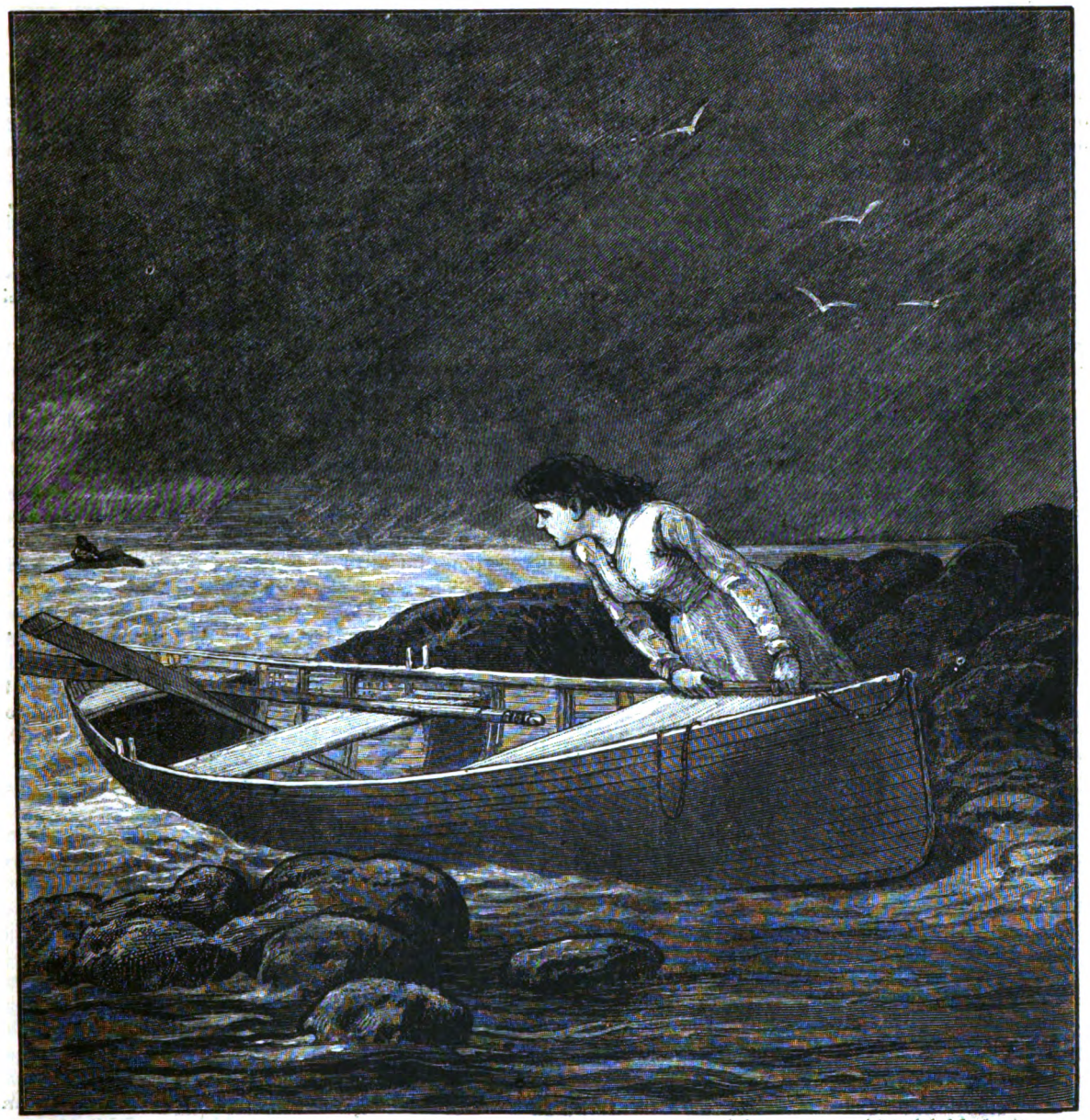
The leaves, when gathered, are not stripped from the parent stock indiscriminately from top to bottom, but are assorted and classified in three categories. The lower tiers being the strongest in flavor, and the upper the mildest, they are gathered separately, and the bundles into which they are packed are marked respectively, *yavash*, *orta* and *sert*—mild, middling and high-flavored. Then, again, by this division the smoker is enabled to make a new combination by mixing one part of one and two parts of the other to suit his own particular taste.

The Djebel or Latakia tobacco is a Syrian production, strongly impregnated with nitre, owing to the nature of the soil. It sparkles and scintillates when smoked; but as it leaves an unpleasant coating on the tongue, it is not patronized by the public, except by the Syrians themselves, who are habituated to its use, whereas the Yenidjé is sought after by all. But Yenidjé is a small district of Thessaly, consequently its production is very limited. The demand being greater than the supply, it always commands a high price. Apart from this fact, tobacco, having recently become a Régie, that is, Government monopoly, its purchase has become more difficult, as the entire crop is either absorbed by the officials or exported to foreign countries, particularly to Russia, where it commands any price. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, Yenidjé tobacco is plentiful in the market, and the reader can easily conceive its genuineness. Even the greatest connoisseurs in Turkey are imposed upon by skillfully fabricated articles. A growing taste for this particular tobacco having of late been acquired in America, the increasing demand for this delicious weed has induced speculators to flood the market with Yenidjé.

A REMARKABLE series of contributions have been received by the United States Fish Commission from the Cape Ann fishermen, who go to the Newfoundland Banks. When the Fish Commission had its headquarters at Gloucester in 1878, a general interest in the zoological work sprang up among the crews of the fishing-vessels, and since that time they have been vying with each other in efforts to find new animals. Their activity has been stimulated by the publication of lists of their donations in the local papers; and the number of separate lots of specimens received, to the present time, exceeds eight hundred. Many of these lots are large, consisting of collecting-tanks full of alcoholic specimens. At least thirty fishing-vessels were carrying collecting-tanks on every trip, until it became necessary to recall them because no more specimens were required, and many of the fishermen, with characteristic superstition, had the idea that it insured good luck to have a tank on board, and would not go to sea without one. The number of specimens acquired in this manner, according to the latest report of the National Museum where they are deposited, is at least 50,000 or 60,000, most of them scarcely attainable by other means.

LORD ALBEMARLE mentions a Lord D——'s eccentric habit of giving vent to his thoughts aloud. He was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal *cuisine* since the decease of George IV. Sitting next to King William, he exclaimed, in his deep bass: "What a change, to be sure—cold pies and hot champagne!" On another occasion, the King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, dined with Lord D——, who handed her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquize aloud: "What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?" and in the same tone continued, "May I have the honor of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?" Toward the end of dinner he asked her again. "With great pleasure, my lord," she replied; "but I have had a glass with you already." "The brute, and so she has!" was the rejoinder.

A TIGER QUEEN IN OLD EGYPT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY STANLEY BERKLEY.



THE FISHER-GIRL OF GRAND MENAN.—"'THERE, THERE, HE IS UPSET!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'HE IS CLINGING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT. GOD HELP ME!'"

THE FISHER-GIRL OF GRAND MENAN.

"I THINK I have gone far enough," he said, leaning listlessly over the side of the boat.

"Then you mean, sir, that you are tired of my rowing?" she replied, poising her oars 'mid the worn tholepins, while the water dripped from the blades in a shower of crystals.

"Oh, no; I am not tired of you, only tired."

"That, sir, makes a very different thing of it."

She was only a fisher-girl of Grand Menan, with hands brown and plump and strong, with hair dyed in the blackness of the night, and eyes! what wonderful depths they had, lighted with a soft flame! They were like masses of carbon with a heart of fire. She was just Mollie Burns, living in that rough little one-story house on the green bank above the white sands. Her father was John Burns, the fisherman, and from him she must have inherited a rare knack at pulling cod and haddock and mackerel out of the sea. He had taught her how to row her homely, but strong, little boat. This boy, only fifteen, with his face that sickness had bleached, but a face lighted with eyes as bewitchingly blue as Mollie's were black, had come to this surf-fringed island to find again his health if possible. Mollie Burns had been hired by Charlie Whipple's father to carry him out in her boat, to teach him to fish, to tell him how to row. Whipple, Senior, had intended to accompany the young people in every journey, but various things had prevented, and the blue eyes and the black eyes had looked at one another all they wished.

Mollie had rowed her charge home the day our story opens, and then watched him as he languidly walked across the glistening sands to his boarding-house. She pulled her boat up the beach, and then sat down behind a wall of rock projecting from the bank. Did

she hear voices? Two men on the other side of this wall were talking busily.

"Ah, there goes my boy. He has just come off from the water."

"That is Charlie's father," said Mollie, softly.

"I see; and that fisher-girl with him, or was."

"I don't like him," was Mollie's comment. "Guess his name is Babcock. He's a boarder, too, and I wish he'd go home."

"It has been a good thing for him, his going off on the water," remarked Mr. Whipple.

"And a pleasant thing for her," said Mr. Babcock.

"Oh, I dare say. She's well paid for it. I found her among the fishermen's children, and she was willing to earn a penny."

"You must look out. Those young people are getting a good deal interested in one another."

The black eyes on Mollie's side of the wall widened and flamed, and her breathing seemed to cease, so intently did she listen. Indeed, it did not seem to her as if she could move away. What she heard might affect her destiny, but she seemed suddenly to have lost strength, and could but stay to hear the cruel words that had this strange power.

"Interested? You think so? My Charlie never lisped a word——"

"Of course he wouldn't."

"I can't have that. Good girl, I guess, but she fills a low station in life. If you think best I'll leave this village to-morrow."

"I do think so."

"Then I'll go, and as we expected to journey together, will you accompany me, Babcock?"

Mollie did not care whether Babcock "accompanied" anybody or not, whether he went to another spot on Grand Menan, or—to the bottom of the sea. She rather thought she would like to have him in the latter place. She arose wearily, stole unobserved out of her resting-place, and then crawled up the winding path that seamed the lofty bank, and stopped at the door of her father's diminutive home. It was her boast that she could run up that tedious path without stopping, and sometimes fancied herself a bird on its strong wings mounting this slope; but like a seabird shot, wounded sore, with crippled wings, she now wearily crawled to John Burns's door.

"You tired, Mollie?" kindly asked her grandmother, who had kept house for John Burns since his wife's death. She only nodded her head feebly, like the crown of a stalk of beach-grass broken by the tempest. "I don't see why Mollie is so quiet," reflected the grandmother. "She has got no more stiffenin' to her to-day than a wet sail."

She went out after tea just as she had often gone in the twilight to see the sunset clouds move across the western waters like the gaudy, flaming canvas of vessels whose hulls were hidden below the horizon. The display seemed tame to-night. She had been wont to joke with the rough-mannered but kind-hearted boys, one of whom she expected, in a vague kind of way, to marry some time; though now as little stirred by a love for any one of them as the seagull for the tumbling waves it gambols with. She had little to say to-night; was even cross to one of them, for which she quickly felt sorry.

"Oh, Mollie!" exclaimed her younger sister Amy; "*he* has been here and says he is going away, and was real sorry he couldn't see you, and left this for you."

Mollie did not ask Amy to match this pronoun, this indefinite "he" with a definite noun. Her heart beat excitedly, painfully, and she laid her hand upon it. Why was it? This boy from the States, this girl of Grend Menan, had never confessed any liking for one another, but blue eyes and black eyes have their peculiar language. Perhaps the weakness of this boy had won the more strongly his companion's interest. He had leaned upon her in many ways. Once, when the surf was rough and she could not beach her boat in the old landing-place, she had rowed to a sand-spit, where, to reach the shore, one must wade through the shallow water.

"You'll be sick again if you take to the water, and—and I must carry you," she said, laughing, and bore him, as if he were little Amy, to the dry beach.

That night it seemed as if she had lifted one who was her own child, and her sympathy—she had never thought of love—went out to him and gathered itself about him. Then she liked him for what he was, a frank, unselfish, noble-hearted boy, just now weak, making a sorry figure in contrast with the boys that could run and leap, swim and row; but stirred by a generosity of spirit in which a quick, feminine instinct detected the stuff out of which heroes and martyrs are made. It was that chance conversation overheard on the shore that revealed the girl's heart to her, and yet declared the hopelessness of the relation between them—two souls standing on the brink of a social chasm widening rapidly between them. And he was going! If she had only been at home to see him once more! She now took from Amy the box that had been left for her, and carried it up to her bare, brown sleeping-room under the roof. Then she bore it to the window that looked toward the west, and the last of the light shot its rays into the box, and made a warm circle of color whose centre was a gold ring.

"What he used to wear!" said Mollie, the blood tingeing her cheeks till they glowed like one of the clouds in the west. "Some writing," she said. "'Do not forget me.'" A deeper red suffused her cheeks.

"He said he wanted you to wear it," piped a little voice behind her.

"Hush-sh-sh, Amy! Hush-sh-sh! They'll hear you."

That night, when she went to sleep, she wore this ring on the finger where betrothed maidens wear the golden sign. In her dreams she seemed to be sailing over seas of widening splendor, and at her side was Charlie Whipple; she his equal—his wife. It might be a Summer yacht she was in, but not the old brown fishing-boat. In her dream the yacht ran upon a sunken rock, and all her visions were upset in a very cold sea of reality. She awoke to recognize that it was late. The sun was shining through the old-fashioned little panes, revealing the floor with its stains and knot-holes, the coarse coverlet on the bed, and the unplastered roof where the nails from the shingles still projected. She was only a fisher-girl of Grand Menan.

"Mol-lie!"

It was her grandmother calling. She took off her ring, hid it away, and dressed. Oh, how dull and heavy the burdens of the day!

"Granny, if you don't care, I won't go off in the boat to-day."

"And not pick up a penny, child, carryin' folks off? Where is that sickly chap gone?"

"I think, if you don't care, I'll go to school."

"Well," murmured the old woman, "mebbe your father will be as well pleased to have you at school."

Was it strange if one reason for going to school was the hope that from one elevated point in the road she might see the stage that probably would bear away

Charlie Whipple? "And there it is!" she was saying, looking off from that point.

No, it was only her father's fish-cart toiling slowly over the rough road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, and slowly walked to the schoolhouse.

"Mollie here?" asked her school-mates, in astonishment. "Thought she'd be er rowin'!" declared one.

It was Mollie, and yet not the old Mollie.

"Miss Dora" — they all called the teacher, Dora Greene, after that fashion — "could I speak to you?" asked Mollie after school.

Whenever before did the vivacious, restless Mollie Burns detain her teacher after school. The teacher had detained *her* for mischief often. She could not have gone to a better counselor than this quiet, patient, self-reliant heroine, teaching a country school on the rocky shores of the Atlantic.

"Mollie, dear," said Miss Dora, in her sympathetic way. "Can I help you?"

The teacher's tenderness touched her.

"I—I—wish I had a mother," sobbed Mollie, covering her face with her hands.

"Just let me help you, same as if I was your mother." And the teacher gently put her arm about the girl, even as a mother-bird would fold its wings over its young.

"I—I—want to go to school. I—want to be some—one."

"Well, you can be. There is no one but yourself, I imagine, standing in the way of that. And it seems to me, dear"—Miss Dora had a soft, musical voice—"it seems to me it is our duty. If we have that aim, we can be of so much service to our fellows. That is what God wants, to have us do our best, and be our best, and, having that ambition, we are in a line with His will."

Miss Dora scarcely knew what she was saying. She was surprised by this ebullition of a purpose so different from the motives hitherto influencing this spirited, black-eyed girl, whose feats in rowing far surpassed her accomplishments in figures. And Mollie, she was in a whirl. She understood only this, that out of a life in its social level above her own had come this American boy, with a refined, generous, noble spirit, and she—she—had found out—she slowly confessed to herself, that she loved him.

"Yes, I'm his wife," she said, blushing 'mid her tears and trying the ring of gold on her finger, as she stood alone in the shabby bedroom that was hers, "and—and—I'll fit myself to be his wife truly."

There was a maelstrom of feeling in Mollie's soul, but all currents of motive drove fiercely though confusedly in one direction. By degrees, though, as she bent down to her books, and as years gave her maturity of thought, she could reason more wisely.

One day she said this, talking in a very direct, serious way, to Mollie Burns:

"Some women never marry the man they love, and you may be among the 'nevers.' That is hard, but——" Here the black-eyed girl stopped. She had, in thought, collided with a destiny that every year seemed more and more likely, and she could not recover at once her serenity. She ultimately began again: "Try to accept that as a cross, that many souls must carry isolation from the one they love, and the strength you may not devote to *that* one, ask God to help you to dedicate it to the poor and ignorant and weak all about you. Can you?"

A teacher herself nowadays, she was trying to answer this question satisfactorily. It was at the window of a primitive schoolhouse, one night, when the day's work was done, that she repeated this soliloquy, old now as a hundred repetitions of its idea could make it.

"There is a stranger," she suddenly said; "a boarder, it must be. I am a stranger myself, and yet I know he is not one of the people hereabout. He is getting into that boat."

She watched him stepping into a boat on the shining white sands, and then saw him push off into the tide.

"Why, he is insane," she suddenly cried. "He has hoisted his sail, and there is a squall a-coming, and he doesn't know it."

She ran down to the shore, only to see his boat vainly struggling with a mad, furious burst of wind out of an immense black cloud in the sky.

"There, there, he is upset!" she exclaimed.

Mollie Burns had not lost her old skill in rowing. She was off at once, her boat tossing amid the black, uneasy sea, but steadily heading toward that struggling stranger.

"He is clinging to the bottom of his boat," she said. "God help me!"

There was a woman's helping hand laid upon the stranger, and in her boat he was carried home. He was generous in his tender of money and opulent in his thanks. Mollie would only accept the latter.

"He looks like somebody I have seen," she thought, but she could not seem to identify this gray-haired visitor. He wrote a letter to the States that very evening. This was a part of his epistle:

"My Dear Son—I had a very narrow escape from drowning to-day, and a young woman saved me. I dont't think any serious result will come from it. I am older, though, than I was, and I see that a cold has set in, and next week, as I think your college term is over then, just run down and see how I am."

"Don't dare tell him all there is in my mind," said the writer to himself. "He is a nice fellow as ever was, and soon will be in his profession, and I would like to see him sensibly married. Somehow he don't take to the girls, and I don't blame him for not liking the butterflies about him. Now this handsome young woman that pulled me out of the pit of death—why, they say she is a real smart girl, self-educated, a teacher. I wish he would take to her, and he shall—see—her. Yes, he has got to, whether he wants to or not!"

The cold induced by that ocean bath kept the father a prisoner in the house, and when the son arrived, he said, within two hours after his arrival:

"I have not felt well enough to call personally on the young woman who—saved—me, and I wish you'd step to the schoolhouse—the school is out—and say you—you—want to thank her for her kindness to your father."

"Oh, well, I will!"

After he had gone, the restless parent said:

"Now I feel so well since he came, I believe I could go and add a word."

But what did he see on entering the schoolhouse? His son leading forward the schoolmistress.

"This is my old friend, and—and—we are as good friends as ever, and—father——"

"Who is it, Charlie?"

"Mollie Burns, and we—have settled—it all—and we want your blessing."

And just there Whipple, senior, bestowed a blessing lasting far beyond the marriage ceremony.

The happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes of light, but in one continuous mild serenity.

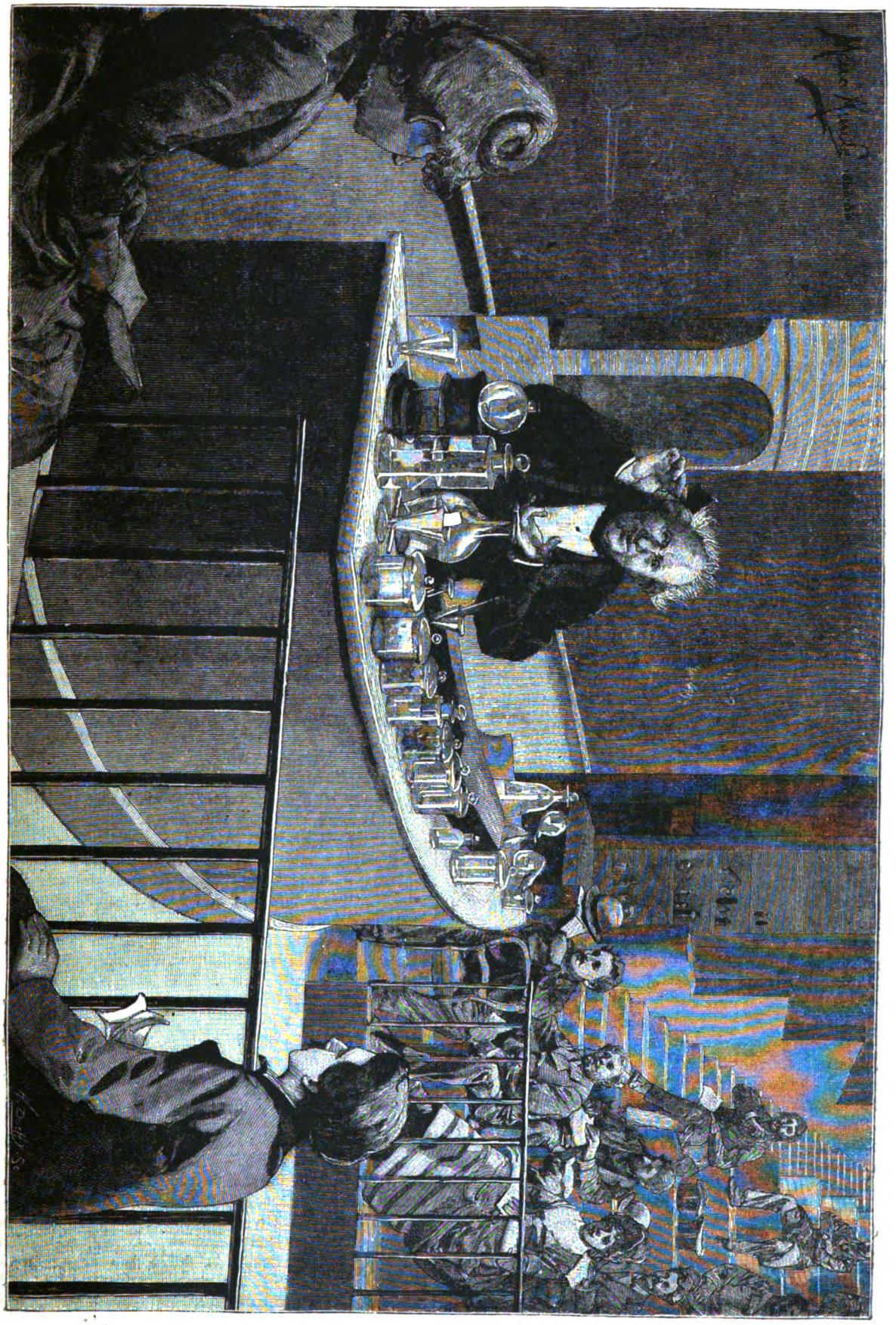
AN ILLUSTRIOUS CENTENARIAN.

By Henry Tyrrell.

The death of Sir Moses Montefiore, a little more than a year ago, left Michel Eugène Chevreul the chief living example of an active and illustrious life spared to wear the crown of a hundred years. The Hebrew philanthropist barely lived to grasp it, while the late Leopold Von Ranke, the German historian, fell short by nearly a decade. To find parallel instances of combined years, usefulness, activity and honors we must go back to ancient history, which tells us that Sophocles and Diogenes lived ninety years, Zeno and Isocrates ninety-eight, Democritus ninety-nine, and Georgias and Hippocrates upward of one hundred. The rarity of such examples may be said to contradict, rather than to confirm, the belief of those philosophers and physiologists who maintain that human prudence and favorable external conditions may extend the natural limit of human life to one hundred years. The fabulous philosopher's stone, or grand elixir, the *major magisterium* of the alchemists of old, was alleged to cure all diseases, rejuvenate the old, and prolong life. M. Chevreul is, indeed, a chemist, but he is not an alchemist. He has spent his years in more profitable experiments than those aiming at the transmutation of metals, or the discovery of the panacea of life. His hundredth birthday, nevertheless, was celebrated in Paris with extraordinary honors and festivities, on the 31st of August last, and he has entered upon his second century with an *entrain* as inspiriting as it is phenomenal.

STATUE TO M. CHEVREUL.

M. Chevreul was born at Angers, capital of the Department of Maine-et-Loire, on the 31st of August, 1786. At that time, Marat was an obscure veterinary surgeon; Danton and Robespierre were out-of-the-way country lawyers; Murat was studying for the priesthood; Soult, Hoche and Moreau were private soldiers; Ney was an office-clerk; and Napoleon Bonaparte was a second lieutenant. It is noticeable that longevity was in the Chevreul family, for Eugène's father, who was a physician and surgeon, reached the age of ninety-one, while his mother died aged ninety-three. The future *savant* was not, in his boyhood, impelled by his natural inclinations to the study of chemistry. Archæology and the dead languages possessed decidedly greater attractions for him, and Greek was, above all, the study of his predilection. These tastes — inspired in him by the learned curé of the parish — were not encouraged by Chevreul *père*, who preferred that his son's studies should be directed toward the industrial arts. Accordingly, when he left the Central School of his native town to go to Paris, in his seventeenth year, he entered the chemical factory of the celebrated Vauquelin, of whom it was said that he was wholly a chemist — a chemist every day of his life, and during the whole of each day. Paris appears to have been at that time peculiarly fortunate in the possession of eminent men as teachers in almost every branch of science. Fourcroy, the Professor of Chemistry at the College of France, was engaged in improving higher education, and left the work of his Chair largely to Vauquelin, his demonstrator. Chevreul entered under this latter teacher, and distinguished himself so rapidly that he was allowed to take charge of the laboratory when he was twenty years of age. At the same time he taught in



CHEVREUL IN HIS LABORATORY.

the Lycée Charlemagne; four years later he became Demonstrator to the Museum, and at thirty years of age he was appointed special Professor of Chemistry in charge of the dyeing department at the Gobelins.

One of M. Chevreul's earliest discoveries was that of margarine, oleine and stearine in oils and fats. The last of these furnishes stearic acid, and thus the important industry of the manufacture of stearic candles was founded. His studies in fatty bodies, and his theory of saponification, have not only created new industries, but they opened immense horizons in organic chemistry. M. Chevreul's work on this subject ("Recherches chimiques sur les corps gras d'origine animale"), was published in 1823, and nearly thirty years afterward he received, on its account, the prize of 12,000 francs, founded by the Marquis d'Argenteuil for the encouragement of useful inventions. In presenting this prize, his eminent colleague, the late J. B. Dumas, said to him: "The products springing from your discoveries must be numbered by hundreds of millions. The whole world is interested in their fabrication, and finds in their use new sources of salubrity and well-being."

Between the years 1828 and 1864 M. Chevreul devoted his attention to the study of colors, and from time to time published memoirs on the progress of his work, amongst which are "Leçons de chimie appliquée à la teinture" (1828–'31); "De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs et de l'assortement des objets coloriés" (1839); and "Des couleurs et de leurs applications aux arts industriels à l'aide des cercles chromatiques" (1864). Another work of his, on sanitary influences, introduced the practice of charring the interior of water-casks. The complete list of M. Chevreul's published works is a long one, and the most important of his writings have been translated into various European languages. The number of his uncollected papers, memoirs, ets., is also very great, amongst them being one written in 1832, on the divining-rod, and another in 1853, in which he dissipated the mystery surrounding table-turning and similar "manifestations."

It is now seventy-six years since M. Chevreul first entered the Museum, seventy since he became connected with the Gobelins, and sixty since he was elected a member of the Institute. His abilities as a scientist were recognized in England as early as in his own country; in fact, he was made a member of the Royal Society when, as his son says, he was only a *petit professeur* at Paris. Since then he has received many similar honors. He worked with some of the foremost scientists of his time, including Sir Humphry Davy.

His memory is marvelously clear—and what other man in the world has so much of interest to remember? He said to a friend at his recent birthday banquet, "I am the sole living person who has conversed with one who had himself conversed with Louis XIV." As a lad he witnessed some of the scenes of the conflict in La Vendée, and he saw the guillotine at work in Angers, where the old University was swept away by the Revolution. His recollections of the Terror and the Directory are perfectly clear, though he was not then at Paris. He can call up vivid pictures of the great Napoleon and the glories of the First Empire. He has lived under the First Restoration, the Hundred Days, the Restoration of 1815, the Legitimist rule of 1830, the Republic of 1848, the Second Empire of 1852, and the Third Republic—in all, eleven *régimes*, which is a tolerable variety for one lifetime. To-day he finds himself, at the age of a hundred years, in full possession of his mental and physical faculties, and rich in this world's goods. He still carries on his work at the institutions with which he is connected, dividing his time between the Museum of Natural History (adjoining his home at the Jardin des Plantes), the Gobelins and the Institute of France; and he never fails to attend the Monday meetings of the Academy of Sciences. He is commonly called by the affectionate and honorable title of "*le Doyen*"—that is to say, the senior, or oldest of the French students.

All the world knows of the festivities with which the venerable scientist's hundredth birthday was celebrated in Paris, on the 31st of August last. It was a celebration—in fact, a popular demonstration—which did honor alike to him for whom it was intended, and to those who offered it. On the eve of his birthday, the street on which his house stands, and which is named after him, was brilliantly illuminated. A literary and musical festival was given in his honor at the Opéra, and the old gentleman sat through the whole of it with evident pleasure, although it was nearly half a century since he had left off theatre-going. On Tuesday, the great day, there was a charming reception at the Museum in the Jardin des Plantes, where his statue was unvailed—to be somewhat neglected, however, on that particular occasion, by the friends, admirers and relatives who flocked about the ruddy, white-haired original, seated just opposite.

This reception was followed in the evening by a grand banquet in the Salle St. Jean at the Hôtel de Ville, and a torchlight procession—for the Parisians are very thorough in such matters. Seated in that noble hall, surrounded by delegations from foreign institutions of learning, and high personages of the state, municipal, literary, artistic and theatrical circles, together with a number of distinguished Americans, M. Chevreul saw the beginning of his second century—at precisely eight o'clock, according to the family records. In honor of the supreme moment, which was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, he tasted a glass of champagne for the first time in his life; for he was born with a constitutional repugnance to wine.

A remarkable incident of these centenary festivities was the visit to M. Chevreul, at his house, of His Excellency Tcheou Meou-Ki, Director of the Chinese Mission of Public Instruction, with the mandarins attached to his person. He handed to the illustrious chemist a Chinese document expressing in old characters every wish for his happiness and long life. It appears that there is living at this moment in China a Chinese *savant* who, at the age of one hundred years, has just passed his examinations and been admitted a member of the highest academy of the mandarins. The interpreter explained to M. Chevreul that his Chinese visitors considered the fact that two *savans* a hundred years of age were living, one in France and the other in China, was a link connecting the learning of the two countries.

We are not informed as to the personal habits of the Chinese centenarian; but those of M. Chevreul are by no means indicative of the infirmities of old age. When asked the secret of his long life, he replied, "It is simply a matter of good health—a precious gift which I owe to my parents, and for which I have thanked them in the dedication of a *brochure* of mine published in 1870—*l'année terrible.*" On one occasion, in jocular response to the congratulations of President Grévy upon his green old age, M. Chevreul said: "Do you know, Monsieur le President, why I am so well preserved? I have never tasted a drop of wine."

"Ah! but your warning comes seventy years too late for me," replied M. Grévy, who, being a native of the

Jura, and an enthusiastic sportsman, has naturally never been addicted to water-drinking.

M. Chevreul's abstinence from wine is, however, as we have already said, a matter of constitutional peculiarity; and he has the same repugnance for the smell and taste of fish. "Nothing is more difficult," he says, "than to pronounce, *in the name of science*, upon the intensity of the nutritive property of such-and-such aliment, on account of the great difference existing between the idiosyncrasies of individuals. Take my personal experience, for example. All the other members of my family were wine-drinkers, yet the smell and taste of both wine and beer have always been unpleasant to me. It is the same with fish, with pure milk, and with certain vegetables. Do I therefore conclude that these are not nutritive? Certainly not. I discover that chocolate and coffee, chemically considered, act alike; in my case, however, they are entirely different. Without accepting, as yet, the reasons given in explanation of the effect, I know that coffee sustains me, while chocolate, which is agreeable enough to my taste, leaves me a prey to the pangs of hunger within an hour or two after taking it."

For many years past M. Chevreul has taken but two repasts daily, and these twelve hours apart—breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, and dinner at seven o'clock in the evening. His average *menu*, which is little varied, is as follows: In the morning, two eggs, a slice of an excellent home-made *pâté* of fowl and meat, and a pint of *café au lait*. In the evening, an overflowing plate of tapioca with cheese, a cutlet, a bunch of grapes, and two or three glasses of water.

His chief recreation, he has said, consists in a change of work; though, strangely enough, he has been a great fisherman. One of his treasured relics is an elaborate piscatorial outfit, presented to him in his youth by Sir Humphry Davy, who shared his passion for this sport. It was on the banks of the Loire, rod in hand, that Chevreul dictated to his wife—who sat by his side with a writing-case in her lap—his celebrated work on animal fats, which nearly thirty years afterward won the prize of 12,000 francs.

"It is true," he said to a friend, recently, "that I love fishing with the line; but my love is Platonic. Like the retriever, I bring in the game, but never touch it. I am the special Providence of lovers of the *friture*."

"I suppose," continued the friend, "that you find fishing a palliative against fatigue."

"Fatigue?" exclaimed the superb old man. "I don't know it. To me, work is a repose, rather than a fatigue."

"But there is a limit to human endurance, and, when that limit is passed, illness."

"I don't remember that I ever was ill."

"Then you have carefully regulated your life?"

"Eh! not more than another. I have sown my wild oats, like all the rest."

"But surely you have avoided staying up nights?"

"On the contrary, I have not yet left off that bad habit. Why, only the other evening my comrades and I indulged in a little dissipation, which had been arranged to end promptly at ten; yet at midnight we were still clinking our glasses—though mine held nothing stronger than water. And then, at the Opéra, on the eve of my birthday, I staid until the last fall of the curtain."

"You like the theatre?"

"I used to be passionately fond of it. I saw Talma in all his glory, and Mlle. Mars, and the great Elleviou, and the incomparable Fleury. I seem to see Fleury now, as the *Ci-devant jeune homme*. The last time I saw a play performed was as far back as 1838. The play was 'Tartufe,' and the character was represented by Fleury's successor."

Molière is M. Chevreul's favorite author, "because," as he is wont to remark, "his genius divined all that experience has taught me of the human heart."

To another visitor, who found him still reading Molière, the centenarian said:

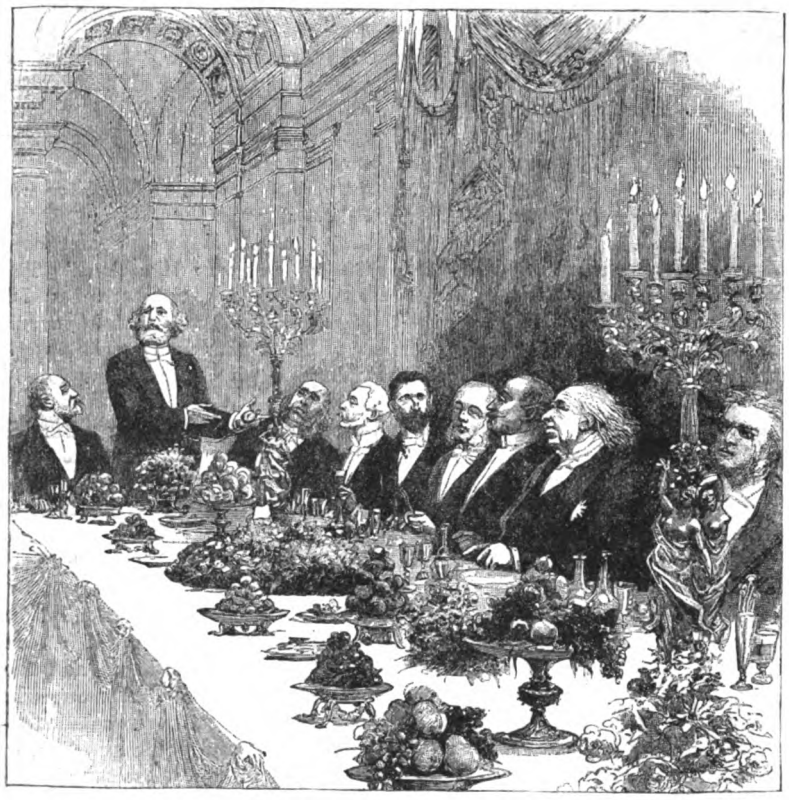
"I don't find much in recent writers. They have got a great many new words, but work on the old ideas. They keep on producing the old ideas over and over again, and do not give us any new thoughts." The sterility of the present generation rather vexes M. Chevreul. "Il est bien facile," he repeated several times, "de donner les mots nouveaux aux choses anciennes"—"It is very easy to give new names to old things."

He is as enthusiastic as ever in conversing upon his favorite topic of colors, and the visitor whom we are quoting became quite lost in the mazes of his "cercles" and "zones chromatiques," and among the technicalities of "chromochalcographie." M. Chevreul has a profound belief in Newton, and was greatly annoyed because Mme. de Chantilly misrepresented the English scientist on the matter of colors in her translation. He would insist on giving a demonstration on the propagation of colors. His strong point was that the "colors are in us, and the cause in the things we look at" (de hors). Although he had talked a good deal during the day, there was no stopping him when once he started on the color question, or getting him to change the subject, and when the visitors rose to leave he protested that they were going because his explosion wearied them. He is as earnest and enthusiastic a student as if he had another hundred years before him.

There is an anecdote of a nonagenarian, who, at the funeral of his son, aged seventy years, sobbed out: "Ah, I knew I should never raise that little fellow!" M. Chevreul has been successful in "raising" his only son, M. Henri Chevreul, who is now a promising lad of seventy odd, and himself a grandfather. Sometimes the old chemist, receiving a scrawled letter from one of his dearly beloved great-grandchildren, exclaims: "In these little hieroglyphics you may read the secret of my long life."

Figaro, and the special illustrated paper published in honor of the recent birthday festivities, entitled *Le Centenaire Chevreul*, have given the world a multitude of interesting anecdotes touching upon various periods of the great chemist's life. It is difficult, indeed, to us, to imagine M. Chevreul as a dandy. He was, nevertheless, one of the elegant young men who gave tone to the masculine *modes* of Paris, some three-quarters of a century ago. One of his intimate associates was Garat, who had given music-lessons to Marie Antoinette, and who came into high social prominence after the Restoration. The fashions which he introduced were undoubtedly evolved upon scientific and æsthetic principles, for we find Chevreul, with other celebrities of the day, frequenting the Comédie-Française and the Opéra-Comique, in *culotte à la Garat, cravate à la Garat—tout à la Garat.*

He also served his time in the army, and still alludes with pride to the fact that he was a captain in the Twelfth Legion of the National Guard. One day, during the earlier part of his military experience, he was on sentry duty at the Tuileries. A distant murmur, growing louder as it approached, attracted his attention. Then some one cried, "The Emperor!" Sure enough, it was Napoleon, who had just returned from Elba, and now came, with dramatic suddenness, to take possession



BANQUET AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, IN HONOR OF M. CHEVREUL'S 100TH BIRTHDAY.

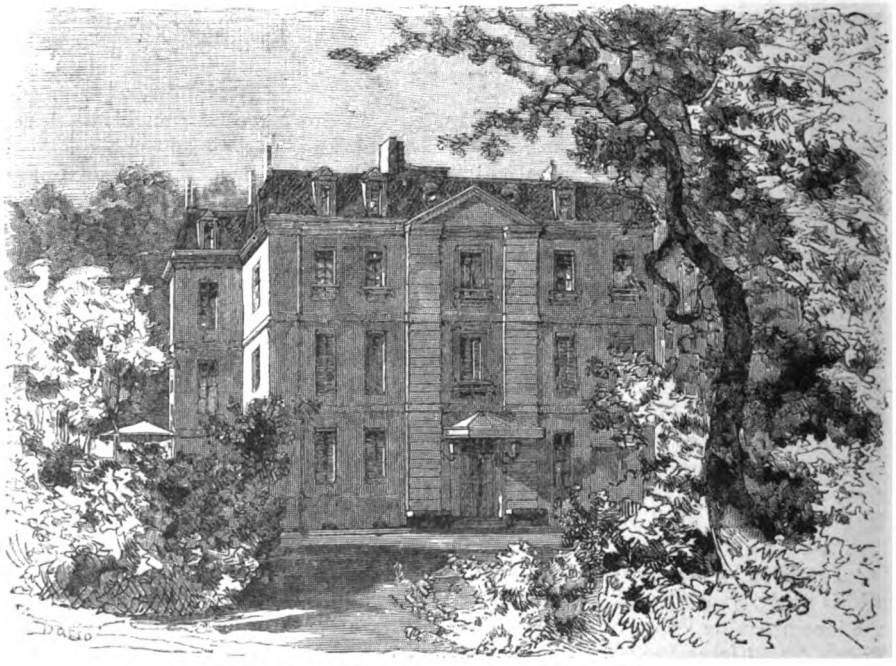
again of his old quarters in Paris. The sentry was so overcome by the apparition that he stood transfixed with astonishment and awe, and dropped his gun.

The real terrors of war, however, which he experienced during the siege of Paris in 1870-71, had little effect upon the serene old scientist, then in his eighty-fifth year. In the midst of severe privations, he continued to reside and work at the Museum, with the Prussian shells crashing through the galleries and conservatories all about him. Once a shell struck and burst in his own laboratory, which he had at that instant quitted, at the stroke of the prescribed hour, to attend to work in another part of the building. "Here is the recompense," he remarked, "of my scrupulous punctuality in the fulfillment of my professional duties."

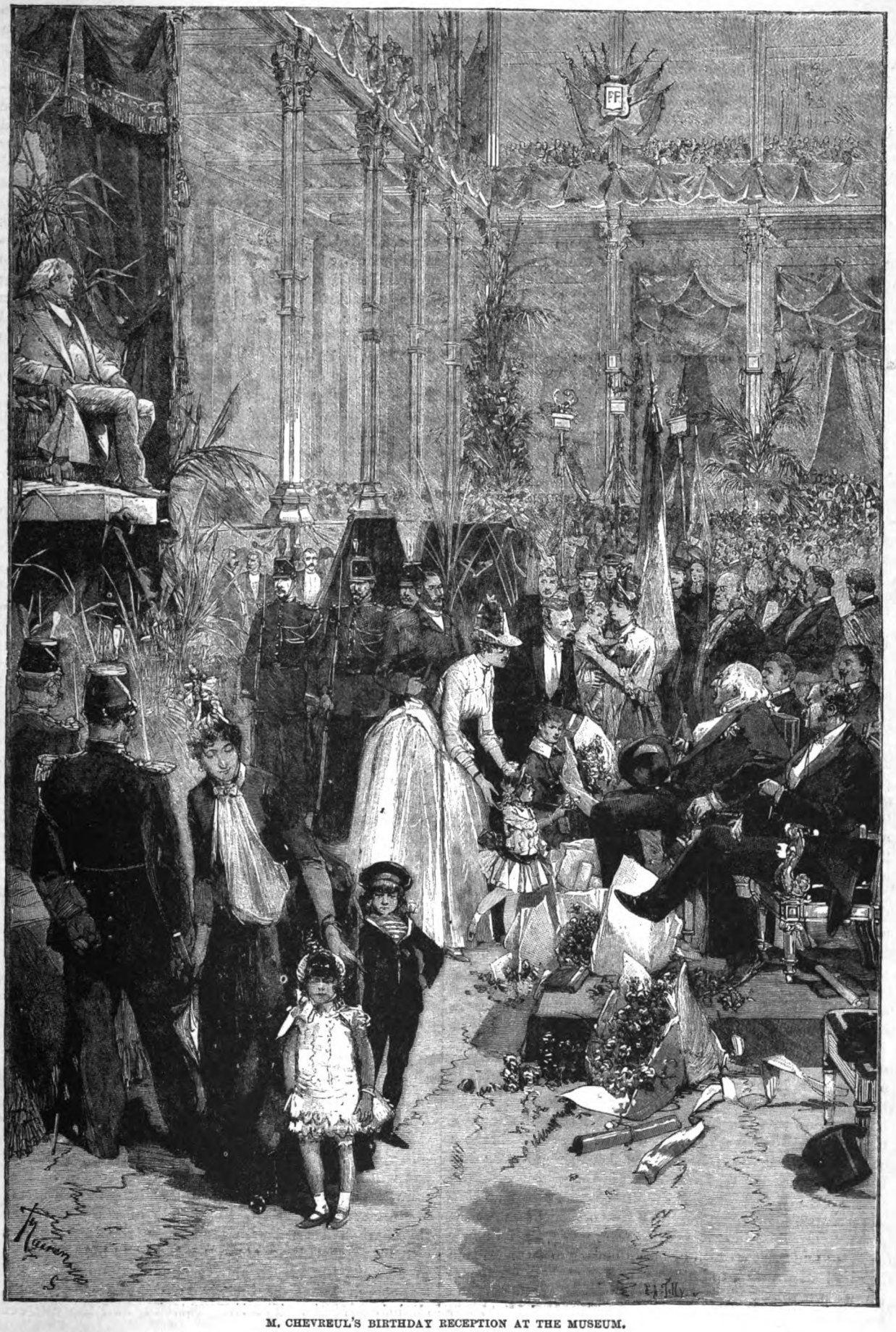
Although in his scientific capacity M. Chevreul had been, as it were, the godfather of photography, he stoutly refused, up to the year 1883, to "pose" before the camera, protesting that he was too ugly to tempt the sunlight. He yielded, however, to the wish of Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, who had decorated him with the Order of the Rose. This trial must have overcome his prejudice, for only a few months since he climbed up seven and a half flights of stairs—like the late William Cullen Bryant, he distrusts elevators—to sit for the portrait which is reproduced as one of the illustrations accompanying this article.

But by far the most novel and successful of recent experiments in the photographic line is that of M. Nadar, who has made a series of instantaneous pictures of M. Chevreul, during an interview. The photographs, which have been reproduced in the Paris *Journal Illustré*, are accompanied with the exact words used by Chevreul at the respective moments. For instance, one illustration shows Chevreul in the act of entering his name in Nadar's autograph album, under that of Pasteur, and saying, "Pasteur is one of the greatest minds of our epoch;" another represents the good-natured smile with which Chevreul remarked, "I have never drunk anything but water, and yet I am president of the Vine Growers' Association of Anjou." Still another picture shows Chevreul angrily raising his hand and exclaiming, "This is the misery of the philosophy of the present day (pessimism), that philosophy of idle talkers who content themselves with words and hollow phrases."

Such is Michel Eugène Chevreul at the age of one hundred years—a tireless worker and optimistic philosopher, at peace alike with his fellow-man and his God. It is, as M. Tissandier well said, "a grand and beautiful sight presented by this centenarian, who, like an old oak, shelters under his shadow successive generations. Deaf to the sounds of this world, he has chosen to work alone in his laboratory, where his ever-wakeful intelligence is unceasingly attracted to the rays of eternal truth."



CHEVREUL'S HOUSE, JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS.



M. CHEVREUL'S BIRTHDAY RECEPTION AT THE MUSEUM.

HAND TO TAKE.

By Charles Mackay.

You're rich, and yet you are not proud;
You are not selfish, hard, or vain;
You look upon the common crowd
With sympathy, and not disdain.
You'd travel far to share your gold
With humble sorrow unconsoled;
You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
And help the sad and widowed mother;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn
Or hate the wealthy for their wealth;
You toil, contented, night and morn,
And prize the gifts of strength and health;
You'd share your little with a friend,
And what you cannot give, you'd lend;
You take humanity on trust,
And see some merit in another;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

And what care I how rich you be?
I love you, if your thoughts are pure;
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?
'Tis not the birds that make the Spring—
'Tis not the crown that makes the king—
If you are wise, and good, and just,
You've riches better than all other;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

OF THE WRITING OF LETTERS.

What a magic there is in the advent of the postman! Our heart leaps at the two sharp raps and the lifting of the lid of the letter-box. Like Charles Lamb's poor relation, "he is known by his knock." But the magic is not always that of the kind fairy; the post can bring both good and evil; and often when we are cheered by the sight of a well-loved hand, and the little creature of good temper born in our souls is helped and blessed by letters from old friends, from brother or sister, or, maybe, from a dearer source, there comes at the end of the packet the ugly witch of a long, blue, plaguy business-letter, and blights our innocent festival.

But it is not of the receiving of letters so much as of the writing of them that we would now speak. It is a wide field on which our feet are for a few moments straying. Now letter-writing is what every one is thought able to do, and if speech, which all the philosophers will have it marks off the man from the brute, were taken away, what of that? Would not humanity still be sufficiently distinguished by the faculty of inditing epistles? There are, it is true, disadvantages in this method of communication. It is more trouble and less pleasure to set down in black and white the words that we like to hear flowing smoothly from our own ready tongue, and besides (and this is graver), we miss all that the look of the eyes and the tone of the voice can give us. Many a sad misunderstanding has arisen because a letter has been read with the reader's expression, and not with the writer's. Yet, to balance these drawbacks, letter-writing has its own conveniences. We are cooler when we sit down to a pad of blotting-paper than when we talk face to face; and what a sense of being master of the situation is ours! If we wish to be complimentary, how comfortably we can round off our happy thoughts, and cheat the hard fate which too often brings our fine sayings to our minds only to give us regret that our opportunity is gone for ever. If we are conducting a controversy, we can collect without let or hinderance our illustrations and our instances, till the argument flows on in an uninterrupted stream, which must needs, we think, carry away our opponent in its waters. If our letter is one of wrath, there is no one to contradict us. We can be severely dignified or frankly angry, and all the time ride triumphant over the offender. I knew a family which clearly understood the value of letter-writing. In the times of tension in domestic politics they always resorted to epistolary instead of oral communications. The tender subject was never alluded to in the converse of the gairish day, but at night, as befitted so solemn a matter, one party to the negotiations would softly open his window, and letting down a packet by a string, would dangle it against a lower lattice. When it was opened, the packet entered and was read, and presently an answer rose through the air. Except in degree, there was no difference between the functions of that slight cord, and those of all the Royal and Imperial messengers in Europe.

Letters have played important parts, and stand high in the hierarchy of literature. From the days of Cicero they have been preserved, commented on, and edited—nay, how much of the Sacred Text itself is made up of Epistles? There is something of especial charm about old collections of letters. They show us their authors in veritable flesh and blood. Their writer is not hidden in his periods. Tully, no doubt, thought more of his Offices, but it is the Epistolæ, in which he told his joys and sorrows "ad Familiares," which shows us him and Rome. He has had plenty of followers in the field. To leap over more than seventeen centuries, let us recall the worldly old Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters to his son are known to all, and whose correspondence fills four fat volumes. His letters are bright and sometimes witty, if spiced not infrequently with profanity, and often after some most ambiguous sentiment the old reprobate ends with a fervent "God bless you." His style reminds us of Cicero, and where the Roman quotes Greek, the Englishman interlards his sentences with French. It is not many of us who write such letters nowadays. We are too much in a hurry; for the fatal genius of the nineteenth century who drives us forward ever faster on our way has robbed us of our time for correspondence. Our letters, like our manners, have lost their stateliness. I myself have seen a letter from a very great man scrawled hurriedly on a scrap of paper.

"Ah, what a change is here, my countrymen,"

from the solemn and leisurely writing of a bygone age!

BETEL.

By a Hindoo.

The chewing of the betel is a favorite habit with the Indians, Burmans, and other peoples of Southeastern Asia. It is taken after meals; it is chewed during a visit; it is offered when you meet and when you separate—in short, at all times of the day, and even in the night, you will find the lips of most men and women in those countries slightly tinged with red, and the mouth breathing an aromatic smell, the result of chewing betels. Betel, when dressed with its proper ingredients—arecanut, burnt shell-lime, etc.—is believed to help digestion, to sweeten the breath and to quench the thirst. Like tobacco, it keeps off the pangs of hunger. It is also slightly narcotic. The lime, catechu, and the nut con-

tained in it give the saliva a red color, which it imparts to the lips and gums. The areca-nut is supposed to strengthen the stomach and preserve the teeth. It is customary, though the custom is dying out among the rising generation, to have the mouth perfumed with betel, unless one is going to address his superiors. Gallant women are very fond of the betel, as being a powerful incentive to love. It would be thought a breach of politeness among the Indians to take leave for any length of time without presenting each other with a purse of betels.

The word "betel" is derived from the Malayan word "betela," the name by which it is known in the south of India and Malay Archipelago, where Europeans first noticed the natives chewing it. The betel-leaf is pretty in shape—exactly like the ace of hearts, with the stem at the broader end, and sometimes as large as one foot in diameter, the general size being seven or eight inches long and six inches at the widest part. The betel belongs to the pepper family of creeping plants. It is very easily reared in the Indian Archipelago, but in India it requires manuring, frequent watering and delicate care. In many parts of the latter country the betel-farmers erect a straw-thatched shed over the ground before they plant the roots. The plants generally creep round thin sticks, and not only want protection from both heat and cold, but a peculiar manure and constant watching. For if too much water gets in through the thatch, it must be drained off immediately, otherwise the plant will rot. And if one or two leaves turn bad you must at once clip them off, or the whole plant will be bad. In the far north of India the betel becomes an exotic, and very difficult to rear. The plant gives leaves fit for use in the second year, and continues to yield for more than thirty years, the quantity diminishing as the plants grow older. There are generally two kinds of betels, one being of lighter color and better flavor than the other. The better kind requires a particular soil, and is confined to a few districts only, the richer classes alone being able to use it. In the Tenasserim provinces the betel-vines are planted on the uplands, where there are tall forest-trees, the branches of which are lopped off, leaving only the topmost boughs. The vines readily climb up and weave their dark, glossy leaves all over the summits, making a betel-vine farm a pretty sight. The boys and girls gather the leaf harvest with as much zest and alacrity as marks haymaking in England. The most agile climbers of betel-covered trees are eagerly sought for by the young men as friends or partners in life.

The betel-leaf trade forms a good business with a particular class of people in India, who form a caste in themselves. The commoner kind is very cheap. In good seasons you can get as many as a hundred leaves for two cents, the better kind fetching a much higher price—about twenty only for two cents. Though the educated classes are giving up the habit of betel-chewing, still, it being a very cheap luxury, and supposed to contain many soothing properties, the trade in betel-leaves flourishes as well as ever. Besides, like smoking, when one gets into the habit of taking betels, it is very hard for him to give it up altogether.

The dressing of betels seems easy, but one has to be very careful about the quantity of lime and catechu he puts in; for on the skillful apportioning of them depend the taste and the coloring property of the betel. If you use wrong quantities of these ingredients, the betel tastes bitter or hot, often burning the tongue and the jaws. Betels well prepared have rather an agreeable taste, and, being cool and producing water in the mouth, form, in hot countries, a tempting luxury for people who do not mind their lips and teeth colored red. In fact, the coloring property of betels is a positive recommendation with women and young people. Betels are generally dressed with *chunam*, or burnt shell-lime in a liquid form, catechu, gambir (an extract from the foliage of *Uncaria gambir*), cracked areca-nut and spicy seeds: cinnamon, cardamom, cloves, camphor, etc., are often added to make them rich. Many Nawabs, Rajahs and chiefs have little bits of musk put in their betels. Some people, especially among the lower classes, mix pieces of uncured tobacco-leaf with them.

There are plenty of shops in the towns where you can buy dressed betels—those of the commoner kind are sold eight or ten for two cents; but betels are prepared at home in most families. It being a light work, betel-dressing is confined to the ladies of the house, who display great smartness and cleverness in this pleasant occupation. In a respectable family, two to three hundred betels are dressed every day, and, in festival times, as many as five thousand betels are prepared in a day. On such occasions, it is a very pretty and interesting sight to see about a dozen young ladies busy in dressing betels, seated round a square board, on which are heaped up the leaves and other materials. They talk of their love matters as they nimbly ply their pretty, light fingers, gossip about other people's affairs, make all sorts of fun at each other; their faces beaming with smile and merriment, some almost rolling with laughter at the expense of a newly married companion. One is busy washing the leaves, another is clipping off the stems of the new leaves and slitting them in the middle, another is putting them in a row on the board, placing the two parts of each leaf one over the other, two are mixing lime and catechu, four are putting in the other ingredients, two are folding them up in the shape of a cone or a triangle, and one is packing the dressed betels in small metal boxes or in wicker baskets. Thus, by the division of labor, five thousand betels are finished within a few hours by the young ladies of the house, in the midst of great fun and merriment.

Many peculiar notions are connected with the betel in India. Amongst the Indians, whether Hindoos or Mohammedans, it is considered a gross insult if one does not accept the betel offered to him by his equal or superior. Betels are a constant accompaniment of smoking, and, like a glass of wine or a cigar, contribute largely to the pleasure of conversation, and often soften the asperities of social intercourse. An interchange of betels brings friends closer and mollifies the animosities of foes. But betels have, at the same time, been the instrument of deadly mischief in some hands. There are several instances recorded in high life of past ages of turning the good sentiment underlying the acceptance of betels into a means of making short work of people who were considered as obnoxious or dangerous. Here is an historical fact, narrated by Bernier, an eye-witness of the proceedings of the Mogul Court in its decadence. Begum Sahib, Emperor Shah Jehan's elder daughter, very handsome and intelligent, and passionately beloved by her father, formed an attachment for her steward, Nazin Khan, a Persian, a handsome and well-cultivated young man, and the favorite of the whole Court. Shah Jehan, who scornfully rejected the proposal of their marriage, suggested by a respectable nobleman of his Court, had already entertained some suspicion of an improper intercourse between the favored nobleman and the princess. He did not long deliberate on the course he should pursue. As a mark of distinguished favor, the emperor

A PIRATE OF THE AIR.— THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.

presented the betel, before the whole Court, to the unsuspecting youth, who immediately masticated it; never for a moment imagining that he had received poison from the hand of the smiling monarch. Indulging in dreams of future bliss, he withdrew from the palace and ascended his palanquin, but such was the activity of the poison that he died before he reached home.

The acceptance of the betel is a pledge of friendship and honor among the Hindoos. The Rájpoot swears eternal fidelity by taking betel. A contract is formed or a serious engagement is entered into by a mere exchange of betels. A high-born Hindoo will gladly sacrifice his life rather than turn false to his betel. Many thrilling stories are narrated about taking the *beera*, or betel, among the Rájpoots in their life-struggles against their relentless Páthán foes. Before the twenty-two thousand heroic horsemen of Pertáp Singh of Odeypoor rushed to perish by the side of their noble and chivalrous chief in the gorge of Huldighát—the Thermopylæ of India—to save their native hills and dales against an innumerable host of barbarous foes led by one of their own tribe, Mán Singh, and Selim, the heir of Akbar, each one of the devoted band took a betel offered by their chivalrous chief as a pledge of their fidelity, and of the devotion of their lives in the cause of their country.

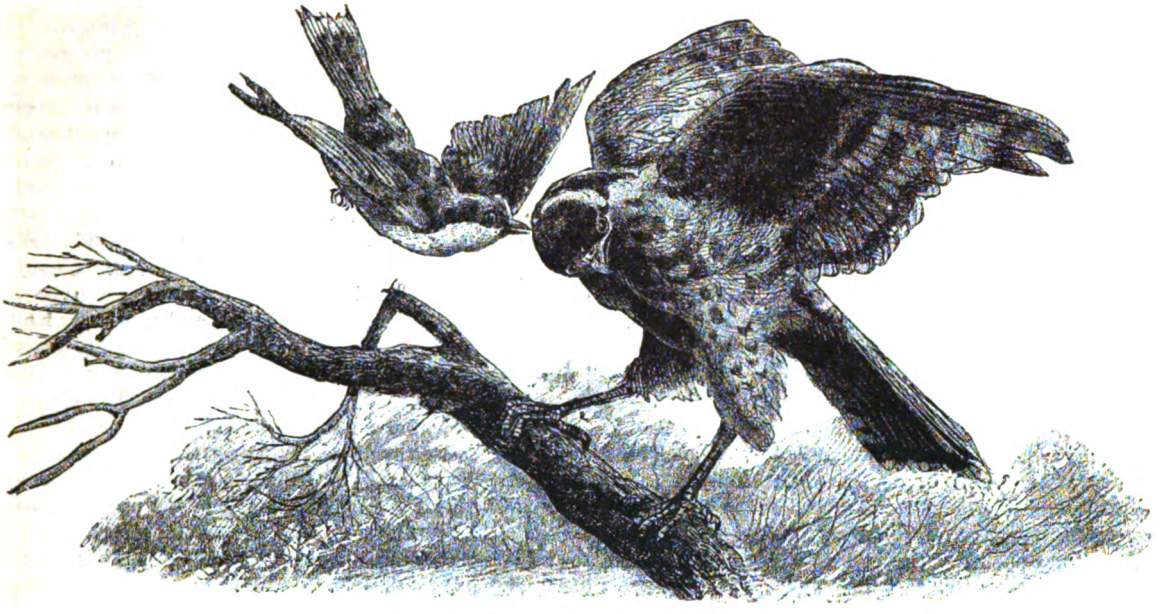
A PIRATE OF THE AIR.

By W. Van Fleet, M.D.

During a ten-mile drive on a breezy day in August or September through the wooded portions of Pennsylvania, an attentive observer can scarcely fail to notice one or more companies of sparrow-hawks (*Tinunculus sparverius*) holding high and noisy carnival about some lightning-blasted tree in the open forest or hilly pastures. At once the smallest and handsomest of our diurnal birds of prey, the sparrow-hawk is in many respects the most interesting, and avoiding the thick woods, courting rather than shunning the society of man, it becomes one of the most familiar and easily observed of our native hawks.

Although the proper study of man is man, yet it may not be an unworthy prospect to turn our attention to the varying phases that make up the existence of a year—that great cycle in the brief life of a bird. Our little winged corsair is among the earliest arrivals of the Spring migrations, contemporary with the blue-bird and the song-sparrow. At most times full of a restless grace and activity, the sparrow-hawk seems subdued on his first appearance. His rattling cry, so continuous during the Fall, is then seldom heard; and as we see him some frosty morning in March, when the keen air cuts like a knife and the light snow crackles under foot, sitting on the topmost branch of some isolated tree, with

TAME SPARROW-HAWKS.



SPARROW-HAWK ATTACKED BY KING-BIRD.

feathers fluffed and head sunk down, we might fancy him thinking regretfully of the balmy airs and plentiful food of the southern clime he has so lately left, and despairingly conning his chances of making a living in this frigid place; but not so. If, with cautious approach, or by means of a good opera-glass, we bring him within nearer view, we see his restless head constantly on the move, his tail jerking like a sandpiper's, and anon he darts like an arrow through a neighboring thicket, to reappear a moment later with some luckless snow-bird, followed by the dismayed cries of its mates. It is only at this season, and late in the Fall, that the sparrow-hawk is very destructive to birds; at other times it is content with grasshoppers and other large insects, resembling in this respect its European congener, the kestrel.

SPARROW-HAWK STRIKING AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

In early Spring the rambler through woods and fields often finds scattered bunches of feathers, marking the place where a plump red-breasted robin, or sweet-voiced song-sparrow, has met his death in the grasp of this little freebooter. But the parental instinct is strong within him, and he soon selects a mate—if, indeed, he has not brought one with him from the South. The new spouse is not his equal in appearance. She is larger, more plainly colored, with a certain high-shouldered look that reminds one of a plain, robust country-woman joined to a spruce city clerk. But monsieur is a good husband, as bird husbands go. Many are the little attentions paid his inamorata during the courtship and subsequently.

In early May the sparrow-hawks select the site of their future nest, usually in a hollow tree, but often in a deserted

woodpecker's hole, or even in an old crow's nest. Madame does most of the work of fitting up the nest, which consists of a bed of small sticks and twigs, covered with a few bunches of fibrous roots and moss. The eggs are generally four in number, larger than a pigeon's, nearly spherical in shape, and vary in color from a yellowish buff to a pale reddish white, with spots and confluent blotches of reddish brown and chocolate. Their shells are thick, and quite rough to the touch. In about three weeks the young appear, helpless, fluffy little balls, with closed eyes and elongated beaks, covered with a soft, white down, with faintest possible tinge of pink, and looking delicately clean and pure.

Monsieur assists at times in the incubation, and cheerfully takes madame's place when, as she rarely does, she issues from her hole to stretch her cramped wings by a rapid flight far over hill and meadow, and also does the handsome by bringing her innumerable tidbits of food during her long hours of confinement. Both observe considerable caution in returning to the nest from their foraging excursions, generally descending from a great height, or approaching furtively by numerous short flights from tree to tree. Their characteristic cry is seldom heard in the immediate vicinity of the nest, though at this season they are particularly noisy when at a distance from it.

The young grow rapidly, and soon lose their inviting appearance, and become great, ragged, voracious squabs, requiring the unremitting exertions of both parents to supply them with food. The female, owing to her greater size and strength, provides the major share, though the male works with right good will. Innumerable are the grasshoppers, beetles, mice, small animals, birds, and even reptiles, the busy parents capture for their hungry young, often carrying the food to the nest in their talons, but generally hastily swallowing it in the field, to be ejected on the return, after the manner of most carnivorous birds. By the last of June the young are nearly fledged, and have outgrown their home and clamber and flutter to the higher branches of the tree; they are very noisy, and keep up a continual clamor for food, which the parents use every exertion to supply.

During their first awkward attempts at flight they frequently fall to the ground, and being unable to rise from it, are easily caught. Though showing the colors and marking of the adult, they have a ragged down still clinging to the tips of the feathers, pale gray eyes, clumsy legs, and the general loose-jointed appearance common to callow young, very different from the trim elegance which accompanies maturity. As the young hawks gain strength and experience they follow their parents in their quest for game, and soon begin to hunt for themselves. The elder birds, relieved from the care of maintaining their young, soon begin the annual molt, which is accomplished slowly and with great regularity, the wing and tail feathers being shed in pairs in such a manner that it does not interfere appreciably with their flight.

By the middle of August the molt is completed, and the hawks, old and young, are in the heyday of their existence. The meadows are shorn of their verdure by the hand of the haymaker and harvester, or gnawed by the eager grazing of cattle. The insect and animal life hidden by the lush growth of early Summer is bared to the searching eyes of our little falcons and their companion *raptores*. They live right royally on various kinds of grasshoppers and locusts, varying their diet by birds and mice only when these can be casually secured with little trouble. It is true the young hawks will often dash after a passing sparrow and follow his zigzag flight with great energy for a short distance, but it seems to be done out of pure bravado and is generally unsuccessful. Old and young keep together, affording a notable contrast to other birds of prey, and selecting a dead tree in some open place, preferably a close-cropped pasture, make it their daily rendezvous, returning to it and their other hunting-grounds with the greatest regularity at some particular hour of the day.

Their daily life at this period is soon told. As the rising sun gilds the higher branches of the trees, they emerge from the thick covert in which they have spent the night, and fly about the fields and pastures, keeping generally within sight of each other, minutely watching the ground beneath, and instantly pouncing upon any unsuspecting grasshopper they may chance to see. They often visit farmhouses and poultry-yards, perching on a fence or stake near by, inspecting things in general, but do little harm except to make a commotion among the fowls. When foraging in the field, they perch on fences, stumps and small trees, and keep up their characteristic jerking of the tail. The flight when feeding is rather low, and as they alight they sail up to the highest pitch and strike upward with startling suddenness, their wings fairly disappearing with the rapidity of thought.

When poised in the air, watching some object beneath, they beat their wings rapidly, and the final plunge is made with great quickness and ease. They often pursue and catch cicades, and large flying insects in the air, grasping them in their claws and transferring them to the beak without checking for a moment their speed.

About ten o'clock, having satisfied their appetites, they repair to their adopted tree, and there, sitting at their ease, view with a not unfriendly eye the passing flocks of birds; occasionally indulging in a dash at some crow, or larger hawk, which may chance to come near, badgering and forcing him to beat a hasty retreat. The sparrow-hawk himself, in common with all other birds of prey, even the great eagles, is forced to keep to a respectful distance from the fierce little king-bird, *Tyrranus carolinensis*. When that small but pugnacious tyrant attacks, the sparrow-hawk illustrates to perfection the adage "discretion is the better part of valor," by incontinently leaving.

In the Fall, when our sparrow-hawks take to the thickets, to feed on migrating birds, they are much annoyed by the ubiquitous blue-jays, those mischievous mimics taking the greatest delight in mobbing and imitating the hawk's cry in every imaginable key, but the sport is not always on one side. If the hawk can catch one of his tormentors off guard for an instant, the jay pays with his life for his temerity, while his companion jokers fly shrieking away.

But to return to our happy family, which we left sociably digesting their easily earned breakfast. Be the day never so hot they will not seek shade, but sit panting, with open beaks and drooping wings, until the sun declines and the calls of hunger warn them to look for the evening meal. But if the day should prove windy, they are all animation, and play about each other, rising and falling on the breeze with the utmost grace. Their flight at such times is very inspiring. At times they soar until almost lost to sight; then descend with considerable velocity, emitting their sharp cries, which sound very much like the syllables "killick-kill-lick" rapidly repeated many times, with an *accelerando* movement.

While soaring, they lack the willowy grace of the gulls,

the grand sweep of the large birds of prey or the buoyancy of the swallows, but have a poise and quick control of themselves that is beautiful to witness. In the afternoon they sally forth again in search of food, generally choosing a hunting-ground different from that of the morning, and continuing the quest until approaching darkness warns them to seek shelter in some thick-leafed pine or hemlock, not far from their former nesting-ground.

Although they have but few natural enemies, as Autumn advances their numbers become thinned, for no gunner ever willingly loses a chance to shoot a "bullet-hawk," as all the smaller *accipitrinæ* are called, under the idea that they are very destructive to young game. Thus the family parties become decimated and scattered.

After the first frosty nights, when the easily captured grasshoppers become scarce, the young sparrow-hawks have to work harder for their living, and may be seen beating the thickets and fields for larger prey. Great numbers of the grass-finch (*Pooecetes gramineus*) fall victims to them now; but as it is an exceedingly common bird, and nearly destitute of song, we do not miss them much. The hawks, when pressed by hunger, become very daring, and during their impetuous pursuit of feathered prey have often dashed through the windows of residences, into greenhouses, and in one instance even into a railway-car in motion. A fine specimen was brought to me a few months ago that had crashed through the window of a furniture factory while the works were in motion. He had made a stoop at an English sparrow, which eluded him by slipping through a slightly broken pane, while his more bulky pursuer was brought down by the shock. The hawk, though not at first appearing much injured, soon died. It is only when hungry, however, the sparrow-hawk is so bold.

At most times a wary bird, and quite diffident as to the near approach of the human biped, in Autumn the hawks often slyly accompany the sportsman, and astonish him by a sudden onslaught on some of the finches and sparrows started by dog or man. At such times it requires no little quickness and skill to bring the marauder down, its flight being so swift and its sudden turns so frequent.

The close family ties—the charming and unique feature of the halcyon days of Summer—being now broken, the sparrow-hawks follow singly the great wave of bird migration southward, although many, in the latitude of Pennsylvania, linger through quite severe weather, and during mild Winters the bird is far from uncommon. A curious modification of their habits is caused by the abundance of the imported English sparrows in our large cities. While in Philadelphia a few years ago I lodged at Sixteenth and Cherry Streets, opposite the Friends' burial-ground. A pair of sparrow-hawks visited almost daily the three or four elm trees that adorn that rather gloomy inclosure; they appeared with almost clock-like regularity about one P.M., high in the air above the Race Street houses, and descended to their perches with a rush, remaining an hour or two. They seldom failed to take toll from the plentiful and quarrelsome sparrows. At times they visited the dome of the Catholic Cathedral for the purpose. This was kept up from the middle of December until the last of January, after which I suppose the pair left for more northern quarters. Several species of the smaller owls are becoming common about large towns since the introduction of the English sparrows. In the South the sparrow-hawks again become insectivorous, and remain so until the returning Spring brings them back to their former haunts, which they apparently return to year after year.

The sparrow-hawk is easily tamed when taken young, and makes a beautiful and interesting pet if allowed his liberty. When caged they lose all activity except for eating. Audubon, in his "Birds of North America," has a delightful account of the pranks of one which lived with him many months, enjoying the liberty of his yard and affording much entertainment. Eight years ago the writer placed a complement of four eggs of this bird in the nest of a domestic pigeon, which in due time hatched out her incongruous brood. One fell a victim to "science" in the form of a dissection. The others—two males and a female—were "raised by hand," being fed on finely chopped meat at first, and then grasshoppers. As they grew they were given full liberty, and became exceedingly tame, familiarly entering the house at any time. They were very voracious, accompanying the hay-wagons to the field and devouring incredible numbers of grasshoppers as they were exposed under the newly turned hay. Although much of the time keeping the nesting robins and catbirds in an uproar by their feints and mimic attacks, they were never known to injure anything but bugs and such "vermin." They were at times rather boisterous in their play, and on breezy days would ascend to an astonishing height and sail about, executing many manœuvres, but on holding up a grasshopper, accompanied by a loud whistle, a headlong race would ensue for possession of the dainty.

As the season advanced they were somewhat neglected, and made long excursions in the surrounding country in search of food. They returned at intervals, but finally disappeared one by one, victims, probably, to gunners whom their unsuspecting ways did not lead them to fear.

The American sparrow-hawk, the subject of the foregoing sketch, occurs abundantly throughout temperate North America, and also Central America, to the Isthmus of Panama. In South America and the Antilles, it is replaced by the Isabellin and Cinnamon Falcons, birds which have seemed to me in their native haunts to be much more sluggish in temperament. In Europe, it very closely resembles the kestrel, though the merlin and hobby are nearly allied species. It is a great pity our familiar birds have not such euphonious names, instead of the poverty-stricken appellations by which they are designated.

The adult male sparrow-hawk is about eleven inches in length, and has a spread of eighteen inches. The top of the head, with the exception of a patch the size of a quarter dollar, and the upper surface of the wings, are of a rich slaty blue. The wings are marked with many spots of black, and the primaries, or long quill feathers of the wing, are black, with white markings on their inner webs. The spot on the head, the back and tail, are a beautiful, bright cinnamon color, with black markings. The outer feathers of the tail are barred with black and white. At the end of the tail is a broad black band, terminated by a narrow white tip. The under surface is light rufous, with spots and dashes of black. The legs and cere, or waxy skin about the nostrils, are bright orange yellow. The tip is black, shading into slaty blue. The eyes are brilliant hazel, and the claws are black.

The female is larger, and with a proportionately smaller head. Her entire upper surface is cinnamon-red, barred very regularly with black, except the wing-tips, which are black, as in the male, barred with rufous instead of white. The patch on the head is less defined than in the male. The under surface is quite similar to the male,

but more streaked and mottled. The bill, legs and eyes are the same as the male's. The fledged young come at once to the colors of the adult, which is rarely the case with birds of prey.

The days of falconry have long passed, but the hawk is still with birds as the leopard among beasts. Who can have other than sentiments of admiration for the strength, courage and prowess of these pirates of the air, feasters on flesh though they may be? To the sentimentalist, who talks of the innocence of the lesser birds that contribute to their sustenance, I would say that the song-birds themselves are constantly engaged in the destruction of the myriad forms of insect life, and that life for life is but poetic justice and a universal rule with all animated nature.

An eminent French art-collector once bought in Paris a landscape by a noted "impressionist," which he showed, with much pride in his purchase, to an artist friend. "But I think," quoth he, "that the picture lacks animation—it wants personages. Now, if you would paint for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle of the landscape, it would greatly improve the picture."

"That is easily done," said the artist. He carried off the painting, and sent it back in a week or two with an old peasant woman going to market with her basket and her red umbrella introduced on the road in question, to the great satisfaction of the picture's proprietor. Meeting shortly after with the "impressionist" who had painted it, the artist remarked: "I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours belonging to M. X. the other day. I painted an old peasant woman walking down the road."

"Down the road? I remember no work of mine with a road in it. I should like to see the picture and judge of the effect of your alteration." So the artist carried him off to M. X.'s, and they speedily stood before the landscape. The "impressionist" turned perfectly green with wrath and horror. "Miserable man!" he shouted; "what have you done? That is not a road that runs through the centre of my work; it is a river!"

A PIRATE OF THE AIR.— AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK—ADULT FEMALE.
SEE PAGE 668.

A Market for Wives.—A remarkable custom exists among the Roumanians living in the westerly Carpathians. Every year, at the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gaina, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and various other female friends contribute to the dowry, and, this completed, it is carried to the market on the Gaina, in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees, and other household requisites are also added to the dowry. On the Gaina every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited, and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess, and each, most particularly, comes with a girdle of gold or silver. After the brides are chosen, the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautiful embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged; but the ceremony must be gone through with all the same. If a girl goes to the market, knowing beforehand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still she must take her dowry, occupy her tent and place herself on view, like the rest.

TWO INSPIRATIONS.

By Katharine Jordon.

About four years ago all Paris was curious to know the story presumed to be attached to a painting by one of the leading artists. It attracted crowds to the Salon, and caused a great amount of speculation among the people who gazed and admired. The reasons for the comment it excited were these: It was singularly beautiful, representing the life-size head and shoulders of a young girl. The shoulders were bare, the neck turned so that a little more of the face than the profile was seen, and the face was charming, the expression so arch and fearless, and there lurked a germ of coquetry in the large, gray eyes. The whole was seen through a haze as delicate as that which sometimes vails the moon. Its odd name, "An Inspiration," told nothing, and it was not for sale. It was worth a fortune, surely, but it was not for sale.

TWO INSPIRATIONS.—"THE WOMAN SHUFFLED OVER TO THE BARS AND CLUNG THERE."

"Ah," said the quick-witted Parisians, "there is a story here." There was, and this is it:

Early one October morning, eighteen years ago, an excited group stood at the end of one of the long halls in a building in the Quartier St. Jacques. The house was one well-known among the artists in Paris, and tenanted mostly by the poorest members of that idealistic brotherhood. The group comprised a gendarme, an old woman holding a broom in her hand (evidently the *concierge*), and a brawny, dark-skinned artist in morning *négligé*, whose thick, untidy hair might be compared to a collection of his own brushes. The gendarme knocked loudly on the panels of the door before which they stood, and waited for a reply. None came, and an awed silence fell upon the group. At last the *concierge* spoke.

"No use; I tell you it is no use. I have knocked with my broom, and called 'Monsieur Berard' for the last hour, but not a sound comes from the room, yet I know he is within, for he never goes out without leaving his key with me."

"What do you think?" asked the gendarme, gruffly. "Had I better force the door? It seems too soon. The young man may have taken a few drops of chloral, and sleeps too heavily to hear us."

"Or a dose of laudanum by mistake," said the frowsy-headed artist, dryly, with an elevation of the brows which spoke volumes.

"Something is wrong," the *concierge* persisted, and she shook her head with the dreary prophecy of an old woman. "Burst open the door, gendarme. I will be responsible. *Eh bien*, burst open the door."

No sooner said than done.

In another instant, under the pressure of his powerful shoulder, the frail door yielded, and, torn from its fastenings, was thrown backward with violence, revealing the room. A small room it was, and wretchedly poor.

The calico curtain at the window was twisted and thrown over a chair, so that the dancing sunlight poured in without hinderance on a scene so awful that the beholders stood in breathless silence, scarce venturing beyond the threshold. The place held all the disordered odds and ends distinguishing an artist's studio. Besides these, there was a brazier with cinders gray and dead, on which a melancholy coffee-pot with a broken spout reposed sideways. The chill of poverty was on everything, and its accompaniments of pain and despair were there in a terrible form; for, stretched at his full length upon the floor was a young man, the imprint of tragedy upon his pinched lips and clinched hands. Not far from him lay a painting in a frame evidently new, with the paint scarcely dry upon it, but with a large, unsightly hole in the centre, the canvas hanging in shreds around it.

"He is dead!" cried the *concierge*, with a hysterical gasp. "Ah, *mon Dieu!* and but last night he was talking to me, telling me, as he laughed, that some day I would be glad to say I had once kept his key—some day, when he was a great painter. Ah, *mon Dieu!* poor fellow! and now he is dead!"

"He is not dead," said the gendarme, as he unbuttoned the bosom of the young man's shirt. "Somebody run for a doctor."

"Yes, somebody run for a doctor," cried the big artist, helplessly, his body trembling and his face twitching.

"*Tiens!*" retorted the *concierge*, giving him a scornful glance, "I will go myself."

When the artist could control his nerves sufficiently he helped the gendarme lift the limp body, and they bore him across to the cot and laid him down.

In about ten minutes the doctor appeared, and it was a moment of suspense to the persons standing by while he examined the body.

"He is not dead. His body is famished, and he has been unconscious for hours. Get me some brandy and be quick about it. It is a chance whether he comes out of this syncope."

It was fully another hour before the patient showed any signs of life. Then his eyelids flickered a little; he tried to cross his feet, sighed, and opened his wild, dark eyes for a second. His glance passed beyond the faces around him in a vague, unseeing way, and then rested on the ruined painting still lying on the floor. Ah, that was reality! With a weak, shuddering scream he relapsed into insensibility.

Weeks of burning fever and wild ravings followed—weeks during which he journeyed in fancy over vast deserts of burning sand, where no drop of water could be found, where no rain fell, where the air was breathless, the sun scorching the earth and seeing to burn it up.

A collection was taken up for his benefit among the forty poor occupants of the house, for he did not possess a sou. They took turns, also, in watching beside the bed and administering the insipid nourishment in the portions prescibed.

It was November before Raoul Berard regained any strength. His recovery was very slow; but at length he was able to sit up in his chair and watch the dull sky, which the limp calico curtain relieved of none of its sombreness. It was weary work, this gradual winning back of health, sitting silent through the long, dragging hours and listening with the passive gaze and lack of concentration distinguishing very young children to the many footsteps which passed his door. Out of the confusing mist which had so long dulled and clouded his brain he was able to gather up vaguely and set together the pieces which had formed the puzzle of his life. There was himself, poor, ambitious, struggling against disappointment after disappointment to win the success which was so coy of coming, though he invited her in the most delicate touches of his brush, the finest imagery of his brain.

Then there was Babette, whom he loved with all the romantic ardor of his artist nature, whose piquant, lovely face under the *grisette's* cap was ever before him as an incentive to work the harder for independence. Babette who loved him, but who told him in plain words that she preferred to starve alone. And then there was the painting—ah, to forget it all if he could, even in death—his painting, which could not have been dearer had his heart blood wet the brushes. Yet when it was finished, and he had climbed to a high shelf for paper to wrap it in, one false step had ruined his hopes. He could scarcely tell how, but weak from hunger he had suddenly fallen, his foot straight through the canvas which meant life to him! One moment only did he gaze at it, shivering to the marrow, then pushed it savagely from him, and falling, remembered no more. Thus they had found him.

One day, when he was sitting in the deep, chintz-covered chair belonging to the kind-hearted *concierge*, with a rug over his wasted limbs, and his old blouse, much too loose for him, buttoned across his chest, a light, springy step came down the hall and paused at his door.

An excited sparkle came into his eyes when a timid knock followed. The next moment a young girl opened the door noisily and sprang to his side. She held out

both hands (they were neither soft nor white) with a sweet, low laugh that was full of sympathy. Her hands were ugly, stained with the crimson dye of artificial flowers, but her face was beautiful. She looked like a part of the Spring wandering astray through the windy November weather. There was sunshine in her luminous gray eyes. The softest pink roses loomed on her rich, olive skin, while about her there hung that breeziness which youth, perfect health and sprightliness only can give. Some locks of brown hair, half curling, peeped in pretty disorder from beneath her white cap. She wore a shabby black skirt, which, however, displayed to advantage her neat feet and ankles, and a striped woolen shawl was crossed over her bosom and knotted behind.

"Raoul, I am so glad to see you better," she cried. "I have asked for you every day, *cher ami*. I often thought—for we have plenty of time for thought as we work—that, perhaps, what I had said made you unhappy. But I cannot help it. We cannot marry——"

"Say no more about it, Babette," he interrupted, in a choked voice. "What have I to offer any woman? Only that I love you!"

"And you do not call me unkind and coquette?" she cried, in delight. "Oh, I am so glad, so glad that you are sensible, Raoul. The students in the Quartier Latin are always sneering at women and calling them 'frail and false.' Now I am going to make you some coffee because you are so wise, you owl!"

He watched her with dreary, wistful adoration, as she went singing from cupboard to table, talking gayly at intervals.

"Why are you so happy, Babette?" he asked.

She paused in the act of buttering a huge slice of bread for herself, and looked at him with an odd, hesitating smile.

"I am almost afraid to tell you," she said. "Will you hate me? I am to be married in the morning, then good-by to the flowers. The hateful, ugly, painted muslin flowers—ugh! How glad I shall be never to touch them again!"

Berard felt himself grow ghastly, and a horrible pain tugged at his heart. He sank back in his chair.

"If you do not love him, you will be the most wretched woman in Paris," he cried, and looked at her with his hollow, suffering eyes. "You don't know what you are doing, Babette. Love is more than all—more than wealth or even fame. Neither are of much account without it, and it makes the most empty, pinched life bearable, Babette."

She listened to him with a skeptical smile.

"You artists have funny ideas. See here, I tell you the world is a place for dancing and eating and sleeping. You can't eat if your cupboard is empty, you can't sleep like a Christian if you have no bed, nor can you dance if you have no clothes to wear at the *fête*. I want no more than this, but '*wealth—fame*'—they are only words to girls like me. Gaston Détour, who keeps the restaurant on the corner——"

"Babette!" he cried, starting up, and seizing her by the wrist; "you are not going to marry that man! Say the words, say that you are not! Say them, Babette!"

"I am! I *am*, do you hear? Let me go, you are hurting me!" and she flushed, hotly.

His refined taste was shocked. A feeling of intense disappointment and weariness settled over his heart as the face and figure of Détour, the absinthe-drinking *bourgeois*, rose before his mind.

Babette had always seemed as lovely to his poetical nature as the fragrance of flowers and the changes of song. It was sad to discover one jarring strain in the beautiful composition. Oh, if he could but save her from the fate she had accepted! To give in exchange for a coarse, comfortable life among coarse people, all her young grace and beauty!—how terrible it was!

He bent over her, a desperate earnestness in eyes and voice.

"Babette, you have said you love me. Be patient for a few years. I will succeed—I am sure I will succeed. Take back your promise to-night. Only wait a few years. Will you do it?"

"A few years!" she echoed; "the prospect is fearful! I shall be old and ugly in a few years and nobody will want me."

"You old and ugly? you can never be that. You are so beautiful, that I have called you my inspiration. Who will want you? I will want you, never fear. Be true to me, and do not marry this common man, who is not fit to touch you."

She shook her head, decidedly.

"It cannot be. As sure as to-morrow dawns, I will marry Gaston. Now, do not look at me as if you did not know whether to strangle or to kiss me, and for the gallant speech you made, you shall have a kiss. I cannot help giving it, and you cannot help taking it, so it is not your fault, nor is it mine, *eh bien!*"

She held up her face, Raoul bent nearer, and the tempting lips were very near his own.

"I do not think Gaston will mind if I give you one kiss," she said, softly.

Raoul started back. His arms dropped to his side.

"I don't want one of *Gaston's* kisses," he said, icily.

"Ah, do you not?" she asked, twisting up one shoulder, while her eyes sparkled angrily.

"You love me, so you have said. But you are about to marry a—a creature for the sake of sufficient bread to eat, a gown or two a little better than those you now have. You are tired making flowers, and you are going to scour pans. That is your choice. Very well. Forgive me for forgetting for a moment that your kisses were to be included in that contract!" He threw himself back in his chair and laughed drearily. "Go, then, be happy in the reflection that you jilted me in my poverty, and that you have been faithful to a clod."

Babette raised her head haughtily and walked to the door with the air of a duchess. There she paused and looked back. Berard's head was hanging dejectedly on his bosom. One clinched hand lay on the table, and he made no sign. She was at his side in an instant, and stood there hesitating, but he still made no sign. Slowly she bowed her head, and her lips touched his cold, damp forehead. He looked up then, and put out his hand blindly. She placed hers within it, and for a moment there was no sound.

"Stay with me," he pleaded, looking down on the rough, large hand. The hand told a pitiful story. It was tinged a dull yellow and a bright pink, and the nails were worn and stubby. Babette only laughed nervously and shook her head. "You do not love me," said Berard.

"I do. *Why* have you no money?"

"If I could marry an empress to-morrow I would take you instead!" he said, his face kindling. "If you were sick and poor I would not leave you so, I swear it."

"We must part," she said, with decision.

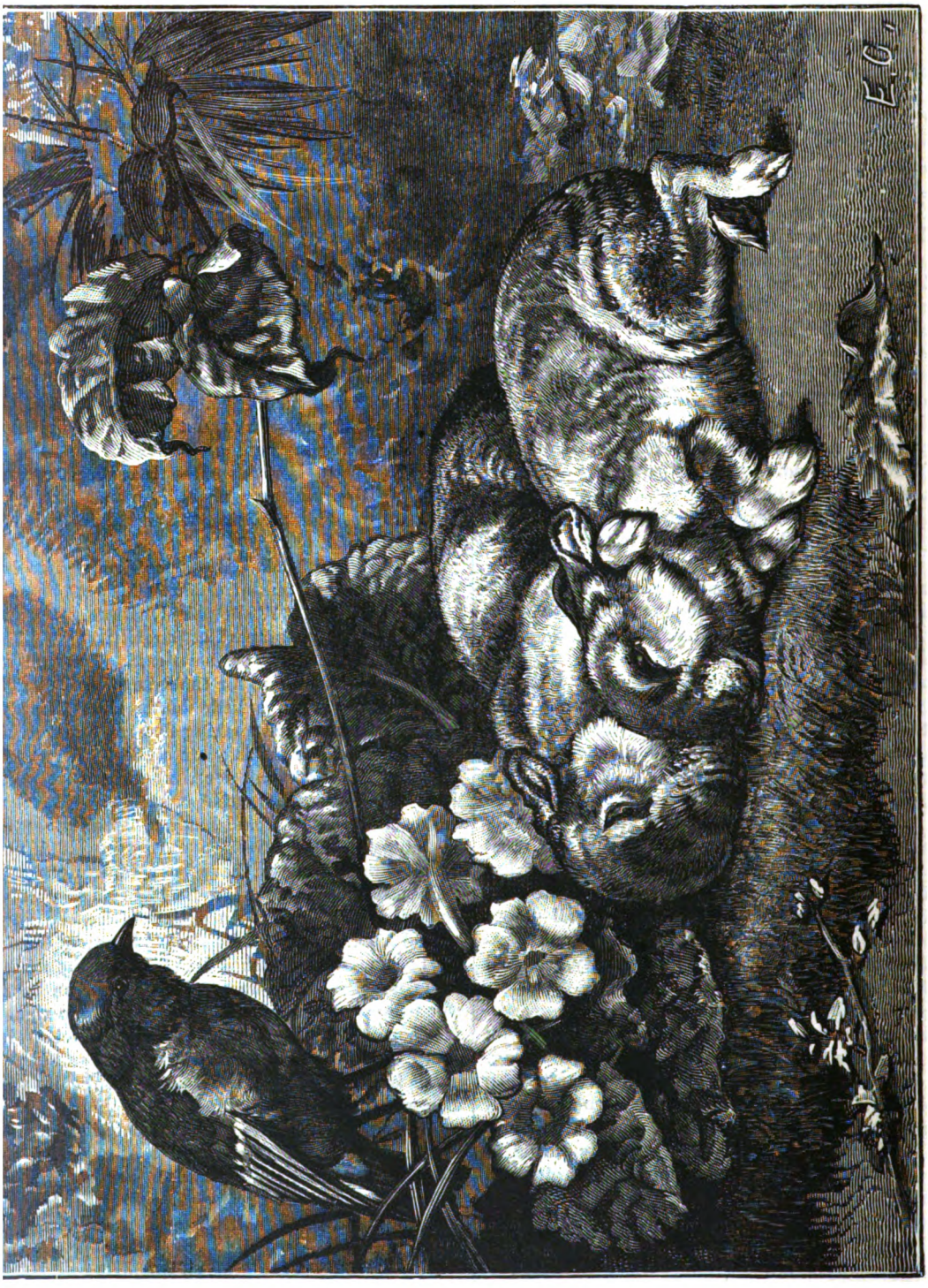
She could not argue with him, but she could be fixed as a rock in her determination. Berard saw this and argued no more.

t one moment." He rose slowly and made his the space beside the bed, returning with the . "I am too poor to buy you a wedding gift, is a miserable substitute, though possibly it e repaired. My foot through the middle has the perspective terribly," he said, with a joyless

"I will keep it for ever," she said, sadly; "but—but —we will be friends still, Raoul?"

He looked at her fiercely.

"Never! What do you think I am made of? It is my earnest prayer to God that I never see you—*never*, after you marry Gaston Détour."



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

but if you want it, take it. I can give you no emembrance of myself than this poor, ill-fated Adieu."

ngers crept over the frame as though they would essingly on his, but he drew his hand away y.

She said "Adieu," and went out of the place, out of his life.

He looked around the empty room, and a cold weight settled on his heart. He threw himself on the bed and turned his face to the wall. If Heaven would but be merciful and relieve him of the life which was such a

galling load! But no answer came to his wild prayers. He fell into an exhausted, troubled sleep, and when he awoke it was the next day, and the sun was shining.

As soon as he was strong enough he bade farewell to the kind friends to whom he owed his life, pitiful possession though it seemed to him, and he left the Quartier St. Jacques for ever.

He swore many times he would never paint again, and packed his brushes to search for employment, no matter how coarse and hateful, provided it kept him from starving. But what artist, what inventor ever kept that vow? After failing seventy times seven, the crushed but undying hope quivers to active life again and urges on the painter, the musician, the writer, to try again, and failing then, to try once more!

It was a year before he took up his brushes again. His trials had made him modest, and this subject was not ambitious, but, better still, it was odd.

Imagine a hill and a stretch of meadow sprinkled with dry, curling leaves, and near the top of the hill a slender, solitary tree bent forward in the wind of a bleak Autumn evening. In a day it was a success. This marked the end of Berard's struggle, and the beginning of his brilliant future. From landscape-painting, he entered the higher school of art and studied the figure under the best masters. Fourteen years went by, and Berard's "Dream Face," "Woman of Algiers," "Traveler and the Nymphs," "At the Scæan Gate," were familiar themes in the salons, and he was a personage. He was now about thirty-nine, but from a premature baldness, and the spectacles he was forced to wear, looked older. When about thirty-two, he married a fashionable, aristocratic woman, and two dark-eyed boys were the happy result of the marriage. His studio was the favorite resort of men of letters, artists and actors. But he enjoyed no life of "inglorious ease." He painted constantly and gave the best hours of every day to the culture of his inspirations. He was in love with his wife, after a fashion, and proud of her aristocratic beauty, but she never caused him one thrill of heartache like those he had felt for Babette, the flower-maker, when he "dwelt like a sparrow amid the spires," so many years ago. Not that

INDIANS UNDERGOING THE ORDEAL OF THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.— SEE PAGE 680.

he loved her still. Indeed, he had long ago learned to see that Babette's fine eyes were not indexes of a fine mind. He knew now that it was the girl's face, so full of poetry and passion, which had drawn his heart. He knew now that the soul looking from those large eyes must have been a starved, paltry thing. But, like so many artists, he was a dreamer, and the memory of her exquisite face remained with him always, like the fragment of a dream, which he nursed tenderly lest it vanish altogether. From this dreaming, he matured an idea which resulted in the picture Paris grew curious over, "An Inspiration." Her face was then as it had been fourteen years before, his inspiration.

When the painting was withdrawn from the Salon, much to the regret of the many, it was hung in Berard's studio, and, from the manner in which he so often mused before it, his wife grew to call it his shrine.

It was a stormy evening in early October when Berard learned of the dangerous illness of a young model whom he had frequently employed. He was not in the habit of leaving his charities to be dispensed by others, so he drove at once to that portion of the city where the girl lived, and, leaving his carriage to wait in an adjacent business street, searched for the house in the miserable locality. The streets were poor and narrow, and it was after much difficulty he found the house he sought. The girl was suffering from a low, nervous fever, and was in need of the nourishment and doctor for which he sent, and, promising to send a servant the next day to make inquiries, he left the place. On reaching the street again, he found that the rain had degenerated into a clammy drizzle which chilled him to the bone, and a heavy fog, like a sooty spectre upon the blackness of the night, obscured everything, even the nearest objects. He scarcely knew which way to turn. Had he left his carriage to the right or the left? He could not be sure, but was inclined to think it was to the right, so he turned in that direction, making his uncertain way along and striving in vain to distinguish in the gloom some familiar mark which he had passed before. But a fancy seized him, which became only too soon a discouraging certainty, that the neighborhood through which he walked was growing more disreputable, the streets a network of foul lanes, ill-smelling and noisome, and thick with a slime which made it difficult to keep his footing. He was jostled by men, women and children, who rushed past him like ragged phantoms, and profanity reached his ears on every side. There was no doubt left of it, he was hopelessly astray and afraid to acknowledge his helplessness by asking the way in this fetid slum. A church-bell, seemingly far away, struck ten. The vibrations sounded dismal, seeming to hang heavily in the thick, threatening mist which shut Berard in. He leaned against a house, angry and discouraged, and fell to puzzling over his difficulty. Silently, and without any warning, he was seized from behind and forced to the ground, where he was deftly gagged before he could utter a cry for assistance.

It happened in a moment, and so quickly, so silently, that, helpless and gagged as he was, Berard wondered if he were not dreaming. He began to think, too, that he had lost his way in the fog in a dream only, and he would soon awake in his own familiar room. But the flattering hope died almost at its birth, for as he strove to rise a foot kicked him brutally and a pair of hands closed upon his neck. Straining his eyes through the maddening fog, he saw the forms of two men dimly, bending over him. Between them they carried him down a flight of steps into some kind of cellar, where the combined odors of damp earth, rotting wood and onions almost stupefied him. Here they laid him down, administering a blow and an oath whenever they deemed it well. A woman appearing at the end of the draughty passage with a candle, she was roughly commanded to bring the light. Berard lay there at their mercy, his heart beating in a dull, absorbed way. Strangely enough, it was not of his own physical danger he was thinking. That seemed but little compared to the thought that he might never see his boys again — his brave, dark-eyed boys, who were doubtless awake and restless, waiting for his return. He cast a glance around the unpromising group, and decided that he might expect the very worst at their hands. To the woman in particular he directed one agonized, appealing glance as she bent over him, shielding the candle's flame with her hand. Useless; there was not the slightest hope that she would interfere in his behalf. If she ever had any better nature to appeal to it must have shriveled up for want of nourishment years and years before. She might have been old, she might have been young. Her hardened face, which was covered with the deep pits left by smallpox, might have been twisted into its present hideousness by a long life spent in scenes of crime and filth, or by the experiences of comparatively few years. Her eyes were bright, but unyouthful; shining with a cold implacability that suggested how many promptings toward good had been triumphantly trodden under foot and forgotten before that expression had been attained, like a light streaming over a wreck. Before he could turn his eyes from her face one of the men stunned him by a sharp blow on the head. It was dawn when he regained consciousness. The fog had lifted, but it was still raining, and he lay coatless, hatless and shoeless in a doorway of a fairly respectable street, with a gendarme bending over him in great concern.

"At last! I thought it was all over with *you*," said the gendarme, and curiously brushed away the hair from a cut on Berard's head.

In another hour he was at home. Then the search for the thieves commenced. His uncertainty regarding the spot where he was assaulted made it appear at first a difficult task, but when he had described the woman, the detective said he knew her and her companions well, and swore to produce them in an hour. So he did. Berard was suffering greatly from the exposure and bruises, and the woman, in all her wretchedness and filth, had to be brought to his bedside, where he identified her, then turned on his side, tried to sleep, and forgot her entirely. A week later he was present at the trial, made the charge, and, the unpleasant task over, was hurrying home when an official of the jail whispered to him that the woman just sentenced seemed to have something very important to say to him, and as he pitied the poor creature he thought he would tell Berard, as it might be well to hear it.

Berard thought the request strange. He had also a pressing engagement. Nevertheless, he followed the man to the cell the prisoner was temporarily confined in. She crouched against the wall, and holding her rags together with one eager hand, stared at him with her bright, cold eyes, but did not speak. She was so utterly foul and lost she fascinated him, and he found himself wondering what she could have looked like as a child, or was she ever a child, this ghastly spectre in the semblance of a woman? What kind of thoughts did she think? Had she ever uttered a prayer? Had she ever laughed out of the joyousness of her heart? Had she ever paused to wonder at the blue sky or the mystery of

the stars and moon? And finally, what could she possibly want to say to him?

"I have been told you want to speak to me," he said, looking at her with pity and repugnance.

She folded her arms stolidly over the tatters on her bosom as she replied, surly and hesitating:

"I don't know whether to say it or not. I don't know how to begin."

"Probably it is of no importance," he said, turning away.

But the woman shuffled over to the bars and clung there, with her eyes lurid as a wild animal's.

"You are glad to see me caught!" she cried, with a jeer.

"Do you expect me to thank you for helping to rob me—do you? Yet I am sorry for any one who has sunk as low as you. I pity you. The sight of you fills me with pain. It is too late to help you in any way, if that is what you want. Besides, the punishment is just; you have had your trial in the usual way, and I can do nothing for you."

"Nothing, nothing?" she echoed, rolling her head from side to side. She stared at him a moment, then burst out laughing.

It was not like genuine laughter—crackling bubbles rising like an echo and breaking on her lips, without mirth, without the substance of sound—oh, it was horrible, and Berard again turned away, but still lingered, curious to know what she could have to say to him. She beckoned him to come nearer.

"I will be dead in a week, if I can manage it," she whispered, with an exultant grimace; "dead, and no one will be sorry. Not even Berard, the artist. I did not know you were Berard, the great artist, the night that Antoine and Jean dragged you in."

A spasm of mirth seized her again. She fell in a heap to the ground, and commenced hugging her knees.

"I'm so cold! so cold! I must hurry and tell you before I forget again. Get a gendarme and go to the house where you were robbed." Again the goblin laughter floated up from the floor of the cell and saddened and chilled him so that his flesh crept. "Go to the attic—climb carefully, for some of the steps are gone—and go into the room at the head of the stairs. There is a closet near the floor. It is locked and they have taken the key from me, but you can burst it open. Drag out what you find there."

"But what shall I find there?"

"Go and see, if you are curious. Go and see; go and see, I tell you!"

Then she raised her head, and looked up at him fixedly for a second. The look disturbed him. He felt his heart beat faster, his breath came unevenly, and he met her glance in silence. There was something about her—there was something—there was something——

He could get no further. He felt like a person groping, blindfolded, after something, though he knew not what, and which eluded him just as his mental grasp tried to close on it.

"Go and see!" she said again, and a momentary horror struggled in her eyes, her face seemed to grow grayer, a flicker of pain passed over it, then she turned her back on him, and, muttering to herself, pressed her head down between her knees.

Berard hurried out, a cold, heavy depression weighing down his heart. He stood outside the prison for a few moments and let the sunlight give back warmth to his chilled flesh, and cleanse his clothes of the prison damp.

He had witnessed real human misery, beside which the sleekness and good temper of a well-fed dog seemed elevating—misery too low, too repulsive to possess the smallest tinge of poetry. There was no luxury in this woe, no picturesqueness in this poverty.

All throught that day and night the woman's face haunted him. He felt urged to put her ill-fitting features and expressions into the new study he was engaged on, until in despair and disgust he threw down his brush. He was disposed to sit aimlessly before the fire and ponder on the terrible problem of pain in the world, and how, no matter what progress it made into a brighter era, it seemed that the prisons would always be full, the hospitals crowded, and crime and disease and famine still stalk on their grim rounds.

At last, to satisfy his conscience, he filled out a check for a large amount and sent it to a woman's hospital near by. Then he notified the detective who had tracked the thieves to be ready to accompany him in the morning to the lane where he was assaulted. When he had done this he might forget the woman's face, but not before.

The morning rose pure and beautiful, a perfect October morning, windless and bright, the sky without a cloud; but the neighborhood which Berard and the detective were forced to penetrate caught no charm from the beauty of the day. Instead, the nauseous place was shown up in all its vileness under the searching sunlight. They passed on between the crazy houses, picking their steps among the reeking byways and courts until they reached the house, a tumble-down structure, with coarse and bloated faces looking from the windows and peeping from behind the doors.

As the detective was too well known to be trifled with, they were permitted to make their way to the attic unmolested. The room was empty of all save rubbish, and half-hidden behind a pile of rags and long-accumulated dirt they found the closet, which was readily burst open. Berard had no idea what he might find, but his thoughts would stray to accounts he had read of murders and hidden bones. He was curious, excited, but mostly inclined to laugh at his folly for paying any heed to the half crazy prisoner. With some hesitation he thrust his arm into the opening and drew out—what? What was this thing he dragged into the glare of the sunlight? He stared at it, puzzled at first, then with an expression of utter unbelief, as he fell back against the wall trembling and pale.

The detective stared at him in wide-eyed astonishment, but Berard had forgotten his existence. His thoughts had flown back to other years. Babette, his inspiration, where was she now? She had thrown love away to marry for a shelter. Had she found even that? The silence in the room was absolute, yet in Berard's ears it seemed full of whispering voices. "Babette, Babette, Babette, to have fallen so low, so low!"

His heart, too, began to question, painfully and rapidly.

"What has your story been, Babette? Was it a long course of brutality from a vulgar husband when his short-lived passion was dead? Then recklessness, intemperance—a lover, perhaps? Easier after that the steps to the moral and spiritual death!"

Yet there was something good left in her—who can explain what or why? Something good, one of those moral theorems which even philosophers find beyond them, for that hidden object which Berard dragged into the sunlight was a painting, covered with dust and cobwebs, a spider's web spun deftly across the ragged rent in the centre—the painting he had given to Babette in

the Quartier St. Jacques more than fourteen years before. She had said she would keep it for ever, and she had. Berard bent over it. Sharp, painful memories assailed

him, and he sobbed like a child. But he did not weep for the destruction of his beautiful fancy; he thought of Babette, the beautiful, light-hearted *grisette*, who could laugh even when she was hungry and her best gown in pawn; he thought of the woman she might have been, had the germ of good in her been developed—had she been true to her better self; he thought of the lost wretch, the thief, the prisoner whose eyes seemed to hold the secret of death in life, and he wept. It was an inspiration of a sadder, weaker kind.

THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.

By Elizabeth Taylor.

During the month of August I visited for a fortnight at the house of Archie McDonald, the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company's post of Fort Qu'Appelle. "The Fort" is situated on one of the four "Lakes that Call,"

in the lovely Qu'Appelle Valley, three hundred and fifty miles northwest of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

This fertile valley is about a mile and a half in width, and is inclosed by strangely twisted and winding hills rising to a height of four hundred feet.

Over these hills, in the Spring of 1885, marched the Twelfth and Thirty-fifth Regiments and the Winnipeg Cavalry, on their march to the North Saskatchawan country, where the "rebel" Riel had his camp.

The valley then was all alive with preparations for war; the supply-trains passed through this point, and the settlers found it profitable to leave their farms and, with their teams, engage in transfer service.

But when I was at Qu'Appelle, the valley was filled with warriors not less valiant than the Canadian redcoats. Here and there upon the plain, and on the summit of the hills, Indian encampments were to be seen, and afar off, the soft blue smoke from the fires of the tents, or teepees,

showed that, hidden from sight, were other bands of Indians. Most of these were the Cree Indians, a branch of the great Algonquin family. The Crees are divided into two tribes—the Forest Crees and the Plain Crees. The former live an isolated life, dwelling in tents made of bark, and are humble hunters and fishermen. The Plain Crees live in large camps in tents of buffalo-skins. They are fine horsemen, are more warlike than the Forest Indians, and in times past were always hostile to their neighbors, the fierce Blackfeet Indians.

The peaceful valley echoed with discordant sounds; the yelping of dogs, the shrill cries of children, and the noise of pow-wows, horse-dances and tea-dances without number.

Piapot, the rebellious chief of the "Young Dogs," a part of the Cree tribe, positively declined to go on his reservation; had brought in all his band to the valley, and sent out invitations to all the Indians in the neighborhood to meet him there. Sioux (refugees from the Minnesota massacre of 1862), Assiniboines, Sauteux and Crees gathered from far and near, each band with its tale of grievance to tell to the Indian agent, and all restless and dissatisfied. Piapot had declared significantly that if extra rations were not forthcoming he would take them, and the timid newcomers, settlers in the valley, were much disturbed.

A solemn council was held by the Indians, and soon we heard that the "Great Thirsty Dance" was to be given. The Indians believe that when there is illness

TYPES OF ACTORS IN THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.

among them, famine, or trouble of any kind, that the Great Spirit is hiding His face from them, and often at such times they make an especial appeal to Him in this ceremony. That afternoon we had seen the Indians, in full array, ride over the hills to the woods beyond the fort, while the squaws trudged patiently along on foot behind them.

They had gone to cut poles and boughs with which to make the great dance teepee, and by nightfall we could see from the house the teepee rising high above the others in the encampment. All the next day we heard a great uproar from the camp, and as night came on the noise and confusion seemed to increase. A party of us decided to go down and see the dance. It was a brilliant moonlight evening, and the full harvest moon lit up a strange scene. Scores of smaller teepees were pitched around the great dance teepee, which rose to a height of thirty-five feet. It was forty feet in diameter, and was made of buffalo-skins stretched across light poles. Fires were burning on all sides, and crouching around these were groups of Indians who were unable to get inside the large tent. From these groups arose a melancholy wail: the tremulous voices of the old men, the cries of children, the chanting of women and the howls of innumerable dogs. And, showing clearly in the moonlight, on the very top of the great lodge, was a strange figure, blackened by the smoke from the fires below, throwing

up its arms in a wild appeal to some unseen power, calling and shrieking, its voice rising high above the din on the plain beneath. It was an Indian who had vowed to undergo this penance, hoping to appease the Great Spirit, and bring some good to himself or his family. All day long he had been there in the hot sun, though it was a wonder how he maintained his footing on the sharp ends of the teepee-poles, and all night long he lamented, while a heavy thunderstorm beat upon him.

Many dark faces scowled at us as we threaded our way between the camp-fires, and low mutterings were heard on either side. The Indians certainly had little reason for kindly feelings toward the whites. Their old hunting-grounds had passed into the hands of the Canadians, and settlers were flocking in on all sides; the few remaining buffalo had been driven south across the border, where Sitting Bull and his band prevented their return. The Indians were dissatisfied with their reservations, and unwilling to give up their free, roving life; their chil-

dren were hungry, and already they had begun to kill their dogs for food; certainly now was the time for the Great Thirsty Dance.

Through the crowd at the door we made our way till we stood fairly inside. Four or five fires were burning on the ground around the centre-pole, casting a lurid, fitful light around the tent. On the east side were booths made of leafy boughs, about four and a half feet high, and in each were three dancers; this was the women's side; on the west side were similar ones for the men. On the north was a booth made with very high walls, having a narrow passage leading toward the centre of the tent—so built that it was impossible to see anything inside. This was for the High Priest, or Great Medicine Man of the ceremonies.

At the right of the bower (the women's side) sat the musicians, seven or eight in number, in a circle, each grasping with his left hand the tomtom, and beating

TYPES OF ACTORS IN THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.

vigorously upon it with a drumstick held in his right hand, and keeping time to the sound with shrill cries of Hi-hi-hi-ya! Hi-ya! Hi-hi-hi-ya! They sing in this way night and day for the three days and two nights that the dance lasts, never stopping except to take breath or to allow one exhausted singer to slip out and a fresh one take his place. The tom-tom is a kind of drum, about eight inches high and twenty inches in diameter, made by stretching skin over a frame made of the bark of the Saskotoon willow. The musicians seat themselves around it, and all beat upon it, keeping perfect time. The tom-tom has only one end covered, and when, after long drumming the skin begins to stretch, they pause for a short time and hold it over one of the fires, the heat making it tight again. On the other side of the Medicine Man's retreat were the old men of the tribe—the guardians, the police officers, as it were, of the ceremonies. At the first beat of the tom-toms, usually at sunrise, the dancers begin. Strange, hideous figures they are, adorned with all the wretched finery they possess, painted in every imaginable device, and in these narrow, leafy booths they stay from the beginning to the end of the dance. Sometimes they grasp a projecting stick or twig partially to support themselves, and they bend the body, never raising the feet, but bending the knees only. So they dance, up and down, for three days and two nights, without drink or food or sleep—no rest except during the few minutes when the tom-toms are not beating. Perhaps they may have three hours' rest in the twenty-four, not *sleep*, remember! These wretched dancers have made their vows in the council which was held before the dance; they have arisen and declared before them what they will do, what tortures they will undergo, what penances they will perform. Each one represents a certain number of his family, and if he passes through the ordeal successfully, they will share in the benefits which the Great Spirit will bestow. His relatives cheer and encourage him as the time passes by; they come to bring their offerings to the Great Spirit—tea, calico, tobacco, blankets, etc.—and they hang them upon a stick fastened to one end of his booth. They tell him what a feast they are preparing outside, that there will be a great deal to eat, and they exhort him to be brave; that it will soon be over, the time is passing by; not to think of the present, but fix his mind on what is to come. The old men are busy, too, watching, cowhide in hand, for some poor creature, overcome by sleep, or perhaps trying to steal away through some aperture for a few minutes' rest. As the cowhide comes down upon him, he is taunted with his cowardice, "Did we force you to undertake this?" the old men cry. "Is it not of your own free will that you are here? is it not for your own good that you make this sacrifice? Cowards you are, that cannot carry out what you have undertaken!" Exasperating creatures are these old men; they will stalk up and down, blowing tobacco smoke in the faces of the wretched dancers, drinking tea and coffee before them, telling them how good it is. If there is any one perched up aloft above the opening at the top of the teepee for penance, they will throw green boughs on the fire to cause an acrid smoke which almost stifles the poor fellow. But they are not malicious about it; they believe that the greater the suffering the more acceptable it is to the Great Spirit, and so they add to their misery in every possible way.

The teepee was lighted only by the fires in the centre; now and then the flames would flicker upward and I could see the wild faces of the dancers and the groups of Indians huddled together in every vacant space. From these spectators a discordant chant arose, making, with the noise of the musicians and the tom-toms, an indescribable uproar.

I suppose I must have looked a little scared, for just then a number of young Indians, no doubt out of pure mischief, began to crowd upon me, putting out their elbows and forcing me back on the Indians behind. I looked around for help, and not in vain, for just then an old squaw gave one bound among them and scattered them, using her fists and tongue vigorously, and then returning to reassure me in the best of Cree. I thanked her warmly in English, and we carried on quite a conversation, each one speaking the only language she understood.

Inside the bower sits the Great Medicine Man. No one can look in that dreadful place; if he should, the Indians believe that he will surely die. The Medicine Man smokes fragrant woods and spices, a stuffed hawk or eagle is by his side, which is supposed to be especially sacred or "great medicine."

He opens and closes the ceremony, and when an Indian faints under the torture, he alone must revive him and let him go. I did not mean to see it all, but the crowd pressed upon me, and I lost sight of the friend who took me in, and I could not get away. There was a horrible fascination about it, and I saw what I would like to forget; what comes back sometimes to me in feverish dreams; men walking with bare feet back and forth through the fires; their faces stolid and expressionless, not a muscle quivering. Men swinging by long thongs, one end fastened to the centre pole, the other attached to a sharp stick which was run through the great pectoral or chest muscle, and made fast by having a noose of the thong passed around it. Their bodies were painted white, the lower part of their faces black, and the perspiration had washed away the paint in the little hollows of eye and cheek and brow, giving their faces a hideous, skull-like effect, and the blood from their wounds trickled over their bodies.

Round and round they danced on tiptoe, their bodies thrown back, almost the whole weight thrown upon the thongs, their arms extended high above their heads, their hands holding up flags of different colors. As I watched, I saw the head of one fall back, but he kept his arms up, immovable, rigid, and danced feebly on; then his feet faltered, he stumbled and the dancing stopped; then slowly his arms drooped and he swung heavily backward, apparently lifeless. I did not see the Medicine Man appear to cut him down. I didn't see much of anything after that, and was dimly conscious that the old squaw was patting me on the shoulder, and pushing me gently before her to the fresh air outside.

The next morning, as I passed by, I saw Indians leading about native ponies by long cords, attached in the same way through the thick muscle of the back below the shoulder-blade; others were dragging buffalo-skulls fastened by the thongs, over the rough surface of the prairie, their heads bowed and flags drooping around them. As they walked slowly along, they moaned and cried piteously; not from pain, for the severest torture could not wring a sound from their lips; they were calling to the Great Spirit.

If a man faints during torture, and the Great Medicine Man thinks best, he can free him and no contempt is felt for him; but, should one of the dancers fail, he is made to feel keenly afterward that he was unable to carry out what he had undertaken. I asked what was done with all the presents that were hung up on the booths, and I was told that after the dance they were flung down around the centre-pole, and then those that were

needy and had no one to provide for them, or had had a father or husband who had been a great warrior, or had performed some valorous deed, could come forward and help themselves from the pile.

Before the country passed from under the rule of the Hudson Bay Company, the Indians were contented, and Canada had no wars like ours. It is with the advent of settlers that the trouble with the Indians begins, and Canada has been free from the dreadful wars that we have been punished with; not because of her superior wisdom and justice in her treatment of the Indians, but for the reason that the two races did not come in contact with each other. With the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the opening of the country for settlement, the question has assumed a serious aspect. Let us hope that Canada will have a more honorable record than her brothers on this side of the line.

AH ME!

NEVER were there days more dreary—
Ah me!
Never heart than mine more weary,
Ah me!
For the eye that mine delighted
Never shall I see,
And the love I nursed is blighted—
Ah me!

When I wander down the meadow—
Ah me!
On my heart then falls a shadow—
Ah me!
Buttercups are yellow, very;
Pink is vale and lea;
But she's gone who made them merry—
Ah me!

When the evening winds are sighing,
Ah me!
When the plaintive dove is crying,
Ah me!
To their wail my heart replying
Evermore will be,
Brooding where the loved is lying—
Ah me!

Oh, the path I tread is lonely—
Ah me!
And my heart keeps sighing only,
Ah me!
By the dark and solemn river
She who walked with me
Sleeps for ever and for ever—
Ah me!

THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.

BY COLIN C. COOPER, JR.

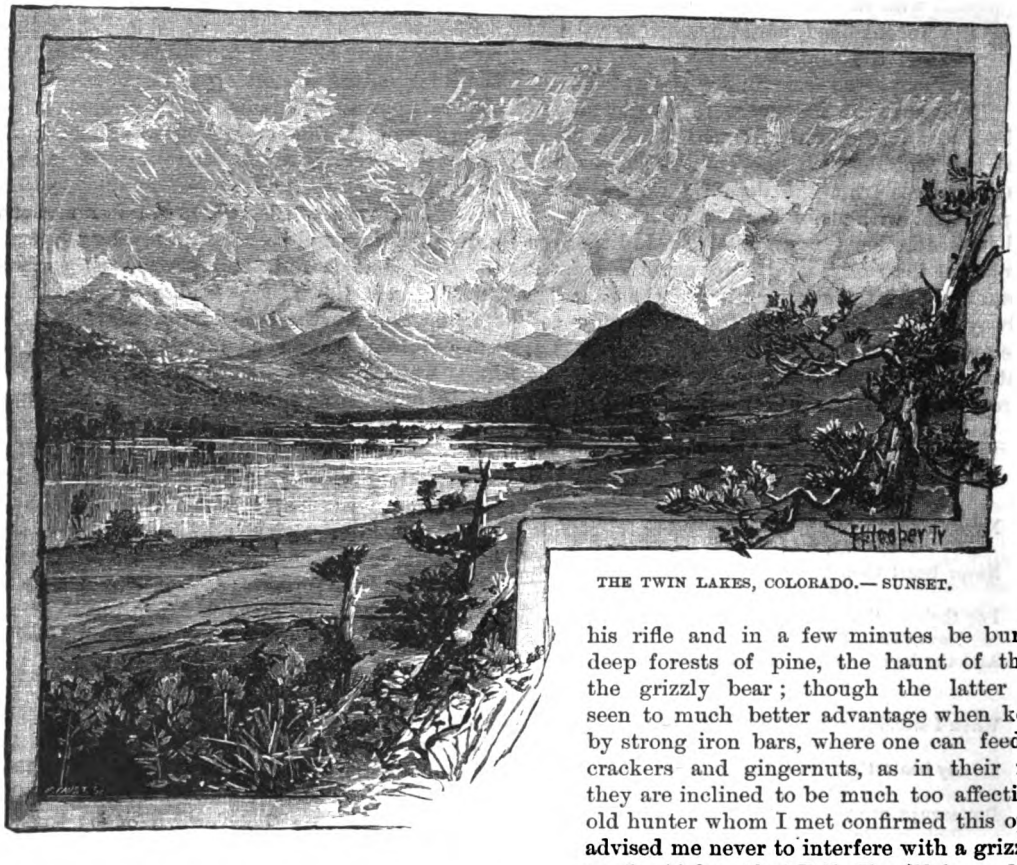
"YES, sir! Yes, sir! Step this way. This yere's my team. Take ye right up!"

It is pleasant when one arrives all alone in a strange country to find that one is expected and welcomed, though one may have to pay for it. So, when I stepped off the train at the little station that bears the name of the most beautiful lakes of Colorado, and found a team waiting for me—simply me and no other, for there were no more passengers for that station—and in answer to an anxious inquiry as to how I could get up to the lakes was rewarded with the above much-wished-for information in the cheery voice of the driver, I felt that I had my welcome, and a right hearty one. The wagon was old and rickety, the driver was no longer young, and was garrulous in the bargain; the horses, two shaggy, unkempt bronchos, were lazy, and the seats were hard; but the sun was shining down through a cloudless sky, and the pure, fresh, invigorating air of the Rockies was disporting itself through my breathing apparatus; and as I had had a fair breakfast at the last stopping-place (Buena Vista), I was in a condition to be happy—supremely so, if there can be such a thing as happiness.

With many a creak and groan our ancient equipage got under way, and it is truly a mystery how it ever held together, but it did, and carried us successfully and safely across the rough bridge of logs that spans the "Arkansas," up the side of the cañon or gulch, over innumerable ditches used for placer washing and past a huge waterwheel that once served as the motive power for an ore-crusher—as gold or silver or copper or platinum, or some such material, is or was found all over this part of the country—forded us across a mirror-like stream, the outlet from the lakes, through a little marshland, round a turn, over a hill—and then— Oh, is it magic? Are we in fairyland? Surely it is wonderland, for everything is truly wonderful. Two lakes are before us, the largest and nearest a beautiful deep-blue, and its sister—of which we catch but a glimpse at this point—a light-green. Beginning at the water's edge and exactly reversed in the mirror of the lake, well wooded with fir-pine, and in the Fall gorgeous with the dying leaves of the scrub oak and "quakin' asp" trees, the grand old mountains rise hill upon hill until the summits of "Esterbrook" and "Egbert" have the sky for a background. There the snow never melts. Year in and year out they wear their crown of purity, which, alas! they do not and cannot transmit to the mortals that live within their shadow. But my reverie and wonderment are cut short by my garrulous driver.

"D'ye see them thar two peaks yonder? Well, them's what they call Twin Peaks, 'cause they're so much alike. Them thar Twin Peaks, sir, is chock-full of gold and silver. Some of the best leads in the country. Here! do ye see that thar leetle white speck right back o' that dark patch of timber on the side of the near peak? That's the cabin on my claim, and—yes, you can see it from here—that black spot, that's one of my tunnels." Here he again paused to see if his wonderful information had produced the desired effect; and then, in a casual way, as though the so-called legend had not been concocted in his own fertile brain, to be used on the same principle as a quack medicine advertisement: "If ye thought to buy a first-class lead, I'm the man to put you on the right track. This is some of the rock," and he drew from his pocket a small bit of pyrites, resplendent with bright crystallizations calculated to deceive the very unsophisticated, but, so far as a moderately practiced eye could tell, utterly devoid of value. On learning that I was merely on a sketching tour he relapsed into silence for a time, but soon opened the conversation with a new proposition that I should go up and make a map of the different tunnels, to be sent back East for the purpose of obtaining companies to work them—a very good idea, on the whole, but somewhat out of my line of work.

By this time we were bowling along the border of the lower lake, and soon came in sight of the little cluster of log cabins and rough board cottages that stand on its western shore, which constitute, with the "Interlaken House" on the southern shore, the principal hotel accommodation of the lakes. In a few minutes my luggage was deposited on the rough porch of the Twin Lakes House, the largest log cabin of the cluster, and,



THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.— SUNSET.

after a hearty farewell from my garrulous driver friend, who disappeared in a cloud of dust on the road toward the little mining village of Dayton, about two miles distant, and being rewarded with a smile from the pretty and vivacious servant-girl, who peeped round the corner of the house, I was taken in hand by the genial clerk (a retired opera tenor, who we will call Signor Martini for short, who, as he afterward informed me, was born in France, and was a naturalized Chicagonian), and was refreshed with an invigorating bottle of beer.

That I was the only guest of the house did not surprise me, nor did it render my visit less interesting, as I had not come for society. During July and August, I am told, hundreds of tents dot the valley, and it is as gay as any one could wish ; but the season was now quite far advanced, and the "killing frosts" had induced pleasure and health seekers alike to "fold their tents," and so forth.

Twin Lakes are about sixteen miles southwest of Leadville. They are one of the points of interest to which residents of that town make excursions, and mark an altitude of 9,400 feet above the level of the sea. Parties frequently drive over the mountains in the morning, dine at the Lakes and return in the evening. The resources of the place for amusement are great, especially for the disciples of the late lamented Izaak Walton, for the fish—salmon trout—are the finest and most delicious of any I have ever tasted. Should any tourist visit Colorado and fail to taste the trout as cooked by the before-mentioned smiling servant maid at Twin Lakes, he has surely not performed his duty to himself, and has missed something he will regret all his life.

For those who are fond of hunting during the season there can be few better places. One may start out with his rifle and in a few minutes be buried in the deep forests of pine, the haunt of the elk and the grizzly bear ; though the latter animal is seen to much better advantage when kept at bay by strong iron bars, where one can feed him with crackers and gingernuts, as in their native lair they are inclined to be much too affectionate. An old hunter whom I met confirmed this opinion and advised me never to interfere with a grizzly : "You see," said he, "las' Fall, Jim Blake and I fixed to go off on a two weeks' hunt ; so we packed our kit and made acrost toward Musquito Pass, and one morning early, about the second day after we made camp thar, Jim, he was a-cookin' breakfast (we'd shot a nice elk day before), and I took my gun and made down toward where the water was, thinkin' I might see somethin', and sure enough I did. You see our camp was pitched under a sort of projectin' rock on the side of a little gulch that had a dry creek bed. There was a spring right near the camp, but a quarter of a mile down the gulch there was quite a pool, with a clump of cottonwood-trees kind a-hidin' it, and I thought maybe to catch a deer or so takin' a morning nip. Well, sir, I was a-saunterin' down that thar dry creek bed, not suspicioning anything, when I came suddenly on a grizzly not ten rods away. You can just bet your bottom dollar, stranger (this is not verbatim what he really did say, for he interlarded his discourse with some swear words, which must not be published), I was just skeered, for the durned thing was a she bear with a couple of cubs. I knew the old lady meant business as soon as I seed she seen me ; and sure enough she did. She had bent down a branch of shrub oak and the cubs were having their breakfast, but when she seen me she dropped the branch, spit an acorn out of her mouth and started herself right for me. You bet, I lit out purty lively and made quick time for a few rods, but I found the critter was a-gainin' on me, and I knew it was a case of nerve or die. So I turned quick, dropped on one knee and let her have it—bang ! The ball hit her on one of her hind legs and she stopped and began to gnaw the wound with her teeth. It would have made your hair rise, stranger, to hear how she hollered. She didn't stop long, but it gave me time to drop the shell and reload (I had a Winchester), and when she started again I gave it

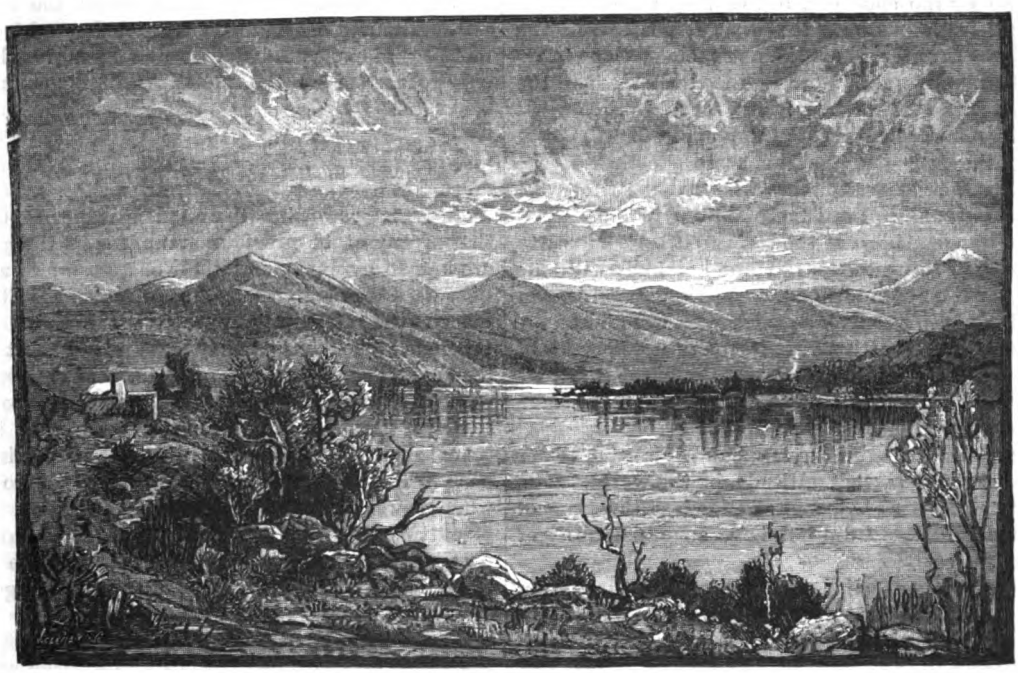
to her right between the shoulders, and that downed her. I went back to camp and sat down after that, and you can just bet your life I for one don't want to go foolin' around no more grizzly b'ars."

Another story is related of a man who came suddenly on one of these monarchs of the Rockies, and he said, in telling the circumstance: "I jest then and thar made a bargain with the critter, that if he would let me alone I wouldn't hinder or obstruct him nohow."

Still another, of a somewhat more humorous character, is told of a party of ladies and gentlemen who, having started to climb Pike's Peak, met a bear and returned in confusion, vowing that a huge grizzly had chased them for a mile. They were believed until, an hour or so afterward, a telegram was received from Cañon City, forty miles away, saying that a small black bear had passed through that town with his ears back and his tail between his legs, headed, with a mean speed of eighty miles an hour, for New Mexico, evidently preferring to trust himself among the heathenish Mexicans rather than with Eastern tourists.

These and many other stories were told to me when in the evening we—Signor Martini, the proprietor of the house, John and myself—gathered about the blazing log fire in the parlor of the hotel. By-the-way, this parlor is a veritable curiosity for a hotel, as also are the other rooms in the house; rough pine logs for joists, the ceiling, the flooring above, the walls papered with pages from the various illustrated magazines and weeklies, an open fireplace, black with pitch-pine smoke, and a pair of equally black and rusty andirons; a rickety pine table on which is an ink-bottle, a bad pen, some newspapers—the youngest probably a fortnight old—and, wonder of wonders, and yet beautiful in spite of its surroundings and the fact that it is coverless and well-thumbed—a Bible. A few strong pine chairs and a lounge, which has certainly seen better days, covered with faded green brocatelle, make up the furniture of the place; but that does not prevent it from being cozy and comfortable.

Perhaps the oddest character of the very large assortment of odd characters one is apt to meet in Colorado was "John." I do not know, or have forgotten, his last name, but just John alone will do. I should like to tell you more of him, to speak of his many peculiarities, and to give a detailed description of his camp—a little half-tent and half-shanty on the edge of the lake. I should like, if possible, to reproduce some of his quaint poetry and still quainter drawings (for John was quite an artist in his way), which were as odd as himself; but space will not permit, and I must confine myself to a short description of the man. John was the fisherman for the hotel, a great, tall Texan, with a clear, sharp eye, an honest, sun-burnt and weather-beaten face, a mass of dark-brown wavy hair hanging about his neck and shoulders. He wore a huge sombrero and a heavy mustache, and at a little distance presented the appearance of a first-class desperado; but a near view revealed the mistake, for when he spoke his kindly eye lit and his honest face broadened into a smile, and his voice, albeit deep, was soft and musical. John was an old resident in the country, and had been to all the out-of-the-way and in-the-way places in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah; he had owned gold mines, and had sold or lost them; he still had some few in reserve, and was expecting to sell more; he had been worth a great deal of money at times, but by the assistance of bad partners, or luck, or fate, he was not then over-encumbered with wealth. He was a good, honest man, and it was a pleasant sight to see him of an evening poring over the coverless Bible, deep in its mysteries.



THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.—MORNING ON THE LOWER LAKE.

The nearest post-office for Twin Lakes is at the little town of Dayton, already mentioned. There is a service of three mails a week from Leadville. These are either "packed" over on horseback or hauled by the supply-team which makes the trips. Dayton is quite a lively place; the natives, mostly miners, amuse themselves of an evening by getting something more than half-seas-over and shooting promiscuously about the streets, though I believe no one has as yet been seriously hurt within the town limits.

The day before leaving the lakes I paid a visit to the falls at their head. As the road to these falls passes through Dayton, I stopped at the post-office, which, in connection with a grocery and general supply store, is kept by two young gentlemen bearing the euphonious name of Smith. The Messrs. Smith were just about starting out for the falls with a team, and I was kindly invited to make one of the party, providing I had no objection to riding with some ladies. The idea! Objection! Was I such a formidable personage? Of course I did not demur, for I don't mind saying that, although I am a confirmed old bachelor, yet I consider myself quite a gallant, and always enjoy the society of ladies, especially young and pretty ones.

We had a most delightful ride along the upper lake. The color of this lake is quite remarkable. It is a light muddy-green, rather a bad and certainly a very odd contrast to the clear dark-blue of the lower lake. The lakes are divided by a peninsula, about one quarter of a mile across, and their waters are joined by a stream some fifty feet wide. It is a curious effect to note how the green of the upper lake runs far out into the lower one before mixing with its blue.

Our ride was a lively one. The ladies, who were from Boston, were very agreeable. They were ready and eager for a lark, and made the hills ring with songs and shouts of laughter. They had been much alarmed the night before by the shooting, but as they were laughed at for being frightened and told that it was merely the custom of the country, they did not seem anxious to return to their native and more civilized East when the West was so replete with novelty, even if somewhat dangerous. After spending the day exploring the tunnels about the falls and making some sketches of the waterwheel and crusher that have been built there, we returned to Dayton, well satisfied with our picnic. Having made arrangements for the team to call for me early next morning, I returned to the hotel, taking with me the letters for the neighborhood, as every man is his own and everybody else's delivery-postman in Colorado.

The falls are well worth a visit; though not very high. They are beautifully situated in the gulch at the foot of Twin Peaks and command a fine view of the lake below.

There is a steamboat on the lakes and it is said to be the only steamboat at that altitude in the world. The *Idlewild*, for so it is called, was stranded at the time of my visit, and therefore I did not have an opportunity of testing her seaworthiness.

Of course there is excellent boating, and to row out on the lakes in the moonlight, on water so clear that you can distinguish every pebble on the bottom (provided you are near enough to the shore, as it is said to be 500 feet deep in some places), with the great towering mountains on all sides bathed in soft, dreamy light, in company with—well, my unmarried male and female readers, you only know who; as for me, I am a staid old bachelor, you see, and was consequently alone, but if it was heavenly to me under such circumstances, how much more would you enjoy it in each other's society.

Early the next morning, about five o'clock, I think, I was aroused from my slumbers by loud shouts outside. "Hi, there! Ho, there! Hurry up now! Ye haven't much time to catch your train." It was my old friend the driver. I bustled into my clothes in a twinkling, and with the help of Signor Martini soon had traps and self packed in the wagon. With a handshake and a crack of the whip we were off. As we passed John's camp he was just preparing his boat and lines for an early start. He stood on the pebbly shore, his tall, lank figure dimly seen by the dawning light, waving his sombrero in adieu.

I believe there is nothing more sublime in this world—nothing that fills one with the wonderful grandeur and beauty of nature—than the dawning of a day in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. First of all, we have that soft glow that illuminates the whole sky and leaves the hills in sombre shadow. Then the sun tips the highest peak with red, making the spot glow like a flame of fire. This seems a signal to the other peaks, for suddenly they appear to leap out of gloom, glowing and blazing and flaming, each striving its best to outshine the others in the dancing morning light, and still all below is in gray shadow. All is quiet. Not a ripple on the surface of the lake, not a leaf moves. It is day above, but night below. Slowly now comes the streak of light; Twin Peaks are tipped, and the ray steals down their sides; the near foothills feel it, it is just above us, a leaf moves, a ripple steals across the surface of the water, a bird screams, and lo! it is day.

Properly to enjoy the effect of the birth of a day and a ride of four miles in the morning in the Rockies, especially in the early part of October, one should be provided with plenty of warm clothing and have had a cup of warming stimulant—coffee is best—before starting, as there is otherwise apt to be a chilly feeling, which materially detracts from one's power of appreciating the sublime. However, I was soon on board the train near a warm fire, and even the cold which I caught during my morning ride has faded to a dim memory which serves only to emphasize the pleasures of my sojourn at the Twin Lakes.

THE DIAMOND.

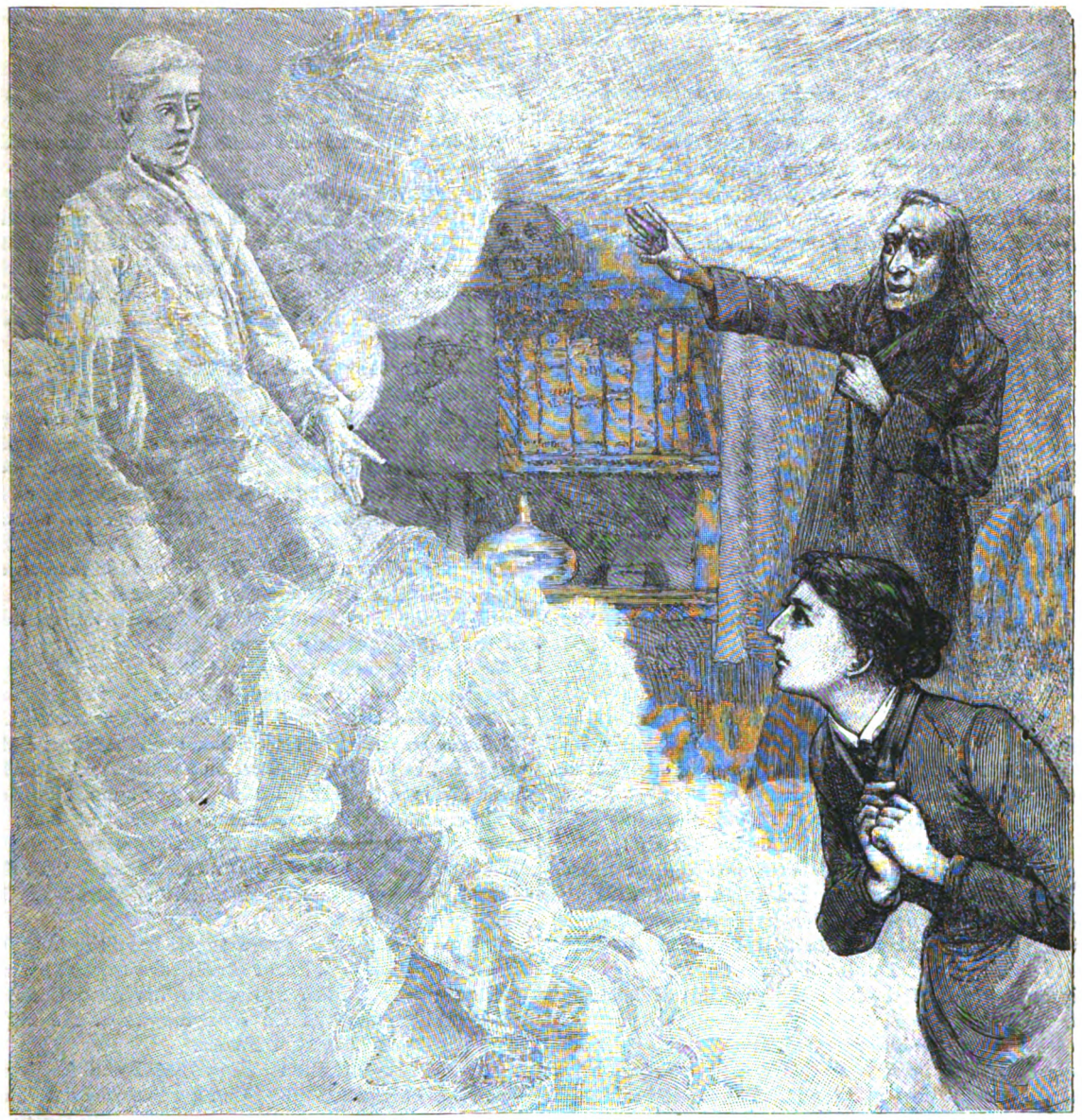
THE history of the diamond is richer in detail than that of any other precious stone, for all the great stones are known by name, and their changes of ownership can be traced back to their first discovery. The Romans placed the diamond in the very highest rank as a precious stone; but as they were in the habit of wearing the crystals in their native form, this eminent position must have been given to it more on account of its scarcity than for its beauty. It is only in modern times that the extreme brilliance of the diamond has been brought out by means of art. We do not know when it was first polished with its own dust, but the art of cutting it into a regular form, so as to bring out all possible lustre, was not practiced before the year 1456, when Louis Van Berghem, a citizen of Bruges, made a revolution in the trade by the discovery of the art of diamond-cutting. In 1475 he was employed by Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, to cut three large stones—previously worn by the King in their natural state—as eight-sided crystals (*points naïves*). It was nearly two hundred years later (1650), during the supremacy of Cardinal Mazarin, that the true brilliant shape was discovered. The three forms in which diamonds are cut are the table, the rose and the brilliant. The first two forms were long the only ones in use; but when the brilliant cutting was introduced, they were superseded, except for inferior stones. The diamond has sometimes been engraved upon and there are a few historic stones with arms and initials on them. In the Paris Exhibition there was a ring with an engraved diamond, said to be by Jacopo da Frezzo. It is supposed that much of the engraving said to have been executed on diamonds was really displayed upon the white topaz or the colorless sapphire. The diamond mines of Central India originally supplied the world

with nearly all the notable diamonds; but they are now nearly superseded. The largest supply is now obtained from the Brazils, and the diamonds of Borneo are held in high repute. The mines of the Cape of Good Hope have produced a large number of stones during the last few years, but many of them have a yellow tint. Several of the largest diamonds are still in the rough, and therefore cannot be compared with those which are cut. The Braganza, one of the Portuguese crown jewels, preserved in the Royal Treasury at Lisbon, is by far the largest stone professing to be a diamond. It was found in Brazil about the year 1797. It is about the size of an ordinary hen's egg, and weighs 1,680 carats. As the Portuguese Government will not allow the stone to be examined, grave doubts have been expressed whether it is really a diamond at all. The Matan is one of the largest and most esteemed diamonds in existence, although doubts have been expressed by some as to its genuineness. It was found in the Landak mines, near the west coast of Borneo, in or about the year 1787. It is uncut, and weighs 376 carats. The Sultan of Matan highly values it, and does not allow it to be seen. Strangers are shown a model of it in crystal. Tempting offers have been made to the Sultan, but he will not part with it, as he believes that the prosperity of his family depends upon it. The Dutch Governor of Batavia offered two gunboats, with stores and ammunition and $150,000, but his offer was rejected. Mr. Crawfurd valued the stone at a million and a quarter of dollars. The Nizam, which weighed 340 carats in the rough, is described by Barbot, who values it at a million; but little is known of its history. The Orloff is a rose diamond now set in the top of of the Russian imperial sceptre, but it had passed through many vicissitudes before arriving there. Count Orloff, who was on his travels in 1775, bought the stone at Amsterdam from a merchant named Khojeh Raphael for half a million cash and an annuity of $20,000. The early history of the Orloff diamond is very confused, and those who wish to judge for themselves as to its identity with stones having other names, such as the Koe-i-Tûr, must consult Mr. Streeter's work, where the matter is fully discussed. The weight of the Orloff is 193 carats. The Darya-i-Nur, or "Sea of Light," and the Taj-e-Fah, or "Crown of the Moon," are two splendid stones of 186 and 146 carats respectively, belonging to the Shah of Persia. They are described by Sir John Malcolm in his "Sketches of Persia," who tells us that they are the principal stones in a pair of bracelets valued at nearly a million sterling. The Austrian or Florentine, also called "The Grand Duke of Tuscany," is of citron-yellow hue, which makes it less valuable than it would have been had its color been pure. Its value has been estimated from $200,000 to $250,000. The following is the official description of the stone:—The "Florentine, also called the 'Great Florentine Diamond'—actually forming part of a hat-button—is known to be one of the largest diamonds in the world. It weighs 133½ carats of Vienna, but is rather yellow. The stone is cut in nine surfaces, covered with facets forming a star with nine rays. This jewel was once the property of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who, according to the custom of the day, carried all his valuables in the battle-field, first to have them always in sight, and secondly on account of the mysterious power then attributed to the precious stones. Charles lost this diamond at the battle of Morat, on June 22d, 1476. Tradition relates that it was picked up by a peasant, who took it for a piece of glass and sold it for a florin. The new owner, Bartholomew May, a citizen of Berne, sold it to the Genoese, who sold it in turn to Ludovico Moro Sforza. By the intercession of the Fuggers it came into the Medici treasury at Florence. When Francis Stephen of Lorraine exchanged his duchy for the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, he became the owner of the 'Florentine Diamond.' Through this prince, who became later on the consort of the Empress Maria Theresa, this diamond came into the private treasury of the Imperial house at Vienna. At the coronation of Francis Stephen as Emperor of Germany at Frankfort-on-Main, on October 4th, 1745, the Florentine Diamond adorned the crown of the House of Austria." Mr. Streeter, who quotes this account, disputes its authenticity. He shows that it is a mistake to introduce the names of Charles the Bold and Fugger into this history. The stone that the Duke of Burgundy lost was sold by the Fuggers to Henry VIII. of England, whose daughter Mary presented it to her husband, Phillip II. of Spain. The authentic history of the "Austrian" really begins with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose possession it was when it was examined by Tavernier. The Pitt, or Regent, is the most perfect brilliant in existence, and is without a rival in shape and water. It weighed 410 carats in the rough, and is said to have been found in the Parteal mines, in the year 1701, by a slave who ran away from his master, and offered it to a skipper. The skipper lured him on board his ship, and after throwing him overboard, sold the stone to Jamchund, the largest diamond merchant in the East, for $5,000. Jamchund offered it to Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, for $425,000. Much negotiation was carried on between these two, and at last Pitt became the possessor of the stone for $100,000. It was cut in London at a cost of $25,000, and the cutting occupied two years; but the fragments cut off were valued at between $15,000 and $20,000. Pitt seems to have found his diamond a somewhat unenviable possession, for so fearful was he of robbery that he never made known beforehand the day of his coming to town, nor slept two nights consecutively in the same house. The fame of the diamond spread over Europe, and many persons tried to obtain a sight of it; but Uffenbach, the German traveler, who visited England in 1812, found all his efforts to see it useless. Another source of uneasiness to the possessor was caused by the sinister rumors which were spread about as to the mode by which he obtained it. It seems that the crime of the skipper was attributed to Governor Pitt. The calumny took a very unpleasant form when Pope wrote, in his "Moral Essays":

> "Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole a gem away:
> He pledged it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
> So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit."

Pitt published in 1710 a full account of the purchase in order to silence his calumniators, and this was reprinted in 1743, many years after his death. In 1717 Pitt sold his diamond to the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France, through the intervention of Law, the financier (who received $25,000 for his trouble), for $675,000. In the inventory of the French crown jewels drawn up in the year 1791, it is valued at two millions and a half of dollars. During the Reign of Terror the stone was stolen, but was restored in a mysterious manner. Napoleon I. found it of inestimable value to him, for after the 18th Brumaire, by pledging it to the Dutch he procured the funds that were so indispensable for the consolidation of his power. It was afterward redeemed, and ornamented the pommel of the Emperor's sword.

CARNIVAL DAYS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. FERRANT.



SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE?—"HE MOVED HIS ARM A LITTLE TOWARD THE DOOR. THERE, THERE, AMID THE FILM, THEY SAW—FATHER AND DAUGHTER BOTH—DUDLEIGH FARRAR STANDING; AND HE SMILED AT THEM."

SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE?

By F. A. Mathews, Author of "Dilettante Days."

Professor Tebay folded his last paper and placed it in his portfolio; he arranged the last vial in its socket in the last leather case, and, holding a tiny crucible up to the light of the western window, he brushed from its rim a fleck of silvery foil; smiled grimly to himself, and, after casting a glance over his shoulder of great satisfaction, stepped out into the pleasant, old-fashioned garden that surrounded his house near Devizes.

The room which the professor had just quitted was his laboratory; the professor was a chemist of much renown, though leading a quiet enough life in the pretty little Kentish village where he was born—a man of chimeras and hobbies, but, withal, of such sterling ability and of such daring research, as had gained for him an honorable distinction in his profession. He was a curious-looking man: tall, thin almost to attenuation, with narrow, stooping shoulders, a long, drooping nose, pale, brilliant eyes—that had a trick of closing suddenly after a wide, bright, upward glance—and a narrow forehead, polished as a piece of well-worn ivory. One would say, not a broad man—a specialist, held down by the bonds of his own predilections in one certain groove, beyond which he saw little; albeit therein he saw and felt and dealt with great intensity.

The laboratory was in a state of confusion. Packing-boxes stood about ready for transportation; in the hall, boxes and satchels lay around; in point of fact, the professor was about setting forth to-morrow to spend his holidays in Antwerp with his old friend, the Herr Professor von Hendrich, and as the professor was

encumbered with a daughter, there was really nothing to do with this young creature but to take her along, too.

Where could she be?

"Beatrice!"

No answer. Very well! Professor Tebay turned back again to the laboratory; he picked up a small, sharp instrument to scratch those flecks of metal from his crucible, and, working away at it, he sauntered out again, and down the garden-path toward the clump of lilac-trees beside the brook.

The professor stumbled over a pebble, and then he glanced up.

A wonderful change came over his thin face, as if the very lightning itself had taken possession of his spirit and illumined it with the elixir of wrath.

The crucible fell from his hand and shivered in a hundred flashing bits. He grasped the steel the firmer.

He had found Beatrice.

She stood leaning—a fair young thing of sixteen—amid the lilacs, and about her were the arms of the professor's pupil, Dudleigh Farrar.

A fellow of twenty, handsome, poor, whom Professor Tebay would as soon have regarded as a match for Beatrice as he would have the groom.

This he had made known not only to Beatrice, but to the boy himself, and in unmeasured language.

The professor stood still.

He watched.

He heard.

Soft sweet words—love's and youth's first fond expressions. The two were finding out that they had hearts; were learning at the ruddy gates of each other's lips the lesson that all learn, sooner or later.

He saw Beatrice lay her bright head down on Dudleigh's shoulder as she promised to be his wife.

And the professor lifted his lean arm high in the air and threw the steel that he held. It glinted in the streak of sunlight; not brighter, not more cruelly than did the professor's slow smile that followed it—swift, swift to the heart of Dudleigh Farrar.

Without a cry he fell—from the paradise of her arms to the earth.

Beatrice sprang; she screamed.

She beheld her father.

And she knew who had done it. She knelt beside her lover; she took his head between her hands.

Professor Tebay rushed to them. He tore Beatrice away and flung her toward the house. He caught sight of the blood, and he cowered.

Blood had always made a coward of him. It was his peculiarity to sicken even at the sight of rare meat.

He shrank back.

He saw the steel sticking there in the boy's breast.

And then Beatrice dared to return.

"You have murdered Dudleigh Farrar, father. You have murdered him."

He closed her mouth with his cold hand; he dragged her in the twilight back to the house. He shivered; he quaked; he staggered; he was bent. With horrible back-glancing, glazed eyes he dragged his daughter to the house and lighted lights; and ate food; and drank hot tea; and warmed himself by the kitchen fire.

He said nothing.

Beatrice lay where he had put her on her bed, a stricken being, whose youth had been murdered and lay out yonder under the lilac-trees with her lover.

The next morning the professor's house was empty. The servants had been dismissed, well paid, and sent up to London, whence they had come.

The professor? Well, he had doubtless set out for Dover sooner than he had intended by a few hours.

Dudleigh Farrar?

He had come from Devonshire eight months before. Why, very likely he had gone home to his people.

For ten years Professor Tebay's house stood empty.

For ten years no one came to inquire for Dudleigh Farrar.

A few people said that the night after the professor so suddenly quitted Devizes they had heard voices in the house, had seen a light flitting back and forth at the windows; but these were the curate, a slim, delicate, imaginative young man, and the carrier, a burly fellow, whom every one knew was oftener in his cups than out.

"Ten years."

What had they done with Professor Tebay and his daughter Beatrice?

They had bent the chemist almost double; they had made of him a shriveled, uncanny object, more like a parchment caricature than aught else. A gray, seamy, haggard face, with two burning, questioning, restless, terrible eyes lighting up its pallor with an unearthly gleam.

Beatrice Tebay at twenty-six did not look much older than she had at sixteen. Merely for the rose of youth there lay the lily, for the hope of youth the saddest of all despairs—youth's despair.

What these years of constant travel, horrible anxiety, apprehension, doubt, agony, had been to the poor child, no one could tell. But Beatrice Tebay was silent.

Silence was all her father had asked of her, and her word had been given to him, on the night of their flight from Devizes, that the dead with her should be dead.

They changed their name to a German one; they never spoke in English save when they were alone; they read no English books or newspapers. "Professor Hahn" and his daughter "Bettina" abhorred anything, everything English.

But when they were alone together in the long, quiet evening hours, the old man would turn toward his child, looking up from the fire where his decoctions were hissing, and speak in his own tongue of the night of their flight—of Dudleigh Farrar.

"Beatrice, could I but know that I was forgiven by Dudleigh Farrar. Could I but know that in that other world he has found so superb a consolation for the loss of a life in this, that he even thanks me for having rid him of the 'mortal coil.' Could I but discover——"

And the girl would answer, "Yes, father," hopelessly, to it all.

Within the last few months they had finally settled themselves in a tiny cottage at Heidelberg, one of those little smiling villas just off the *Philosophenweg*, with a large garden full of flowers, a patch of corn and grain, and a paddock at the back, for a goat and a donkey.

Beatrice was glad to rest—to feel that for a year or so, at least, she would not be compelled to wander from third-class hotel to fourth-class pension; from musty Italian inns to horrible Russian wayside houses. For thus the years had been spent—the long days of Summer, the short ones of Winter—traveling from place to place, from town to town, with the eager, ungovernable old man.

What was the object?

Primarily, escape.

Professor Tebay lived, as he fancied, at bay. At any moment an avenger, crying aloud to him for Dudleigh Farrar's boyish life, might arise before him.

Motion was his only rest.

Besides, the idea haunted him that, could he but once be assured that the dead boy had forgiven him, he could once again be quiet in his thoughts.

He sought out, in his capacity of chemist, the learned men of his profession all over Europe; not only chemists, but alchemists, astronomers, astrologers, the whole army of mediums, spiritualists, theosophists, Buddhists, dreamers.

Having begun life a scientist, he was ending it as a charlatan—a charlatan whose stake was neither money nor notoriety, but the peace of his own condemned soul.

He had built a small belvedere at one end of his garden, and therein had set up the apparatus of his laboratory.

A low bookcase, containing all manner of strange lore, occupied one side of the octagon-shaped room. Above this were strung a row of skulls. Shelves full of sealed jars, vases of distilled spirits, black-letter manuscripts, alembics, crucibles, pans, pots, cabinets of minerals, charts of the heavens and of the sea, were scattered about. The windows looked, through climbing rose-vines, across the shining Neckar to the castle on its wooded slope, and up to the grand Schloss Hotel beside the great forest.

A dusty hour-glass, its red sands run down, stood upon the sill beside a telescope. And always the fire burned upon the hearth, little flickering, leaping flames that seemed to Beatrice Tebay like so many imps dancing for joy at the sorrow of her heart.

The girl had come to regard fire with as much loathing and abhorrence as the Peruvians regarded it with reverence and worship.

In every cabaret—was their stay to be but a single night—the hearth was uncovered and the chips ignited, the warmest night in Summer or the coldest in Winter. For years Beatrice Tebay had watched those same little devilish flames crawl up and over, and sputter and hiss around that brass caldron.

She had listened to a hundred theories of a return from the "other world"; she had seen her father's wrinkled, emaciated, wan face grow young and rosy again by the glow of those little crawling, cruel flames, as he watched, and hoped, and waited, and believed that in another moment of time he should behold Dudleigh Farrar's face looking out at him from the mist of his brewing, in forgiveness or - in wrath!

This was the professor's dream. For this he toiled, he ate, he slept, he arose, he breathed—to create for himself, out of the bitter ashes of his crime, his unrest, his knowledge, his learning, the ghost that would lay his remorse for ever out of his sight and remembrance.

It was the early springtime now, and twilight. A blue film over the river, wrapping itself about the brown sails, and silvering all the wooded heights of the Jettenbühl, and draping with softness all the spans of the old bridge.

Beatrice sat by the window. It was closed; but the door that gave on the garden-path was open, and all the sweet scents of the brown earth and the month of April came blowing in from the south.

Beatrice was absently staring at the fire. It was leaping up the blackened chimney, curling around the brass caldron. She rubbed her eyes. Had she for ten years stared at those same flames wriggling and twisting around that same rounded vessel? Was it possible that ten years ago she had seen her lover struck down before her eyes on a vernal, fragrant night like this? and—ten years—ten years!

The chemist sat by the table. A lamp stood there already lighted, for the Spring twilights were not long. His brown dressing-gown was torn at the bottom, and the sleeve was frayed from a burn. An open book lay before him, and at his side stood a basket filled with ripe wheat and barley, and corn and oats; with fruits, with flowers and sweet-scented shrubs of all kinds.

He rubbed his lean hands together; he smiled as he read. He glanced up at Beatrice and put out his hand for her to draw nearer to him. She came. Her eyelids drooped. She stupidly wondered what new chimera she was to listen to to-night. For weeks she had heard nothing, been asked to do nothing save to provide the grains and the fruits and the blossoms, victims to the lust of the insatiable fire that left lying there every morning but the gray ashes of its prey.

"Well, father?" the girl said, patiently.

"Beatrice, it is to be. After years of unremitting toil, privation, study research, I—nay, not only I, but you, *you*—shall look this night into the face of Dudleigh Farrar, and we shall know—if—if he is satisfied."

The old man sank back with a gasp.

The girl still stared at the fire. She was dead to most things; most dead of all to the tale that she had listened to—how many times before?

"Beatrice, listen. You remember when we were last in the Vatican? you remember the priest with whom I chatted—the Florentine with the cold eyes that seemed to watch as we examined the precious manuscripts? you remember him?"

"Very well, father. I do not think he watched us, though."

"Well, well; and if he did;"—the chemist chuckled to himself "You remember that he was privileged; he had access to the rare parchments of the earliest centuries of the Christian era, he fingered them, he handled them—ah!" The old man's eyes close in rapture at the mere mention of such a privilege.

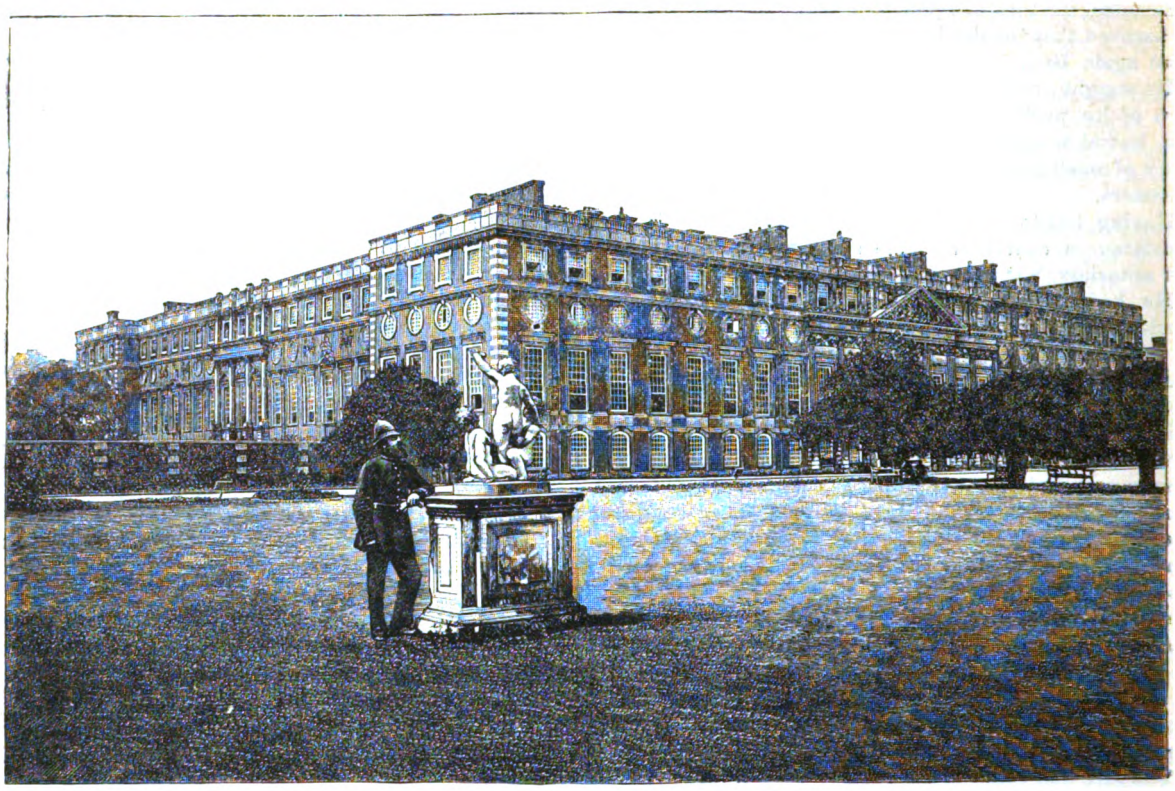
"He was some famous *savant*, doubtless, father; besides, you know, Pope Leo has been more lenient than his predecessors regarding access to the Vatican treasures."

"I know, I know; some *savant*, as you say; a clever one, a knowing one, a thieving one—eh, Beatrice? My old eyes were sharper than your young ones. Our Florentine, beneath his cloak, hid away a parchment, black, musty, delicious! He tripped upon the staircase, as we followed him out, remember? The parchment fell to the ground. I picked it up—eh, Beatrice?" Her father leaned over her young face, and whispered, in a tone of reverent ecstasy, "It was a manuscript of the third century; the treatise of the learned Denescus, the Greek, on the possible return to this world of the disembodied spirit."

Tebay's light, small eyes glowed with a frantic excitement; his trembling fingers clutched the precious treatise.

Beatrice glanced from the leaping flames of the growing fire to her father's eyes, back and forth. She shuddered. Between the two, she was strangely cold.

"Beatrice, listen!" He untied and unfolded the parchment, and spread it open on the table with loving care. "I will translate it for you: 'The soul turneth in moments of silence to the questioning of the idea of original creation. For the guidance of the wanderer, I, Denescus, the humblest of thy followers O Saulus, the Egyptian—do venture to write out this poor treatise that followeth: Man was the *Thought* of the Supreme, created in the alembic of the eternal mind from the essences of the grains, the juices of fruits, the perfumes of flowers, the odors of shrubs. To them man shall



GENERAL VIEW OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

return, as hath been well said of One whom the Jews, I have heard said, put to death, now some three centuries gone. During the lifetime of man, from these he shall derive his sustenance and his pleasure; thus doth he preserve the ideal of original and integral creation.' "

The chemist paused, his lips feebly muttered, as though tasting the passages to come with a keener relish.

"Now, Beatrice," he whispers, leaning nearer to the lamp, his chin within his palms, his elbows holding down the rolling corners of the manuscript of Denescus, "hear this: 'Of the possible calling back of the departed spirit and flesh of man, it hath been said, y those of a greater wisdom than your humble Denescus, that such may not be. Yet it hath forced itself upon the mind of one who hath spent a long and solitary life of thoughtfulness that the saying is but a rash one. Man himself, by the compounding and combining of his own original component elements, by burning them in the heat of fire, even as the Supreme amalgamated them by the everlasting, unquenchable fire of His omnipresent *Thought*, can—if his will and concentrativeness be thereunto sufficiently educated to their highest capable point—*create!*' "

Tebay's voice was so piercing that the girl started from her seat. He laid his hand upon her arm, and she sank trembling in her chair at his side.

" 'Create,' " read the chemist, continuing, " 'in a fashion greatly modified. Whereas the Supreme created that which He had never seen, and also that which He had not imagined, man must, in his brain, have his ideal; a being whom in life he has beheld quickened. Hold it not in me, O mighty Saulus, a presumptuous vainglory that I do dare and hazard the propounding and setting forth of these mysteries, but your humble follower, I, Denescus, know whereof I do write. So be it that a man can arrive at such bridling of his will, at the putting of such a curb on his concentration, he may, by the employment of such certain methods as I have above set forth, attain to the beholding with his corporal eye, for a little space, the image of such an one as may have preceded him to the grave. Not, O mighty master, that I would that thou should'st rise up and accuse me of evil teaching. I say not that man can create the soul, that undying spark from the Eternal and Supreme, but that he calleth from the shades for a moment the shadow of his fellow who may tell, by the bearing of his brow, if he be well satisfied with what he hath in that place of the hereafter or no.' "

Tebay ceased. He rolled up the parchment and tied the tape. His hands were feverishly shaking.

"Beatrice," murmured her father, "we shall behold Dudleigh Farrar to-night. All is perfected."

The girl sat still, silent. She watched him going about his anxious task.

He pulled the flaming logs far out upon the earth. He took off the little, hissing brass caldron, and replaced it by a much larger one. This he piled high with the ripe grains, the aromatic shrubs, the fruits, and, at the last, the flowers, lilies, roses, lilacs—all the sweet heraldry of sunshine and dew.

He took up a shovelful of cinders and cast them into the bottom. The grains hissed, crackled, caught, and slowly the incense—smoke of all this mass of sweetness and bloom—rose up and filled the belvedere.

Beatrice looked at her father.

She looked again, affrighted.

It seemed to her that no human face before or since could ever have been or be capable of such a fury of concentrativeness—such a zeal and agony of will.

The smoke filled all the little room; it rose and curled, a blue, scented, thickening film, out at the open door.

Still the professor stood, his flame-lighted face with its magnitude of fixity and purpose, turning, it would seem, into stone.

At last he moved his arm a little toward the door. Beatrice's eyes followed his.

They glowed with a magnificent, increasing amazement, satisfaction, content.

The girl looked.

There, there, amid the film, they saw—father and daughter both—Dudleigh Farrar standing; and he smiled at them.

Beatrice put her hands to her head, to her mouth; she was smothering. The smoke! She rushed out of the door; she followed the shadow down the garden-path to the little gate; she threw out her arms; she caught it to her heart; her lips met its lips.

When the professor found her, she was lying on the path, clasping to her breast a branch of the broken lilac-tree above her; the dewy blossoms lay upon her mouth, and—Beatrice Tebay was dead.

HAMPTON COURT.

By W. Seton.

Hampton Court, although it cannot boast of any very great antiquity, will well repay a visit, and, being only a little distance from London, the pleasantest way to get to it is by coach.

Built partly by Henry VIII., partly by Cardinal Wolsey, and added to by later sovereigns, it is to-day in an excellent state of preservation, and may be called the finest show-place in England.

It contains a thousand rooms, and forty-two lady pensioners are allowed to have a home here. In William III.'s Presence Chamber are the portraits known as the "Hampton Court Beauties." This name was given to them by Queen Mary, who had them painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller and hung in this conspicuous part of the Palace, despite the threat that it would make her exceedingly unpopular, which it did among the other ladies of her court who were not equally honored. But in William III.'s State Bedroom is the still more famous collection called the "Windsor Court Beauties," because they formerly hung at Windsor Castle. They were painted for Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely; and among the numberless works of art at Hampton Court none will better repay your attention than these exquisite female figures. As you gaze on them you may easily imagine yourself carried back to those voluptuous days. It does not need Pepys's Diary to tell what frail, light-hearted creatures they were. The artist has shown them to us with

"Their nightgowns fastened with a single pin."

It is said that on one occasion the youngest of these beauties was reminded by a demure and worthy prelate that she ought to mend her ways. "Remember, my child," he said, "that you are nothing but dust." "True, your lordship," answered the quick-witted damsel; "but what beautiful dust!"

As you leave the State Bedroom and go down the Queen's Great Staircase, you see a narrow door leading to an old and very little used gallery. This is known as the Haunted Gallery, for in it is heard the shrieking ghost of Queen Katharine Howard. Before he sent her to the Tower to be beheaded, Henry VIII. confined her in her own chamber. One morning Katharine escaped, and ran along the Gallery to seek an interview with Henry, who was praying in the Chapel; but just as she reached the door the guards seized her and carried her back, while her stony-hearted husband continued his devotions in spite of her screams, which were heard all over the Palace.

Whoever is fond of architecture will not fail to admire the Great Hall of Hampton Court. It was built by Henry VIII., and is covered by the most splendid Gothic roof in England. The length of the Hall is 106 feet, its width 40 feet, and its height 60 feet. The King's company of actors, of which Shakespeare was a member, gave several performances in this Hall.

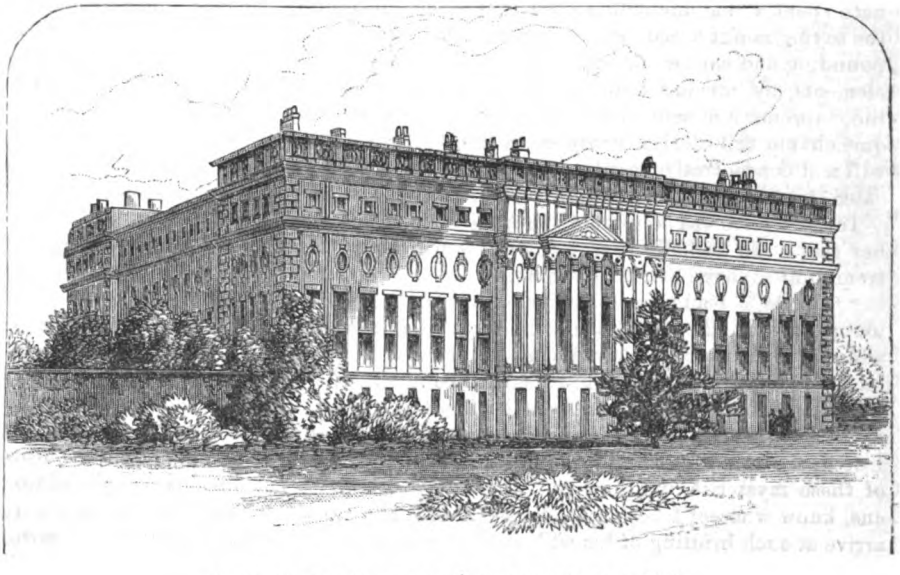
Opposite the public entrance is a doorway, now hidden by tapestry, which leads down a flight of wooden steps into the Great Kitchen, whence—at banquets given to foreign sovereigns or ambassadors—the dishes were brought up to the tables, heralded as they came by the music of the minstrels. In an old romance we read:

"Fro kechene cam the fyrst cours
With pipes, and trumps and tabours."

The walls of the body of this Hall are adorned by eight pieces of tapestry, illustrating episodes in the life of Abraham. For richness and splendor these tapestries can scarcely be matched in Europe. They are now, however, much tarnished and can give but a faint idea of their former brilliancy. They were made after designs by the Flemish painter Bernard van Orley.

But magnificent as is the Great Hall, the room known as the Withdrawing Room, filled as it is with an air of Gothic gloom and antiquity, is, perhaps, the most charming part of the Palace.

It was built by Henry VIII. in 1535, and the tapestries here are of a more antique character than those in the Hall. They were worked in 1470, from designs illustrating Petrarch's Triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time and Divinity.



ROYAL PALACE, HAMPTON, BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1882.

The Astronomical Clock at Hampton Court may perhaps be more interesting to some visitors than even the paintings and tapestries. This clock, the first of its kind in England, was made for King Henry VIII.; but who designed it has long puzzled antiquarians.

It was put up at the time the King was making love in this Palace to Katharine Howard. But the big dial had scarcely completed its first annual revolution when Katharine was carried away from the sound of its voice, to take her trial for high treason.

In the part of the Palace called Fountain Court two perfect human skeletons were discovered in 1871. They were the remains of fullgrown men, and it was evident that they had been hastily buried. It is supposed that they had lain there 250 years, and that they were the victims of some Roundhead villainy during the Great Rebellion. The magnificent terrace of Hampton Court, called the Long Walk, which extends alongside the Thames for half a mile, appears, from a report of Sir Christopher Wren's, to have been begun in 1700. The raising of so enormous a mass of earth cost a very great sum, and it was considered the noblest work of its kind in Europe.

At the end of the Long Walk is an oblong inclosure, formerly the Bowling Green, in each corner of which was a small pavilion. Only the southeastern one now remains. Here the Court resorted on Summer afternoons to play at bowls and to sip coffee.

The gardens of the Palace, although dwarfed by the grandeur of the Long Walk, should not be passed ununnoticed.

In the Privy Garden Henry VIII. strolled in amorous converse with Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Katharine Howard and Catharine Parr. Here Philip and Mary walked together during their gloomy honeymoon; here Elizabeth had a clandestine meeting with the Earl of Arran.

West of the Privy Garden is the Pond Garden. It includes several little gardens, separated from each other by low walls, and incloses bowers, banks and shady nooks, such as were in vogue in Tudor times.

At the end of the Pond Garden is the vine known as the Great Vine. It is said to be the largest in the world, and was planted in 1768. The grape is of the Black Hamburg variety. The greatest girth of this vine at present is three feet, and its main branch is 114 feet long. Beyond the Pond Garden is the Wilderness. In the Wilderness is the Maze, which seems the chief popular attraction of Hampton Court. Although the space covered by the Maze is barely half an acre, its walks are half a mile long, and three or four false steps on going in are enough to perplex the rambler, and he will not easily find his way out.

The last object to interest us as we emerge from the Wilderness, and bid adieu to Hampton Court, are the Lion Gates, so called from two huge lions of carved stone on the piers. They were put up by Queen Anne, whose initial is carved between the columns.

After passing the Gates we drive away through Bushy Park, along an avenue planned in William III.'s reign. The Park contains a thousand acres, and we might easily imagine, as we gaze upon the majestic oaks and the herds of deer, that we are living in the days of Robin Hood, instead of in the nineteenth century, and only a few miles from London.

It is not low wages alone, but ignorance and incompetency, that produce want and sickness and crime.

CASTLES.

By Sydney Grey.

In far-off days that are no more,
When life and joy went hand in hand,
I used to play beside the shore,
And build upon the sunny sand.
Such lordly structures were upraised
Of pebbles wet with ocean spray;
But often, even while I gazed,
The wavelets washed them all away.

Then childhood faded like a dream,
And youth assumed a sovereign right
To make the mystic future seem
An endless vision of delight.
No longer by the pebbly strand
Rose wall and fort with mimic care;
Instead of on the shifting sand,
I built my castles in the air.

Now youth could give me magic aid,
And tower and turret quickly grew;
And oh! what wondrous scenes we made—
My castles then were fair to view!
With arch and buttress bravely decked—
For Fancy is a workman free—
Ah, never was an architect
More skillful and more bold than he.

Anon, when age and I were linked
Together by swift passing years,
These fairy halls grew indistinct—
Or was it that I looked through tears?
For, even as the sun's bright rays
Oft die in mist ere day is done,
So, slowly, in a gathering haze,
My castles vanished one by one.

Thus youth's sweet promise ends in pain
And earth is still delusive found,
Only that we may form again
A certain hope on surer ground.
If Faith, in place of Fancy, guide,
We need not fear time's rudest shock;
But safely build, whate'er betide,
Upon the Everlasting Rock.

CURIOUS MARRIAGES.

According to some of the novels of the present day, it is only the lovely nymphs of seventeen or eighteen, and the fascinating swains of three or four and twenty, who have any business to think of matrimony. The poor plain ones, or those who have passed the meridian of life, are looked upon as completely shelved; the hymeneal torch is not to be lit for them, and the little god of Love passes them over with contempt. But is this really the fact?

On the contrary, there were never more extraordinary contradictions than we find in the history of marriages; we see women marrying men young enough to be their grandsons; crabbed Age and Youth often live together in perfect harmony; and May and December are constantly united with the happiest results. Almost every marriage is a nine-days' wonder, and creates much astonishment, speculation, and lifting up of hands. Quite recently, a Dorsetshire clergyman of eighty years of age electrified his congregation by publishing his own banns in the parish church. It is always necessary to be prepared for these surprises. The blind, deaf, halt and maimed are not exempt from the contagion of matrimony; and so far from youth and loveliness being the only victims of Hymen, we find some of the loveliest women consigned to single-blessedness; while their less favored sisters are happy wives and mothers. The par-

ticulars of many curious marriages are not revealed to the public; but during the last century, less reticence was observed in the matter; the ages of the respective parties were frequently put down without reserve, and the fortunes of the ladies were mentioned with much gusto.

Among these announcements, a few of the more remarkable are worth selecting. Here is one from an old magazine for June, 1778: "A few days ago was married at St. Bridget's Church, in Chester, Mr. George Harding, aged one hundred and seven, to Mrs. Catharine Woodward, aged eighty-three. So singular a union could not fail of exciting the admiration and surprise of a numerous congregation, before whom the ceremony was performed. The bridegroom served in the army thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II. He is now particularly hearty, in great spirits, and retains all his faculties to an extraordinary perfection. This is his fifth wife; the last one he married in his one hundred and fifth year; and he is Mrs. Woodward's fourth husband. It is also worthy of observation that the above old man's diet has been, for the last thirty years past, chiefly buttermilk boiled with a little flour, and bread and cheese." As a pendant to this, we come across another announcement a few years later: "Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Northallerton, aged ninety, to Miss Golightly, a bouncing damsel of sixty-four. The anxious bridegroom had been a widower almost six weeks."

As instances of youth and age going together, we may give the case of "Mrs. Horn, an agreeable widow with a genteel fortune, aged seventy-nine, who married William Steptoe, aged about thirty." We are again startled by the following announcement in January, 1805: "At Tynemouth Church, a young man about twenty-three to a woman aged eighty-six, who had been the mother of seventeen children. Notwithstanding the banns had been but twice published the experienced lady repaired to the church, where she was soon joined by her lover, and declared she would not leave without completing her errand. She waited till the forenoon service was over, during which time she was frequently requested to leave the vestry, but all to no effect. She complained bitterly at her negligence in having forgotten to bring her pocket-bottle and tobacco-pipe with her. The bridegroom apologized for not being acquainted with the forms of the church, as he had never been in one since he was christened; and if appearances could be believed, water did not seem to have been upon his face since that period."

We find another very curious marriage announced in the following terms: "Lately, at Newcastle, Mr. Silvertop to Mrs. Pearson. This is the third time that the lady has been before the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker; her second, a Roman Catholic; and her third is a Protestant of the Established Church. Each husband was twice her age. At sixteen, she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty, she took one of sixty; and now, at forty-two, she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four."

A great sensation was created in the year 1778 by the marriage of the then celebrated female historian, Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, who was far advanced in years, with a surgeon's mate, under age, of the name of Graham. Mrs. Macaulay was quite a literary lioness; and Dr. Wilson, an elderly and learned admirer of her talents, had actually built a house for her, called Albert House; this he presented to her with furniture and a valuable library. He even went so far as to have medals struck in her honor. Great, therefore, was the amazement amongst the literary and fashionable world of Bath when Mrs. Macaulay, who had always been considered a rock of sense by her friends, made this extraordinary match.

In Mr. Cudworth's interesting book, "Round about Bradford," he mentions the low status of the colliers of Wibsey in the year 1851, and says that the humiliating spectacle of the wedding of "Johnny and Betty" is not yet forgotten, nor the collection of oddities and absurdities that passed through the streets of Bradford in that year, on the way to the parish church. On a couple of yards of painted calico, the secret of all this rejoicing was told in the following words:

"At John's and Betty's wedding,
We will merry be,
For Johnny's sixty-five,
And Betty's seventy-three!"

Mr. Cudworth also relates that the incumbent of Wilsden, Mr. Barber, was once called upon to perform a "marriage on trust." There was a person living at Haworth parish known by the name of "Moses o' Lukis." Moses having persuaded a woman to take him "for better, for worse," they appeared at Wilsden Church to be married; but when the knot was tied, the happy couple had no money to pay the fees! Moses promised to pay the reverend gentleman in *besoms;* and honestly kept his word. This reminds us of a couple who, not having the wherewithal to buy a wedding-ring, the large key of the church-door had to be temporarily used for the purpose.

Ireland was not behindhand in the oddity of its marriages; we come across whole clusters of them in Walker's *Hibernian Magazine.* Among them are the following: "Mr. John Hogarty, of Ballymanduff, County Dublin, aged twenty, to Mrs. Flood of said place, aged eighty-six." "The Rev. Athanasius Huring, aged eighty-two, to Miss Carr, aged twenty-two, an agreeable young lady with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds." "Mr. Richards, gardener, to Miss Mary Roper. The bridegroom is in the sixty-second year of his age, and five feet four inches high; the bride aged twenty-one, and only two feet eleven inches in height."

A match in high life between a certain Dowager Duchess and a handsome Irishman, Mr. Hussey, created a great deal of heartburning and envy. Hanbury Williams, one of the rejected suitors, composed some very spiteful veres on the occasion.

The problem how to unmarry a couple was attempted by a clergyman in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the year 1804. He found out on inquiry that he had married a young man and woman who were brother and sister by marriage (probably a deceased wife's sister). The clergyman, afraid that he might be punished for uniting this couple, attempted to unmarry them by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the church Bible thereon; but the charm was not successful; and the loving pair firmly resisted this innovation of undoing the hymeneal knot.

Some very curious changes of names have taken place in mariage. In Derbyshire, there now lives a woman who has been married three times. Her maiden name was Wildgoose—quite a common one in that locality—she changed it first for that of Fox, then for that of Goodlad, and finally settled down as Mrs. Derbyshire. A Mr. Bacon was once married to a Miss Beans; and a Miss Pane married a Mr. Glass. Abundant instances of the same sort might be multiplied; but enough have been given to show how strangely things sometimes work out in the important matter of matrimony.

ECCENTRIC RECLUSES.

By Walter Edgar M'Cann.

The philosophers and essayists have written so much about solitude that it might be difficult to develop anything new on the subject. There is a mysterious fascination in the condition of an individual living apart from his fellow-beings, and such a one must be, as Cato thought, either greater or less than a man. To be able to find content in such a condition has been considered to show extraordinary superiority of mind, and it seems indisputable that all great geniuses—the thinkers, the reformers, the mystics—have preferred and sought this isolation.

The motives which have led certain temperaments to seek seclusion from their kind are various. Writers like Zimmermann have endeavored to analyze these impulses, which in some appear rational and in others perverted. The mass of lore gathered is very curious. In early times and later—seldom in our own, except among those who join religious communities—men sought a spiritual retreat. It seemed impossible to save the soul amid the tumult and sin of the world, and hence the many pious hermits who retreated to the deserts. Here they lived in fasting and prayer, offering up the hardships of their experience as expiation for their own sins or those of the world. The lives of these pious men, particularly those who underwent great suffering and deprivations, are too familiar to be recounted; others have abandoned the world from the failure of some cherished ambition, and still others from disappointment in love. The loss of one desired being has made all existence blank. Some, stricken by disease, such as leprosy, have sought or perhaps been driven from human society. In the Middle Ages there were many such, who, living in some cave or other dreary refuge, kept a bell or rattle to warn all loiterers to remain at a distance. There have been many who have fled from their kind to pursue alone a cherished dream or occupation, and of these the alchemists and necromancers are instances, and there have been also men of genius who have secluded themselves from a feeling of superiority over the rest of the world. The last-named would form a list of great length, comprising many of the most illustrious names in literature and art.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

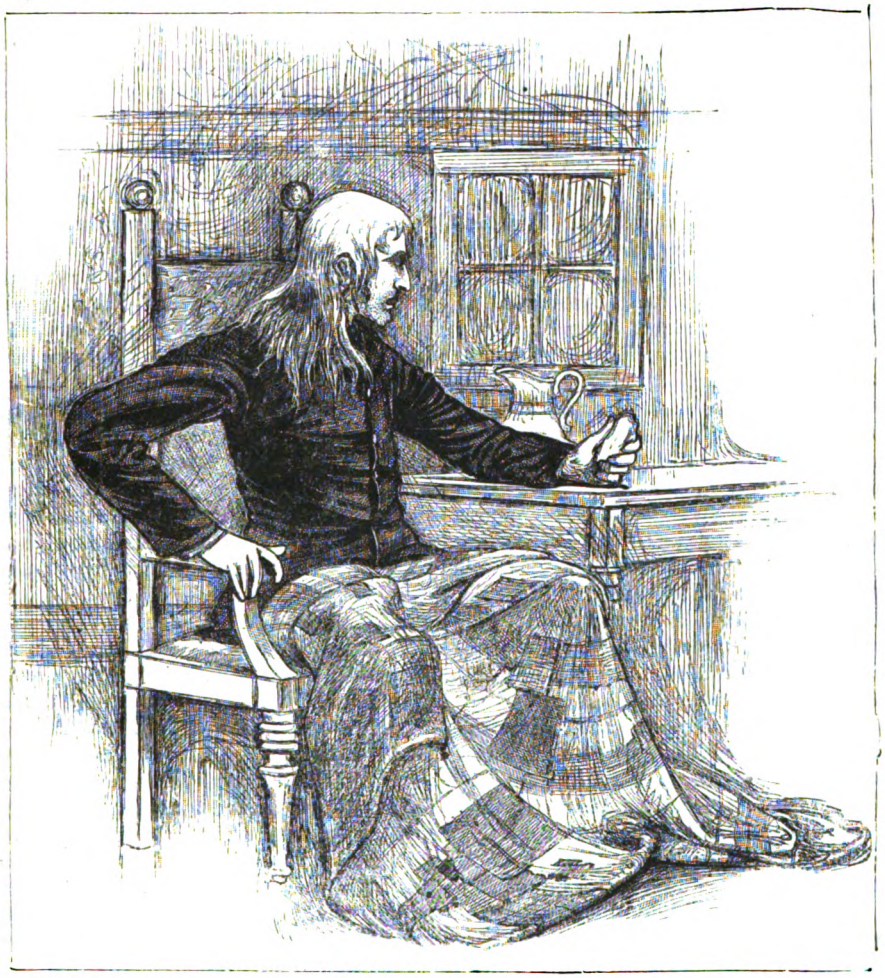
It can scarcely be denied that the root of every impulse of this kind is perverted, and that the desire for solitude proceeds in reality from selfishness. "It is not good for man to be alone," was the axiom long ago laid down, and is there not also the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"? It may be suggested that all human conduct is due to selfish motives; but the choice of a solitary life is a deliberate relinquishment of the natural duties. He who lives apart from his fellows declines his share in the requirements which hold human society together. It is true he may reply that there is no claim upon him because he does not wish to form a part of the human congregation; but by the conditions of his existence, as laid down by the Creator, he really has no option in the matter.

Such is the conclusion of all moralists, philosophers and essayists who have discussed the question. And yet it can be realized how much enjoyment for quiet and introspective minds can be derived from this mode of living. There is, first of all, the perfect liberty that the hermit commands. He is responsible to no one for his time or movements. He has no occasion, unless from the feeling of curiosity, to know the hour or the day of the week. Away from the busy haunts of men he is really not obliged to keep the run of anything. We can see the relish that Thoreau in his cabin at Walden drew from this source—the complete obliteration of the idea of rule and conventionality. Routine, which is so irksome, is no more. There is a feeling of complete indifference to all laws, customs and regulations whatsoever.

It is mostly very original minds which have secluded themselves from mankind, and the reason is not always pride, but rather the rarity of sympathy. The great human search is, of course, for happiness. Love for

others is founded on the likeness we find in them to ourselves. The most stolid clown, although he may not be aware of it, is constantly studying himself. He enjoys the discoveries he is always making with regard to his own personality. Knowledge with him, as indeed with all, is only what is acquired by his own experiences. Minds of great originality find it difficult to be understood. Their opinions are at variance with those of the world in general, and opposition, even criticism, is irritating. Absorbed in themselves, they are enabled to look with indifference, and even contempt, on those who differ with them. The sustaining thought is that they will be better understood, and perhaps honored, in the future; and hence, like the man who plants trees, they are laboring for posterity.

Indolence, too, is the motive which directs many to solitude. The perpetual activity of a busy age like the present is irksome to calmer temperaments. Indolence and idleness are not the same. To those of reflective turn there is the charm of complete leisure and freedom for the mind, which is always busy. The brain is a city in which there is incessant traffic and stir. Thoughts are continually arriving and setting off. They are travelers of all climes, complexions and attire. Thus the philosopher of this sort, solitary in situation though he be, is really never alone. His mind to him a kingdom is, and no monarch has such obedient subjects. There is no country whither he may not be transported in an instant, and no act in the drama of history of which he may not be a spectator, without any other cost or trouble than the wish.



MR. KEITH, OF CATERHANS COMMON.

The chief charm of this secluded existence is introspection, for we find that, although most of the moralists who have thus dwelt apart, while affecting to study mankind, were in truth occupied with themselves. Montaigne in his castle dwelt on men and manners, but it is of himself and his peculiarities that he is constantly telling us. The artfulness with which this is done is the chief charm of his essays. He is on this account the most interesting character in literature. Without actually obtruding himself he is the most persistent of egotists, and the most delightful. He beguiles us to follow him in all his moods. No one else since has possessed the skill to so great a degree of making trifles of importance. His likes and dislikes, his accomplishments and weaknesses, the character of his appetite, his fancy in the direction of dress, his horsemanship, his ailments, how he treats his servants—all these are chronicled with a minuteness which in others would be tedious enough, but in this garrulous Gascon is of absorbing interest. Montaigne was a man who, as we see, and as he himself tells us, lived very much alone. He had abundance of leisure, and hence his delight in the observation of little things. It is not necessary for a man to travel to store his mind. If fond of worshiping he can find enough about him in the obscurest village to write volumes upon, for every village is in its way an epitome of the great world about it. Some of the wisest books have been made by men who never stirred from the fireside.

The meditative, introspective habit, which is, perhaps, an affliction, draws men into themselves by degrees. There is, of course, the predisposition to melancholy, and a sadness of disposition may be apparent from the earliest years, but we have no note of young hermits. It is experience of the world which brings true seriousness, and a disgust for it when that result follows. Even Rousseau did not retire from mankind until he was forty. The abrupt and passionate withdrawals which proceed from some violent disappointment, as in love, seldom continue. The motive is of pique and resentment, and is therefore fleeting. There is no feeling so unsubstantial or short-lived. It is impossible for youth, the period of activity, not to experience an interest in the doings of the great world from which it is separated. Curiosity is irresistible. Ambition also counts for much.

Hawthorne is often quoted as a recluse, but, like Montaigne, he was one of the most diligent students of

mankind. Although living in the shadow, he was incessantly watchful of the world about him. Like the crow perched on the solitary bough, although little noticed himself, he saw everything. He was simply a man of shy and retiring habits. He had his wife and family and chosen friends. He read all the new books as they came out, and the newspapers, and kept informed of the events of the day. Anxiety over the Civil War is said to have much to do with his death. His deep interest in the doings of his fellow-men was constantly maintained. Perhaps there never was any one less a misanthropist.

Amid the hum and shock of men—to be in the crowd and not of them—this, according to Byron, is real solitude. The most interesting of recluses, therefore, are those who have lived in large cities, shut up in some lonely room, watching the world from the windows, seeing the processions in the streets, hearing the anthems of triumph or the melancholy funeral marches, and looking upon all with haughty or cynical eye, or the cold aspect of indifference. Such a one was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the morbid reserve of whose London life makes so strange a chapter in his history. Those who knew him declare that there was no more cordial friend, nor was he averse to making fresh acquaintance. The simplicity and kindliness of his address had a novel and peculiar charm, inasmuch as it so differed from the artificial bearing of men who mingle with the world. A friend describes "his bewitching air of sympathy. On closer intimacy this stately manner would break up into wild fits of mirth, and any sketch of Rossetti would be incomplete that did not describe his loud and infectious laughing." His secluded life in his London house is inexplicable to many—his morbid preference to be alone. He absolutely took no interest in passing events. One day during the French Revolution an acquaintance burst into his studio with the startling news: "Louis Philippe has landed in England!" "Has he?" said Rosetti, calmly. "What has he come for?" He did not even read the newspapers, and political changes were nothing to him. In course of time this melancholy tendency developed into chloral-drinking and its attendant horrors, and then followed shattered health and death.

There are some people, it need not be said, who cannot exist without knowing what is going on. In the country it is not so necessary, but even there the craving arises for news. I remember a kindly soul who, in the dearth of that commodity, was accustomed to send his wife forth to forage through the neighborhood, and those were happy evenings when, by fire and lamp, he sat and listened to her honest gossip. He liked his rural existence, and could not have endured the town; but there was a vacancy in his days when he was not kept informed of the doings of the neighbors—who was ill or dying or getting married. A fresh budget of this sort of intelligence was a necessary stimulant. There was something to talk over for days when it arrived.

A sudden shock has sometimes led to a life of seclusion, and there is the strange case, which has come down to our time, of Henry Welby, the hermit of Grub Street, London, who died in 1636, at the age of eighty-four. When about forty years old Welby came near losing his life through the anger of his brother, who attempted to take his life with a pistol. The weapon fortunately did not explode. Welby was so shocked, so impressed with the uncertainty of life, so grateful for his escape, that he determined thenceforth to live alone. His temperament was both timid and reflective. He was, nevertheless, fond of society, and his resolution was really a great sacrifice. But he carried it out with singular tenacity of purpose. He chose three chambers in his house, communicating with one another, and chose the first as a dining-room, the second for his study, and the third for sleeping purposes. He never allowed his servant to be in the same apartment with him, when the domestic appeared always withdrawing to the next. An old chronicle relates that for forty-four years he never once issued from these chambers till he was borne thence upon men's shoulders; nor in all that time did any human being look upon his face. He had a good library, and devoted himself to prayers and reading. He inquired out objects of charity and sent them relief! He would spy from his window, by a private prospect, any sick, lame or weak passer-by and send comfort and money to them. His hair became so long that, as we are told, at the time of his death he appeared rather like an eremite of the wilderness than an inhabitant of a city. In his case, for once, we find that a solitary life did not produce misanthropy. A man thrown entirely on himself is apt to lose interest in his fellow-beings, and so gradually arises contempt for them and their enterprises. Very few, like Welby, preserve a sympathetic spirit, and he deserves the immortality that attaches to his name.

There have been other instances. At No. 1 Adam Street, London, there is shown, unless it has come down lately, the house where lived for twenty years in total seclusion George Blomire, barrister-at-law. He occupied the first floor. He was a man of eccentric belief, but of sound mind. No one was permitted to enter his rooms, but his meals were left in an antechamber. He was found dead one morning in an armchair in which he was accustomed to sleep. He had perished from exhaustion and neglect, although with a great deal of money. His rooms were filled with books, valuable plate, rare engravings and like treasures.

A year or two ago the London *Morning Post* told the story of Mr. Keith, of Caterhans Common, Surrey, who, like Blomire, and nearly all the tribe of hermits, was one day found dead in his retreat. He was a man of means. After his wife's death he never left his house nor allowed any one to enter it. As its windows were broken he repaired them with boards or stuffed them with rags. The garden was a wilderness. When at length, one day, he failed to indicate his presence by the smoke from his chimney, the door was broken open, and the interior of his mysterious retreat explored. Charles Dickens says that the word hermit is generally a synonym of dirt, and so it certainly proved to be in this case. Nothing had been touched for years. Furniture, clothing, books, newspapers, packets of documents, empty bottles, cooking utensils, ashes and other refuse covered every floor in the house. Undisturbed were found the clothes of Mr. Keith's wife, just as she had left them when she died. The editor of the *Morning Post* remarks that "there was no egotism in Mr. Keith. He hated life, and he showed his hatred of it very consistently. He had, no doubt, conscientious scruples against suicide, for it is difficult to suppose that he could have found existence pleasant or even tolerable."

There was another hermit of the same type of which this newspaper speaks. He preferred city life to the desert, and even mixed with his fellow-beings, although he never spoke to them. He belonged to a large club in Pall Mall, and sometimes went there; but to all intents and purposes he led as solitary a life as Crusoe on his island. It turned out after he was dead that he was worth nearly a million of money. But nobody, not even the hall porter, had the least idea who he was or where he came from, or who, if any, were his relations; and

his proposer and seconder had been dead for years. There were no letters or papers to afford the least clew, and his great wealth was all in convertible securities. This man, although spending all his time in the very centre of London life, was as truly a hermit as if he had lived in a hut in the wilderness. He simply existed, and the world could have had no interest for him. But he was not a cynic, for he made no parade of his misanthropy. The editor of the paper which recounts his peculiar story remarks that "misanthropy is the keynote of the hermit's life. He either hates the world, or else is tired of it, or is absolutely indifferent to it. He accepts existence as a bad bargain, and looks upon existence in much the same frame of mind as a fox-hunter looks through the window at a hard frost. It is not at all necessary that he should live in dirt and rags. Many of the hermits of the Middle Ages had very comfortable little places of their own in the desert or on the mountain-side, and were experts in the growth of the melon, the vine and the cucumber. And, we may add, if you can win the confidence of the hermit you will find him, as a rule, a very pleasant and instructive person. There is a deep vein of wisdom in him, and a mellow humor not always bitter and unkindly. It may even be doubted whether hermits, as compared with other people, have not rather the best of life. They shirk its duties and responsibilities, but they avoid its anxieties, and their selfishness has in it no element of malevolence."

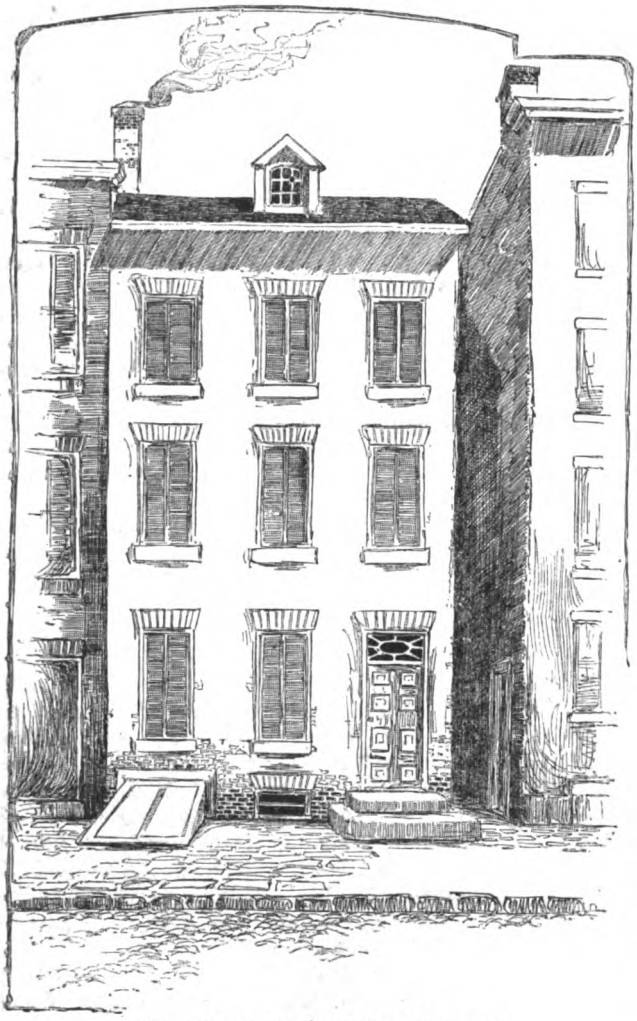
It is hard to believe in these stories of the hermits, who seem like beings of romance or another age. There is a house in Baltimore where a most singular specimen resided for many years, and it is curious to note the popular interest in this venerable and dilapidated dwelling. For some time now it has been unoccupied, and naturally has come to possess the reputation of being haunted. I never pass there without looking up at its closed windows, with their green shutters, and at the quaint dormer on the roof and the two toppling chimneys. The wind and rain have done their work upon the paint outside this strange building. The door is hammered up and the bell-pull long ago gone. Here, at 118 Greene Street, as the house is designated, resided for fifteen years the melancholy recluse William H. Israel, a member of one of the oldest families in the city. A miscarriage of the affections is said to have been the secret of this long period of self-imprisonment. No person, except his physician and his attorney, was ever allowed to interrupt his solitude. A colored man brought him his food and it was passed through a window. After Mr. Israel's death, not long ago, it was found that he had lived without any clothing except an old tattered blanket around his shoulders and a few rags dangling from his waist. His hair and beard were unkempt and reached to the middle of his person. His finger-nails were as long as the fingers themselves. How the hermit passed his time in the darkness within can only be conjectured. He was a man of education and in the early part of his life had traveled considerably, and his mind and memory were clear even up to the time of his death, when he had reached the age of seventy. He left a fortune of more than sixty thousand dollars.

A man who has traveled or read much has abundant resources in solitude. Sumner Hartwell, the octogenarian hermit of Shirley, Massachusetts, was a marvel of ignorance. He lived and died in the room where he was born. He passed half his life in a locality where he could hear the whistle of the locomotive daily, yet he never rode in a train or even saw one. He had no idea of the nature of the telegraph instrument, or of the telephone. Horse-cars were known to him only by name. Although living but two miles from the City of Fitchburg and within sight of its steeples, he had never visited it. He had never attended a country cattle-show, or heard of a thousand things familiar to every schoolboy in the land. For forty years he had not attended a church, but his last request was that the bell upon a neighboring Unitarian chapel be tolled for his memory, as it was. All this is said to have followed from an early disappointment in love.

The story of Diogenes living in a tub is supposed by some to have a sort of allegorical meaning; but R. D. Tutts, of Portland, Oregon, actually led an existence of this character, although on a more extended scale than that of the ancient philosopher. His tub was oblong, 10 feet in length, 6 in width and 4 in depth. This habitation had a tin-covered roof, and the space between the top of the staves and the ceiling served the double purpose of ventilation and light. A carpet was laid on the floor and there were pictures on the walls, and the furniture comprised two chairs and a bed, swinging hammock-fashion. Here Mr. Tutts resided for many years, in comfort, according to his ideas, and single-blessedness.

Recluses, as we have seen, may be often men of culture, and a love for solitude by no means always implies indifference to the elegances of life. There was, for instance, the aged Herr Nohl, who died some years ago in Cassel, and whose effects upon his decease were sold at auction. For a long period he occupied two large rooms whose walls were covered with costly paintings which he had inherited from his father and grandfather. He slept on a bed in the middle of one of those chambers and never allowed himself the luxury of a stove, even in the coldest winter. According to his own story, he was never weary of studying his genuine Raphael and his accredited Rubens. The late King of Hanover was very anxious to possess two or three of Nohl's famous pictures, and during his visit to Cassel he sent his chamberlain to the hermit with a splendid offer for them. The owner was at that time so poor and wretched that he consented, after much hesitation, to part with one of the three most valuable. He could not sleep for grief the whole of the following night, and early the next morning he appeared at the chamberlain's door and said, with tears in his eyes: "Herr Baron, I feel as if I had sold one of my children. I have had no peace since the deed was done. The King must have the money again. I could not live if I missed one of my pictures from its place on the wall." The King good-naturedly consented; and, anxious to relieve the old man, proposed that he should settle in Hanover and bring his pictures with him, promising him a pension as *Custos*, with the understanding that he should bequeath the collection to the King on payment of a stipulated sum. Nohl at first agreed to this arrangement, but informed the King that he must continue to sleep in the midst of his pictures as long as he lived. But this point was one the King would not concede. The old man returned to his penury at Cassel, overjoyed at his release. He died, as he had lived, surrounded by his beloved paintings. A while before, the Ober-President of Hesse-Cassel, Von Moller, visited him to ask him if he could render him any service. "Yes," said Nohl, "cut down the vile poplar which darkens my room and obscures my view." Von Moller shrugged his shoulders, but the request was complied with.

Rank does not alway simply satisfaction with the conditions of existence. The penalties of wealth and station may grow irksome, or may be even so, as the expression is, by nature. There was a member of the Byron family



WILLIAM H. ISRAEL'S HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

—a direct descendant of the poet and wearing the title—who went to sea as a common sailor before the mast. Here the curious Byron eccentricity is exhibited, and the natural taste of the family for a lonely, moody existence. It will be remembered that the Lord Byron who shot Mr. Chaworth lived in seclusion, with no companions but crickets, for many years before his death. It is not unlikely that the poet himself would have ended, had he not died so young, by becoming a hermit. He seems to have been gradually withdrawing from the world in his latter years, and he often spoke in his bantering way of entering a monastery.

If rank has its privileges, however, it also has its exactions, and the man of title and wealth who shuts himself up as a hermit commits a species of crime against society. A character of this sort, who was indifferent to the opinions of his neighbors on the subject, and who never saw them, but possessed a morbid dislike to the human race in general, was the late Duke of Portland, so often written about. Welbeck Abbey, where His Grace lived for so many years under ground, will always be famed for its subterranean passages extending for miles, and its wonderful apartments, including a spacious ball-room and suites of chambers of all sorts, in the bosom of the earth. The Duke follows the principle that hermits as a class are men of culture, and generally of literary taste. Not seldom it is the desire to possess, uninterrupted, some favorite speculation or hobby which draws them into seclusion. The Duke of Portland had a mania for art. The large Gothic hall at Welbeck, with its tan-like tracery on the ceiling, the elaborate designs and splendid decorations, was most interesting and striking. Hundreds of paintings adorn the walls throughout the abbey, and it is said that when any work ceased to please its owner he disposed of it by the simple process of casting it into the fire. The lofty and magnificent passages of Welbeck have been often described, and are seen with wonder and admiration by visitors, now admitted freely by the present wearer of the title of Portland. They are brilliantly lighted by means of costly apparatus for attracting the sunlight, and where sunlight cannot be admitted, by gaslights. Here is the famous "riding school," whose like is not to be found in the world. Not a riding school in reality, but a splendid museum of art 180 feet in length. Many pictures are arranged in the gallery, and on the oak floor are thousands of rare books. Four chandeliers, each weighing a ton, furnish the light, and there are over two thousand gas jets. Mirrors adorn its walls, and the decorations are superb. Many years were required to construct this spacious chamber, or rather series of chambers. Another picture gallery, reached by a spiral staircase at one end, and by a subterranean passage at the other, looks like a vast ball-room. The wonderful deep tone of the oaken floor was obtained by washing it regularly with rare old Welbeck ale. The illumination is furnished by twenty-seven octagonal lights, and by night four magnificent crystal chandeliers. On the walls are nearly two hundred grand works by Raphael, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others. There are many other underground chambers, and miles of underground passages, excavated at enormous cost, all splendidly decorated and lighted, and free from draughts. Three persons may walk abreast through the subterranean streets. There lived the old Duke, in such complete solitude that he would not even permit his servants to see him. His aversion to society did not arise from disappointment or any of the other usual causes, but he seems merely to have liked being alone.

The immeasurable resources afforded by books are in no way so well illustrated as in the lives of the recluses. For men to live in solitude without them appears an existence even below that of the beasts. But with them he may people the desert with the finest company in the world. Ranged about him they stand, silent, unobtrusive, yet ever ready with the wisest counsel and most delightful entertainment. Some of the world's solitaries have passed their whole lives in this mute and splendid companionship, so that the word recluse applied to such beings appears, in truth, a misnomer. One of these was Mr. Ryan, the famous old librarian of the Kilkenny Library Society. This worthy scholar made books his idols. He not only denied himself every luxury, but even many of the necessaries, in order to add to his collection, the library of which he was custodian being insufficient to satisfy his literary cravings. He lived in the upper part of the Society's premises, but admitted no one to his room upon any pretense whatever. As happens generally with the brotherhood of hermits, he died suddenly, some ten or twelve years ago. To those who entered his bedroom there was disclosed nothing in the way of furniture but a chair and an old sofa. The latter served for his bed, and upon it for a covering lay a pair

of dingy blankets. Everywhere else were heaped piles of books. The adjoining sitting-room was crowded in like manner. The volumes were so numerous that for want of time on the owner's part some of them had not been opened. Yet he was an incessant reader. Even as he ate his frugal meals some treasured author dined with him.

Old Mr. Ryan's case is by no means the only one on record. A few years ago the newspapers contained lengthy and curious accounts of Jacob De Leon, the Delancy Street hermit, who is, I believe, still living and at present confined in an asylum. For fourteen years he lived in the three-story brick house two doors west of Forsyth Street, New York, in complete seclusion. The shutters were always tightly closed, and it was seldom that a light could be seen in any of the rooms. Within, the walls and ceilings of the rooms were covered with cobwebs to the depth of two feet, hiding from view the pictures and other ornaments. De Leon's library was filled with valuable books, some of them of the rarest character.

Quite a singular personage was Legrand Fairman, a bachelor of eighty-one, who died some four or five years ago in his lonely residence, No. 35 East Ninth Street, New York. He was a miser as well as a recluse, and left property worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars. He made use of but one room, but was of more cleanly and decent habits than most of the fraternity. Very nearly his only occupation was reading, and on the morning of his death he was found dressed, sitting in a chair, his head drooped, his eyes closed, and his hands, with a book in them, in peaceful attitude on his lap. His hat was near, as if he was about to go out. He looked like a man who had sat down for a brief rest before starting upon some business. In that composed condition he had set out upon the final journey of all.

It is curious to read of such lives, and yet, after all, they must be considered selfish and miserable. Quiet and retirement is one thing, complete solitude quite another. It certainly was not in the scheme of creation that any man should live entirely apart from his fellow-beings. If such persons escape from many of the cares and responsibilities of existence, they also lose some of its sweetest pleasures. The proof is the fact that most of the recluses who have dissected their own hearts and written out their own experiences—such as Zimmermann, Rousseau, Thoreau and their kind—were plainly very unhappy men. Their works are full of obtrusive egotism, melancholy and discontent. Zimmermann's disposition was full of peevishness and bile, and it was impossible to live with him. Jean Jacques was the vainest of mortals, and, although he affected to prefer seclusion, he could not endure the most agreeable of his retreats any extended length of time, but was continually seeking some new refuge. Even Thoreau remained in his cabin at Walden only two years.

One who has written a thoughtful volume on solitude and sounded the question to its depths thus sums it up: "The happiest of men," he declares, "are the saints and mystics, in whom the social actions of self are lost in a fruition of the sublimest standard; each wave of force goes out and dies in ecstasy on a shoreless good. But the selfish plotter feels each wave of force rise and move inward to die, with egotistic disgust, of extinction in the centre. Whoever would live contented and die happy must not pursue public applause, but must give more than is given him, and love without asking a return."

THE man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him.

R. D. TUTTS, OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

AN ALLEGORY.

By Agnes Potter McGee.

A young girl strayed by a river,
When the shadows grew dusky and long;
When the chimes of the vespers rose slowly,
With the notes of the nightingale's song.

And close where the shining water,
Crept up on the darkening land,
She found a boat in the shadows,
Half buried in glistening sand.

She paused in the June-time sweetness,
And looked at the tempting boat,
At the dancing flow of the water,
And longed to be afloat.

She loosened the rusted moorings,
And parted the glistening sand,
And, sailless and oarless, she drifted,
Far away from the beautiful land.

The prow of her boat cleft the lilies,
And the perfume their crushed hearts shed
Floated out o'er the mystic waters,
Like the last tender words of the dead.

And music, and song, and laughter,
Came over the waters wide,
And white sails gleamed in the distance,
As she floated on with the tide.

She was filled with the nectar of living,
She was drowsed with the joys of the night,
And she trailed her hands through the water,
As the land slowly faded from sight.

And careless, and all unheeding,
Through the twilight, and dusk, and bloom
Her boat still crushing the lilies,
Through the starlight, on into the gloom.

Then a stern voice arose from the stillness,
"O mortal, so careless and free,
You are now all alone on the water,
And your boat is fast drifting to sea!"

Then she tried, with a woman's weakness,
To guide her boat to the land,
But the fury and rush of the current
Were now far beyond her command.

And she thought of the cozy fireside,
And the friends she had left on the shore,
The faces that smiled her a welcome,
That would smile her a welcome no more.

Then she called out their names—oh, so wildly—
And sobbed at the echo she heard;
But the voices of loved ones were silent,
And answered her never a word.

And alone, all alone on the water,
With the seagulls circling o'erhead,
She is doomed to drift sailless and oarless,
Until in her boat she lies dead.

OUR CABMEN.

By Mary Titcomb.

We had heard so much about the impositions practiced by foreign cabmen upon innocent and unsuspecting Americans, that our own experience was a satisfactory surprise. Not that we entirely escaped friction, but having endeavored to acquaint ourselves with fares and fees, and to conform reasonably to the customs of different countries, we were, usually, not only comfortable, but exceedingly happy in our cabmen. It seemed to us both useless and foolish for a traveler, who is generally seeking rest or recreation, to quarrel with the peculiar customs of European countries, or to resolve to follow only those of his native land. Some lose half the enjoyment of a trip by so doing. The giving of gratuities is, in some countries, becoming a more flexible matter; that is, the traveler may feel comfortable to give them only when the service has been really well done. And in those places where an extra fee is invariably expected it is found wiser not to bestow with a too lavish hand.

How many pleasant memories remain of those who drove us from place to place, and showed us the sights of great cities! We had not been long in Rome, when we chanced to find a good-natured cabman who could understand enough French to comprehend simple directions given in that language. This was a boon to us who had been struggling with a few necessary Italian phrases. His stand was on the Piazza di Spagna, and every morning for many days, at nine o'clock promptly, he was before our boarding-house in the Piazza Barberini to take us to the Vatican, or wherever we wished to go. He was not so handsome, perhaps, as some other drivers we had patronized—for many of the poorest Italians look like princes in disguise—but he was respectfully attentive, and always greeted us with a touch of the cap and a genial smile, which widened and broadened when we bestowed a *buono mano* (fee or present). If we wanted to take a long afternoon drive we seldom failed to find him on the Piazza di Spagna, *apparently* on the lookout for us, although it might have been for anybody else.

The day before we left Rome we engaged our cabman to take us to the night train for Paris, for we were going in the sleeping-cars; and we laid special stress upon the necessity of his being on hand at the appointed hour, which he assured us he would be, emphatically repeating the time named. Chancing to wish to do some errands in the afternoon, we sallied forth and scanned the faces of the drivers on the Piazza di Spagna, but failed to find our *cocher*, and, rather regretfully, took another, who, however, we were forced to confess, served us exceedingly well. The hour of our departure came, but not the cabman, who had always before been prompt to the minute. We waited. He would surely come. But no; and after delaying as long as possible, another cab was called. Why did he fail to come? we wondered, as we turned our faces away from the "Eternal City." Was he ill? Cabmen must be ill sometimes. Had some accident befallen him, driving through those narrow, crowded streets? Or, had he found other travelers who were *not* about leaving Rome? It is still an unsolved puzzle why our Italian cabman deserted us at the last.

Change is the chronic condition of Paris; everything seems fleeting and evanescent; so it was not strange that during our three months' residence in the gay city we did not twice have the same *cocher*. The boulevards

swarmed with *voitures* and *fiacres* of various kinds, and one was within calling distance on almost any street. Polite—as all Frenchmen are—but quite conscious of their importance, are the drivers. They invariably expect a *pour-boire* (gratuity), and usually assure themselves that it is sufficiently large before returning the customary thanks, which are graded according to the size of the gratuity.

We remember taking a cab once by the hour, when we found the driver disappeared every time we left the vehicle, returning tardily and evidently the worse for drink. It was the only time we saw any one intoxicated while in Paris.

Cabs are driven at such a furious speed through the streets of Paris, as to seriously interfere with the comfort of those in them, as well as the safety of pedestrians. It was often a perilous matter, and always a dexterous feat, to cross one of the wide, crowded boulevards. No policeman ever aided woman or child across the street within our knowledge; and the Jehus of the city swept like whirlwinds through thronged thoroughfares and around unexpected corners, utterly regardless of all on foot. The only safety was in *running* out of danger. And we came to notice that we seldom went out without seeing the wreck of some overturned cab. It seemed to be a matter of course. We were reliably informed that whenever a person was run over in Paris, he was *fined* for being in the way! And, also, that all cabmen belonged to a sort of insurance company, and if they were hurt by a collision, or their horses or vehicles injured, they were compensated for the damage; all of which enlightened our minds concerning the reckless driving we so constantly witnessed.

In no city are the streets kept more refreshingly clean than in Paris, and it seemed a pity that the enjoyment of walking through them should be marred by the fear of being run over, which one inevitably experiences at every crossing.

But why have we forgotten in our retrospect, our Venetian—no, we cannot call that handsome gondolier a *cabman*, though he guided well the only kind of vehicle offered us in that "fair City of the Sea." Tall, pale, with dark eyes and noble bearing, dressed in a suit of navy-blue, with light-blue sash and trimmings, he verily looked like a count in disguise. There was an aspect of suppressed sadness about his face, that aroused a deep interest to know his history. He always saluted us with graceful deference, and the careful respect with which he tendered his assistance in entering or leaving his beautiful gondola, could not have been exceeded had we belonged to some ducal family. What could be more delightfully romantic than gliding over the grand canal in such an easy conveyance, with such a fine-looking guide softly dipping his light oars? From time to time he pointed out noted palaces, churches, or other things of interest, with a few words of explanation, which, in a certain sort of way, we comprehended. Our own pleasure was greatly enhanced by the evident satisfaction he experienced in showing the sights of the city to strangers, to whom everything was new and beautiful. And when we left Venice, it was with real regret that we parted from our attentive and handsome gondolier.

In other European cities, where it was always our custom to obtain general views by driving about the town, the cabmen were invariably courteous, even when language proved a bar to much interchange of words. But we had been told that the London cabmen were overbearing, insolent and exacting. So we were quite disappointed—pleasantly, of course—that no dispute or difference of any kind arose with "our cabmen" during two months of sight-seeing in the great metropolis. True, as we never chanced to have the same one twice, we observed varying degrees of care and civility; but never experienced the slightest rudeness, or any attempt to exact more than the proper fare. Having gained some information, not from Americans, but from the English family with whom we boarded, we adopted the plan of giving no gratuity when we simply took an ordinary short "course," and it seemed wholly satisfactory. But when we took a hansom by the hour for sight-seeing, which gave opportunity for skill, as well as honesty in driving, and courtesy in giving information, we found pleasure in adding to the legal fare, according to the manner in which we had been served, and it was always invariably recognized *as* a gratuity, and politely acknowledged.

It was our custom, however, *before* engaging a vehicle, to have a full understanding in regard to the price. This prevented any questions afterward, for there are sundry variations of price between cabs, hansoms and flies between the first and the second hour, as well as between driving within and without what is known as the "four mile radius" from Charing Cross. Some cabmen ask more for the second hour than for the first, perhaps on the ground that the horse is tired! We remember one who expected so much more the second hour that we jokingly told him it would be better for us to discharge him at the end of the first hour and take another hansom, whereupon he concluded to continue to serve us reasonably. It may not be amiss to add that we usually scanned, in an unobserved way, both cab and cabby before engaging, especially avoiding the establishment whose driver appeared from a neighboring beer-shop wiping his mouth; although not unconscious that probably every cabman drank his beer whenever he could get it.

But it is around our Edinburgh cabman that our most pleasant associations cluster, and to him much of our enjoyment of that beautiful city is due. We were fortunate enough to fall in with him soon after our arrival there, a man quite above his position, apparently, in education and culture. He seemed perfectly familiar not only with the history of everything in and about Edinburgh, but with the general history of Scotland and England. No guide-book was needed when he was with us. He was also well versed in Walter Scott's novels, and unofficiously, yet with quaint familiarity, told the stories connected with the Old Tolbooth or Heart of Midlothian, the spot where David Deans's cottage stood, the rock near which Jeanie Deans met Robinson, St. Anthony's Chapel and well, the curiously marked place where the Marquis of Argyll was executed, the Martyr's Circle in Grassmarket, and scores of Scottish tales, true and traditional. With remarkable discrimination he divined just what we wanted to see, even when we did not know ourselves.

One afternoon, having driven around Salisbury Crags and climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat, the lovely weather tempted us to prolong our drive instead of returning to our hotel. While hesitating where to go, our cabman suggested Craigmillar Castle. And we shall not soon forget that drive, the fine views made doubly interesting by many bits of information, nor the romantic old castle, once a favorite residence of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Another afternoon we committed ourselves to his guidance. He might take us wherever he pleased, we told him, and leaned back in the carriage, quite sure he would entertain us well without any

suggestions. Presently he stopped at the door of a plain stone building, and alighting, said :

"I thought you would like to come here ; but I'll see first if you can be admitted."

Whereupon he rang the bell, and made some inquiry which did not reach our ears. There was a moment's delay, then he came to help us from the carriage.

"But what place *is* this ?" asked one of our party, wishing to be enlightened a little before entering.

"Sir John Steel's Studio," replied our driver. "He was knighted by the Queen in 1876."

The servant who admitted us led the way to a long, narrow room containing many casts and sculptures. Immediately from an inner room appeared a most genial-looking elderly gentleman, with long, white flowing hair and beard, and extending his hand, greeted us with great cordiality. What magic words the "cabby" had said we know not, for we had neither letter of introduction nor even visiting cards. But with graceful courtesy and pleasant chat, Sir John Steel took his unexpected visitors through several rooms, showing them his works, even the marble upon which he was then engaged. He was so very social that we could have lingered long and been entertained ; but we left with deepened interest in the colossal statue of Walter Scott, the Albert Memorial, the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, Queen Victoria's statue, and other works in Edinburgh sculptured by this artist's hand.

ECCENTRIC RECLUSES.— LIBRARIAN RYAN, OF KILKENNY.— SEE PAGE 696.

Our driver's resources were not exhausted. He showed us, from the high bridge above, the spot where the young architect of the Scott Monument was drowned ; pointed out the place where the Porteous mob sacrificed their victim. Let us look from the Grassmarket into the wretched Cowgate ; directed our attention to the letters *J. K.*, which mark the spot where John Knox was buried ; to the White Horse Close, and to many other things, to which his explanations gave increased interest.

The morning we left Edinburgh our cabman was at the door of our hotel long before the appointed hour. It was but a short distance to the station, and when he had given some voluntary aid to the porter in charge of our luggage, our good Scotch driver turned to us, and touching his cap, said, with simple earnestness :

"I am very sorry you are going. I wish you a good journey ; but I hope you will come back to Edinburgh some day."

One afternoon, when in Liverpool, after riding in an omnibus through the docks, from which cabs are excluded, we sought a vehicle in which to drive through the most pleasant parts of the city. Two or three cabmen, evidently noting that we were Americans, demanded nearly double the legal price per hour, and we simply walked on, though they began to offer reduced rates as soon as they found we turned away. Presently we saw a pleasant-faced Englishman standing by his cab, and as he named a right and reasonable sum, we directed him to show us the sights in a quarter of the city where we had not been. Soon we were flying along more swiftly than most cab horses go *by the hour*. That cabman astonished us. No pains did he spare to show us out-of-the-way objects, going up some hard ascents with a cheering word to his nag ; jumping down from his seat, times without number, to tell us in detail about various places which he stopped to point out.

It is curious to see how slowly public sentiment rises to the point of demanding a thing simply because it is right and just, and seeks to find every possible reason for right-doing except the one reason from which there can be no appeal.

It is one of the characteristic traits of civilized men and women that people who live in cities always affect to be very fond of the country, and people who live in the country always hanker for the life of towns.

A GOOD PLAYFELLOW.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

BY

MRS. J. H. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER XII.—MOLLIE STANDS FIRE WELL.

THE library, reduced to a condition of gloom and rigidity ample enough to satisfy Mollie's most malicious desire, she stood for a moment on the threshold surveying her work of transforming the pretty, homelike apartment into a ghastly receptacle for sheeted and shrouded forms, smiled serenely, and said, in cheerful tones:

"If this room don't give Mistress Moral Courage the shivers when she looks into it, as she's sure to do if she has to steal the keys from the master's desk, she ain't got as much ice water in her veins as I think she have." Upon which Mollie disappeared behind the *portière* once more, and was soon engaged in the same work of transformation in Mrs. Wimple's chamber and dressing-room, accompanying the busy hands and feet lustily with a decidedly nasal rendition of "Oh, to be nothing, nothing!"

Into the gloom of the shrouded library Miss Nelson penetrated soon after, having been admitted by Andrews, the imperturbable butler, who had simply informed her, in answer to her inquiries for Mrs. Wimple, that Mollie was in that lady's apartment then. His face was so impenetrable and his tones so mystery-laden that Nellie went forward somewhat hastily, a trifle anxious about her friend, but in no way prepared for the scene that presented itself as Andrews discreetly opened the library-door just wide enough for her to slip through, and closing it after her, walked softly away on his slippered feet.

"One would think the Wimples had started for Europe on a minute's notice," she said, gazing around in amazement at the ghostly shrouding of the room. "Who is that singing? Not Fanny. It's Mollie, I do believe." She lifted the *portière* and sent her voice along the short corridor that connected the suite. "Fanny, dear!" No Fanny responded to the call. But instead, Mollie, songless now, and with her face elongated enormously, appeared before Miss Nelson, with her apron held in an attitude that plainly declared she had wiped her weeping eyes in order to answer the lady's call decorously. "Mrs. Wimple in, Mollie?" Miss Nelson asked.

"No'm."

Mollie's teeth closed on the word like a steel trap.

"Didn't I hear her singing," Nellie asked, suddenly, resolving to meet craft with craft.

"That was me singing," said Mollie, curtailing her responses as much as possible.

"Now, Mollie, the idea of your singing 'Oh, to be nothing, nothing,' as if that wasn't just exactly what you are now. I wonder what degree of insignificance would satisfy some people."

Mollie grinned. She was accustomed to Miss Nelson's banter, and they were the best of friends.

"Well, Mollie, I'm waiting to hear something about Mrs. Wimple. Has she gone to Europe without even a good-by ?"

"Who, mum ?"

"Mrs. Wimple."

"There ain't no Mrs. Wimple. At least Mr. Wimple says there ain't none, and I guess he ought to know."

"Yes. One would think so. But men are awfully stupid about some things, Mollie."

"I believe you, miss." With sudden energy Mollie brought the looped-back *portières* together, making the brass rings tinkle on their brass rod, and pinned them together with a huge black crape rosette she had been fashioning while talking. "There !" she said, stepping backward to survey the effect, "I hope that will break his heart every time he looks at it."

"So do I, Mollie. Only it won't. Men's hearts are so awfully tough. Come now, Mollie, don't be selfish."

"About which, miss ?" Mollie asked, with an air of innocence.

"About Fanny. You know I've got as good a right as you have to know all about her. Where is she ?"

"How should I know, miss ?" said Mollie, applying her apron to a pair of very dry eyes.

"Mollie ! what will the priest say to you ? You awful girl ! Didn't I hear you singing when I came in here ? And do you suppose I believe you could sing if Fanny had gone where you couldn't find her ? I love her as much as you do, Mollie, you abominably selfish creature."

"If you please, miss, I don't want to seem impolite, but I'm waiting to lock these doors. Mrs. Prior will be coming to see if I've done the shrouding proper next. There ain't no Mrs. Wimple, I tell you, Miss Nellie. Mr. Wimple told me so with his own lips this morning."

Finding that Mollie was resolved on keeping all her knowledge to herself, Miss Nelson rose reluctantly from the divan on which she had seated herself uninvited, exclaiming petulantly :

"Mercy, what has come over this house !"

"What, indeed !"

The words were echoed from the open door behind her. Nellie turned and found herself confronted by a young man, whose countenance reflected all the surprise she had been expressing.

"It's Mr. Dick, Mrs. Wimple's brother," said Mollie, by way of clumsy introduction, and then slipped away, resolved not to subject herself to any more questioning that she could avoid.

Miss Nelson swept forward with that easy grace of manner that gave her such pre-eminence as a social leader.

"Mr. Raymond, I believe, my dear Fanny's brother."

She held out one little gloved hand with winning grace.

"This, then, I suppose, is Miss Nelson. I have heard of you as my sister's dearest friend. I had just stepped in here to get your address from the girl Mollie. I received a most excited telegram from Mrs. Prior this morning with the few words : 'Your sister has disappeared most mysteriously.' I have been with Mrs. Prior for a few moments. She suggested your name as the only person who would be likely to be able to throw any light on this matter. I thought you might put me in the way of finding her, or, at least, give me some tidings of her."

"Tidings ! Do you mean to tell me that Fanny is lost ?"

"Lost ! You choose your word well. Yes, she is lost. Lost to her husband, lost to her brother, lost to honor ! I mean nothing less disgraceful. But she is my sister, and she was the darling of my father's heart. If I can find her she shall be taken back to my own home."

Nellie flushed indignantly, and looked handsomer than ever as she assumed the championship of her friend.

"Really, Mr. Raymond, you speak as if you would be doing quite a creditable thing in taking care of that dear girl if you could find her. Your words embody a distrust of Fanny that you can scarcely find a warrant for in the circumstances."

"Perhaps I have spoken brutally where I had best not have spoken at all. Differently I could not speak," Dick answered, looking down on her from his superior altitude, with eyes so full of patient pain that Nellie's tender heart smote her. "When the heart is wrung with anguish," he added, "one is not apt to be choice about words. If you can give me no information concerning my sister, I am only wasting my time and yours, too."

"Pardon me, rather," said Nellie, passing from flashing indignation to sweet humility at a bound. "I have taken too small account of the pain this state of affairs in your sister's happy home must have cost you. But I know Fanny Wimple, I love her, and I believe in her."

"And are harboring her ?" Dick questioned, eagerly.

"No, poor dear, I would have been only too glad to have given her safe harborage in my home and heart. Had you not better question Mollie ? I can extract nothing from her. But, stop ; why do you think she is hiding and not—not——"

"Dead !" you would say."

"Yes." Nellie repeated the word in a horrified undertone : "De-ad !"

"Because Mrs. Prior tells me a small framed picture of Mr. Wimple was missing from its place on the wall this morning."

Nellie sniffed with scorn as she said, with a contemptuous upward curve of her pretty lips :

"This picture ! I'm sure after a man had done all he could to craze me, small consolation I would find in his picture."

"It is evident," said Dick, fastening his great honest eyes somewhat sternly on her face, "that you know something of my sister's trouble."

"Of course I do," said Nellie, growing suddenly deeply concerned about the lacing of her glove. "I know all about it. I know that three men, all calling themselves gentlemen, have been the means of destroying the happiness of an angel."

"Three men ?"

Dick mechanically followed the motions of the little right hand that was skillfully criss-crossing the silken cord over its gilt buttons.

"Yes," said Nellie, hotly, flashing a brilliant pair of eyes suddenly up at him, "three men, not one of whom is worthy to breathe the same air with her."

"May I ask Mrs. Wimple's advocate to mention the three men," Dick said, with a degree of haughtiness which frightened Miss Nelson from her fierce attitude,

even at the moment when she mentally avowed that "he was just grand. And if she had a husband that looked that way when he was mad she'd keep him at white heat all the time." She swept him a sudden mocking curtesy.

"The three men who have wrought this mischief, one from wickedness, the other from stupidity, and the other from ignorance, are respectively known as Mr. Frederic Steinray, Mr. Horace Wimple and Mr. Richard Raymond."

"Steinray! Steinray! I haven't heard that name for years. He was a puppy whom Fanny punished in hoyden fashion for a piece of impudence, instead of waiting until I got back to punish him."

"Yes. He is the wicked one of the trio."

"And the stupid one?"

"Is her husband."

"And the ignorant one?"

"Is her brother."

"Enlighten his ignorance, please."

He folded his arms and looked at her in determined silence.

Nellie, conscious of growing admiration of this handsome, stalwart farmer, glanced furtively at him from the corner of her eye.

"I shall be tempted to throw something at him," she said to herself, "if he will persist in playing *Othello* to my *Desdemona*. He is positively tragic."

Her long deliberation opened Dick's resolute lips again.

"I am in justice compelled to say that Mr. Wimple has not forfeited my respect. Only yesterday my unhappy sister defended him from all censure. Mrs. Prior tells me he is determined to take no steps to find her. Her return, he says, quite properly, must be as voluntary as was her departure. I shall do all that I can to discover her whereabouts, when I will take her to the old farm and care for her until either she or I am laid to rest in the old family burying-ground."

"Oh! Please don't be in such a desperate hurry to bury everybody. If Fanny's happiness is what you desire, I will tell you how to secure it."

"Then tell me. I place myself as a clumsy tool in your most clever hands."

He extended his hand, which Nellie clasped cordially and retained while she said:

"Now, then, we are allies. You are to come to my house at ten o'clock day after to-morrow morning, and I will have some comfort for you. I do not know where Fanny is, but I mean to find her. Mollie is not nearly wretched enough." "She took one of her visiting-cards from her card-case, and extending it, added, sweetly: "Our acquaintance has begun rather queerly, but I hope it will prove none the less genuine because unconventional."

"It has been born in the shade, may it ripen in the sunshine," said Dick, drawing his parallels from nature, which was all he knew of the world, and bowing low over the little hand once more held out to him, he turned away with a much lighter heart than he had brought into his sister's deserted home.

"My viking is a poet," said Nellie, under her breath, following the strong, graceful form with admiring eyes. "We don't rear such men between brick walls."

There was nothing for her to linger any longer for. She was convinced by Mollie's demeanor that to find her friend she must have recourse to strategy, and she turned homeward, resolved that she would match Mollie in guile and craft, nor take any rest for herself until Fanny was within reach of her loving reproaches.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUN TO EARTH.

But Dick Raymond kept that first appointment and another, and still another, before Miss Nelson was in position to do more than talk over "darling Fanny's" disappearance, and condole with him and keep alive the dying embers of faith and hope in his breast.

Dick Raymond was possessed of an uncompromisingly honest nature. Right was right, and straight was straight with him, and no amount of cajoling or argument could make him see wrong as right, or crooked as straight. Fanny was altogether wrong and crooked at present.

Mrs. Wimple's whereabouts remained a profound secret to all her friends, and how to go about tracing her became daily more problematical to Nellie, the only one who was making the effort. So far as she could discover to the contrary, Mollie was as devoted in her position as first housemaid at the Wimples' as ever. She was always there when Miss Nelson came to inquire for tidings, as she did very frequently, and Dick reported her as equally constant when he presented himself.

But there finally came a Saturday afternoon when Mollie was off duty. It was the afternoon—once a month—when even Mrs. Prior's rigid discipline relaxed in view of years of faithful servitude sufficiently to permit Mollie to go home to the mother who was at once the terror and the idol of Mollie's honest heart.

Mollie's mother lived in that terribly plebeian part of the great City of New York known as Tompkins Square. It was fresh and breezy and airy around about the great open space, but the tenants of the houses that walled it in on four sides were, while respectable, so far removed from the sphere of life in which Mrs. Wimple and Miss Nelson belonged, that it was not without serious apprehensions that Nellie found herself, on this same Saturday afternoon, actually following Mollie along the southern boundary of the square, keeping anxiously near enough to her to call out in case of emergency of any sort.

She was plainly dressed and so closely vailed that had Mollie turned around she never would have suspected that demure-looking pedestrian of being her mistress's dashing friend and the leader of one of the most exclusive social sets in the city. But Mollie did not turn round, even when she stopped before the low stoop of one of the most humble houses in the long row, and, as she mounted the well-worn steps, Nellie quickened her pace and laid a detaining hand on her arm, fearful of losing sight of her.

"Where is she, Mollie?"

Mollie was genuinely startled. She knew the voice, but she had certainly never expected to hear it there, on her mother's stoop, in Tompkins Square.

"Where is who? And who is you?" she asked, more to gain time than because she stood in need of enlightenment.

Nellie lifted her vail and showed a very determined face.

"I am Miss Nelson, your mistress's best friend. I want to see her, Mollie, and I will!"

"Ay; I knew you from the first, miss, but what makes you keep botherin' after me for the poor, lost darling? How shall I be knowing anything about her?"

"Ah, ah, Mollie! It's not necessary to play a part with me. I've been watching you ever since your mistress disappeared. You're not half unhappy enough, Mollie. If you did not know where Fanny was, you would be as miserable as you are making me. And, then—oh, Mollie, what are you doing with violets?"

"Violets?—who says I've got any violets?" Mollie asks, combatively, as she draws her shawl still closer about her ample form and glares at Miss Nelson.

Nellie lifted a corner of the shawl, daringly, disarming Mollie's wrath the meanwhile by one of those flashing smiles that the beaux of her set valued so highly and won so rarely.

"My nose says it! And you're taking them to her, poor dear! You're a good girl, Mollie, but you mustn't be selfish. I have as good a right to take care of her as you have. She's in this house, Mollie, so lead on, for I assure you if you don't let me walk in peaceably by your side, I'll go in accompanied by a policeman. And how would our dear Fanny like that, Mollie?"

"Bless my soul, Miss Nelson, you're too much for me," says Mollie, secretly rejoicing in this persistence of her mistress's friend. "You ought to be put on the detective force of this city. You really ought."

"I am on it, Mollie. That's what brought me here this evening," Nellie answered, with a little triumphant laugh.

"But I wasn't to let you know. She mentioned you 'special," says Mollie, anxiously, still delaying the opening of the door.

"Did she say why?" Miss Nelson asked.

"Yes'm, she did. She said as how you was petted and made much of in your circle, and when her story got out, all wrong as it must, it wouldn't do your name no good to get mixed up with hers. So you wasn't to know. And she'll be that mad with me."

"Poor, dear Fanny, that's just exactly like her. Every thought for others, none for herself. But take me to her, Mollie. I'm dying to put my arms around her and show her that I am no fair weather friend."

Then Mollie surrendered unconditionally, glad enough to have some one with whom to share the tremendous responsibility circumstances had imposed on her.

"Well, she needs you, miss, there ain't no mistake about that." Then she opened the door, and piloting Miss Nelson through the dark and narrow hall, ushered her into the best rooms in the house, the two parlors, which had been yielded up for Mrs. Wimple's use. A mature edition of Mollie was setting a tea-table in the back parlor, with what seemed to Miss Nelson's aristocratic ears a very disproportioned amount of clatter. She turned a very cross-looking face toward them as they entered. "Where's the mistress, mother?" Mollie asked, not thinking a formal introduction of her mistress's friend essential.

"Gone to take her lesson, child; but it's late, and she ought to be gettin' indoors. She's too handsome to knock 'bout this part of town after gaslight alone. Evening, miss. I hope you're a friend of hers. I begin to feel the responsibility Mollie put on me as most too heavy."

Mollie's mother looked and spoke her very crossest, and then sighed profoundly.

"I'm sure she pays you like a lady for all you do, mother," says Molly, tartly. Then in anxious tones to Nellie: "If you won't mind, miss, I'll go to meet her. I don't like her to be in the street late without me. She's a long sight too purty for comfort."

"Yes, yes, go," said Nellie, catching the infection of Mollie's anxiety. "I will wait for her, but don't tell her I am here."

"Not I, miss! A round scolding I'd get for bringing you, which I didn't do. You'll find some books of hers to amuse yourself with."

Mollie's exit left her quite alone. The mother had gone before, evidently offended at her daughter's tart championship of her mistress. Nellie glanced curiously around the forlorn-looking room, with its threadbare and downtrodden carpet, its hideous make-believe bronze ornaments on the mantel shelf—which was painted green, or had been, and now looked as if dripping with verdigris—with its rickety chairs, and tables so various in style and size that one felt sure the very best in the house had been culled for Mrs. Wimple's comfort. And a pathetic tribute it was.

"And this is Fanny Wimple's room! She actually sleeps and eats and breathes here! The lovely, dainty, wealthy Mrs. Horace Wimple!" Nellie walked slowly about the room, examining it and its contents. "She certainly must be a 'little off,' as people say. I shall take her away from here immediately. Tender-hearted simpleton."

She picked up two or three yellow-backed pamphlets from a table just as Mollie's mother re-entered the room.

"Them's her lessin books," she sniffed, scornfully, "thou' I mus' say they don't look nothin' like the old blue backed speller I used to have such a hard tussle with in my schoolin' days."

"Her lesson books?" Nellie repeated, examining the pamphlets with more interest.

"Yes, miss; leastwise, she's always a-studyin' out of 'em, and a-walkin' up and down with one of 'em a-sayin' it out loud, like chillum does when they gets hold of a extry hard knot."

"I know what it means. I know just exactly what it means," said Nellie, excitedly, but rather to herself than to Mollie's mother.

"Oh! you do, do you? I'm glad somebody can see through this grindstone."

But Miss Nelson was turning the leaves of the yellow pamphlets and talking to herself.

"Our elocution-teacher used to tell Fanny that if the time ever came when she felt called upon to support herself, she must go on the stage. She was wonderfully dramatic in those days. And that's what the silly child is working at now. Let me see." She took up the pamphlets, reading aloud the title of each. 'The Almighty Dollar'; she ought to give her husband a *rôle* in that play. 'Led Astray'; that's what she has tried to do to Dick and me. 'School for Scandal'; we're all playing in that. Dear me, why don't she come?"

She laid the books back on the table, and, raising her eyes, became conscious that Mollie's mother was standing by the table, the perfect embodiment of irate dignity.

"Young woman, did I understand you to say you was a play-actor."

Miss Nelson's keen sense of the ludicrous found vent in a merry laugh.

"My good woman," she asked, evasively, "how can I tell what you understand?"

"But did you say you was?"

"It is not probable that I did, seeing that I am not."

"Is your friend one?"

"What if I should say, 'Yes'?"

"Then I should be after askin' her to find another boardin'-house. I've been a respected and a respectable woman all my life, and before——"

But Nellie interrupted her, commandingly.

"You need have no fear that you will lose your respectability through this lady. When she comes——"

But Mollie just here rushed in upon them, her face pale with anxiety and her voice shrill with excitement.

"Not in yet? They told me yonder she left the house an hour ago."

"Oh, don't tell me she's lost to me again, just as I was about to lay my hand on her and shelter and love her!" Nellie exclaimed, ready for tears.

But Fanny herself answered this appeal. The door opened to admit her, pale and trembling, but eager of step and voice.

"I am watched! I am shadowed! Oh, Nellie, Nellie! you here?—you, best of friends? I did not know how I longed for you!" The two women were once more clasped in each other's arms. It was many seconds before any other sound than their sobbing was heard in the room. Then Fanny, holding her friend at arm's length, said, wistfully, "You did not blame me?"

IN MISCHIEF.

"I do; most emphatically. There is not a grain of common sense in anything you have done!"

"You don't know all."

"I do; I know all, and——"

Mrs. Wimple's face was turned toward the front window. It suddenly grew ghastly white, and she clutched at Nellie's arm in a frenzy of nervousness.

Nellie turned suddenly about to discover the cause of this agitation. A man's hat was just disappearing from the unshuttered window.

"Who is it?—what is it?" she asked, eagerly, drawing Fanny's head, soothingly, to her breast.

"It was Frederic Steinray. I saw his blazing eyes, and that hideous scar plastered for a second against the sash. I have seen him three times this afternoon. Oh, what shall I do?"

"You shall come home with me," said Nellie, soothingly; "just as soon as Mollie can find a carriage for us. There is where you should have come in the first place. This is no place even to discuss your foolishness in."

"Mollie, call a carriage for us, please." This much done toward rescuing her friend from the result of her own folly, Nellie drew Mrs. Wimple toward the decrepit sofa, plastered cautiously against the wall, and said, reproachfully, "How could you treat me so, Fanny? How could you treat Dick so?"

"Dick! Have you seen him? Do you like him? My poor, dear, clumsy old Dick!"

A rosy flush spread all over Miss Nelson's face.

"Do I like him? I am afraid I am in a fair way to adore him. He has been my comforter, and I have been his since you treated us so shabbily."

"You have not told him what I told you about Frederic Steinray?" Mrs. Wimple asked, nervously.

"No. I have just told him enough to make him utterly miserable and keep him in need of a comforter," said Nellie, with a flashing smile. "I have promised him, though, that you will tell him all, and prove to him what a lot of wretches they all are."

The lights of Tompkins Square were all ablaze now, though the room they sat in was still in darkness. Through the unshuttered window they saw a carriage draw up to the door. Nellie sprang up immediately. It was impossible to get Fanny away from this horrid spot any too soon.

"There's the carriage we sent Mollie for. Now then, no packing up. Mollie can bring your things to my

house to-morrow. They are safe enough with her mother until then."

Too worn and sick at heart to make any resistance, Mrs. Wimple rose.

"I will go with you for to-night, Nellie, for if that man has found my hiding-place it is no longer safe for me here. But I do not intend to involve you in my troubles."

She had not taken off her bonnet. Leaning on, or rather clinging to, Nellie's arm, she passed out through the narrow, unlighted hall, only delaying long enough to say good-by to Mollie's mother and leave a message for Mollie.

It was quite night now, and as the two women stood on the stoop for a second, Miss Nelson discovered that she had left her purse in her handbag in the room they had just vacated.

"Get in the carriage. Don't stand here in this chill night. I'll run back for it and find it by the time you are in the hack."

Fanny descended the steps alone, entered the carriage, and was startled to hear the door slammed violently to, while a man sprang to the seat by the driver, and the horses were lashed into a quick gallop. She was alone in the vehicle. What it meant, or whither she was being driven, she had no means of divining. That Frederic Steinray was at the bottom of it she made no doubt. How he had accomplished it was the mystery to her. Faint and sick with terror she sank back among the cushions in a semi-unconscious state.

Quickly returning with her bag, but not so quickly as she had promised, for a match had to be struck and the gas turned on in the now dark room before the bag could be found, Nellie was just in time to see Mollie climbing awkwardly down from a carriage at the door.

"Here I am at last, Miss Nellie," she said; "but either that man's a fool or he's drunk. When I first told him where I wanted him to come to, he said glib enough he knew where it was, and I declare to goodness it seems like he's been driving me everywhere but here."

"But where's the other carriage?" Nellie asked, staring at her in blank amazement as she delivered this apology and mounted the steps simultaneously.

"What other carriage?" Mollie asked, bewildered in her turn.

"Why, the carriage that Fanny got into!"

"Miss Fanny got into! Had there been another carriage here! My saints, I sees into it now!"

Mollie's hands went up, and a wail of agony broke from her lips. Nellie could have shaken her in her anxious impatience to know what it all meant.

"Don't waste time blubbering now, Mollie! Tell me what you see into now."

"Why, I see this," said Mollie, talking and sobbing at once. "All the way from this house to the cab stand I sorter fancied I was followed. Then I says to myself, 'Mollie Harris, you're a beautiful one to be followed by a man, and him looking like a gentleman, too.' So I went in 'bout my business and picked out my hack, and told the fellow where he was to drive me to, and after I got in, sorter slow like, for I ain't used to steppin' into carriages without I'm goin' to a funeral and gettin' a free ride, I sees another hack startin' out from the same stand, and the driver of that one drove tolerable close up to mine. And there was two men on the box. And one of 'em says something to my fellar, and he answers 'All right.' But I thought he was askin' me if I was all right, and I says, 'Yes, drive on,' and he drove on. But I thought they must be snails he'd harnessed up instead of horses, he drove so mortal slow. And that's all I know. What it means you know as well as I do."

"I know a little better," said Miss Nelson, with tightly compressed lips, as she descended the steps and seated herself in the carriage. She wanted to get home and send for Dick. She was completely bewildered by the turn events had taken. The thing had assumed dimensions beyond her power to grapple with. That Frederic Steinray had abducted Horace Wimple's wife from the usual motives of villainy, she did not believe. This was simply a part of his plan of revenge. "Better his hate than his love, poor Fanny!"

And Fanny was saying the same thing to herself, as she lay back in the carriage that was driving her she knew not where, stunned almost beyond the power of thinking at all—grasping but one idea, and that was, that for motives of his own, Frederic Steinray had forcibly separated her from her friends. She must arouse herself. She must be on the alert. When the carriage-door was opened she would once more test that fleetness of foot for which in her hoydenish, girlish days she had been noted.

CHAPTER XIV.

BAFFLED.

The evening was wearing on toward midnight when Frederic Steinray, presenting any suggestion rather than that of a conqueror, once more entered his own apartments—elegant bachelor apartments—where was everything that money could buy, but—nothing else.

Whenever he was aroused to an unusual pitch of excitement, that ugly scar on his cheek always gleamed redly. It was lurid now. Taking a decanter of wine from a cabinet in the wall, and placing his cigar-box by his side, he seated himself to find solace, if possible, in those two unfailing sources of animal comfort, for the keen chagrin that had overtaken him was hard to bear. The night had been full of adventure for him. He had plotted and planned for one issue, and, behold! quite another had come about. Taking out his pocket-diary, he made a long entry under the day's date, writing with fierce rapidity, as if he would work off at his finger-tips the excitement which neither smoke nor wine served to allay on this particular occasion. This is what he wrote:

"Baffled again! Balked, and by a lot of petticoats! Bah! if ever a man had sufficient provocation for shaving his head and turning monk, I am that man."

Here he stopped, poured himself out a glass of wine, drained it, and resumed his pencil.

"But to the devil with regrets! Long since, I discovered that all my money could not bring me one kiss of pure affection! All my accomplishments could not secure me one hour of sympathetic companionship. Women turn in disgust from this marred and hideous face, and I hate the whole sex for the act of one girl! What sweet morsel does life hold for me, but the hope of seeing her writhe under her husband's disgrace? She staid my descending blow by going into hiding. She knew that my revenge would be tasteless, flavorless, if I could not witness her anguish. It was hard work to trace her, but I did it. I thought the hour of my triumph had come. To-morrow, Wimple is to be here. I had planned it that she should see him arrested before her very eyes! Like a deerhound slipping its leash, she escaped by one door of the carriage as I opened the opposite one. The infernal darkness of the streets favored her flight. I am where I was before securing her. I must bide my time before exposing Wimple. I once thought I loved that woman well enough to risk my soul's salvation for her. I now know that I hate her worse than the devil. Bah! I gush! Gush is such dem'd bad form. It is rumored her poor devil of a husband has never allowed her name mentioned in his presence since her flight. Fudge! the softness of some men where women are concerned, sickens me!"

A sullen quietude, the best substitute for repose he might ever hope to find, finally settled down upon the wrathful and disappointed man, and enabled him to smoke his cigars and drink himself into oblivion without any more violent and audible outbreaks. Of that sullen reverie a plan was formed by which he hoped to wring afresh the heart of the woman who was the object of his most undying enmity.

At the appointed hour next day, Horace Wimple, visibly worn by his great grief, but stern, cold and self-collected, entered the broker's private office.

"My dear fellow," said Steinray, extending a hand, rather unsteady from the excesses of the night before, "what a model of punctuality you are!" His voice was mocking. He retained his visitor's hand, looking him in the face, sympathetically, while he added: "Only half an hour late. But I suppose that should be overlooked in consideration of—— My dear boy, sit down."

"In consideration of what?" Wimple, asked, frigidly. "I recognize no excuse for unpunctuality in this appointment, unless, indeed, our watches differ."

He took out his, as he spoke.

"In consideration of the fact, my dear fellow, that it must be very difficult for you to give your business the proper amount of attention under the circumstances," Mr. Steinray said, bustling officiously to place the easiest chair in his office at Mr. Wimple's disposal, as though to assure him such consolation as could be found in upholstery he should have the benefit of.

Mr. Wimple fastened his eyes coldly upon his host, as he pressed him toward plainer utterance.

"Under what circumstances, sir?"

"'Pon honor, Wimple, you carry it off coolly," Steinray answered, his own voice showing a trifling access of nervousness. At heart the man was a coward.

"Carry off what coolly, sir?"

"Oh, the devil! nothing. Are you ready to settle that little matter between us?"

"That is what I am here for?"

"Well, then, let us be about it." He seated himself before his open desk, and, as he leaned forward to select some papers from a pigeon-hole, remarked, in a voice of absolute unconcern, "I am glad to see Mrs. Wimple looking so well."

There was a moment of soundless expectation on his part; of surging fury on Horace Wimple's, who rose, walked over to the water-cooler and gulped down a glass of ice-water before he could control his voice at all, Frederic Steinray misread this silence, or else he never would have ventured, as he did the next second, with his head still bent over the papers he was selecting, to add:

"I take it, she has gone into philanthropy as a pastime. Nothing but the Christian activity of society belles ever carries them over to Tompkins Square. The devil!"

He gasped and sprang to his feet. A glassful of ice-water had been sent deliberately into his face from the corner where Horace Wimple now stood quietly wiping his hands on his pockethandkerchief, his blazing eyes glued to the stockbroker's face.

Steinray, foaming with rage, started toward him.

"What do you mean, sir? I——"

But Wimple waved him back, and faced him with folded arms, as he said:

"Stand back, Steinray. I am not armed, and I do not presume that you are. If you should have recourse to draymen's weapons, our fists, you know, as well as I do, who would get the worst of it. I came here purely as a matter of dollars and cents. We had best settle that calmly and accurately. My arrangements were all made to start for Europe to-night, but if you desire to dispose of this fresh issue between us by a formal encounter, I shall delay my departure to give you satisfaction. One thing at a time."

"One thing at a time!" Steinray looked at him savagely a second, and repeated, "One thing at a time! I have a little matter between us that we will discuss as soon as your note is disposed of. After which, the European plan shall receive due attention. I suppose," he continued—falling back into that sneering composure which was habitual with him—"that you could dispose of your ticket in case you had occasion to alter your plans?"

"Confound your impertinence! Confine yourself to the matter in hand, or I shall be compelled to repeat the lesson I tried to teach you just now."

The scar stood out in hideous relief, but Steinray's eyes dropped. Perhaps it was possible to go too far. He had no desire to goad the man any further.

For half an hour the rustling of papers and a calm-voiced discussion of the business that had brought them together, occupied the two men, when Steinray, leaning back in his chair, said, with a leer of triumph:

"I believe that settles the financial part of our interview for to-day. When your next note falls due, should you——"

"Should I conclude to remain abroad that length of time," said Wimple, taking the words out of his mouth, "I shall leave the matter in the hands of my lawyer."

He was standing ready to go, and evidently anxious to terminate the interview.

"Be seated again, if you please, Mr. Wimple. I have a little matter on my mind that I had intended holding in abeyance until the present pressure on you was somewhat removed; but this morning's occurrences (I allude of course, to your own ruffianism), has decided me to hasten the hour of your just punishment."

He turned toward another pigeon-hole.

"My just pnnishment!" Wimple repeated in his haughtiest voice. "By heavens, what do you mean, sir? It is hard to keep my hands off you long enough for you to explain."

"I believe we are agreed not to use draymen's weapons," said Steinray, unfolding a paper as he spoke. "This is what I mean, sir. I have here in my possession two documents that will prove Mr. Horace Wimple to be a bribe-taker and a defaulter! Papers that will brand him as a felon and secure him a berth in Auburn State Prison!"

Horace Wimple's face turned ghastly. He looked at the papers held aloft by the man on the other side of the desk with eyes that fairly blazed with wrath. There was no guilt in his eyes nor fear in his heart.

"You stole those papers!" he said, in a choked voice. "Stole them from my house! By Heaven! I see it now!"

"They might have been given to me," said Steinray, with a fiendish laugh; "but how they came into my possession is neither here nor there. Are you prepared to deny their authenticity, or, rather, are you prepared to prove them forgeries?"

"No!'

"Are you prepared to meet the issues their production in court will bring on you?"

A profound silence fell between the two men, and then a look of absolute defeat swept over Horace Wimple's handsome face. Should he explain to this man? Could he explain? Should he ask for time? Should he cringe and fawn to get possession of the papers, which were

false, with all the mercilessness of circumstantial evidence to crush him and convict him in any court in the land? He could not think connectedly in presence of that sneering devil behind the desk. Surely there must be some way out of this snarl. He would go home and try to think up the way. He was stifling for a breath of fresh air.

In the meantime, Steinray was bitterly deploring his own hot-headed disclosure of the secret he had been holding in reserve to crush this man's wife with, rather than his own guilty self. He spoke in tones he meant to be of consideration.

"You are responsible for this thing being sprung on you. I lost my temper. Go home, and stay there until you hear from me. I want time to think over it myself. I think you won't go to Europe to-night, however."

Insolent as the words and tones were, Horace Wimple, conscious of being for the time absolutely in the power of the man whom he had grossly insulted, turned silently away, and, picking up his hat, walked toward the door. There he turned and said:

"For a little while victory seems to be with you. Life means too little to me for me to excite myself over this new sling of Fate, until I am in a position to put you where you belong. Rest assured that time will come, and very soon. Until then, enjoy your supposed triumph. We will have a long score to settle, when settling day does come. I take it for granted I will be under surveillance?"

"Of the strictest sort," said Steinray, coolly scratching a match on his boot-heel and applying it to the cigar he had been fiercely chewing upon during this interview. "Of—the—strictest—sort," he repeated, between puffs.

Wimple went out, closing the office-door quietly behind him, and walked down-stairs with the slow heaviness of an old man.

CHAPTER XV.

DICK THROWS SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

With the rush of fresh air that greeted him as he emerged from the steam-heated office, his powers of reflection came back to him in full, if only temporary, force. Up-stairs, yonder, facing that sneering, scarred face, bewildered and dismayed at finding in Steinray's possession papers which were calculated to damage himself irreparably, he had not been able to formulate any plan of action in any adequate response. It was different now, and he saw clearly that there was but one course open to him; that was to avoid an issue with this man until he was in position to hoist him on his own petard.

All the collected mental effort he had been capable of since his wife's mysterious disappearance had been expended in trying to discover the whereabout of the man who had written the letters now in Frederic Steinray's possession. It came back to him with sickening force, as he walked rapidly homeward, how devilish this man had looked when he said, "Perhaps they were given to me!" Who could have given them to him but Fanny? And why should she have done it? What connection was there with the fact that these papers had disappeared just as the marvelous and incomprehensible change had come over his wife and his home?

His sister had hinted mysteriously at having seen Fanny furtively placing some papers in her own desk, and seeming to be much confused at finding herself observed. That was why he had so insolently invaded the privacy of his wife's desk. But what hold had Steinray upon her that could cause her to jeopardize the safety of the husband who adored her? Great drops of agony stood out on his forehead as this most bewildering question forced itself upon his mind for consideration. He could not answer it. His brain was all on fire again. He reeled like a drunken man by the time he reached his own door, and it was with a drunken man's difficulty that he finally fitted his latch-key into the door and admitted himself into the desolate home that he hated now and shunned as much as possible. It was nothing but the tomb of his dead happiness. It was with no small amount of surprise that he found Dick Raymond seated in his study, apparently waiting for him. They had not met in all this time of trouble.

"You here, Richard!"

He advanced eagerly. Perhaps Dick had brought some antidote for the horrible pain that was eating his heart out.

The two men shook hands and looked sorrowfully into each other's faces. It would have been so much better for them both if Fanny had died and they could have clasped hands over the coffin and let their commingling tears drop upon her unresponsive, but innocent, face, was what Dick was thinking. As it was—ah, well!—as it was, an audible groan of anguish was wrung from the husband's writhing lips, and Dick, putting his hand on his brother-in-law's shoulder, said, in a voice of tenderest pity:

"Poor Horace! Man, my heart aches with yours!"

Mr. Wimple waved him to a seat, and, finding voice at last, asked, abruptly:

"Have you any news for me?"

"None that will give you much comfort. She was found and is lost again."

"Found by whom?"

"Her friend Miss Nelson, who believes in her innocence and declares she has been driven to this insane course by you, by me, and by Frederic Steinray."

Horace Wimple bounded to his feet, with an oath.

"Frederic Steinray? What has he to do with it? What did he know about her? In God's name, boy, make your meaning clearer?"

He sank back in physical exhaustion.

"I will," said Dick. "I mean that the scarred and skulking villain known as Frederic Steinray, once loved your wife and tried to force her to consent to a secret marriage with him because the farmer's daughter (he was a Summer boarder at our house) was not quite high enough in the social scale to be admitted to his ancestral halls so long as his lady-mother presided there. He tried to embrace her. He carries her answer on his face. I was away from home, or he would have carried back to the city more than that one scar. He has hated her with a black and bitter hatred ever since. Miss Nelson, the only one in whom the poor child dared to confide, tells me that he has planned your destruction in order to stab your wife through her love for you. Fanny told her friend that Steinray had gotten hold of some papers of yours which would ruin you. He told her of his devilish plans to prolong her torture, I suppose. How he got possession of those papers I do not know. I do know that he told her if she breathed of this matter to you, or of their former acquaintance, no power on earth would save you from the clutches of the law. The poor little thing thought money was all that was needed. She thought you had defaulted, and if she could replace the money you would be all right. What with her fear of Steinray and her determination not to belittle you to me, she's gotten things into a pretty muss for herself and us, too. We might have trusted her, Wimple. Both you

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.—BY GIACOMELLI.

and I—dogs not worthy to lick the dust from her feet—both tried to crush the truth out of her, and flight was her only alternative."

While he had been talking Horace Wimple's face had undergone a series of violent changes. One of relief (oh, such blessed relief, to know that Fanny, his well-beloved Fanny, was not in league with that fiend to ruin him), was the first sensation that came with Dick's strange explanation. How insane the thought had been! But then women—sometimes women who were loved and trusted just as his wife had been loved and trusted—had given their hearts to monsters of even worse shape than Frederic Steinray. But when he came to think of her flight, of her secrecy, of her wild indiscretion, resentment surged back upon him, and he was once more the unforgiving, relentless judge, the injured husband, "the selfish man."

"Your story is a strange one, a very strange one; even improbable in some respects. At best, it does not exonerate your sister from the charge of weakness that is almost criminal. If she will return to her home I will——"

"Hold up there, Wimple! Don't prepare to be magnanimous. It will be more than I can stand just at present. I do not know where my sister is. Her friend, Miss Nelson, found her, only to see her slip through her fingers. I was foolish enough to hope she might have communicated with you. But I see she has not."

"No!" His face was distorted with pain. "She has put herself almost beyond the reach of my pardon. Her secretiveness concerning any previous acquaintance with Steinray, her allowing me to introduce them as entire strangers, her holding interviews with him concerning my private affairs, all, all stamp her as——"

"Stop!" Dick fairly roared the word into his face. "Women, frightened women—women who have been terrified through their affections, don't calculate and reason and sift things with the confounded coolness of some men. Fanny was always as timid as a hare. I'm not begging for her. She don't need that I should. I hoped you could give me some comfort."

"You come to a poor source for comfort," Wimple answered, bitterly. "I had just come from an interview with this man Steinray myself. That he has gotten the upper hand of me temporarily there's no denying. The letters which he holds were written with the view of casting upon me suspicion for frauds and crimes, which it is scarcely necessary to say I did not commit. The man who wrote them was the real criminal, and he wrote them to shield himself. I came into possession of those letters through the manœuvring of a friend. They have mysteriously enough fallen into an enemy's hands. I was on the eve of departure for Europe to confront the man who wrote them, and to force him to a written avowal of the falsity of the charges they contain. I was to sail to-night, but——" He stopped, wiped the great drops of moisture from his forehead, and with his head dropped on his breast, sat silent.

"Well!" said Dick, by way of giving him a fresh impetus.

"The devil seems inclined to see Steinray safely through with his plans," said Horace. "He informed me this morning that, should I attempt to sail to-night, he would have an arrest served upon me. These papers, brought into court, would be enough to land me in State's Prison, and no power on earth could save me. Circumstantial evidence carries tremendous force."

"Then we must fight the devil with his own weapons," said Dick, his great strong face beaming with pity for the suffering man before him.

"And these weapons?"

"Trickery! Deceit! Manœuvring!"

"I don't understand you."

"You say you are on the track of the real rogue that is at the bottom of this mess?"

"Yes."

"You say that those papers in Steinray's possession are enough to land you in State's Prison."

"Yes. I could not prove the charges false."

"If you get off to-night, then, the trouble will be warded off?"

"Yes."

"Then, by George," said Dick, decidedly, "you've got to get off."

"I can't." Wimple got up, walked over to the front window, looked out, and beckoned Dick cautiously near.

"The house is already under surveillance. He said it should be. I seem to have lost my grip. I can't plan anything, not even a way out of this trap. If Steinray finds revenge sweet, its abundance ought to cloy on him."

"That fellow over there can't know you personally," said Dick, turning from the window and scanning his brother-in-law closely.

"No. I presume he has been given a general description of my appearance and wearing apparel and such details. That's the way 'suspects' are identified."

"Long beard, mustache, dark clothes," says Dick, calmly, taking an inventory of Horace's appearance. "What time does your ship sail."

"Seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"You could board her from the Jersey shore just as well as here, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, suppose you just step up-stairs now. I'm going out for a barber. Will be back in twenty minutes. Hold on! Watch, when I go out, and see if that fellow over yonder pays me any particular attention."

Before Mr. Wimple had fairly grasped the meaning of this manœuvre, Dick's ringing footfall was heard on the stone steps outside, and then on the broad flag. The man on the opposite side of the street quickly drew a pocket diary from his pocket, scanned Dick curiously as he walked off in long, swinging strides, with his arms swaying in unison, seemed satisfied that he was of no importance in the eyes of the law, and carelessly turned his back upon him.

"Well?"

It was Dick who used this monosyllable as an interrogative, some twenty minutes later, as he once more stood before Mr. Wimple.

"He examined you pretty closely," Mr. Wimple answered.

"Close enough to know me again?" Dick asked, eagerly.

"I should say yes."

"We're all right, then, provided, after you've shaved your face clean, you put on these big plaids of mine in place of your navy-blues, my slouch hat for your tall one, and take one or two turns round the library to give your legs and arms the real country swing. You will look like me instead of yourself."

"This is a bitter humiliation, Richard," Wimple said, surveying his metamorphosed self in the glass, later on, when he had been shaven clean and had arrayed himself in Dick's rather pronounced cassimere suit, and donned his soft-brimmed felt.

"Pretty tough!" said Dick; "but State's Prison would be tougher. And, I suppose, if they once fastened this fraud on you, nobody would take the trouble to unearth the real criminal?"

"Nobody can unearth him but myself," said Horace.

"Then there is nothing for it but for you to sail for Europe to-night?"

Night had fairly set in when Horace Wimple left his own door and started down the street with as good an imitation of Dick's walk and his swaying arms as he could contrive in such short practice. The man on watch glanced casually at him. It was evidently the same smooth-faced, big-plaided fellow who had been coming and going all day. He did not answer, in any one particular, to the written description of Horace Wimple which he was carrying about in his pocket. He passed unchallenged, and before eight o'clock the next day Horace Wimple was outward bound for Europe.

The two men had talked long and confidentially together the evening before. When the moment of parting had come, Horace Wimple had said, in a voice that trembled and broke:

"Find her for me, Dick. Find my darling, and take her home with you until I come for her. Tell her she has wellnigh broken my heart. Tell her I cannot acquit her of weakness and rashness, but if she will come back to me and say, with her dear eyes looking honestly into mine, 'Horace, I'm worthy to rest on your bosom!' I'll ask nothing more of her, or of Heaven! Find her, Dick, and shelter her until I come for her. Tell her, for both our sakes, I had to go, to make this seeming crime of mine clear before all men."

And Dick had promised to do all that he had asked of him.

CHAPTER XVI.

FANNY'S REFUGE.

It was not by sense of sight that Fanny Wimple had known that the man who sprang to the driver's side so nimbly and gave his orders so inaudibly, was Frederic Steinray. There was small likeness between this man with his coarse coachman's coat on, and the lithe, graceful form of the man from whom she had so much to dread. She knew it was he, simply because it could be no one else. Not in this way would Horace, her beloved, have reclaimed his wandering wife. It seemed to her hours from the moment when she had unsuspectingly walked into the trap prepared for her to the one when the carriage suddenly came to a halt in front of a gloomy looking building in a street which, even by gaslight, she felt quite sure she had never seen. The man in the heavy overcoat got down from the box and approached the door. As he laid his hand on its handle, with fierce energy she wrenched open the opposite one, and the second of surprise, which kept the man on the other side of the vehicle motionless at her fleet flight, was sufficient to give her the shelter of the nearest corner.

With the speed of a hunted deer, she sped on and on, making as many windings and turning as many curves as her unreasoning instincts led her to take. It was only after half an hour of this aimless wandering that she became keenly alive to a sense of physical pain. Then she remembered that, in springing from the hack, her foot had turned under her, and the agony of a sprained ankle was now added to all else that she had to bear there, in the darkness and loneliness and desertion that seemed to blot out for her all faith in God and man, by whom she seemed forsaken.

"What have I done? What have I done, that I should suffer all this?" she moaned, leaning against a lamp-post to gain a moment of time for reflection.

A policeman stopped and glanced curiously at her. She was plainly enough dressed to pass unquestioned as a working-woman going home at rather a late hour. But his experienced eye told him this was no working-woman. He came a little nearer, scanned her more closely, then said, gruffly, but not unkindly:

"What ails you, anyways?"

"I have sprained my ankle and can scarcely walk. I want to go to a hospital. Can you take me to one?"

Poor Fanny! A city hospital just then suggested itself to her as a place of safe refuge—a haven of rest!

"I can pay for accommodation," she said, nervously, noting the man's hesitation and misinterpreting it.

"I warn't thinking of that. I've got nothing to do with that. I was studyin' out where was best to take you. There's a Catholic concern nearer to here than any city hospital. The Sisters of Mercy, I believe they calls themselves."

"Take me to the Sisters of Mercy, quick, quick!" She staggered toward him. The light of the lamp just above her showed the officer a face deathly in its pallor. Her hands went out wildly, her eyes closed. The pain had overcome her, and it was a fainting woman whom the officer, hailing a passing cab, gently laid upon the cushions with a pitying comment. Mounting the box, he ordered the driver to proceed quickly to the Sisters of Mercy, where he stated her case before taking her out of the cab.

Of course they took her in, unquestioningly, only knowing that suffering humanity had made one more demand on their exhaustless tenderness, only anxious to soothe the pain and smooth the way for the poor helpless thing whom the burly policeman brought in and laid before them, looking more like a broken and crushed lily than a determined and self-sacrificing wife.

And, of course, they kept her and cared for her. For it was not the mere physical pain of a sprained ankle to which Mrs. Wimple had finally succumbed, it was the culmination of all the terror and anxiety and grief and perplexity of the past month that swept over her with crushing force in the moment of her extremity, and nature refused to carry the load any longer.

From a slow fever, superinduced by exposure to the night-air and the pain of her ankle, she fell into a typhoid condition. Her weakened system was ripe for it, and during the next three weeks, while Dick was, through all the papers, at first cautiously, then more recklessly, imploring "F. W. to communicate with her remorseful brother"; while Nellie Nelson was spending her time in cruel self-reproaches for having lost sight of her for a second, finding her only consolation in Dick's visits; while Mollie mourned openly, refusing to be comforted, vowing, noisily, that "between them all, they'd driven the poor darling to suicide"; while Mrs. Prior walked and worked about the home she had been so largely instrumental in rendering desolate with a spirit ill-at-ease, despite her constantly assuring herself that she had done nothing but her duty; while Frederic Steinray, chagrined beyond measure at Horace Wimple's successfully eluding his grasp, turned with fresh accession of disgust from a world from which he extracted nothing but bitterness and disappointment; while Horace Wimple, within whose bosom hope was springing afresh, "dogged" his traducer from spot to spot over the Continent of Europe with the patience and determination of a sleuth-hound—Fanny lay helpless, hovering between life and death, in the retreat of the Sisters

of Mercy, too ill to think, to care or to suffer; dimly conscious only of a sense of repose and security, which was inexpressibly sweet and healing to her shattered nerves; missing all the urgence of Dick's advertisements; all the pathos of Nellie's self-reproach; all the noisy vehemence of Mollie's grief; shut in from envy, hatred and malice, hovered over by the spirits of love and mercy and truth.

When the day came that she was permitted to use a pen, she wrote and dispatched the following note to her friend Miss Nelson, but she carefully avoided giving any clew to her address:

"MY DARLING NELLIE—You deserve better at my hands than to be kept any longer in ignorance of my whereabout. I am in good hands. I am sheltered by the saints who sometimes choose to remain in this world instead of going to one where they would feel more at home. You know why I have gone into hiding. To you I must intrust the delicate mission of discovering when my husband is safe out of the hands of his would-be destroyer. When you know that he has secured those fatal papers, insert an advertisement to read, this way: 'Safe. Return. N.' I will watch for it—oh, so anxiously! If I do not let you know where I am in the meantime, it is because I am determined you shall not become involved in the shadow that envelops me."

But Horace Wimple still lingered abroad, and the fatal papers still reposed in Frederic Steinray's keeping, and his power for evil had received no checks; so, wistfully as she scanned the papers day after day, no advertisement appeared, and her wan face grew no less wan, her sad eyes grew no more joyous, for hope deferred was making her heart very sick, and she began seriously to question within herself whether she had not simply blundered where she had aimed to remedy.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

IT had come to be considered an understood thing between Nellie Nelson and Dick Raymond that, should there be any developments in the "case," as they had come to talk of the trouble in the Wimple family, whosoever should first learn of it was to communicate it to the other.

They had come to be stanch friends, these two, so differently reared, so differently situated, and yet with so much that was common to them both in the way of the first characteristics of poor human nature.

"I could love her," Dick said, with passionate regret, calling up her memory, after he went back to the sordid drudgery of the farm, "and cherish her and make her happy, if she'd been reared anywhere else than in that social hot-bed that would make her loathe the very sight of these poor bare walls."

And, for the first time in all his honest, straightforward, simple life, Dick Raymond was consciously dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings, and his dissatisfaction culminated in a fierce denunciation of himself as a clumsy, presumptuous boor.

"I love him, this grand, honest, true-hearted Dick," Nellie Nelson said, softly, to herself, watching him, as he strode away from her on their last interview, "but he sees nothing in me but a frivolous, empty-headed, callous-hearted woman of society, not fit to help him carry the burden of his life, not worthy to be the mother of his children."

So while Dick, out on the farm yonder, superintending his stock-minders, cradling his wheat, pruning his orchards, imbibing in every fibre of his strong, healthy being nature's sweetest subtleties, went about with a well-defined longing in his great, tender heart, putting down with a strong will all the fancy pictures hope would persist in weaving about the future, Nellie, in her luxurious chamber, in her overcrowded parlors, or at the more crowded social receptions, where she was always a central figure, was conscious of an ever-present longing for a fuller life; a life with more healthy realities in it, with broader horizon, freer scope; a life with a strong flavor of love and honesty and simplicity; a life—shared with Dick.

It was the old, old story.

Coming in one morning for his early noonday dinner, Dick found on his desk a letter. He had never received a letter from Nellie, but that big, square envelope, of thick satiny texture, with its subtle odor, could be from no hand but hers. He took it up reverently. How big and brown and clumsy his hand looked underneath it! He was not conscious of any special desire to know its contents. Since Fanny had assured them, through that one note to Nellie, that she was in good hands, his anxiety on that score had been materially lessened. He would rather things should remain as they were until Wimple's return from Europe. Perhaps this was to inform him he had returned. Strange the fellow had not written himself! Carefully cutting the envelope open, so as to avoid mutilating so precious a possession as far as possible, Dick finally got to the interior of the missive, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. RAYMOND—Mollie came to me this morning in great grief and excitement. Mr. Wimple got home late last night; was brought to the house by a traveling companion. She reports him as being very ill and entirely out of his mind. Whether this is simply the delirium of fever or something worse, I have no means of knowing, only I thought you ought to know at once, and I think, perhaps, you ought to come at once."

It was quite enough to carry Dick back to the city as soon as he could possibly make arrangements for the carrying on of his farm affairs for an indefinite period.

To Nellie first, where he gleaned very little in addition to what she had written, but where they had both had the ineffable joy of once more looking into each other's eyes, hearing each other's voices and clasping lingering hands; then to the home, where he found his brother-in-law, lying dangerously ill, muttering, ceaselessly and unintelligibly, about his troubles. One sentence was iterated and reiterated. He said it to every one in the same slow, bewildered fashion. He did not recognize Dick when he stood by his bedside, but to him he repeated it over and over again:

"Tell Dick to get those papers. Steinray has them. Cox is dead! Tell Dick to get those papers!"

Over and over. No one had a clew until Dick came, and, furtively as Mrs. Prior watched his face when he first heard them, she could glean no hint of their hidden meaning.

"You will sit up with the poor dear to-night, Mr. Raymond, of course?" says Mrs. Prior, with but a poor imitation of her former dictatorial voice and manner.

"Perhaps not to-night," said Dick, who had already resolved to interview Frederic Steinray before he slept; "but after to-night I shall be at his disposal;" and very soon thereafter he took his departure, affording Mrs. Prior another opportunity to inveigh against the coarseness and hardness of the family into which her poor dear Horace had married, so very much against her expressed wishes.

It was into Mr. Frederic Steinray's private apartments that Dick penetrated that evening, having first assured himself of finding that gentleman at home and alone. He was seated before a table, upon which was strewn any

THE HOME CONCERT.

number of legal-looking documents, in the midst of which a wine-bottle and a single goblet nestled sociably. It was not Dick's intention to waste any ceremony on this man. He had panted for the opportunity of meeting him face to face, but in that long last talk he and Horace had held together, on the eve of his departure for Europe, Mr. Wimple had strictly forbidden his interference during his absence. Now that Horace had come home disabled for fight, Dick was only too willing to take up the cudgels himself.

In the long weeks of retrospection and reflection that had been afforded by this enforced passivity, his strong, clear brain had fastened upon one point which, in his manifold distresses and excitements, had escaped Horace Wimple's own observation. Dick had questioned him very minutely about the one visit paid by Frederic Steinray to his sister's home. It was only after his brother-in-law's departure for Europe that it had flashed upon him with the force of conviction that Steinray had stolen those papers when Horace had left him alone in the library.

"If I had to deal with a gentleman," said Dick to himself, as the elevator slowly bore him upward to Mr. Steinray's apartments, "I might have some qualms about my proposed method of dealing with him, but as it is——" As it was, he followed his own knock almost instantaneously into the broker's presence. "My name is Raymond, Mr. Steinray," he said, quite abruptly, looking at the woman-hater across the paper-strewn table, with eyes that knew no fear.

The broker's face flushed slightly at the suddenness of this arrival, but he rose with a good semblance of civility, and placed a chair for his self-constituted guest.

"Be seated, Mr. Raymond. I presume I have the honor of addressing Mr. Horace Wimple's brother-in-law."

He bowed with mock deference, but a malevolent smile curled his thin lips as the thought came to him of his power to crush both these men with one blow.

"Exactly," said Dick, declining the proffered chair, but leaning slightly against it, as he regarded the broker coolly.

"And your business with me, sir?" Steinray asked, perceiving the utter inutility of applying the ordinary rules of civility to this extraordinary interview.

"Is to procure, by fair means, if possible, a sight of some papers said to be in your possession which concern my brother-in-law, Mr. Wimple."

"Mr. Wimple has returned to the city, I believe," said Steinray, fingering with nervous hands the papers before him.

"Yes, sir," Dick answers, laconically.

"He is not well, I understand."

"He is dangerously ill,"

"That's a pity," said Steinray, with a sneer in his voice. "It will retard matters again."

"What matters?" Dick asked.

"A little settlement between us," Steinray says, looking down at the table and not at the calm-eyed young stalwart who was regarding him with folded arms.

"There is no use of any fencing, Mr. Steinray," says Dick, with sudden directness. "I am here to-night as Mr. Wimple's representative. I am just from him. I insist upon a sight of those papers thought to be so damaging to my brother-in-law."

"Thought to be," Steinray echoed, with a sneer. "He evidently found them sufficiently discomposing to make him sneak out of the country to avoid facing the consequences of them."

"He was not in position then," said Dick, daringly emphasizing the *then* to prove how utterly clear he was of the charges they laid at his door. "You will let me see those papers, if you please."

He amused himself doubling and undoubling a small rattan cane he had provided himself with before seeking this interview. The motion was not lost on the man on the opposite side of the table.

"With perfect willingness, Mr. Raymond." His smile conveyed less malevolence simply because it was so utterly feeble an attempt at a smile. "I had gotten them out for Mr. Wimple's consideration to-morrow. As it is all in the family, I suppose he will not object."

"I am here to represent him, I believe I told you," said Dick, extending his hand for the papers.

He put his cane under his arm and placidly read aloud:

"MR. HORACE WIMPLE—The three thousand dollars which you demand for the little service required at your hands is somewhat exorbitant, but as I know of no man who has the ability to doctor my accounts as successfully as yourself, I submit to the extortion. Call for the check to-night. "LEONARD COX."

"Charming bit of reading," said Dick, folding one paper and opening another. "Let us see what number two has to say:

"You have bungled, or you have sinned, which is the worst sort of bungling. I leave to-night. Look out for yourself. You are six thousand dollars short."

Folding the papers up, Dick laid them down on the table before Frederic Steinray.

"What do they mean?" he asked, abruptly.

"They mean," said Steinray, breathing more freely at this sign of weakening on Dick's part, "that the infallible Mr. Horace Wimple was as deep in the mire as Leonard Cox, the defaulting cashier of the ——— Bank, was in the mire. They were accomplices in the crime that Cox has gotten all the credit for."

"Cox is dead, you know?" said Dick, indifferently.

"No!"

A flash of absolute joy passed over Frederic Steinray's scarred face.

"Yes," Dick went on, in a matter-of-fact way, "it was to find him that Wimple crossed the ocean. He put me in full possession of the facts before he left. When Cox found himself on the eve of discovery he made one frantic effort to implicate an innocent man in his guilt. Those letters were written ostensibly to Horace Wimple. They were purposely allowed to fall into the hands of a man whom Cox thought was an enemy of my brother-in-law. He was not friendly with him, but he chanced *not* to be a rogue, and he sent the letters to Wimple. Wimple was holding on to them to bring Cox to confession with them. They were among his private papers up at his residence. I have one question to ask: How did those papers come into your possession, sir?"

The evident signs of uneasiness which showed themselves in Steinray's restless movements convinced Dick that his own worst suspicions were correct.

"I decline to answer that question," Steinray said, sullenly; "it is sufficient for my purposes that they are in my possession."

"But not for mine," says Dick, resolutely. He took the supple rattan from its place under his arm, and toying with it lightly, said, calmly and slowly, "You stole those papers, Mr. Steinray! You stole them from among Horace Wimple's papers at his house. Now you can take your choice of handing them to me, giving them to me as my property, or you can take the consequences."

Steinray's face grew pallid! His lips trembled with rage, but they emitted no sound.

"It's a pretty rough proposition, I admit," said Dick, in a coolly argumentative voice, "but you've done enough mischief already, and by the Eternal I'll not leave this office until it's out of your power to do any more. In your heart, you know that Horace Wimple is not a rogue. Entangled, embarrassed, cramped, yes, foolish, if you will, but never dishonest. By a trick worthy of a street-sweeper, you got hold of some papers that could damage him. There's but one way to prevent the catastrophe you have planned with such devilish intentions. I am prepared to take that one way."

Steinray sat white and immovable. The papers lay within Dick's reach. It would have been easy enough for him to stretch out his hand, pick them up and walk out with them. He did not propose to secure them in that fashion. Steinray should give them to him. There was a long and sullen silence to be broken.

"Well!" he said, significantly.

"Curse it all! There are the papers," said Steinray, glaring at him. "I'm not physically able to cope with a stall-fed ox."

"Don't get personal, Mr. Steinray," said Dick. "I'm waiting for you to put those papers in my hands voluntarily."

Conscious that refusal to do so would only prolong a scene already painfully disgraceful, Steinray reached over, took the papers and extended them to Dick without a word.

"Thanks! Now I must trouble you to sign a paper for me." Coolly leaning over, he possessed himself of the letter-pad immediately under Steinray's hand, and, dipping a pen in ink, wrote a few lines, which he read aloud, and then extended for the broker's signature. This is what he wrote:

"This is to avow my belief that the letters written by Leonard Cox to Horace Wimple were simply the device of a detected criminal to cast suspicion on an innocent man, and have no other significance."

To this, with trembling hand, Frederic Steinray affixed his signature. Dick look at it, pressed the blotting-pad carefully upon it, folded it neatly and placed it among the papers in his pocketbook.

"As for these," he said, straightening himself up and looking with flashing disdain at the letters he had recovered, "it gives me a contempt for human nature to think what an element of woe such flimsy cowardice could prove. Cox wrote them in a desperate attempt to shield himself; Wimple kept them with a quixotic determination to make him retract in public; you stole them with the diabolical desire to crush an innocent heart and desolate a happy home. It goes hard with me to leave you unpunished. But as it is, I suppose I must content myself with having drawn your fangs."

Saying which, Dick tore the letters which had cost them all so dearly into a thousand small bits, dropping them into the waste-basket at his feet. He did not care to hurry. If Steinray had any plan of resentment to express, or any satisfaction to demand, he would give him ample opportunity. But Steinray had nothing to say. He was conscious of being totally vanquished, and while he accepted defeat in sullen quietness, Dick walked deliberately out of his presence, swaying the rattan which had been such an important factor in the victory just achieved in a loose and graceful curve.

(To be continued.)

A ROYAL FUND.

At the time of the Comte de Chambord's death there existed in London a fund, amounting to 5,000,000 francs, subscribed by the Legitimists of France to promote the restoration of the ancient monarchy. The idea of creating this fund did not originate with Henri Cinq himself, but with some of the leading champions of the cause, who insisted on the necessity of providing the sinews of war, and having them ready for use when the decisive hour arrived. The Comte de Chambord accepted the offer on condition that he alone should have the entire disposal of the fund. It was, however, wisely agreed that the money should not be applied to support the Monarchical newspapers, for a subsidized press, and not in France only, is a rotten institution. The money, for safety's sake—for Radicals in power are chartered libertines in regard to the funds of those who are not Radicals—was transferred from a Paris bank to London.

As another instance of the Comtesse de Chambord's aversion to, and distrust of the Orleans princes, I may mention the strange circumstance that, on the death of Henri Cinq, she refused to allow this fund to pass into the hands of the legitimate representative of the Monarchy, the Comte de Paris; and ordered, in spite of the urgent representations of the leading Legitimists of France, the money to be returned to the subscribers. But very little of the fund has been employed by the Comte de Chambord, for 4,500,000 francs remained untouched. About 500,000 francs, it is now no indiscretion to state, were expended in the preparations which Henri Cinq made when, at the suggestion of the General Assembly at Bordeaux, he came to Paris for the purpose of being proclaimed king. The plan was frustrated by the hesitation of the Orleans princes to accompany the Comte de Chambord and his armed followers to the Hotel de Ville, where they would have been supported by the army under the command of Marshal MacMahon, a devoted partisan of the Orleans Princes.

ALUMINIUM.

An article in a late number of *Engineering* discusses the efforts making to produce aluminium cheaply, and points out the amazing effect it would have upon engineering not only, but in all directions, since it is tough and yet only one-third as heavy as iron. The qualities of strength and lightness are not all that this metal has to recommend it, however. It has a low melting point, about 1,000 degrees, and not only can be cast with facility, but it works well under the hammer. It will not oxidize even at a red heat, and will resist all acids except hydrochloric. It will alloy with most metals, and in so doing lends them a large share of characteristics. It is a capital conductor of electricity, and, indeed, seems to combine in itself all the good qualities of all other metals. As a conductor of electricity it would replace galvanized wire at once, and in all culinary and domestic purposes it would be cheaper and better than either tin or copper. It is impossible to run through the entire list of purposes to which aluminium is applicable, but two which suggest themselves most naturally are torpedo boats and dirigible balloons. In the former every ounce of weight is considered, and cost is of no moment compared with speed. What change would be wrought in the design and construction of those vessels if the weight of the engines, boilers, hull or fittings could be reduced by two-thirds! As to balloons, no one would dare to speak

confidently, but if the problem of aerial flight is ever to be solved, it is probable that the introduction of aluminium will be the chief agent in the matter.

POETRY.

"POETRY is acknowledged to be an art, ranking, like music, with the fine arts—painting, sculpture and architecture. It is acknowledged, also, that the peculiar characteristic of all these arts is that they have what is termed *form* (from the Latin *forma*, an external appearance). This form, moreover, is æsthetic (from the Greek, perceived by the senses); and it is presented in such a way as to address the senses through the agency of an artist, who, in order to attain his end, represents the sounds or sights of Nature. All these arts, therefore, in a broad sense of the term, are representative. What they represent is partly the phenomena of Nature, and partly the thoughts of man; partly that which is imitated from things perceived in the world without, and partly that which is conceived in the mind of him who, in order to express his conception, produces the imitation. Both of these factors are present in all artistic forms, and cause them to be what they are. That painting and sculpture represent, is recognized by all: that music and architecture do the same, needs to be proved to most men. As for poetry, all perceive that it contains certain representative elements; but few are aware to what an extent these determine everything in it that is distinctive and excellent."

DESPAIR.

IT is supposed that Hymen is represented with a torch to indicate that marriage throws light on those little imperfections which are not seen during the days of courtship.

WITHIN ONE HOUR.—"HIRAM, TAKING HIS STAND BESIDE THE CHAIR, SAID, 'DOLLY CAN KEEP HER SEAT, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME; SHE IS SO TIRED.' 'THERE IS NO OBJECTION,' REPLIED MR. CARTER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE CHESTNUTS.

They two were kneeling by the Christmas fire,
A cheery, well-built pile, whose ruddy glow
Touched lightly on the girl's sweet, laughing face,
As carefully, and with a dainty grace,
She ranged the shining chestnuts in a row.

He wished to help her, wished to do *his* part,
Which was but fair, as every one will own!
But she, not willing, shook her pretty head,
And with a saucy smile, half-mocking, said:
"That she could manage very well alone!"

Grieved at her words, he drew back, hurt and proud,
While she—unkind as women sometimes are—
Turned o'er the chestnuts slowly, one by one,
Hummed a gay waltz—then, finding they were done,
Stooped down to draw them from the topmost bar.

She touched the first, but dropped it with a cry,
Looked at her hand with pained and puckered brow,
Called him to see where it had burnt her so;
Then, slyly glancing up, she whispered low:
"I'm sorry I was cross! I want you—*now!*"

Of course he came, and side by side they knelt,
Only this time he held her hand, while she
Leant trustful on his breast, and, strange to say,
The chestnuts scorched and blackened where they lay,
For both were far too occupied to see.

WITHIN ONE HOUR.

By Lisle Lester.

In the very early days of California a company of young people emigrated from Ohio to the "Golden State," *via* the Isthmus. They were young men of various trades and professions, two young married couples, and a young minister fresh from his theological *Alma Mater*. They made a compact among themselves to settle in the same locality, if possible, in the new El Dorado—an agreement they found it impossible to ratify.

* * * * * *

Six years later.

Violent rains and hurricane winds had swept the streets of the pretty mountain town of Mokelumne Hill for several days; all the creeks were pouring headlong down the rocky cañons, as if bent on a frolic and a good time generally; the sluice-boxes were overflowing with golden sands; miners had worked knee-deep in yellow running water until the storm finally drove them into town, where they had no trouble in "getting out of dust" in a very short time.

The quaint hotel was crowded with the extra rush. The Stockton stage had been late several nights, and on the night when the storm raged its worst did not reach the Hill at all.

Early the next morning it arrived at the hotel-steps in a deplorable condition, the mustangs looked worse than the thorough-brace itself; their tails had been blown the wrong way, until every hair was caught in the buckles and rings of the harness; their manes were snarled and knotted with rain and sleet, and stood up straight in the wind, while the poor beasts trembled from head to feet with cold and exposure.

"About sundown," as time was calculated in the mining days, Rev. Duncan Carter, the minister of the place, and the principal of the school as well, entered the hotel saloon, to the surprise of a long line of long-haired miners, drinking and idling at the bar. Every man wheeled quickly around, leaving his glass on the counter, while a few took off their hats; the man behind the bar, with a profusion of white toweling around his rotundity, and a ten-dollar nugget on his shirt-bosom, left his place and hurried around to the minister, who stood shaking the sleet from his hat, saying briskly:

"Good-evening, Mr. Carter! Anything in my line, sir? Bad night out."

"Yes, very bad. I am looking for Hiram Dudley, from Deadeye Gulch. Have you seen him to-day?"

Mr. Carter did not appear ill at ease in the saloon among the rougher men, who delayed their drinking and checked up their tongues as he quietly made his inquiry.

"Oh! Hy Dudley? Yes, he was in here not five minutes ago. Take a seat, sir, in the back room—no one playing now—and I'll send out for Dudley."

The bartender motioned the way to the empty gaming-room in the rear with as much flourish as if he were inviting a nobleman into a palace.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Carter. "I will sit down and wait, for I *must* see Dudley before the stage goes out."

With that he passed through the open doorway of a cloth partition and seated himself at a card-table, throwing off his heavy coat and shaking the water from his umbrella.

At the same moment a Chinese waiter entered and set a glass of hot lemonade and half a dozen cigars on the table before him, saying, with the proverbial "countenance child-like and bland":

"You likee, you takee, allee same, no pay; blenty good!"

"Thank you," said the minister, lighting one of the cigars at once.

A few seconds only had passed, when the noise of the wind rushing in through a suddenly opened door, and a commotion attendant upon a fresh arrival, were emphasized by a cheerful, manly, brusque voice asking, noisily:

"Who wants *me*, boys?"

"Gentleman in back room. Hy — Mr. Carter," said the barkeeper, with a dash of deference in his voice, as he pulled a cork from a champagne-bottle at the same time.

"Why, hello, Duncan! *You* here this infernal bad night? How are you, old fellow, anyway?"

The two men shook hands with pointed cordiality, Dudley standing up erect like a mountain cedar beside the more slender physique of Mr. Carter.

"Yes, Hiram, I wanted to see you very much; heard you were in town, and have been the rounds to find you. Sit down and take a cigar."

"Haven't set eyes on you in a month or two, Duncan. How do things pan out? Preaching pay?"

With this very terse question Dudley took a chair, and then stretched himself out from it to remarkable length.

"Not alone, Hiram. My school is the better lead, financially; but altogether I've no cause for complaint. I have just returned from the Bay, and stopped over a couple of days in Stockton."

Both men were sending wreaths and columns of smoke into the corners and ceilings of the miniature room with an industry apparently enjoyable to themselves at least.

As Mr. Carter mentioned Stockton, Dudley's puff of smoke suddenly mounted higher than all his previous efforts; he started suddenly, then pulled himself together again, quickly asking:

"See any of our old friends down there?'

"Yes. By-the-way, we are pretty well scattered since

we left Ohio, Hiram, considering we calculated to keep together."

And Mr. Carter poised his cigar in his fingers with a thoughtful expression on his fine face that was cousin, at least, to sadness.

"What a blamed set of fools we were, Duncan! You and I have managed to keep within gunshot of each other. Did you say you saw some of the Ohio folks?"

"Yes; I saw Thomas Banks."

"Why didn't you shoot the lazy cuss? I'm ashamed to know he came from Ohio. Excuse me, Duncan; I forgot you are a parson."

"I know what you mean, Hiram. I wish you would answer a question without taking offense at my asking."

"Offense, old friend—offense?" and Hiram Dudley laid his great hand on the minister's arm. "When did you ever know me to get up and blow about anything you have to say?"

"Never, Hiram, never! But it's a delicate question, and perhaps you'll think it's none of my business."

"Well, for old acquaintance sake, I'll give you leave to fire into me anyway you please. Will you have a glass of wine, Duncan?"

"No; I'm well fixed now," said Mr. Carter, striking the ashes from his cigar, and draining off the lemonade.

"Well, Hiram, I'd like to know if you ever cared particularly for that little wife of Thomas Banks's before he married her? There, it is all out."

Dudley threw a dense puff of smoke directly toward the minister's face. As it cleared away, he slapped his big fist heavily upon the table, saying:

"Duncan, blame it, you've struck my best rein! It's no use lying to you, and, to be square, I may as well own up that a thought of Dolly Sanborn always gets the best of me, inside and out. I've been tempted, more than that dough-headed Adam in your Bible was ever tempted, to shoot Tom Banks forty times. I wish to Heaven I'd blazed into him when he was up here begging last year!"

"I should have no regrets in hearing he was dead; his own misdeeds curse him enough already. I met him on the street in Stockton, drunk and ragged, and I followed him into a low den to inquire about his wife."

"Did you? You're a trump, Duncan. Blast me, but I like your sort of religion. What did the scoundrel say?"

"He was too much in liquor to say anything, except swear at every one who looked at him, and call the crowd out for a fight. Another party directed me to a friend of Dolly's, and I called upon her after getting the address."

Hiram had stopped smoking, and sat with his head resting in his open palms, his elbows on the table, looking straight into the eyes of his friend, with a face full of manliness and tenderness, despite the shaggy yellow hair that fell over his ears.

"How did you find her, Duncan? Rip it out, good or bad!"

"I found her 'down below pay dirt,' as you say. It seems Tom has left her several times, months at a time, and she helps herself by sewing. When she gets a little ahead of starvation, he goes back home, eats and drinks her out of everything, and abuses her shamefully, until she flies to the neighbors for protection."

"Duncan, why didn't you kill the dirty pup?" roared Dudley, jumping to his feet in a fury of passion.

"Sit down, Hiram; this is not a case of temper or murder. Hear me out; I need you, and you may need your common sense."

"All right, Duncan," and he went down into his chair like a restive elephant, saying, "and you know where to find me, and I'm your man about this thing. Fire away, Duncan."

"She has buried two babies, and about six months ago, through the kindness of friends, she got a divorce from Banks."

"She did? Hooray! She's a brick! I knew she was——"

"Wait, Hiram."

Mr. Carter again took hold of Hiram's arm and made him sit down, just as he was about to send off three cheers for Mrs. Banks.

"Yes, she obtained her divorce, but she is in bad health; and the third baby will be here shortly, to die like the rest, and she, too, unless something is done for her. She is absolutely living on the charity of friends, Hiram."

Dudley's reply was to jump to his feet and kick a chair across the room; then, thrusting both hands to the depths of very unfathomable pockets, he dropped his bearded chin upon his breast in a whirl of emotion he could not express.

Mr. Carter approached him and asked him to sit down, laying at the same time a sort of caressive clasp upon his broad shoulders.

"Sit down!" thundered Hiram. "Do you suppose a white man can hear that about a woman he would sell his eyes for, and sit down? Hang it, Duncan, I must swear, if you are a parson; and don't expect me to simmer down quietly like a tallow candle, either!"

"Well, swear if you must, but try to keep cool long enough to understand what I want of you. Your heart's all right, my friend—none knows better than I. I gave Mrs. Banks——"

"Thunder and lightning! don't call her *that* again if you expect me to keep cool!"

"All right, Hiram; I don't like to. I gave her all the money I had about me, and borrowed more on my watch, and left that for her——"

"Bully for you, old fellow!" and Hiram appeared for the minute as if he was about to gather Mr. Carter up in his arms. "I say, Duncan, never mind what I said just now; that was snappish. Hang me! I won't swear again in your hearing. Here"—pulling a heavy bag of gold dust out of his pocket—"just help yourself to your pay, interest and all."

"No, Hiram, never mind that *now*. I told her she should hear from me as soon as I could find some way for her to help herself. The first thing is to get her out of Stockton, away from Banks."

"Cuss him!" muttered Dudley.

"I am puzzled what to do with her, Hiram."

Dudley was lost in thought for a few seconds, then a thought struck him with torpedo emphasis.

"Old boy Duncan—never mind—I mean—hang me if I can keep on my company manners!—but I'll tell you square and plump now, if Dolly could think half as much of me as she once did, I'd marry her to-night, if she'd have me, and the devil take the odds! There!"

With that emphatic avowal Hiram walked around the table, and sat down again as if he intended to test the strength of the chair.

"You would not have to go far to find a minister to perform *that* ceremony."

With a grave and earnest face, now quite the opposite of his previous manner, Dudley asked:

"What's to be done?"

"I propose you take the next stage for Stockton, and go after her; while you are away, I'll find some suitable

boarding-place for her, until she can take the girls' class in my school, or until she marries you, if that should transpire."

"By Jupiter, you won't wait long! But see here, Duncan"—and Hiram's voice fell to a semi-whisper—"is it just the right color for me to go? Won't the townsfolk get up a dust about it? And if I should see Tom Banks, I'd knock him into a cocked hat, so help me John Rogers! Of course I am not in for a row, to disgrace her or myself either."

"You are right in that," said Mr. Carter. "Perhaps it is not just the thing for you to go——"

Dudley interrupted him by seizing one of his hands, and jumping to his feet excitedly.

"I've struck it! You go! Your white necktie is the ticket that'll set everything square! I'll pay all the expenses and something to boot. You can tell Dolly my intentions, too, just in your taking way. Yes, that's the color of it! Go and pack your valise; I'll get your seat! Hooray! While you are gone, I'll brush up, and look more like a white man! Hooray, Duncan! it's panning out jest right!"

Mr. Carter laughed heartily at Hiram's impromptu burst of joy, and some of the idlers in the saloon looked in to see "what had set Hy Dudley up so."

After a little pause, Mr. Carter said:

"Well, Hiram, I'll go. It's a rough trip right back again in the storm, but I am not afraid of a little discomfort. I'll go."

"Bully for you!"

"Old friend, see here. I do not propose to do your lovemaking for you," remarked Mr. Carter.

RAPHAEL'S MADONNA OF THE TRIBUNE.

"Duncan, I was just going to caution you not to do any for yourself, and rob me of Dolly——"

"Hiram, stop there. I am going expressly for you and Dolly; my heart has had its own. Besides that, don't expect to see her as she was, before sorrow and sickness and abuse crushed out her young beauty. Women who are tired out, sick and poor, do not possess many of the attractions of their youth."

"Well, I say, Duncan, she looks as well as I do, don't she?"

"I don't know but she looks a little better," responded Mr. Carter, smiling.

"Then I'll be hanged if she hasn't the best of it! She is Dolly Sanborn, after all, and I'll marry her if there is enough left of her to hold her soul!"

"Amen!" and Mr. Carter grasped Hiram warmly by the hand. "Sit down and write her a letter. You have no time to waste, either. I'll return here and take the stage."

"All right, Duncan. Everything shall be fixed."

Suddenly whirling around, upsetting the card-table in his awkward eagerness, he called out to the barkeeper:

"Cap'n! cap'n!"

The "cap'n" made an immediate appearance, and Hiram, in a tone intended for confidential purposes, said:

"Cap'n, put up a bottle of something before the stage leaves—something nice—for Mr. Carter. He is going right back to Stockton. Something mild and genteel, you know, cap'n, suitable for a parson—you understand—and a box of cigars."

"Yes, I know. I'll do it up right." And before Mr. Carter could interfere, Hiram had gradually pushed the cap'n through the open door.

"Now write your letter, Dudley," said he, "while I go home and get ready."

"The Ohio boy is square every time," said Hiram, as he walked to the door with Mr. Carter and saw him out.

As the door closed behind the minister, Dudley, metamorphosed into a boy, threw up his hat, calling out to everybody in the room:

"Friends, walk up, it's my treat. Bring out your best, cap'n. Don't ask any questions, but I've struck pay dirt, and Duncan Carter's the man that spotted the claim for me! Three cheers and long life, boys, to the minister; he's the best man among us, and let's give him a bumper on Christmas!"

No one asked the cause of Dudley's enthusiasm, but the glasses clinked loudly, and the cloth-lined house shook with three hearty rounds for the minister.

Hiram Dudley was thoroughly respected by the whole town; his word was his bond, and Duncan Carter was a favorite with all classes, church people or otherwise. That he had done some unusually good thing was guaranteed by Dudley, and the rough, generous California miners, although standing at the bar of a saloon, gave an expression of appreciation that was honest and genuine.

* * * * * *

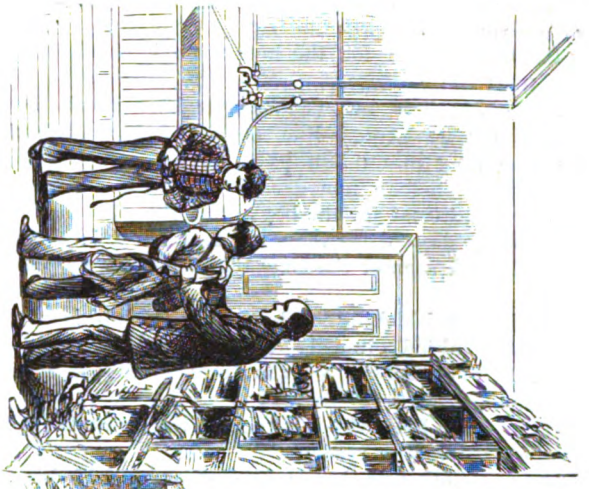
The storm continued its violence all the week.

The distant mountain peaks looked like so many Galateas against the leaden sky, in their snowy drapery.

Hiram Dudley had been an enigma to the entire population of Mokelumne Hill, and to his Chinese cook from Deadeye Gulch, who wondered "what for Melican man Dudley, allee same blenty gentleman."

Some one said "he had never been the same since the parson got after him in the saloon."

He had given the barber a job, and when he left the tonsorial chair very few would have recognized him.



RECEPTION OF INMATES.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.—SEE PAGE 727.

"He had got himself into store clothes and a boiled shirt," the sheriff said.

He had spoken for the best room in the hotel, and confound the expense.

His old chums believed "he oughter speak to the doctor, for he 'peared like he might have mountain fever hanging round him."

He didn't smoke nor drink as much as he used to, but he stood treat for the boys more liberally than ever.

After two days' delay the stage arrived. All the town, nearly, stood around the Exchange as it drew up at the steps.

A dissipated-looking customer, rolled up in a gray blanket, tumbled clumsily down from the driver's seat as that functionary threw the lines to the stableman, exclaiming:

"I'm glad he's off—he's about the meanest cub I ever took over the road!"

Hiram Dudley, in his store clothes, pushed his way to the door of the stage as Duncan Carter stepped out, assisting a mite of a lady to do the same, who was immediately gathered up in Dudley's strong arms and carried through the crowd into the hotel.

Every man gave way respectfully, and several endeavored to show their interest by assisting Mr. Carter with the baskets and blankets.

Supper was served immediately in the room Hiram had engaged, which had been put in "apple-pie order," as he said; and as he sat by the side of the tired-out, sad-eyed little woman, his face grew ten years younger with hope and happiness.

Only a few low words passed between them—it appeared to be a matter very easily settled.

As supper was announced "all ready," Hiram tenderly wrapped a shawl around her fragile shoulders, and wheeled her chair to the table with a grace few had ever discerned in him.

The travelers were just human enough to be hungry, and as Hiram appointed himself host, he dealt out the viands bountifully, while Mr. Carter gave him all the details of the trip.

As soon as the hearty, cheerful meal was finished, the minister said to Hiram:

"Dudley, as the marriage is mutually agreed upon, the ceremony had better be performed now. Shall I call in our landlord and wife as witnesses?"

Hiram bent over the *petite* form in the chair by his side and whispered a few words in her ear, then he nodded to Mr. Carter that it was agreeable.

The landlord and his good wife came in at once, having known for several days they would be invited to do so.

"Duncan," said Hiram, taking his stand beside the chair, "Dolly can keep her seat, if it's all the same; she is so tired."

"There is no objection," replied Mr. Carter, and he proceeded at once with the regular form of marriage service.

As the final words were spoken that made them man and wife, the door burst suddenly open, and the ruffian who had arrived on the outside of the stage—being none other than Thomas Banks—rushed into the room, revolver in hand, exclaiming, as he leveled it at Hiram Dudley:

"Oh, I've trapped you at last! Curse you, Hy Dudley—take that!" firing at the same moment.

A cartridge crashed into Dudley's shoulder as he stepped in front of Dolly.

"Duncan, take care of her!" and he fell to the floor.

The poor little woman uttered one piteous moan and fainted, while the landlord seized the madman, and Mr. Carter stepped to the door, calling for help.

It was ready, for the report of the revolver had brought the crowd from the hotel office and saloon into the hall.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Carter, "take care of that man. He has shot Hiram Dudley."

The men did not wait to hear another word. Out into the darkness and storm that body of impromptu lawmakers and executors took Thomas Banks. In less than fifteen minutes his limp and lifeless body was swinging by the neck from a neighboring tree.

In the meantime it was found that Hiram Dudley's wound was not fatal, and inside the hour a tiny stranger arrived in Dolly's room, and was immediately named Duncan Dudley. All of the climaxes of life culminated within that one hour for the *personnel* of this sketch, and were not considered, at the time, very much out of the general order of things either.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

The following superstitions, handed down by tradition, are yet fervently believed in many parts of America. The majority of them, though of British origin, are almost extinct in England:

White specks on the nails mean luck.

Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child.

When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.

He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in some distant land.

Whoever finds a four-leaf trefoil—shamrock—should wear it for good luck.

Beggars' bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes timid.

When children play soldiers on the roadside it forebodes the approach of war.

A child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old.

He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom.

Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some present the same day.

The first tooth cast by a child should be swallowed by the mother, to insure a new growth of teeth.

Buttoning a coat awry, or drawing on a stocking inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the day.

Women who sow flaxseed should, during the process, tell some good round lies, otherwise the yarn will never bleach white.

When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself, if only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the child's sleep with him.

CURIOUS ANACHRONISMS OF ARTISTS.

According to Lucas Van Leyden, a celebrated Dutch painter, who died in 1535, Jael, the patriotic wife of Heber, wore a bonnet when she drove the nail through Sisera's temples. Van Leyden does not, in fact, appear to have paid much attention to the study of ancient costumes, but in this respect he was no worse than many of

his more renowned brethren of the brush and palette. Thus, for instance, Albert Dürer introduced a tent-bedstead, a commodious cooking-range, and modern-shaped candles into his "Birth of the Virgin"; Vandyck gives us one of the apostles in sea-boots in his picture of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes"; and Paul Veronese has painted several Italian peasants in felt hats and feathers looking on at the Adoration of the Magi. In one of Raphael's finest works the Transfiguration occupies the upper portion of the canvas, while the lower part represents the "Healing of the Man Possessed with an Evil Spirit"; and in a Flemish picture several corpulent Hollanders are depicted gazing with their pipes in their mouths at David, who is carrying the head of Goliath. In another picture by a Spanish artist, Abraham is about to shoot Isaac with a pistol!

Many anachronisms are to be found in the works of Claude, who died in 1680. In his well-known "Embarkation of St. Ursula," in the National Gallery, are ships such as were in use in 1650, and in his "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" are ships of the same kind, Italian architecture, and a bridge of stone built on strictly modern principles. The same painter, in his "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca" has introduced a wide river and a waterfall which might almost vie with that of Niagara.

In Martin Schoen's "Death of the Virgin," we have houses such as were built in the fifteenth century; in a Magdalen of Henrik de Bles, who died in 1550, we have an illuminated missal, and in Bono of Ferrara's "Jerome in the Desert," we have a comfortable modern church, at a distance, apparently, of about one hundred yards from the saint.

Boccaccio Boccaccino gives us a very glaring mistake, although it is not an anachronism, in his picture of "The Procession to Calvary," in which he introduces a fine river and shipping. As far as we are aware, however, nothing that can be called a river exists in the neighborhood of the scene of our Saviour's death.

It appears to have been a favorite idea with the painters of the fifteenth and sixteen centuries that guitars and violins were in vogue at the time when the Virgin was alive. Cosimo Tura, Jean Berlin, and many other artists, give us illustrations of this. F. Chelle della Huera treats us to a madonna pouring out coffee from a richly chased coffee-pot; Luigi Cigoli gives us a picture of the aged Simeon at the Circumcision in spectacles, regardless of the fact that spectacles were not invented until the year 1299; and Brughel, in his "Adoration of the Magi," depicts an Ethiopian king wearing boots and spurs and dressed in a surplice, presenting a model of a comparatively modern ship to the infant Jesus.

In one of the churches at Bruges is a representation of the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine of Sienna. St. Dominic is performing the ceremony, and King David is looking on and playing the harp. Pietri di Cortono painted a picture of the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban in the mountains of Mesopotamia, which is now in Paris, but he forgot himself so far as to insert a church-steeple peering through the trees. N. Poussin's "Deluge" with boats, and St. Jerome with a clock, are well known; and the boiled lobsters in the sea listening to St. Anthony of Padua, who is preaching, are scarcely less celebrated. Anachronisms of architecture are exceedingly common. In Paul Veronese's "Family of Darius before Alexander after the Battle of Issus," Italian architecture is introduced; and the same may be said of Crivelli's "Annunciation"; of Baldassare Peruzzi's "Adoration of the Magi," and of very many others. In Carlo Marrati's "Annunciation" the artist has introduced a pair of scissors; and in one of the engravings in the Cotton MS. we find Adam digging with a heart-shaped spade, such as is used by some of our laborers in the present day.

In a prayer-book published in the reign of William and Mary there is an illustration to our Lord's parable of the mote and the beam. From the eye of one man a huge log of wood is protruding, and in that of the other is a very fine cascade. As may be imagined, the effect of this bull is highly amusing.

THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REFORMATORY AT ELMIRA, N. Y.—ITS HISTORY AND SYSTEM.

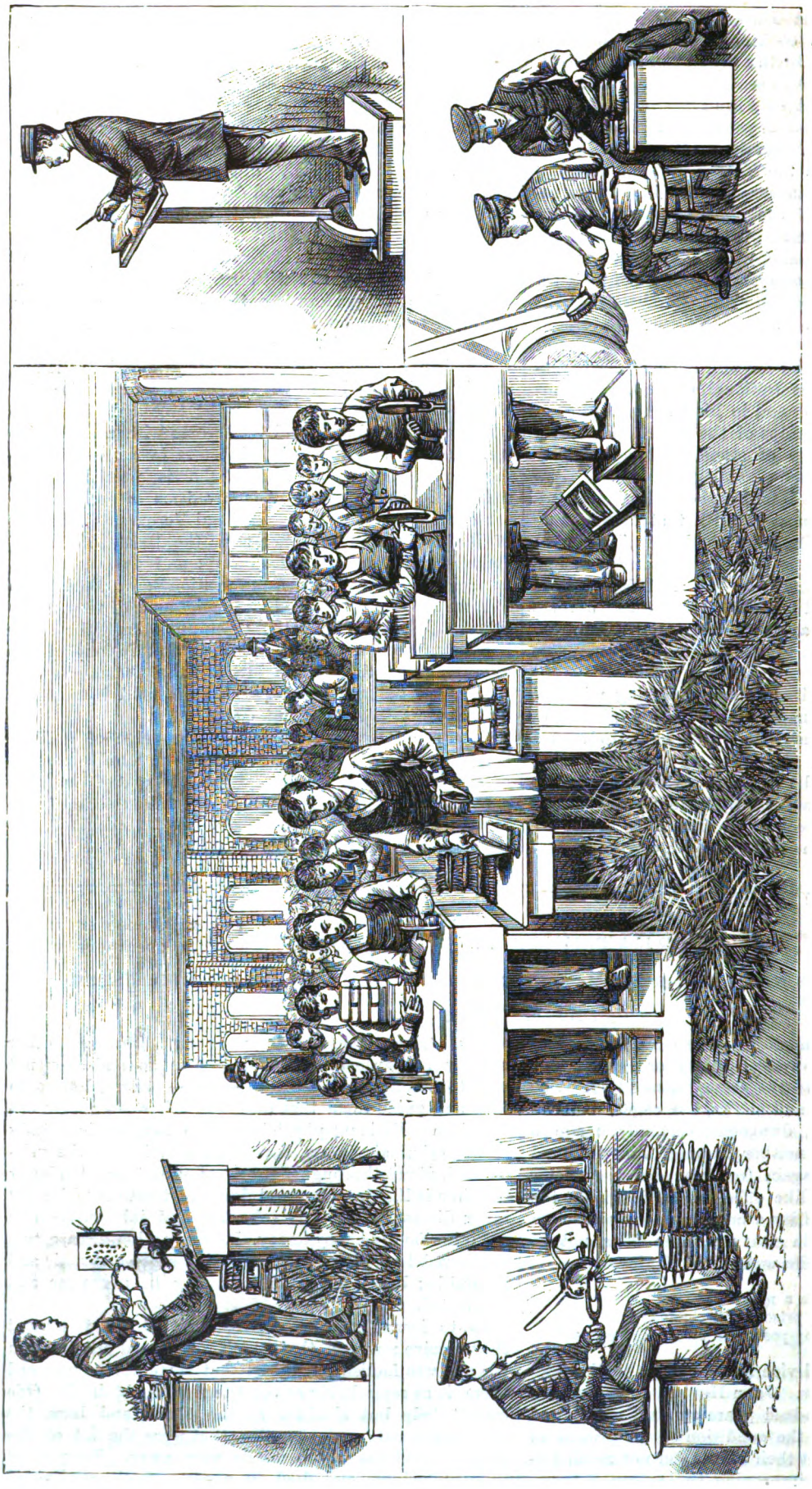
By Ausburn Towner.

The old idea of punishment for criminal offenses, that involved something of physical injury or hurt, seems very crude and inhuman to the present generation. The whipping-posts, pillories and stocks, the cages, deprivation of food and dark dungeons, certainly made a criminal suffer, but they neither disposed him to mend his ways when he was again free, nor did they deter others from committing like offenses. It is within the compass of any one's ability who is able to obtain an encyclopædia, to ascertain that in those days, not so very long ago, when, as the water-poet Taylor says—

> "In London, and within a mile I ween,
> There are of jails or prisons full eighteen;
> And sixty whipping-posts and stocks and cages."

there was more crime and vice in proportion to the population than there are now. John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, only about one hundred years ago, set about, and successfully, to improve the condition of the prisons of England and Europe; but their efforts did not reach forward in the direction of improving the prisoners themselves. Their remarkable work led, however, other equally as earnest men and women to endeavor not only to ameliorate the condition of prisoners, but so to lead and guide them that they would hereafter keep out of prison. Eminent physicians, who have made a study of the criminal classes, have almost arrived at the well-defined, if not thoroughly proven, notion that a tendency to crime is like insanity, and deserves treatment like any other disease; that it is inherited and inheritable like any other family idiosyncracy. Like any other disease, too, if allowed to continue its course, it becomes chronic and incurable; but if taken in time may be overcome and eradicated.

As to insane persons, the contrast of the treatment they receive now and that which was meted out to them when it was foolishly believed that some devil possessed them, is as remarkable as are the results obtained. One cannot help but shudder at the chains and bars, the strait-waistcoats and scourges, that were the lot of the pitiable wretches whose minds were awry. They lived in wretchedness and died in agony. Such appliances



IN THE WORKSHOP OF THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

are infrequent in asylums now, if they are ever in use, and even the most unfortunate wretches are kept under control rather by a stronger will or influences of love and kindness than they are by fear of torture, or by a remembrance of some former physical agony.

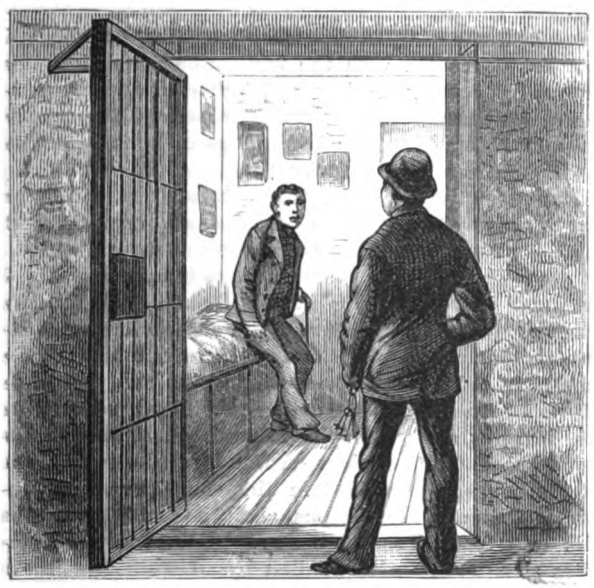
As to the criminal classes, no such extended experiments in regard to the theory of their reformation or cure have been possible, nor have they been undertaken until lately, or within the last fifteen or sixteen years. There are places or prisons for youths who have become unmanageable at home, or who have committed some slight offense indicating a likelihood of going wrong. But in none of these are the conditions such as to show that there is anything in the idea of reformation or rebuilding of the moral nature of the culprit. The sentences to these places are of brief duration. The inmates are simply put to work at some manual labor, and the whole training is a purely physical one. They are merely penitentiaries in miniature, where the prisoners are lads or youth instead of men.

There has been in existence now just ten years—for it was open for the admission of inmates in July, 1876—an institution

created to carry out to the full the idea of reformation or remaking. It can scarcely, at this date, be called an experiment, for, a decade in operation, the results obtained entitle it to be called more than measurably successful.

Reference is made to the State Reformatory at Elmira, N.Y. Since the plan was first broached, in 1870, or about that time, the project and the system to be developed have excited wide attention among thoughtful men, but it has been sadly misunderstood by what might be called the great mass of the people. But little has been published in journals that circulate widely throughout the country, and what has been so published has either been full of sentimental theorizing or ignorant abuse of the system in operation.

From the inception of the undertaking it was under a cloud. The Legislature of the State of New York was with difficulty prevailed upon to pass an appropriation to carry out an idea which they thought seemed to be so visionary. One of them deemed it bad enough to pay out so much money for the public schools without appropriating large sums as a college for criminals. Yet,



A CELL.

when the money came, it came so generously, not to say lavishly, that a prominent officer of the State remarked that it was only given to institute an enormous job for the benefit of the Southern tier. That seems to have been the prevailing sentiment throughout the State during the erection of the buildings. With some reason, perhaps, for from the latter part of 1870 until May, 1876, there had been $895,000 expended, and there was nothing to show for it, except a hill partly graded, an unfinished wing of a proposed building of magnificent proportions, thirteen acres of land, partly inclosed by a wall twenty-five feet in height and three feet thick, and an extensive office in the central portion of the City of Elmira, furnished with the most elaborate and costly chairs, tables, carpets and wardrobes.

At the last date named, a new Commission took charge of the affairs of the Reformatory. On their investigation, they reported that there had been, so far as they could ascertain, no misappropriation of the funds of the State; they suggested, also, that brick instead of stone should be used in the construction of the building, and that the original plan of a costly mansard roof should be

THE CHAPEL.

abandoned, and that one of a simpler construction be substituted therefor.

Since that time almost as much more has been expended on the buildings and grounds, in completing the prison proper; the several large shops and numerous outhouses; in entirely inclosing the grounds with a wall, partly of brick, partly of stone; in fencing and preparing a large vegetable garden, with its hothouses and conservatories, and in putting into good order the grounds inside and outside the inclosure. So that in getting ready for the experiment, a round $1,500,000 was laid out.

Some extensions have been added to the original buildings, but most of the labor in putting them up has been performed by the "inmates." This past Summer a very large extension has been added to the north wing.

From the start, then, there was in the neighborhood a financial prejudice existing against the institution, which spread to adjoining counties throughout the State. It seems there has never been an entire recovery from it.

The institution was opened for operations in July,

SLEEPING-CORRIDOR.

1876, receiving in that month 194 "inmates"; ten from the courts and the remainder from Auburn and Sing Sing. In the ten years' existence of the Reformatory, the average number of its inmates has been about five hundred, although during the present year the number has somewhat exceeded seven hundred. In selecting a site for the Reformatory, the Commission, having in view healthful surroundings, chose a plateau about seventy feet above the general level of the Chemung Valley, northwest of the City of Elmira, and about a half-mile from the corporate limits. It stands in conspicuous view of the passing traveler on the railroads, and gives one the impression of being anything else than a prison. A high, densely wooded hill rises behind it to the west, on which has been built a reservoir capable of storing a year's supply of water for the institution. The grounds comprise 280 acres, of which thirteen are inclosed. The buildings are of a mixed order of architecture, rather sombre in character, the Norman predominating, with high, pointed towers in every angle. The central building, hexagonal in shape, faces the east and stands immediately behind the residence of the Superintendent and the offices of the institution. It is three stories in height, each of the two upper ones having a ceiling of thirty feet. In the basement, is the steam apparatus used for heating the entire building; the first or ground floor is the dining-room for the inmates of the second grade; the second story is the reading-room, where are kept a file of newspapers and magazines, and the guard-room and offices, where the records of the "inmates" are kept. In the third story is the chapel.

This chapel is a peculiar place, and well illustrates the use and purposes of the Reformatory. It is, in size, 56x75 feet, and has seating arrangements for 700 persons. The inmates reach it by long iron stairways that come winding up from the wings, north and south of the central building; visitors come up by means of an elevator in one corner that is run by steam. On entering the room, all notions of being within prison walls vanish entirely. It is very elaborately finished in black walnut and cherry, and bears a strong resemblance to the church of a well-to-do parish. The seats are arranged in amphitheatre order, and are so constructed that they can be converted into desks, resembling those of a schoolroom. A cabinet organ occupies a conspicuous position in front of the speaker's platform, just beneath the pulpit-stand. All of the work in the room, the frescoing and lettering on the walls and the carving in the wood, was done by the inmates of the Reformatory. It is lighted in the evening by 150 gas jets, the gas being manufactured on the grounds. High on the wall, opposite the speaker's platform, in the very plainest text, are these words, that seem to formulate well the system on which the institution is conducted:

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present time, for it is thine. Then shalt thou be prepared to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart. For all may have, if they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

On the wall behind and above the pulpit are these words:

"Next to sincerity, remember still, thou must resolve upon integrity. God will have all thou hast—thy mind, thy will, thy thoughts, thy words, thy works."

And on the wall to the left of the pulpit, this couplet:

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

The chapel is in use every day or evening in the week. On Sunday afternoons there are religious exercises, presided over by some clergyman, not often the same one on two consecutive Sundays. Many of the most eminent clergymen of the country have preached in the chapel, drawn to it by the peculiar character of the system of the institution, and curious to see its workings. They could tell of an experience before an audience that was alert and active-minded; one quick to tell the difference between a sham and sincerity, and lively to respond in approval or disapproval. It is rather unhappy for a man to get up before those 700 inmates unless he really has something to say to them. Of course they are not permitted to make any violent demonstration one way or the other, but a speaker very quickly knows the state of mind of his hearers, and if unfavorable to him, he might as well, for his own comfort, cover himself with a wet blanket.

All the inmates are required to be present at these religious exercises unless they are in the hospital.

The exercises of the other evenings of the week are varied. Sometimes, at regular intervals, the Roman Catholic chaplain holds a catechetical class for the inmates of that faith. Then there is a general school that all attend and recite lessons as far as they may have progressed. Some of these classes are taught by experienced men not connected with the institution otherwise, who are paid for their services, and other classes are conducted by inmates. That which is taught has a wide range, running from the beginnings of learning up to the higher branches of instruction.

Recently a professor of the Elmira Female College gave a series of lectures on physical geography, and it was the intention to have them continued.

On other evenings in the week there is a writing school for those just beginning in this branch. It may be somewhat judged how ignorance is allied to criminal intent, that, on an average, there are about one-third of the inmates in this class. Some evenings as many as three different branches of instruction are in progress at the same time, as stenography and drawing, and the practicing of the choir that sings on Sundays at the services. No studying is permitted in the chapel, it being required that all the lessons shall be learned in the cells or "rooms," as the narrow places where the inmates sleep are carefully called by all who have to do with the institution.

There are several words that are as carefully adhered to. The persons confined there are never alluded to as "prisoners" or "convicts," but as "inmates." Then the custom of numbering those confined, as is adopted in other prisons, finds no following in the Reformatory. Each person is known by his own name. It is one of the means taken to build up the individuality and responsibility of the new character being formed.

Outside and beyond the chapel the Reformatory loses its aspect of being a large school, and puts on in reality the appearance of a prison. Running north and south of the central building are two wings, and from them, west, two "L's." In these wings and "L's" are the blocks of cells of the inmates, three stories in height. There are wide corridors between these blocks and the outer walls of the building, and a guard standing in the second story of the central building—there being no walls to impede the sight—has a clear view of both the entire wings.

To give one some notion of the extent of the institution, it might be said that the whole eastern front has a length of 650 feet, the southern "L" the same, and the northern "L" nearly 300 feet.

To know only as much as has thus far been given of

the Reformatory might indeed lead one to suppose that the popular notion regarding it, that it was a place where those sent there were coddled and petted; given an education or a trade at the expense of the State; allowed to roam about pretty much as they choose, and had any feeling of confinement or punishment as nearly as possible obliterated from their minds, had some, if not a great deal, of truth in it. It is scarcely so. There is a severe, and, to some, a bitter side to the story.

By statute, a male person between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, convicted of a felony, may be sent to the Reformatory. He is not sentenced for any definite period, but at the time that he enters he has charged up against him the full time prescribed by law as the penalty for the crime of which he has been adjudged guilty, less the commutation he could have earned in other prisons by good behavior. As, being sentenced for burglary, for which ten years is the maximum punishment, and he could have earned a commutation of a year and a half, he would be charged up with eight and a half years. Under any circumstances, however, he cannot be held beyond the utmost limit prescribed by the law for his offense. An officer of the Reformatory conducts the offender from the place where he has been convicted to the prison. All the information concerning him that it is possible to gather is collected; his parentage; if possible his ancestry; his former mode of life, disposition, education, mental and physical condition. All this is entered in a record-book, where are also kept his marks. The superintendent takes pains to become as intimately acquainted with the prisoner as he is with himself, if not more so. He diagnoses his moral nature as a physician would diagnose the physical nature of a sick patient, to ascertain the true source of the disease, for which he is called upon to find a cure. There is the starting point of the whole system on which and for which the Reformatory was erected. It is believed that there is in every youth who has fallen into evil ways some point upon which, however slender, if it can be reached, you can begin to build the work of reformation; some chord which, if struck, will make the whole moral nature respond. Say pride in one; ambition in another; love of approbation in another; hope in another. Whatever it may be, the element is sought for, and, as is shown by the result, is seldom missed.

The inmate on entering is put into the second grade, and is in the way "to work out his own redemption." He has no distinguishing marks of a prisoner; no uniform, except a Scotch cap; no number—nothing but confinement and work to show his position. His going up or down in grade depends upon himself. He is put into classes in the school such as his former education fits him for, and at such work as he is capable of, always having in view his peculiarities of character and disposition. His work, whether in the shoe shop, the hollow-ware shop, in the offices of the building, or wherever he may be sent, is hard and continuous, eight hours every week day. His meals come to him in his cell. He marches to his work under the command of a sergeant chosen from the first grade. At five o'clock in the afternoon he is locked in his cell, and may perhaps be released at seven o'clock in the evening for his school duties. There are three things which he must look out for sharply—his labor, school and conduct. His release depends on these. If in each one of these he gets three marks a month, and so succeeds in doing for six consecutive months, he goes up into the first grade. The marks as to labor are given as he shows diligence, willingness and attention; in conduct, as to his obedience to the many rules of the institution, and in school progress according to his capacity and mental calibre.

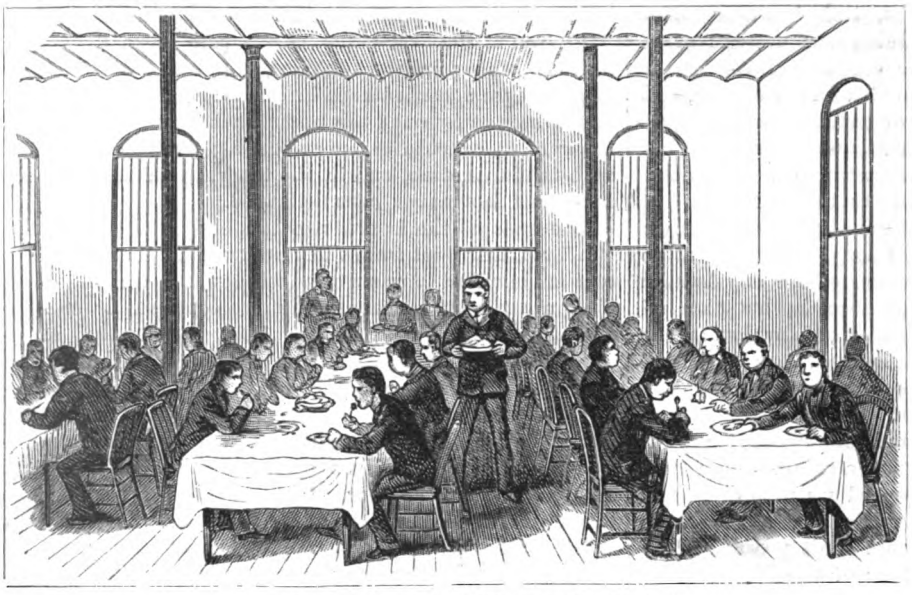
Arrived at the first grade, the inmate has a light blue uniform with a military-looking cap, and has a number of privileges accorded to him. Some of the most trusted and trustworthy ones are sometimes permitted to visit the city to execute commissions for persons connected with the institution, and in the ten years of its existence this trust has never been betrayed.

The cells of the inmates of the first grade are in the "L" running west from the north wing. They are 8x10 on the floor, and have a grated window and a grated door. They are twice the size of the most comfortable cells in the other prisons of the State. They are situated in regard to the outer walls as are the cells of the second grade, being in a block in the centre of the buildings, entirely detached from the walls. At the western extremity of the "L" is a pavilion of three stories, connected with the corridors of the first grade men by a high and wide iron door. On the ground floor is the dining-room of the first grade inmates. It is roomy, light, well-ventilated and neatly furnished with tables and chairs and other appointments for their meals. The bill of fare is in advance of that of the second grade, a variety of vegetables in their season, and berries and fruits, being furnished. These are all grown on the grounds of the institution, their cultivation being in the hands of the inmates. The kitchen and laundry of the first grade are also in this building, separate from those of the other grades.

In the second story there is the library and reading-room of the first grade men, into which they are privileged to enter at almost any hour when their duties do not require their presence elsewhere. In the third story is the chapel of the first grade.

Those who have earned this position, on arriving at it, enter a distinct community, surrounded by so many privileges and benefits that those in the lower grades are eager to achieve it, and strive with all their nature to enter it.

"It is one of the most interesting studies imaginable," the superintendent said, "to watch the gradual unfolding of the characters of some of these poor fellows that are sent here. It is for all the world like a flower. You can see one leaf unfold, after a time, touched by some influence surrounding it, then another and another and another, until it is all opened out to view. Many of them, when they first come, seem entirely shut up within themselves, afraid to show what they are, or unable to see that there is anything else in the world beyond the limited horizon in which they were born and have been bred; but it is not many days before the change is begun and their improvement and development sets in. We seek every possible means to inspire their hopefulness first; to lead them to forget the things that are behind, and look forward to a better and useful life. We take care never to call them boys, and do not destroy their individuality by giving them numbers, but recognize them by their names, treat them as men and address them as such, trying to build up their manhood, and showing them what they owe to themselves and the community in which they live. Take an instance of how we teach them self-reliance and their own personal responsibility. At first, in the workshops, they are given certain tasks. If they accomplish them they are not given perfect marks, and if they fail they are denied certain privileges. We say to them: 'This is all very well here, where you have some one to overlook you and see that you do what is given you to do, but in the world, where



THE DINING-HALL AT THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

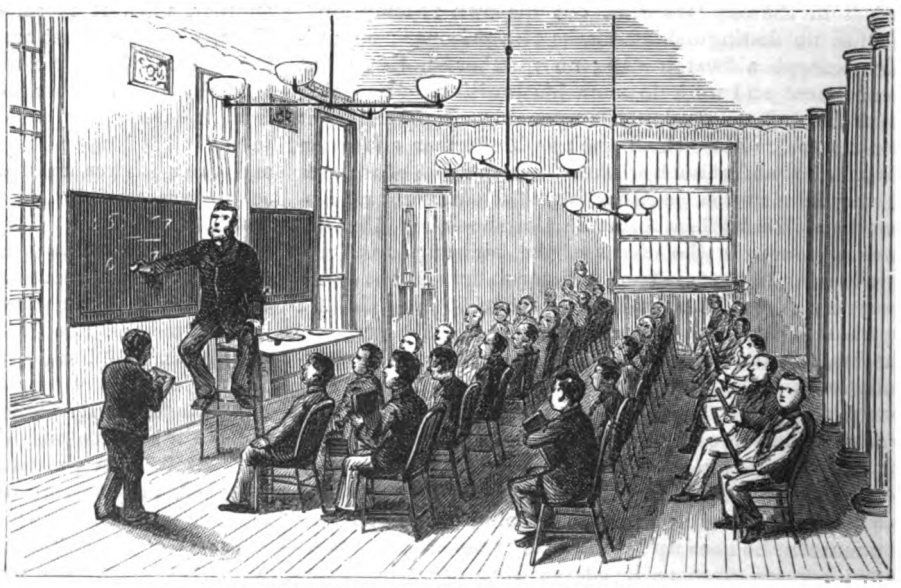
you must soon go again, you will not be thus watched, and will be obliged to rely entirely on yourselves.' It is not long before they come to me, and beg to be released from the task and to be allowed to do the best thing they can do for themselves."

A similar record for six consecutive months in the first grade, that is, nine perfect marks a month, in labor, school progress and behavior, entitles the inmates to a release from confinement, no matter what may have been the crime of which he was convicted. By statute, the commission who have charge of the affairs of the Reformatory are obliged to see those of the first grade who are entitled to be released.

This release operates in a somewhat similar manner to the English "ticket-of-leave." The inmate can go home to his friends or elsewhere in the State, but he must keep himself in constant communication with the officers of the Reformatory, making regular reports as to his occupation and whereabouts. Some of these letters—and they are all preserved—are peculiar in the expressions of undoubtedly sincere affection for the Reformatory and its system. In each county of the State there is stationed an officer of the institution, whose duty it is to keep a constant watch over these released men. If, for six months after their release, their conduct is perfect, judged by the prison standard, they are entitled to a full pardon by the Governor; but if in any manner they relapse into bad behavior, they may be arrested by the agent and returned immediately, without warrant or other process of law, to the Reformatory, where they are on the same footing as though they had just entered the first grade.

Degradation from the second to the third grade requires some very serious offense, showing an utterly depraved nature, or a long-continued series of offenses against discipline. Slight offenses are punished by the withdrawal of certain privileges, such as tea or coffee at meals, or attendance in the reading-room. Third-grade men are made to feel all the rigors and hardships of a penitentiary. They are dressed in clothes of a bright-red color, eat in their cells, march to and from their work with lock-step, each man with his right hand on the shoulder of the one preceding him, and are deprived of everything except the rudest and hardest prison fare. Continued ill-behavior condemns them to seclusion in a dark cell, the only real punishment of the Reformatory, and still greater deprivation of such comforts as are provided the others. Still persisting in bad conduct, the inmate may, by the commission, be transferred to a State's Prison, where he serves out the remainder of his term.

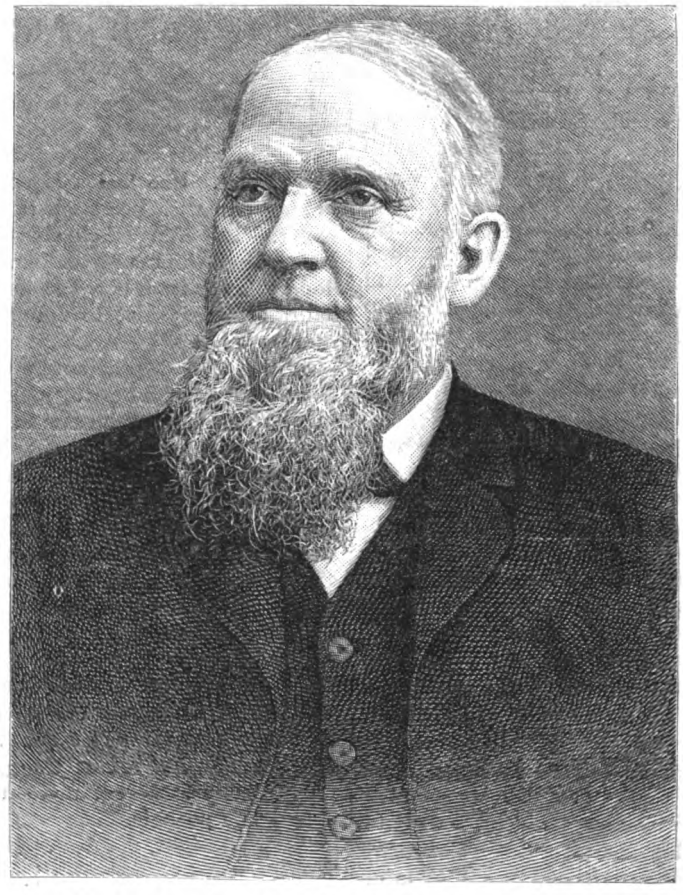
That there have been examples of this last resort may seem to argue against the system of the Reformatory, and give rise to the query whether or not reformatories do reform. When it is known that of all the inmates that have been confined so far, only about five per cent. of them fall from the second grade to the third, and that of those released eighty out of one hundred lead the lives of good citizens, and do not resume crime, something may very reasonably be claimed for the success of the institution. It was estimated before the system went into operation, that if 20 per cent. of those sent there should go downward, and 10 per cent. should advance, the result would be worth the expenditure.



THE SCHOOLROOM AT THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

The revenue for the support of the institution comes from the manufactures carried on therein. Brushes and brooms are made in large quantities, and the Reformatory enters the market with these articles the same as other manufacturers, by agents in the field. They have built up a large trade in the West with the first-named manufacture. The making of boots and shoes has also been carried on largely, the business being in the hands of a contractor. An iron foundry for the manufacture of hollow-ware is also in operation, in which a molding-room is required 75x245 feet. A steam engine, of which one of the inmates has entire charge, furnishes the motive power for all the manufactories.

In these shops the working of the system can well be observed. Except for the officer on an elevated platform, who keeps a constant watch over each room, and who is eventually to be removed, it scarcely appears like a prison workshop. Although no talking is permitted, the men can use their eyes as they choose. They look up at the entrance of a stranger, but without embarrassment and with none of that hang-dog, overtasked expression seen in those confined in other prisons; their movements are rapid, unconstrained and free, and their whole demeanor indicates rather hopefulness and courage than depression and despair.



Z. R. BROCKWAY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

Besides these employments and a manufactory of harness and other leather goods, and shops where the clothing of the prisoners is made, the inmates conduct the various domestic departments, there being about one hundred in the kitchens and laundries, and a score or more on the farm and grounds. Some in the first grade who stand high, are intrusted with the duties of officers, door-keepers and book-keepers, reducing the number of paid assistants to about twenty. There is a newspaper edited and printed by the inmates, called *The Summary*, an eight-page quarto, issued every Sunday morning, which has information concerning the doings in the institution for the week, some selections and some original literary matter.

It is in contemplation to try another experiment in teaching the inmates self-reliance. They have now no thought concerning what they shall eat or wherewithal they shall be clothed. It is proposed to have the inmates earn their food and the garments they wear by their daily work, and have only what they so earn. Such an experiment in a prison will be watched with considerable interest.

The working hours of the institution are from 7:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., with the omission of the dinner-hour at noon; the other meals being at 6:30 A.M. for breakfast and 6 P.M. for supper. Those privileged to have lights in their cells can use them until 9 P.M., but all are sent to their cells at 7 P.M.

An example of the discipline can be gathered from the manner in which the inmates march from the workshops to their meals. At the sound of the steam-whistle, those of the second grade form by twos in squads of twelve, their sergeant, a first-grade man, being in command; the first grade form in open order, facing inward, the files reaching from the door of the workshop on each side of the walk. Between these files, each squad of the second grade passes, as though they were in review, and go on to their cells. Then the first grade form gradually by fours and march to their dining-room. The inmates of the third grade, with lockstep and under the charge of an officer, bring up the rear and proceed to their cells. In much the same manner they all go from their meals to the workshop, and as marked distinctions as are observed in other matters relating to the three grades are made in the kind and quality of work given them.

There are also some minor distinctions in the grades that have their influence and effect, arising where a man has scarcely earned promotion from it, but has done well, so well that he deserves recognition. In the third grade he is allowed some slight privileges denied the rest. In the second he is made a sergeant, wearing chevrons on his right arm, or has some coveted privileges extended to him. In the first he is made a sort of a monitor over his comrades, has a shoulder-knot worked in his coat, acts as an officer, or has his privileges largely extended. Some of these latter in this grade include permission to go outside the prison-walls unattended. Both the first and second grade men, if in good standing, are permitted to see their friends who call upon them without there being an officer present.

The Superintendent of the Reformatory is Mr. Z. R. Brockway, who, acting under a commission, is intrusted with all the details of the prison. He has spent thirty years of his life in work of a similar character, beginning as a clerk in the Wethersfield (Conn.) Prison, going thence successively to Albany, N. Y., with the late General Amos Pillsbury; thence to Rochester; thence to the Detroit (Mich.) House of Correction, and at

length to Elmira. He is an enthusiast regarding the system he has been so largely instrumental in introducing into the Reformatory, and contends that as far as it has been tried it has never yet met with a failure.

The quality or kind of an undertaking may somewhat be judged by the manner in which it is imitated.

The State of Massachusetts has recently converted the new prison at Concord into a Reformatory on the plan of the Elmira one, with some very slight differences in the system.

Pennsylvania has nearly completed a Reformatory at Huntington, to cost $1,000,000. They had proceeded last year to the extent of $800,000 in that direction.

Ohio, on the 4th of November, laid the corner-stone of a Reformatory at Mansfield, which is to be conducted on the Elmira plan, and Kansas next year will build an institution, following the same lead.

READING HIS OWN WRITING.

As an instance of Liszt's wonderful facility of execution, it is told of him that, at one of Zimmermann's musical evenings, Listz happened to be present when a composer came to grief in playing one of his own compositions. The work was fresh from his pen; it had never been printed, and the music paper was so filled with erasures and transpositions that the author could not read it, and to his great chagrin was obliged to stop playing. Liszt, pitying the composer's embarrassment, proposed to play the piece for him.

"But I cannot make it out myself," said the unfortunate man.

"Give me the paper," answered Liszt, and, seating himself at the piano, he played the concerto with extraordinary brilliancy without stopping once.

A RESTLESS VOLCANO.

The recent eruption of Mount Etna presented such a magnificent spectacle that visitors crowded into Sicily and Naples and Malta out of mere curiosity. One eyewitness, an engineer, ascended within two miles of the crater, and gives an interesting description of the scene. As the lava eruption did not proceed from the crater proper, but from an old extinct volcano at the side, he was able to reach some high ground which commanded the whole view. Flames and stones were thrown up to an immense height from the crater with continuous roar, and from another mouth below issued a sea of lava, which divided into several streams and followed the valleys. The lava mass was red hot, not liquid, but forming millions of large and small blocks of bright red, rocky-looking stuff, and was five or six miles long, three or four wide, and from thirty to forty feet deep. It traveled at the rate of a mile an hour, so that when the engineer descended the mountain he was obliged to pick out quite a different path.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAMELLIA.

Ferdinand VI. of Spain, while suffering under the hereditary melancholy from which he subsequently died, was pacing to and fro one December day in the year 1739 in his bedroom in the Royal Palace at Madrid. He was interrupted by the entrance of Maria Theresa, his Queen, who bounded gayly into the room. In her hand she held a flower of dazzling whiteness, which she presented to her husband.

"A beautiful flower, but scentless!" exclaimed the King, folding in his arms the wife whom he loved.

"It is the new flower of the Philippines," said the Queen. "I have kept the best for you."

The flower which Maria Theresa brought to her husband a century and a half ago had been presented to her the previous day by a Jesuit missionary just returned from the Indies. Craving an audience from his sovereign, he brought his offering, a small shrub with glossy green leaves, on which blossomed two magnificent white flowers, and which he had brought from the Island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group. It was about three feet in height, and grew in a vase of mother-o'-pearl. The Jesuit donor was named Camellia.

DOLLY DOBSTICK AND THE BITS OF SUNSHINE.

A Fairy Story.

Dolly Dobstick was a grumpy, stumpy, little old woman. She wore a coal-scuttle bonnet and a blue cloak; her face was all wrinkles, and her cheeks were like apples. She had a habit of asking questions, and poking one with her stick if she was not answered directly. The village folk always dodged out of her way, and crossed the road from her. Only little Maysie never dodged away from her, because Maysie had a very pretty habit of being nice to old people, whether they were grumpy or not.

So that very day, as sunburnt little Maysie was going down the cornfield path, with her pinafore full of red poppies, as soon as she saw the old woman stuck on the top of a stile, unable to get down, she said, kindly:

"Will you lean on my shoulder?" and helped her to the ground.

"Thank you, my dear. Take that!" said Dolly Dobstick, and tumbled her over with a poke of the stick; and all the poppies fell out of her pinafore.

There was a tree shading the stile. The sunshine through its branches made round, bright spots of trembling light on the ground where Maysie lay. Before she could rise, the old woman grabbed up all the flowers, and stuffed them into the pockets of her apron.

"Oh, where are my poppies?" said Maysie, leaning on one hand, as she sat on the ground.

Old Dolly Dobstick nodded her nose and chin, and patted her pockets.

"It's all right, my dear. Don't you trouble, I've got 'em."

"Then please keep them—and good-morning!" said Maysie, timidly, trying to get up.

"All right, my dear; and what will you have instead? What?—what?—what?"

"I don't want anything, thank you," said Maysie, in a great hurry, for the stick looked as if it were going to poke her.

"Oh, nonsense, my dear. You must have something for giving me all your poppies. Take that!"

And Dollie Dobstick gave Maysie another little poke, that just rolled her tidily over when she was getting up.

She was not in the least hurt. She got up, laughing, and shook the earth off her pinafore. And only then she found sticking to the palm of each hand a round bit of sunshine about the size of a penny. The bits of sunshine were loosened off her hands with a touch; they were like pieces of transparent gold, or like some kind of very thin yellow jewels. They must have stuck to her

hands when the old woman tipped her over twice and said, "Take that!"

Dolly Dobstick was nowhere to be seen.

Maysie would have liked to say "Thank you"; but there was no one to say it to, so she ran straight home to Thatch-roof Farm, and showed her parents her bits of sunshine.

The farmer was grumbling at the weather, though it was sunshine and blue sky. His wife was crying because the fox had stolen the speckled hen. She said it would be better to make all the other hens into roast fowl, and to make the pigs into sausages, and to sell the house for a song, and go and live in the barn and keep nothing but the donkey—because it was a miserable world. The maids were quarreling in the kitchen because the milk was spilt, and the men were quarreling in the farmyard because they had been sitting in the shade of the hay-stack all the morning trying to make each other stand up and feed the animals.

The farmer hung up one bit of sunshine in the hall between the case of stuffed birds and the clock. And the farmer's wife hung the other bit of sunshine on a red ribbon round Maysie's neck.

Everything brightened up. The farmer said it was glorious weather; his wife said there were two dozen speckled hens yet in the yard; the maids said, "There's no help for spilt milk but to call the cat—puss! puss! puss!" The men found out that they were cross because they were idle; the animals were fed, the cows trooped out to the meadow, field-work began, and every one and everything were as happy as could be.

A WHOLE year went happily by; the corn was ripening yellow again. Maysie went down the path gathering red poppies, just as she had done a twelvemonth before. And there again was old Dolly Dobstick stuck on the stile, kicking with her foot and banging with her stick, unable to get up or down. The sunburnt little girl helped her down, and said:

"Thank you for the two little bits of sunshine."

"Thank *you*, my dear, for helping me off the stile. You are a good little girl. Take that!"

Maysie had begun to skip away; but there was no poke of the stick this time; instead, the old, brown, wrinkled hand was held out to her.

"Don't run away, little girl, here's a spider for you. It is my pet spider, so take care of it. And it is very kind, indeed, of me to give it to you. Say thank you, now."

"Thank you," said Maysie, meekly.

"Aren't you fond of 'em. See what nice long legs he has got." The old woman put the spider into her hand, and patted him for good-by with her finger. "If ever you let my spider go, he will find his way back to me. Now run home, and tell your father that sunshine is better than gold. Good-by, my dear."

And she gave Maysie a poke that started her at full speed toward home.

At Thatch-roof Farm there was a peddler selling all sorts of fine things at the door; he had just given fifty sovereigns for the bit of sunshine out of the hall.

"Oh, father," said Maysie, "Dame Dobstick sent you a message: that sunshine is better than gold."

"Tut, tut! nonsense!" said the father, and put the fifty sovereigns into a fat leather purse.

Then the peddler persuaded Maysie that just because she was such a nice little girl, he would give her a neck-lace of red jewels as a great bargain, in exchange for that bit of ribbon and that bright thing she wore round her neck. So Maysie sold her bit of sunshine, too.

Then everything was sad, and nothing was done at Thatch-roof Farm. Maysie found that her grand neck-lace was only red glass; so she threw it down the well, and cried. And her father found that his fifty sovereigns were all bad, so he flung the bag into the fish-pond, and sat on the edge and wept. And his wife said it was a miserable world, and it would have been better for them to have gone long ago to live in the barn and kept nothing but the donkey. And all the maids sat in the kitchen in tears, with their aprons thrown over their heads; and all the farm men sat in a row with their backs to the haystack, sobbing very loudly; and the donkey hee-hawed bitterly; and the cows bellowed sadly; and the bull went mad, and ran after a little boy who had been making fun of him; and the grunting of the pigs was doleful; and in fact, between moaning, and groaning, and cackling, and cooing, there never was heard such hullaballooing.

At last, Maysie's father said they all ought to go to Dolly Dobstick, and tell her about the loss of the sun-shine, but nobody knew where Dolly Dobstick lived. Then Maysie took the spider out of the bottom of her pocket; the old woman told her he was sure to find his way home. They all set off in a long line to follow the pet spider.

The worst of it was, that the spider did not go straight along. Whenever he stopped, the whole procession stop-ped. They had often to sit down in a row and wait for him. He pretended he was going to weave webs; he lay still for an hour on the gravel, with all his eight legs spread flat; he went dodging round pebbles and trying to catch flies. One by one the followers gave up. Day changed to dusk, and dusk changed to night. And little Maysie, all alone, was following the spider; and it shone in the dark like a speck of light.

The spider led her to a ruined castle, beautiful in the moonlight. The spider-spark disappeared into the ivy; and then little Maysie looked in through the ruined arch of the gateway.

The fairies were dancing in the ruined castle. One could scarcely tell whether they were figures in white, or shapes made of moonlight. But there was no mistake about it—they were fairies, and they were dancing in a ring. Sparkling insects were glittering all over the ivy, and all the owls and all the cats of the neighborhood seemed to have assembled for the occasion; they were sitting in rows on the ruined walls, and their eyes were shining like pairs of little round yellow and green lamps.

Only for one happy moment could Maysie look upon the fairy revel; it vanished when she came. Flap, flap, flutter went all the owls overhead; and the cats ran home in every direction; a few of them were heard in the dis-tance going caterwauling on their way down the fields. One fairy remained—only one—a beautiful white fairy, as pretty as a young princess of fairyland. She had little wings, shaped like the wings of a butterfly, and a wand, and her flowing, white dress was frosted all over with silver. On her hand she held a spider shining like a spark of light.

"Beautiful fairy, please do tell me the way to Dolly Dobstick's house," little Maysie implored.

"Why do you want Dolly Dobstick?" the fairy asked. "Why?—why?—why?"

And she began poking Maysie with her silver wand to hurry up her answer.

"Because she gave me sunshine, and we sold it for bad money, and glass jewels," said poor Maysie, crying as

if her heart would break.

"And if you got your little bits of sunshine again, would you part with them for anything in the world?"

"Oh, no, no," answered Maysie. "My Father says a little bit of sunshine is the best treasure in the world."

"You are a good little girl after all. Take that!" said the beautiful fairy, giving her a kiss. And at that moment when the fairy embraced her, Maysie found her father's piece of sunshine in her hand; but her own little bit of sunshine was squeezed through her pinafore and into her heart, so that she could never lose it again. After this fairy embrace Maysie was let go from the arms of an old woman with an apple-cheeked, wrinkled face, a coal-scuttle bonnet, and a blue cloak. It was no other than Dolly Dobstick.

"THEY ALL SET OFF TO FOLLOW THE PET SPIDER."

She took Maysie home by a short path in one minute. Before Maysie could open the gate Dolly Dobstick tried to climb over it, and, of course, stuck on the top. So Maysie climbed over, and said:

"Let me help you down; and won't you come in?"

"No, thank you, my dear. Good-night!"

The old woman took a skip off the top of the gate. And then—you know how an india-rubber ball hops from the ground—Maysie saw her go over the hedge and up the opposite field, bounding away like a ball in the moonlight.

So Dolly Dobstick was a fairy in disguise, after all. Perhaps she was going about the world sticking on stiles to find out who would be kindest to a stumpy, little old woman. And how had she got the sunshine from the peddler? Well, when the fairies found the peddler with bits of sunshine, they knew he had got it dishonestly, so they took it away while he was asleep.

And so Thatch-roof Farm was happy again.

The village folk put up stiles all over the country; they hoped to find Dolly Dobstick stuck up somewhere or other; they would all run to help her down now. But she was never seen again. Somebody was once heard in the farmyard, singing:

"Sing a song of sunshine,
More than wealth untold;
Cheery hearts are brave hearts,
Full of Fairy Gold."

It might have been the fairy, or it might have been Maysie; for she was as merry as any fairy now. And so shall you be if you begin in good time to carry a little bit of sunshine about with you, no matter what happens.

"THE OLD WOMAN STUCK ON THE TOP OF A STILE."

"ONE FAIRY REMAINED."

LEONORA.—"HE HURRIEDLY CROSSED THE ROOM, STRETCHING FORTH HIS HANDS TO HER WITH LOVE AND LONGING. 'OH, LEONORA! MY WIFE, MY LOVE!' HE CRIED, PASSIONATELY. 'AM I AT LAST FORGIVEN?'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ORIENT PEARLS.

I.

I LOVE the Lotus-blossom when it wreathes
Its painted petals in my sweetheart's tresses,
While she, enchanted by its odor, breathes
Soft words of love, and soothes with soft caresses.

I love the Lotus-blossom when it lies
On the white bosom of a sleeping woman,
And falls and rises as the dreamer sighs
For that love's sake she yet has told to no man.

I love the Lotus-blossom, for it grows
On a lone grave beside a silent river.
There my youth's mistress takes her last repose—
I loved, I hated, and I now forgive her.

II.

Eat your crust and drink your wine,
Deem the girl you love divine,
Make you merry for a span,
Dissipated Mussulman.
Better to be glad than sad
By the waves of Rocknabad.

If the truth must be confest,
Love's a juggle, life's a jest.
Drown reflection in the can,
Philosophic Mussulman.
Better to be glad than sad
By the waves of Rocknabad.

LEONORA.

By E. F. G.

CONSIDERABLE interest of a mild quality was excited in the neighborhood of 346 Alden Street, one drizzly April morning, when it became generally known that during the night the Ingoldsbys had hung out a bill bearing the very commonplace legend, "Furnished Rooms."

This unusual proceeding on the part of this particular family furnished matter for comment and discussion over nearly every matutinal repast in progress upon the block. Not that Alden Street was totally unacquainted with this common expedient of the impecunious, but in a quiet neighborhood every incident becomes an event; and Alden Street having heard startling rumors of late of David Ingoldsby's business troubles, and seeing the bill this morning, very naturally put two and two together, and, with judgment and astuteness, very reasonably inferred that the Ingoldsbys were sinking in the scale of social prosperity—a judgment in which, by-the-way, the Alden Street people were eminently correct.

No. 346 was one of a block of brown-stone boxes, which, with forty thousand others of their kind, represent the regulation architecture of the City of Churches. It had been the home of the Ingoldsbys for so many years, that its middle-aged proprietor was regarded as almost patriarchal by the more recent arrivals upon the block. Plain, ugly and characterless, it nevertheless embodied David Ingoldsby's ideas of home, sweet home; and when, in the uncertain fortunes of trade, he had found his modest little establishment pulled under in the wreck of greater houses, perhaps the keenest pang he suffered came from the thought that some day, in the very near future, he must gather up his household gods and go forth from the roof which had sheltered him through so many years of an uneventful, though rarely happy, life. A prosperous young merchant, he had brought his Western bride hither at the beginning of their new life; his children had grown up in these rooms; the comforts and luxuries of his home represented the triumphs and successes of his added years. It was as the tearing of the flesh from the bones to leave it; yet scarcely less agonizing was the thought of the measure which his thrifty wife proposed adopting as a means of increasing their now comparatively slender income. To let rooms! To share his home with strangers! there was something that savored of desecration in the thought. It was as if he were asked to expose the secrets of his soul to the idle gaze of passers-by; and, with almost feminine sensitiveness, he shrank from the ordeal.

He came round to it in time, however; a man rarely fails to yield when a woman is the persuader. And Mrs. Ingoldsby's arguments in favor of the measure were in themselves unanswerable. John, their eldest son, was teaching in an Illinois college, she reminded her spouse; Edward, the second son, was practicing law in Auburn; and the two youngest boys were away at school; it was positively wicked and extravagant to have a great, roomy house like theirs given up to the use of two quiet, elderly persons like themselves. So, after hopeless and ever-weakening objections, Mr. Ingoldsby had yielded, and had given a reluctant consent, and so, too, in time the bill had been hung out, with the effect upon Alden Street as already noted.

In the fullness of time three waifs from the great city across the river drifted into Mrs. Ingoldsby's domestic net. The first, a bachelor professor—one of the great army of teachers—an elderly individual with pinched features, thin, gray hair, and teeth which struck the casual observer as an undeniable triumph of modern dental art.

He was followed by a natty young gentleman, a stenographer in a New York commercial agency, who, in the course of time and human events, developed a habit of regularly tumbling up the steps about the hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead, in addition to a peculiarity of invariably forgetting the date upon which his weekly payments were supposed to come due.

But with either of these varieties of the featherless biped, however, we have nothing in common just now; our business is with the third in the galaxy of lodgers, the individual who conferred its romance on 346.

What a never-ending source of compassionate sorrow he was to tender-hearted Mrs. Ingoldsby! He had come to Alden Street late one stormy evening, and having furnished unexceptionable references, and paid a month's rent in advance, had quietly taken possession of the south room, adjoining Mrs. Ingoldsby's own sitting-room. And his landlady's motherly heart had gone out to him at once; his eyes and smile were so mournful, and so suggestive of some secret sorrow, she said.

Not that he was not strong and manly and self-reliant in every way; but Mrs. Ingoldsby had a prejudice in favor of dark eyes and silken whiskers and shapely white hands; and when these physical characteristics were combined with a low, sad voice, and pathetic glances, the good lady lost no time in weaving a touching romance about their handsome owner.

He was a Westerner, he had explained, and was making his home in the metropolis pending the completion of some important contracts relative to certain copper-mines in which he was intensely interested. He might remain in the East three months, he might remain a year, he had added, in such a listless, indifferent way, that kind Mrs. Ingoldsby had inferred intuitively that life was a burden to him. Whereupon that good lady's compassion had increased a thousand-fold, and her convictions of his secret sorrow had waxed firmer than ever.

She saw but little of him after that first night, however. He had a way of rising early and retiring late which caused his meetings with his landlady to be rare, indeed. Punctually upon the first of each month her rent was left upon his mantel in a carefully sealed and correctly addressed envelope; but he quietly and sedulously avoided all personal contact with the members of the family.

So mysterious and quiet became his exits and entrances that Mr. Ingoldsby—who, by-the-way, was gradually growing reconciled to the new state of domestic affairs—commenced in the secrecy of connubial confidence to facetiously dub him "the Artful Dodger."

Unlike most men, also, he omitted scattering about his room the ordinary *bric-à-brac*, which so correctly indexes the personal history and characteristics of its owner.

True, there was a portrait, which, from the first, had never been disturbed from its place upon the bracket in one corner of his room; but this was unlikely to afford any clew to the cause of the secret sorrow with which Mrs. Ingoldsby persisted in endowing him, since its velvet case was invariably kept locked; a fact which had been demonstrated beyond doubt to Mrs. Ingoldsby's intense chagrin, when, upon divers occasions—as that lady was reluctantly forced to admit—she had been sufficiently curious to examine it.

So, as the weeks went by, her lodger remained as much of a mystery as ever; and if, as the good lady surmised, some secret sorrow was gnawing at his vitals, he seemed amply competent to conquer by enduring it without seeking either consolation or aid from the residents of 346.

To tell the truth, his reticence rather piqued Mrs. Ingoldsby, who, at the end of several months, knew no more of him than could be learned from the sound of his voice, as he hummed or whispered upon the other side of the partition which separated their rooms.

He did this pretty often, she noticed, always, without variation, running into the melody of the *Miserere* from "Il Trovatore." But, with this meagre fact Mrs. Ingoldsby's knowledge of her lodger ended.

Fortunately for the romantic lady's overflowing sympathy, about this time the parlor floor was taken by a Cuban linen merchant and his wife, whose year-old infant was passing through the interesting and troublous period of teething; and, for a while the second-floor lodger and his secret sorrow were almost forgotten.

With the advent of warmer weather, the professor packed his gripsack and sought the Summer Institute at Martha's Vineyard; the stenographer joined a party of his friends who were journeying Canada-ward; while the Cuban and his interesting family retreated to the verdant shades of Connecticut.

Shortly afterward the second-floor back surrendered to the great heat of the city also, and announced his determination of relinquishing the cares of business for a few weeks at Newport.

The boys had been home for a flying visit in July, they had yielded to the seductive temptations of a party of friends, and departed for a month of camping-out amid the pleasures of the lake regions.

The middle of August found Mrs. Ingoldsby and her spouse alone once more, the only tenants of 346.

Under these circumstances, it was with joy that the sympathetic little lady learned of the proposed visit of her niece from St. Louis; and it was with effusive tenderness that she welcomed the tall, fair girl who, later on in the month, made her appearance for the first time in Alden Street.

Lea Carew was the daughter of Mrs. Ingoldsby's only brother, an orphan since childhood, and now in deep mourning for her maternal grandparents, whose death had left her without relatives, and almost alone in her native city.

Not that she need lack friends, so called; her grandfather's wealth had insured her against that need. But too much suffering and experience had been compressed into her life; she had confided too often and been deceived, not to have grown suspicious of the motives of her acquaintances.

Not that sorrow had made her morbid, by any means; but admitting that, as the verses have it, one had better confide a thousand times and be deceived than once to let suspicion mar repose; one rarely reaches the limit of confidences set by the poet without having grown a trifle wary, without having parted with a considerable portion of one's original quantum of Arcadian simplicity and trust.

Lea Carew had borne blow after blow against love and faith and confidence; had watched her ideals cruelly vanish one by one; and now, at the age of twenty-five, she realized that life—the life of the heart, of hope and love and trust—was over for her, and for ever.

Some one says that one dies a great many times before one is put into one's coffin; certainly, few women attain the age of twenty-five without having endured the death-blow of hope, without having, with bruised and bleeding heart, and tearful eyes, assisted at the burial of happiness, faith and love.

Physical health and good digestion, and practical ideas of life, survive the losses, perhaps—qualities which go to make up all that the world holds necessary to moderate, rational enjoyment of existence; and the pulse continues to throb on regularly, normally, without undue haste or excitement, perhaps in perfect unison with an organ which, seemingly an exact and methodical mechanism, is, in reality, only a heart full of graves.

Some such thoughts were running through Lea Carew's mind as, upon the second evening after her arrival, she sat by the window of Mr. Ingoldsby's sitting-room, in calm enjoyment of the animated scene below.

It had been a sultry, uncomfortable day, and with the eventide all of Alden Street people whom the cares of business, or pecuniary considerations, had kept in the hot, dusty city, came out into the street for a breath of refreshing coolness.

The air was full of the happy sounds of life. The voices of children at play, the more subdued tones of their elders, the music which invariably rings forth from city windows after sunset, the tinkle of distant car-bells, and signals of passing steamers, were borne upward, in not unpleasant mingling, upon the evening air.

It was time meet for meditation, and it was with deepest gratitude that Lea found herself alone.

Uncle David was in Philadelphia on business. Aunt Charlotte—Mrs. Ingoldsby—had just departed, with many protestations of reluctance and regret, for a committee meeting, with a view to arranging a suitable reception for her favorite minister, who was to return by Saturday's steamer from his vacation trip in Europe.

Katy, the domestic factotum, was coquettishly exchanging vows over the area-gate with her particular policeman.

The house was dark and still, in marked contrast to the noisy street, which the light of an August moon was gilding.

It was the same moon which, years ago, had shone down upon Lea Carew, in the happiness of her youth

and love, as it was shining now upon a pair of rapturous lovers upon the porch opposite.

Lea, as she watched them with a smile, half of pity, half of envy, allowed her thoughts to wander back along the waste of years to the time when moonlight and eventide and music had brought to her also thoughts other than those of sorrow and regret.

A sentence from one of George Eliot's books came back to her memory with passionate keenness: "God was cruel when He made woman!"

"Oh! how cruel! how cruel! Or, having given her life, might He not have made her hard and fierce and stony-hearted," she asked herself, "instead of having created her the weak, trustful, clinging creature that she is?"

It had been a hard day for the girl—one of those lonely anniversaries which the sad soul keeps with itself; one of the many milestones along the journey of life which mark with each remove a new-made grave.

With the dispassionate retrospection of a second person, almost, she had been reviewing the past as she sat in the loneliness of the August evening, wondering for the hundredth time, with bewildering doubts, what and when the end of her sad waiting might be.

OH! GIVE ME THE KITTEN!

Why, in the beginning, it had been her lot to let her heart go out to one who had been for years an enemy of her family, whom her grandfather abhorred with a hatred which strengthened with age, by reason of the difference in their religious beliefs, was a problem of fate which, even now, in her mature judgment, she made no attempt to solve.

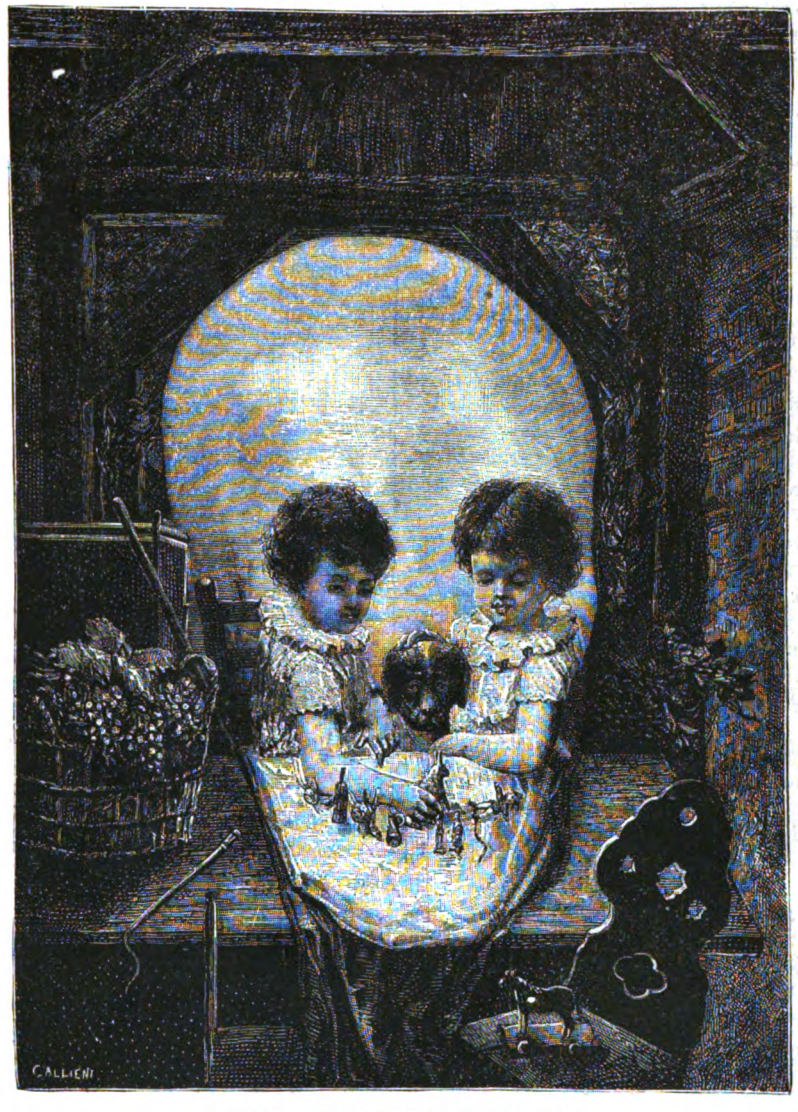
But, from the first, Frederic Maltby and herself had

stood apart, separated tacitly, yet none the less surely and effectually, from the ebb and flow of commonplace, ordinary life. In time the crisis had come, soul spoke to soul, and for years her heart had been torn by struggles between the conflicting emotions of duty and love.

Then had come a mad, wild struggle with temptation; and in the end love conquered with her, as it does with most women.

For the rest, the descent to Avernus is always easy. A visit planned, upon her part, to relatives in Chicago; a meeting at Alton, a hurried marriage, followed by a week of brief, delirious happiness, which even now stood out as the one joyous time in her memories of the past, and life was over for her for ever.

After all, she thought, with kindly feeling, as the past came back to her, despite the abuse which it receives, the world is good, and charitable and unsuspicious; the elderly cousins, in whose dull and quiet home she had finished her visit, had entertained her lovingly in their prosy, humdrum fashion, without mistrust of her duplicity; and had bidden her a tearful and regretful farewell, when, later on, in obedience to a sudden summons from her grandfather, she had returned to St. Louis to watch for months beside her grandmother's bed.



LIFE AND DEATH AS SEEN FAR AND NEAR.

Remorse and compunction became her companion even then, and in her few, brief, clandestine interviews with her husband, who was impatient to acknowledge their new relation, more than once she had murmured against the fretful bond which, even then, was secretly chafing her soul. She was so harassed! She had so much at stake!

Well, life is thorny, and youth is vain, and forbearance is not always a characteristic of lovers. The crisis came one August evening, when the yellow moon was filling the quiet world with the same mellow light which just now was shining down upon the lovers in Alden Street. A trifling disagreement, a suggestion of coldness and infidelity, a few mad, hot, passionate expressions of regret, a parting in pride and anger, that was all; trivial causes to wreck two lives.

Before the closing of another day Lea Carew's grandmother lay in the sleep of death, and the pale, silent girl who stood beside her coffin, stricken and desolate, was mourning, with crushed and quivering heart, yet another and even a sadder loss.

A brief letter of farewell had come to her from her husband, echoing bitterly her words of regret at the mistake, now irreparable, which had been made, yet assuring her of a love which, despite the return that it had won, would be hers in death as in life, through time and through eternity.

And as the days went on, and, weary and hopeless, she took up the burden of life again, the world little guessed that under the calm and cheerful exterior there throbbed a heart which was worse than widowed.

Then there had come vague rumors of Maltby's departure Westward, followed by a long interval of disheartening silence, and the girl's life had settled down into a round of cheerless, irksome duties, unrelieved by a single ray of hope or consolation.

Her grandfather was failing daily; and with the weakening of his powers grew more and more irritable and exacting, in a thousand little ways trying the girl's soul almost to madness. Such was her life for a year.

At the end of that time her grandfather died, and she was left alone, with youth, health, fortune—every gift which the world deems necessary to happiness. Then a wild, new hope began to grow up in her heart. She was independent now, her own mistress, accountable to no one for her acts; might it not be possible to call her husband back to her heart, to be forgiven, to commence life over again?

She had gone down to Cape Girardeau for a few weeks of change and rest after the burial, when the plan formed

itself in her mind. She was thinking of it as she drove home from the post-office with her maid, one morning, in happy reverie, which the ponies evidently understood and respected, as they walked leisurely along the sunny suburban streets.

And the smile of happy anticipation still lingered upon her lips as she entered the house, and leisurely opened the voluminous letter which the mail had brought her from her friend and neighbor, Mary Worthington, up in St. Louis.

There was the usual summary of local happenings, breezy chronicles of weddings and parties and personal doings. Then a concluding paragraph, which caused Lea Carew's heart to stand still with fear, which froze the smile upon her lips, and left her dizzy and faint with anguish:

"The Maltbys have had a severe blow this week," Mary wrote, lightly, "in the report of Fred's terrible death, of which they learned through a letter to the Morrill girls from their cousin Edwin. It seems there was a skirmish out upon the plains last month, and his party, unfortunately getting separated from the main division, poor Freddy was shot—at least, he has disappeared, which is equivalent to saying that the Indians have made away with him. He was so kind and handsome, and such a lovely waltzer! I remember, too, that he was one of your many ardent admirers in the old days, so I am sure you will find time to regret his untimely end."

Well, this had happened over three years ago, yet Lea had lived through the terrible weeks that followed, had even gone back to her old home for a few days, and by chance had met Frederick Maltby's mother and sisters.

She had even expressed her sympathy, in the calm and well-bred platitudes society indorses.

If a few had wondered at the restless, nomadic life which she had led since then, by far the greater number, unsuspicious of her motives, had envied her the untrammeled freedom which made such wanderings possible. Her secret was still safe within her own heart.

Although she had suffered so keenly, the world, comparing her with the bright, cheerful, fascinating Lea Carew of five years before, would have discerned no difference, she knew; would never have guessed how completely sorrow had brought down her life unto the earth.

With a weary sigh, she left the window, turned on the light, and, seating herself at the piano, let her fingers wander softly, almost unconsciously, into the melody of the *Miserere*.

In memory, she saw herself as she heard it last, four years before, upon the evening of her last happy day in Chicago with poor, dead Frederic Maltby.

She had been dressed as she was to-night, she remembered, in the same soft, white, gauzy material, with pale roses and great clusters of heliotrope in her belt. And with some gay remark, touching the fascinations of the elderly cousin to whom she was going on the morrow, her husband had placed her where the light might fall full upon her, as with deepest emotion he had sung the tender farewell, which neither dreamed would be for all eternity: "Addio, addio, Leonora, addio!"

It was later now, and the street was more quiet, as her voice floated softly out upon the evening air, dealing a sharp stab of pain to a gentleman who was coming leisurely up the street, absorbed in deepest meditation.

To-day had been an anniversary for him also, and the moonlight and music brought back strange, sad memories as he approached 346, stopping to look twice at the number as an assurance that he was not mistaken.

He had never fancied his landlady a singer, he remembered, as he carefully fitted his latchkey, smiling cynically at the incongruities of life, while mentally picturing that plump and pleasing person singing, in full, healthy tones, that sad farewell which brought to him more pain than any requiem.

The hall was filled with the strong, sweet, penetrating odor of the heliotrope, he noticed, as he went softly up the stairs to his room, pausing as he reached the landing above to lean against the railing, stunned and bewildered.

Great heavens! What trick of fate was this! Had the heat, and memories connected with the day, completely turned his brain? Or was it true, as the poet sings, that thought, like the magnet, has power to draw to itself whatever it touches? He had carried the picture which he beheld in his heart of hearts for years; by what magic was it vivified to-night?

"Non ti scordar di me, Leonora, addio!"

The song died softly into silence, and the musician, running lightly into another key, commenced that exquisite little poem of Bulwer Lytton's, unconscious of the eyes that were resting upon her in such an intensity of loving surprise and tenderness—

"Standing by the river,
Gazing on the river,
See it paved with star-beams
Heaven is at our feet;"

she sang, mournfully.

"Now the wave is troubled,
Now the rushes quiver,
Vanished is the starlight,
It was a deceit.

"Comes a little cloudlet, 'twixt ourselves and heaven;
And from all the river fades the silver track;
Put thine arms around me, whisper low, 'Forgiven!'
See how on the river starlight settles back."

He hurriedly crossed the room, stretching forth his hands to her with love and longing.

"Oh, Leonora! My wife, my love!" he cried, passionately. "Am I at last forgiven?"

She rose slowly from her seat, dizzy and faint, steadying herself with trembling hands against the clashing keys.

"Oh, Heaven!" she sobbed. "Can the grave give up its dead!"

He drew her tenderly into his arms, taking heart from her tears and weakness.

"When I remember what my life has been for the past four years," he answered her, with deepest emotion, "I am half-inclined to believe that I have really risen from the dead. And yet, oh, my precious wife! this moment of reunion would compensate for a whole cycle of unhappiness such as I have known!"

And, looking down into the tearful eyes upraised to his with infinite tenderness, he read that in their depths which told him that for them the agonizing suspense of separation was over, and for all eternity.

* * * * * *

It was an hour later, eleven was sounding from the city clocks, as Mrs. Ingoldsby stepped briskly from the car at the corner of Park and Alden Streets and walked in happy meditation in the direction of 346.

Cæsar, entering Rome with captives at his chariot-wheels, was never half so complacent as was good Aunt Charlotte, as again and again she recalled the events of the committee meeting just finished, at which, greatly to her surprise, she had been elected to preside over the deliberations of the council. She had acquitted herself with dignity, and had her say in the matter of selecting the *menu*, and had been betrayed into making a brief

address, which she felt in her secret soul had been, in the number of its telling points, nothing less than an astonishing success.

She, too, stopped to look twice in amazement at the number, when presently she reached 346; for light was blazing from the upper windows, whence there issued an uncommon sound of revelry by night in the shape of the burst of melody—this time in a man's voice, which greeted her strained and listening ear.

With a momentarily increasing astonishment, the bewildered lady let herself noiselessly in and quietly ascended the stairs to lean, in her turn, against the railing in mystified amazement.

Her niece, flushed and happy in a radiance which was almost tangible, leaned lightly against the piano, at which the mysterious lodger—he of the secret sorrow—was gayly singing his old-time favorite "Il Trovatore":

> "Sconto con sangue mio, l'amor che posi in te;
> Non ti scordar di me, Leonora, addio."

He finished the song in a grand burst of melody, and, swinging lightly round upon his seat, drew his unresisting companion fondly to his arms.

"Oh, fare thee well, my Leonora," he sung, tenderly, with a gayety of voice and manner which only partially concealed the undercurrent of emotion which was agitating his soul.

And then—and then—well, in her younger days, Aunt Charlotte had read Byron, and had understood what that passionate genius meant by "A long, long kiss of youth and love." But just now, to her infinite amazement and disgust, she had not only audible but ocular proof of the ecstasy of which the poet sang.

What was the meaning of it all? she asked herself, hopelessly. Had the whole world gone mad?

With a groan of betrayed confidence and mystified impatience, the bewildered lady entered the room and confronted the unabashed culprits; and then—well, there followed such an elaborate and lengthy explanation as completely satisfied Aunt Charlotte's scruples, besides furnishing the romantic side of her nature unlimited food for many a day. The years of love without hope, the tyranny of the grandfather, the wedding journey to Chicago, the rumor of Maltby's death—she heard it all, in varying moods, which ran the entire gamut between tears and laughter.

"But the portrait?" she gasped, presently, unmindful of the curiosity which she was unconsciously betraying. "Whose was it? It was always locked; I could never open it."

With a quiet smile at the wiles of landladies, as a class, even as betrayed by the admissions of his newly discovered aunt, Frederic Maltby silently produced from his room the velvet case, and, having applied a tiny gold key to its lock, dutifully passed it over for Aunt Charlotte's inspection.

With a smile of amused interest, Lea watched the worthy lady as she nervously adjusted her glasses, and turned slightly that the light might fall full upon the ivory presentment which had so often piqued her curiosity. A single glance, and then poor Aunt Charlotte's long-tried control completely gave way, and, sinking upon a sofa, she adopted that refuge of woman in joy or grief, and wept in a fit of hysterical exultation.

"But I thought you were at Newport, Mr. Maltby," she suddenly protested, pausing in the midst of a copious shower of tears, as a new idea unexpectedly took possession of her brain.

"So I was until yesterday," Fred answered, good-naturedly. "Last evening I received a telegram from my partner, telling me that we were ready to commence operations, and recalling me to Colorado immediately. That was one kiss of Fortune. I reached here and found my wife; I will not paint the lily by attempting to say what that was. The object of my return this evening, was to inform you of my intended departure for Denver on Friday. I came to No. 346 one of the saddest men on earth," he continued, with emotion; "I leave it the happiest man in America—providing, of course, that my wife goes with me," he added, with a confident smile.

She left her place by Aunt Charlotte, and, going over to her husband's side, placed both her hands in his, with an *abandon* of wifely surrender which was touching in its completeness.

"Where thou goest I will go, my husband," she said, softly; "and whithersoever thou leadest, I will follow!"

Aunt Charlotte, who had been complacently watching it all, and noting its resemblance to a chapter from one of our favorite novels, felt in her romantic soul that, although her lodger was lost to her for ever, her experiment had been an unparalleled success.

A SPECIAL EPIGRAM.

At one of the great hotels, a gentleman seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room, passed a young lady who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one. He thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram. The young lady was as handsome as she was polite:

> "You gave me a candle, I gave you my thanks,
> And add—as a compliment justly your due—
> There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks
> Who could, if she tried, hold a candle to you!"

FREAKS OF COURTSHIP.

Among the exiles in the Island of Saghalien, Eastern Siberia, the following custom prevails. If a man wishes to get married he applies to the Governor, who forthwith selects one of the female prisoners, with whom the candidate for holy matrimony is expected to "keep company" for two or three days. If, at the conclusion of this term, the male party declares to the Governor that the lady selected is not to his mind, he receives twenty-five blows with a stick, and another bride is chosen for him, and so on. The same course is adopted with the female prisoners who are in search of husbands. These matches are termed "Official Marriages," or the "Governor's Marriage," and are not followed by any religious ceremony.

Courtship in Zululand has several advantages over the same sort of agreeable pastime in other countries. When a Zulu girl takes a fancy to a young warrior she leaves her father's house, and at dusk stations herself before the hut of the favored one, but remaining perfectly silent. If her attentions are favored she will be asked into the hut. This obviates the necessity of the young man walking a couple of miles, perchance along a dark and lonely road, six or seven days a week, after midnight; and the girl's father doesn't find his coal and gas bills augmented during the courtship.

Dr. Holmes has said: "The patient may almost always be saved, if the doctor is called in time; but he should be called two or three hundred years before the patient is born."

A WINTER IN JAMAICA.

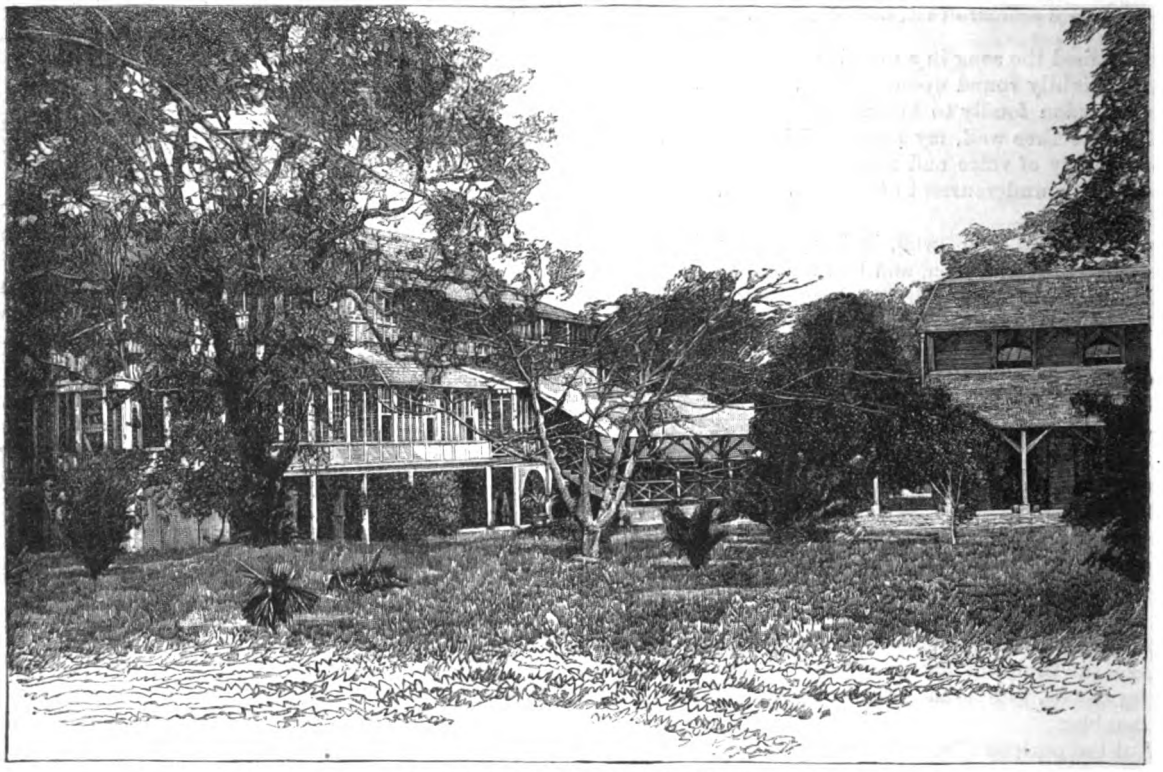
By Florine Malcolm.

We left New York on the 9th of December, or, rather, we were to have left on the 9th; but, verily "man proposes and the fates dispose."

The usual amount of kissing, hand-shaking and tearful good-byes had been gone through (if there is anything in this world thoroughly detestable it is saying "good-bye"), the bells had rung "all hands ashore," the gangplank had been withdrawn, and everything was ready to start, when down came one of those "regular old particular" fogs occasionally seen in New York harbor, as if Uncle Sam just wanted to show his transatlantic cousins what could be done in that direction. As the captain intended to start the instant the fog lifted enough to make it at all safe, he would not allow the gangplank thrown out again, so we all had the satisfaction, for the rest of the afternoon and evening, of knowing—though we could not see them—that our friends were out there somewhere; and they, *vice versa*. Some one started, "Thou art so near and yet——" The line was never finished. The coroner's verdict would probably have been, "Accidental death by drowning."

It took me about half an hour, more or less, to carry down to my stateroom the various "preventives of seasickness," gifts of sympathizing friends. Hoping that one of them might prove effective, I tried them all. Chief in quantity were lemons, at least half a dozen people vouching for their efficacy. I at once commenced a lemon diet—lemons before breakfast, lemons at breakfast, lemons after breakfast—and kept it up all this first trip with the not remarkable result that I have never been able to endure the sight of lemons since. And even they could not withstand the influence of the Gulf Stream.

We finally started, December 10th, about 7:30 A.M., for Kingston, Jamaica. We felt very well the first day, but those who had been there before, and knew whereof they spoke, said, "Wait till we strike the Gulf Stream." When the boat tries to plunge toward all four points of the compass at one and the same time, with a half-dozen extra motions of her own thrown in, you may know you are in the Stream. I have a profound respect for that Stream. I always write it with capital letters. I have even felt an inclination to put it in italics. When you reach it the decks become deserted, and those who go to table look very, very lonely. To add to our comfort, we were struck by a storm just below Cape Hatteras, when some one volunteered the cheering intelligence that our boat "had already sunk once," having been raised and repaired, which, of course, prevented our feeling at all nervous or uneasy.

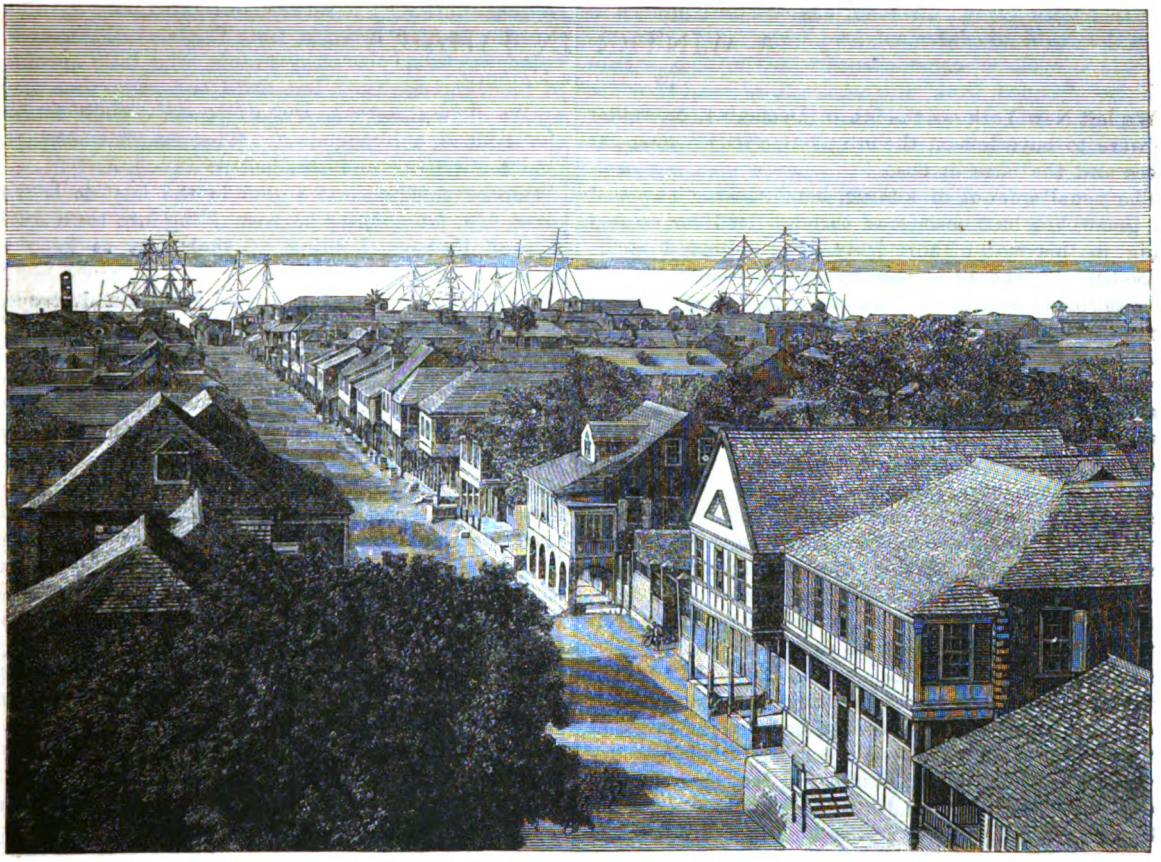


GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Oh, how bitter cold it was after we got out where the ocean breezes had full sway!

Though muffled up to our ears, we could scarcely peep our noses out of the cabin, and it continued so for the first three days; the fourth day was warmer; on the fifth we were glad to throw aside our wraps, while on the sixth day we had reached the tropics and wanted our thinnest clothing. Here we saw, many of us for the first time, the beautiful Southern Cross, almost perfectly formed by four very bright stars; also the False Cross, which, though not as perfect as the other, is still so cross-like as to be frequently taken for the true by those unfamiliar with them. The Southern Cross does not appear until nearly ten o'clock, and even then does not rise very high.

The sun, moon and stars appear larger, brighter and

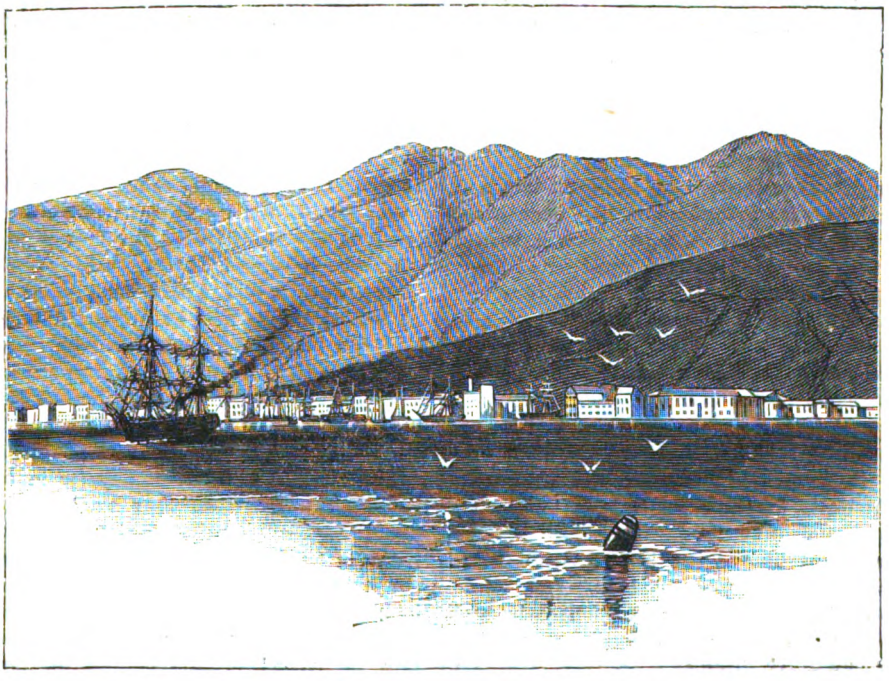


A PRINCIPAL STREET IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

nearer in that clear, tropical sky, and the latter more numerous than with us.

We passed San Salvador, made famous by its discovery by Columbus, and sailed close along the coast of Cuba, which interested us all, especially a Cuban general we had on board, exiled from his native land for participating in some of their political pleasantries. He made an effort to drown his emotion in a flood of champagne, offering to treat all the ladies, which offer we of course refused.

Then we sailed around the eastern part of Jamaica, where rise the Blue Mountains, whose culminating point, West Peak, measures 7,105 feet, being one of the highest in the West Indies. The sides are dotted with the white camps of Her Majesty's Own, and at their base are the sugar plantations. Thence we sailed over the sunken city of Port Royal, all but a fragment of which was engulfed in the great earthquake years ago, in which 3,000 lives were lost. The whole island was depressed several feet, and the wing on which Port Royal was situated broke off from the mainland and was buried in the sea. By going out in a rowboat on a clear day you can sometimes catch a glimpse of the tops of houses or a church spire underneath. So the inhabitants say. And as we heard that the last rowboat that went out had been upset and the contents devoured by sharks, we concluded to



KINGSTON FROM THE SEA.

take their word for it. However anxious we might be to verify the truth of statements, we were not anxious to cultivate any closer acquaintance with the sharks than could be obtained from ship or seashore; and they are so numerous and come so close to the shore as to render sea-bathing entirely out of the question in Jamaica. It is recorded that during the earthquake a man was swallowed up, and a few moments afterward the earth opened and threw him out *uninjured*, and he lived for several years. An account of this incident is engraved on his tombstone, which may be seen by all who care to visit it. An English clergyman, who was an eyewitness, writes of it in an account of the earthquake.

The remnant of Port Royal now standing merely serves for a quarantine station, being situated just at the entrance to the Harbor of Kingston, one of the most beautiful in the world.

As soon as the quarantine physician boarded the steamer, we all crowded round him, asking one question (a rumor having reached us that yellow fever was raging there): "Is there any fever here now?" He answered: "Oh, yes, a little bit; eleven deaths yesterday, but it is only Europeans and foreigners who are dying; the natives are all right." And he said it perfectly seriously. Not very encouraging to us.

The Island of Jamaica, third in extent in the West Indian Archipelago, called in the Indian tongue "Xamaica," or "the Island of Springs"—having, besides its lakes, at least two hundred streams—is the most varied in its resources of them all. It is 180 miles in length from east to west, and 60 miles in greatest breadth. It was discovered by Columbus, in 1494, and settled by the Spaniards fifteen years later.

Lead is found therein large quantities, besides copper, silver, zinc, antimony, iron and manganese. It yields also the products common to most of the West Indies—viz., allspice, vanilla, indigo, ginger, cloves, cassia, jalap, aloes, arrowroot, ipecacuanha, sarsaparilla, manioc or manihot, from whence cassava (the native bread) and tapioca are made. In addition to the fruits, too numerous to mention, cocoa, are coffee-bean and roots, such as yam and sweet-potato.

Its population is about half a million. Kingston, the largest town and present capital, has about forty thousand; Spanish Town, the former capital, less than ten thousand.

Anything more new and strange, more varied, more picturesque, more calculated to raise enthusiasm, than tropical scenery seen for the first time, I cannot imagine. We landed at Kingston the third week in December, and growing all around us were oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, and many new and strange fruits, beautiful palms of many varieties, a wonderful number of trees variegated with foliage, and the cactus, some of which grow higher than the house, while out of another variety they make their fences.

On the dock where we landed were a number of the most wretched-looking negro women, barefooted, with their dresses up to their knees, loading the different boats with coal, which they get from coal-yards beside the dock, carry in immense baskets on their heads, and empty into the boats, for the sum of one cent a basket. Two of them began quarreling, then fighting, some of the others joining in, all yelling at the top of their voices language of which we could understand just enough to know that it was liberally interspersed with oaths and expressions anything but fit for ears polite. Hurrying past them, we entered a cab, though it seemed little less than cruelty to animals to expect what they call horses to drag anything but themselves. And they are all alike, except some few brought from England or America, and belonging to very wealthy people, who take special care of them and use them but little, and even then they are apt to show the effect of the climate. Their horses are the smallest, the raggedest. Why, Bergh would arrest a man for driving one attached to an ash-cart here.

One of the funniest sights in the islands is that of great, big, fat country negroes riding into town on little bits of donkeys, holding up their feet to keep them from dragging on the ground.

We drove through the part of Kingston destroyed by fire within the last five years. In the heart of the city are whole blocks of bare, crumbling walls; some have already fallen down, others are erect still, showing sometimes an almost perfect skeleton of what was once, perhaps, a happy home. The streets are generally very narrow, with *no* regular sidewalks, though each house has something like one built in front of itself at whatever height the owner wishes. So, if one attempts to walk (which the natives never do at all, if they can help it) anywhere but in the middle of the street, one climbs up or steps down at each house passed, as may be clearly seen in the illustration of one of their principal streets. It also shows the peculiar style of building the small houses. Many of these buildings are "shops," as they call them, and very dingy affairs they are. Jamaica in this, though the most populous, is far inferior to the other islands visited. It seems a shame that a place so beautiful, so bountifully supplied by nature, should be inhabited by a people so shiftless, everything about the place having a disordered, unkempt, out-at-ends appearance.

The larger houses are nearly all built, more or less, like that of the Governor, large, roomy, rambling, rarely more than two stories high. This Governor gets a salary of $10,000 less than our President, and just think of the difference in size and population between Jamaica and the United States! He was away spending a six months' vacation at home in England when we were there. The other officers are paid in proportion; so a Government position in the West Indies is, in a small way, something of a "plum," and many English Jack Horners are quite anxious to get their thumbs in the pie. The Government Building is, as may be supposed, a solid, imposing structure.

The days there are warm, of course—the sun decidedly so—but the evenings are delightful. The islands always have the ocean breezes, and as soon as the sun sets it becomes dark—they have no twilight—and in an hour it is quite cool, much cooler than our Summer evenings. I don't think any one need hesitate about going to the West Indies for fear of health, even if yellow fever is there, if they will only exercise a little common sense. If a man goes down there with the intention of doing just as he would here, *especially* if he is in the habit of drinking whisky, I should say he was going to certain death. But he would be perfectly safe if he would realize that people who had lived there all their lives might know a little more about it than he, and that when they said it was dangerous to walk *at all* in the sun through the middle of the day, or to overexert himself, that they knew what they were talking about; if he would realize how easy it is to take cold, and would live as they do, largely on fruits, vegetables, fish, fowl, but very little meat—except turtle-steak, which is delicious, much better than beef—and occasionally venison and oysters, which grow down there on trees. Oysters grow on trees! They certainly do, likewise cotton and cabbages. The large steamers going to England have

every corner of available space covered with tanks of water containing turtles for the English markets. They do not take kindly to a sea voyage, and many of them die, but those that remain command a high price.

Then the houses are built in a peculiar style, to suit the climate and secure the best possible ventilation. The sides of most of them are built entirely of shutters, which can not only be opened and shut, but have iron rods by which they may be thrown out like awnings. The walls of the different rooms are merely partitions, extending only up to within two or three feet of the ceiling. This is objectionable in one way, as it prevents any privacy, every word said in one room being audible throughout the whole floor. But it does aid ventilation. They use no carpets, curtains or upholstered furniture, it being, they claim, impossible to do so on account of insects.

Floors are hard, bare, stained and polished. Each house contains one or more immense stone baths, with a water pipe running in, and two others running out, so it is kept just about so full of clear running water, and every one in the house has his or her "hour," and takes a plunge every day.

The houses are built without any chimneys, stoves or fireplaces, all the cooking being done on open charcoal stoves in the yard. Their ovens are built up of bricks with a place for fire underneath. This is not the case with small houses only, but the largest, even the hotels, The cooking, as may be imagined, is simply dreadful. They have no refrigerators to keep things in. Their butter comes in tins from England or America, and by the time you get it is impossible to eat it. They have very good milk, but cannot make butter, for they say their milk turns sour before the cream begins to rise. The pastrycook's is simply a lost art to them.

Hurricanes, tidal waves and earthquakes are of comparatively frequent occurrence. We experienced three of the latter during our six months' trip. The first one occurred about the holiday times, nine o'clock in the evening. An earthquake sounds very like a long peal of thunder, not overhead, but directly underneath. It begins in the distance, and as it approaches grows louder; the shaking becomes more violent, until you hear and feel it directly under your feet, and as you begin to wonder what will happen next, it gradually passes and dies away. While it lasts you are spellbound. I was one of quite a party in a large room. We were all laughing and talking; but when the earthquake began, every one stopped on the second. No one spoke, no one moved; even we, who had never felt or heard one before, seeming to know by intuition, however much it sounded like it, this was not thunder. As it approached and increased we seemed to stop breathing until it began to die away. The negroes drop on their knees when one begins, no matter where they are; but no prayers, no cries, excitable as they are; but the same terrified hush. It even seems to affect all animals the same way. They stop and stand trembling until it is over. Silence reigns supreme. But the instant it is over the dogs bark, mules bray, cocks crow, hens cackle, cows low, until one would think bedlam were let loose. The church-bells ring, and the people go to church.

In Jamaica most people, and in Trinidad almost every one, has "coffee" about 6:30 A.M. They disturbed my slumbers at that unearthly hour for just one morning. I am not lazy, but do draw the line at 6:30 A.M. "Coffee" means tea, coffee, chocolate or milk, whichever you prefer, with buttered toast, rolls or bread, and an egg if you wish it, brought to your bedside by one of the numerous servants. There are so many more negroes than white people, food is so cheap, and they require so little else, that they almost invariably outnumber the family, twenty to thirty in one house being no uncommon number. After "coffee" the men drive to business, stores opening about seven. They come back for breakfast about eleven, usually loitering over it until nearly noon, when they take a *siesta* or nap, after which they return to business, which closes about 5 P.M.

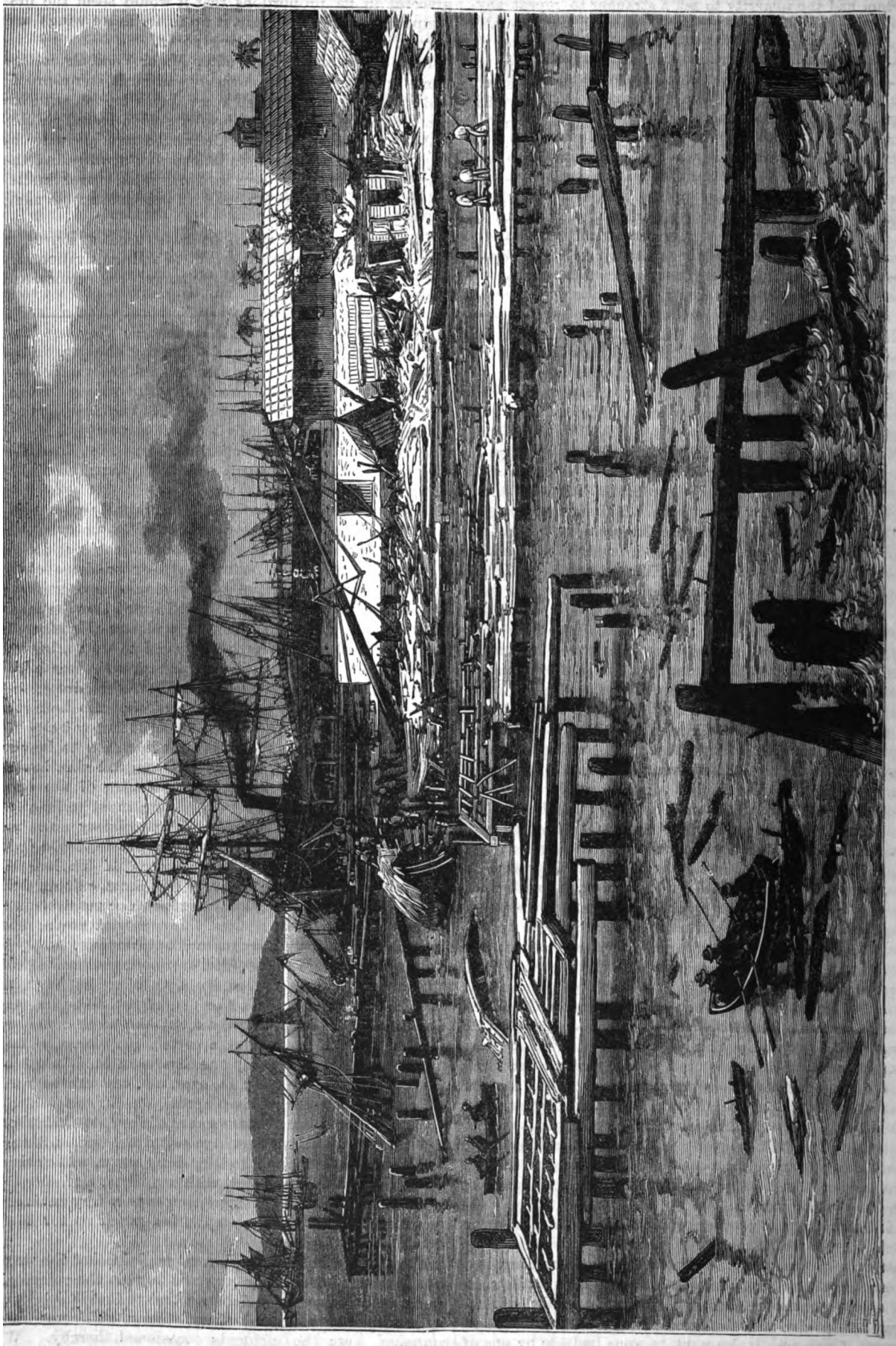
The women, accustomed to being waited on, even dressed, from babyhood, lead most indolent and purposeless lives. I have seen a lady accidentally drop her handkerchief, and call a servant from another room to pick it up for her. If they want to go two blocks they must ride. With the exception of dress, flirtation is the mania, the one object of their lives, the married women in particular being thoroughly French in the extent to which they carry it. At the same time they are more than English in their fear of outraging the proprieties, which adds a spice of danger to a flirtation, however innocent, that makes it irresistibly attractive with their very colorless lives. No young girl is permitted even to go shopping or to a friend's house alone, or with simply an escort, and if she went for a drive, to church or theatre without a chaperon she would simply be town talk.

The rigidity of their social customs is aptly exemplified in their theatre. They keep up the old country custom of going in full evening dress, and no one not in full dress is permitted to enter the floor or dress circle. They may go up to the top gallery where the negroes are, but that is the only place. Why, I heard that the manager once wanted to go in front on a matter of business in his own theatre and was not allowed to do so, but was sent back for his dress suit. But it makes the house look very pretty: all the ladies in full evening dress, with flowers, feathers or jewels in their hair. No bonnet is permitted, no matter how small or light it may be.

When the Governor signifies his intention to be present, as their theatre, though quite a good size, has no boxes, a certain part, just in the centre of the dress circle, and exactly in front of the stage, must be fitted up for use of himself and suite. The ordinary seats are taken out, something specially nice put in, to be quite separated from the rest, draped, etc. If his lordship does not arrive until 8:30 every one must wait until he does; if he comes at 7:30, the performance must begin at once. The instant he arrives, the orchestra are notified and play "God Save the Queen" until he is seated. As soon as he appears at the door, every one rises and stands applauding until he reaches his seat, when he bows his thanks, and, after he sits, the rest of the audience may do likewise. If he goes every night, the same ceremony is observed. If he desires a certain play for a certain night, no matter if every one has seen it, it must be played. After the play is over, no one moves until "God Save the Queen" is played.

The people of Jamaica are aware of the fact that there is a country up here somewhere called the United States, but just what it amounts to they don't know, while everything English is worshiped with avidity. But, despite their foibles and prejudices, they are a very sociable, generous and hospitable people, too much so for their own good.

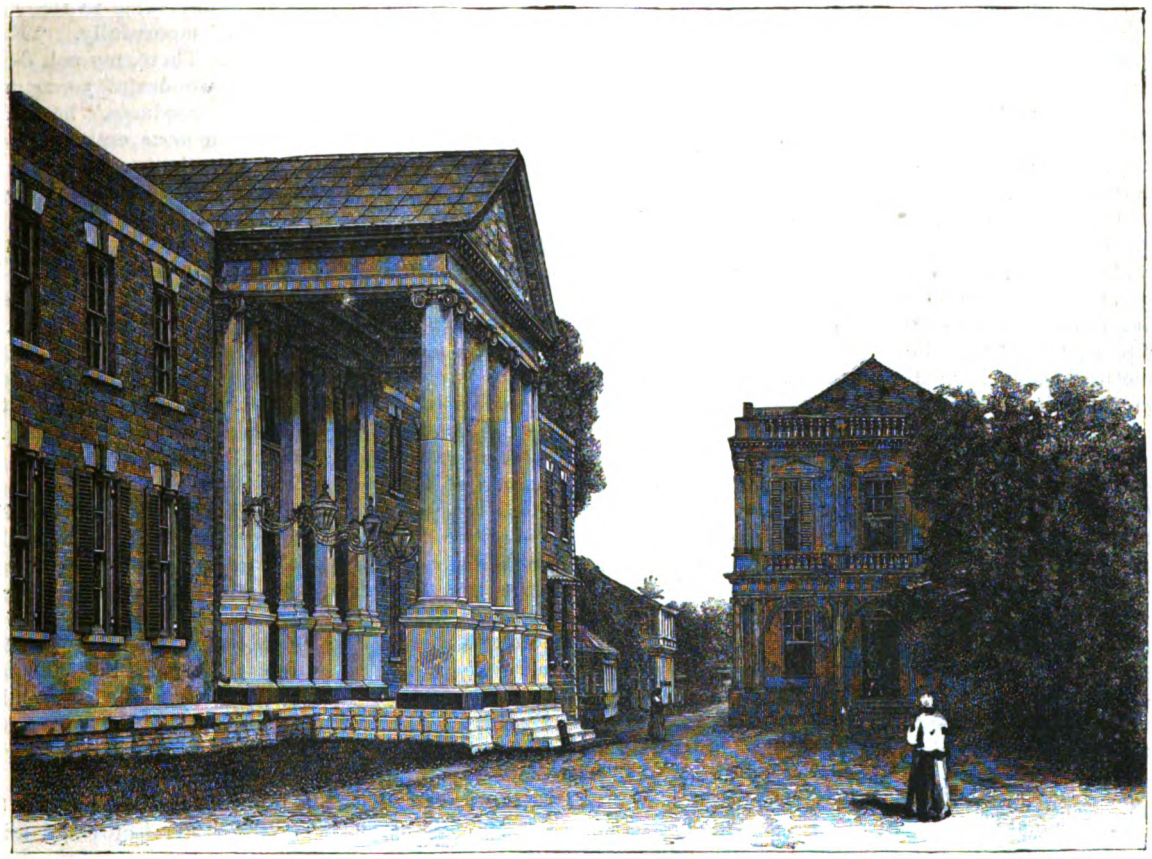
The Creoles in Jamaica (I must explain that the word Creole means here simply, a person born in the colonies,) speak with such a marked dialect that at first it is simply impossible to understand them. Many, and sometimes amusing, were the incidents occasioned thereby. We



HARBOR OF KINGSTON AFTER A TERRIBLE CYCLONE.

seldom had the temerity to ask a stranger to repeat anything more than about three times, when we generally hazarded an answer. With most people, even if you do not understand all they say, you can gather enough to know whether to say "Yes" or "No." But they speak in the same monotonous, drawling tone, no matter what they are saying. So you presently find some one looking at you with wide-open eyes or, worse still, if there are several present, a hush that tells you now you have put your foot in it.

They have not the same prejudices in regard to color that we have. The Mayor of Kingston was black as could be, and it is no uncommon thing to see a family coming into church, the father white, the mother black, and half a dozen children as many different shades.



A WINTER IN JAMAICA.—GOVERNMENT BUILDING, KINGSTON.—SEE PAGE 744.

A STARTLING PICTURE.

THERE is a little inlet on the coast of Maine, whose abrupt and gloomy shore is here and there dotted by a fisher's hut; where steep and frowning rocks overhang a surf whose seething roll is foam-capped and billowy in the calmest weather. There is no name set down in map or chart for this turbulent indentation of the beach-line, and but for a tiny curve in the great craggy bluffs, under whose shelter the water runs inland, forming a natural fish-pond, even the few sturdy seekers of driftwood, who eke out their scant living from this source, might not have rendered inappropriate its local title of Solitude.

But the fishers were not the only dwellers in Solitude: further down the sand-stretch and somewhat in the shelter of a massive boulder that rises like a monarch from encircling crags and jutting beds of rock, stands the last thing one would expect to find in such a spot—namely, a pretty, fanciful toy of a cottage, so light and graceful in its proportions that it would seem the first tempest might have caught it up in its fierce wings and borne it away over the raging ocean.

But no such thing has befallen Major Vernon's cottage home, most probably because it was built storm-proof; and when he came to dwell there, years before, with his beautiful daughter—then a lovely, golden-haired child—and his two servants, an elderly man and his wife, he was quite sure that its foundations would withstand the heaviest gale that ever sent its spray inland over Shelter Rock, for which giant landmark it was his fancy to name his tasteful abode.

In some localities it might have been a source of wonder that a gentleman of taste and cultivation like Major Vernon should have exchanged the graces and luxury of city life for the wild desolation of his present home; but the few who broke the spell of Solitude had so much to do to maintain existence, that they were only too glad to avail themselves of the benefit they experienced from his generous patronage to speculate on the causes which brought him there.

Had the dwellers in Solitude proved the most inquisitive meddlers on record, they would have gained nothing by questioning the family servants, who were impervious to inquiry, and the closest scrutiny of the Major's habits could divulge no more than that he was a gentleman fond of nature and his own society, who, when not engaged in conducting the education of his little girl, preferred to wander among the rocks and climb the highest and most rugged cliffs rather than drive down to Stapleton, where there was plenty of the best city people in Summer, and his fine blooded horses and handsome turnout would have met with appreciative admirers. Once every year the Major left his home to go

—whither, no one knew; but as his stay was prolonged sometimes for a month, it was only reasonable that he must have financial interests demanding his attention, and that his journeys were necessitated by business only; his pleasure, if he had any, was in roaming the beach alone, or with his little girl.

As years passed, the child grew to a beautiful womanhood. The isolation of her life had not saddened her naturally gay and happy temperament, nor had the absence of feminine influence in her education deprived her of grace or elegance of bearing. All that was refined and womanly was as natural to sweet Alice Vernon as the air she breathed; and at the age of eighteen she was that rarest gem, an unconscious beauty, and a highly cultivated girl.

She and her father had one friend in common—the grand old ocean; and they wooed it together in all its varying moods, from the sunny sleeping blue of quiet Summer to the frenzied rage and ragged spray of a midwinter storm. She would face the wildest tempest at her father's side, or with him clamber over rocks as a chamois-hunter might. She was his constant companion, and had reached her eighteenth birthday without knowing or desiring any other.

One August day, during her father's absence, a pleasing incident varied the peaceful monotony of her life. When she was walking on the beach, a light breeze blew a sheet of drawing-paper directly to her feet, and on examining it she found it contained a wonderfully true and effective sketch of "Shelter Cottage." Delighted with the picture, which her enthusiastic taste in art enabled her to appreciate fully, she was still admiring it, when she found the artist himself at her side, bowing low before her. For a single instant Alice stood surprised out of her sweet graciousness of manner. A stranger, and such a stranger, young, handsome, and evidently from his production a man of genius, was rare indeed along the coast of Solitude. Alice returned the artist's deeply respectful salutation with the innocent ease and grace that was her charm, and distinguished her from the spoilt belles of society.

Knowing her father to be a passionate lover of art, she regretted his absence and inability to see and admire the charming picture of their seaside home, and said so as she returned it. The painter, who contrived to tell her that his name was Ernest Lawrence, urged the acceptance of the trifle upon her, declaring that it was hers already, since it had escaped from his portfolio and flown to her feet. She smiled, but resolutely declined this gift from a stranger; yet she did not forbid his accompanying her homeward, and they parted at the graceful portico he had so beautifully transferred to his picture.

Next day she encountered him on the shore, and thenceforth he was always there to meet her. How could it be otherwise? Fate had decreed it, and soon they were lovers. Early in their acquaintance he told her his story. He was an orphan, with his own way to win in the world. So far he had been fortunate, but it had been at the cost of hard and all-absorbing study. He had studied abroad, and his devotion to art had not been in vain, for on his return he found himself not unknown. Several pictures of his had gained laudatory mention at the Florentine Exhibition, and the consequence was, two or three promising orders; one for a marine view, to gain an inspiring subject for which he had strayed along the northern coast, and so met his destiny.

His ardor soon disclosed his love, and his keen sense of honor made him anxious for the Major's return, that he might gain that gentleman's permission to woo his daughter. As for Alice, beloved and loving, her happiness was complete, so the days of waiting were to her days of bliss. She never for a moment doubted her father's approval; and as for liking Ernest, she smiled as she thought, "How could he help it?"

The Major's stay was unusually prolonged, but he came at last, late in the evening, after Ernest's return to Stapleton; but Alice, who had never had a secret from her father, poured out the innocent story of her love, and bespoke parental favor by painting her lover's noble character, his genius, his devotion—all that a fond heart could suggest to win his cause. Major Vernon listened not without a sigh; his face was shadowed for a while; but, as Alice knew, he loved her too deeply to permit a selfish thought to weigh against her happiness.

"I suppose that I knew it would come to this some day, my darling?" he said, half mournfully. "But I own I did not look for it so soon. There, my pet, do not be frightened! I will see this wonderful young man, this embodiment of talent and goodness," he added, smiling; "and if he bears the rigorous examination, as to character, antecedents and morals, to which any one who would win my daughter Alice must submit—why, then, we will see."

He closed this speech with a tender kiss, and Alice knew her lover was secure of her father's favor.

After she left her father that night she remembered that, by some strange chance, she had never breathed her lover's name, nor had he asked it.

It was late next morning when Alice entered the breakfast-parlor, only to find her father gone, and to learn that he went out very early and had not returned, and Mr. Lawrence had been seen passing down the beach in the direction of the Major's favorite walk.

An hour passed, an agitated, excited hour to Alice. She had no fear of her father's refusal; he must like Ernest, she argued, but the delay oppressed her; and, unable to wait longer, she strolled out, expecting at every turn of the rocky way to come upon them, deep in consultation. She stole softly along, resolved to surprise them in their prolonged interview; but no trace of either could she distinguish, look where she would.

Then a terror seized her; all the world seemed darkening before her. She called aloud, lifting her voice higher at each repetition of her father's or lover's name, but only the scream of the dipping sea-gull answered. She was all alone—alone, it seemed to her frightened mind, in the wide world.

She pursued her way, and at a turn in the sandy path she saw the great boulder, the giant rock, from which their home was named, rising before her; at its base lay something like a human form. How she reached it she never knew, for the first glance told her it was her father; but there she found herself raising the apparently lifeless head, and calling, in a voice that did not seem her own, to some passing fishers for their aid.

* * * * * *

Major Vernon did not die, but he lay ailing many a long week; and Summer was gone and the storms of Winter were upon the lonely shore ere he raised his head from his pillow, and began to move feebly about his chamber, leaning on the arm of a pallid, saddened girl, as changed as he.

The physician summoned from Stapleton, and for the first week after the accident almost resident at the cottage, pronounced the Major's trouble to be that death-warning—paralysis. Attacked by it, he had fallen from the top of Shelter Rock, and thereby sustained injuries

that seriously complicated the disorder, and rendered the services of a Boston surgeon of skill and fame necessary to his recovery.

This gentleman, a great authority in such cases, assured Alice that her father, having so far recovered, might live for years, and possibly survive to a third stroke; but that certain precautions were essential to be observed, and a quiet, cheerful routine of existence to be insured.

Alice readily determined that her life should be devoted to prolonging her parent's. It had no other object now, for, since that bright Autumn morning when Ernest Lawrence had gone down the beach in search of Major Vernon, she had never seen him, nor heard one word concerning him.

To her he had entirely passed out of existence, and her springtime of love and dreams of joy were laid away in memory, like a nosegay of faded flowers. Her father had never mentioned him. Either all recollection of the subject had died away, or the subject itself was a painful one. How could Alice know which? Since the lover himself had deserted her, her lips were sealed. The sweet exuberance of youth was gone; yet, in the pale, sad-eyed woman a few months had made her, Alice had gained a higher type of chastened beauty. In it shone the unselfish devotion of her daily life. She had ceased to exist for herself, and thought, or tried to think, only of her duty and of her father.

Spring came and deepened into Summer, and Autumn dyed the woods with glory once again. Major Vernon was better—so much better, that he was able to go out in the open air for the first time since his accident, leaning on his daughter's arm. He appeared to enjoy the change greatly, and was loath to leave the glorious scene when the sunset made the sea aflame with gold and purple, and he begged his patient nurse to linger still, till she urged him to go in.

"For," she said, "remember, you are getting strong, and must not risk what you have gained."

"That's true, my darling; you know best," he said, yielding to the gentle will as he had done ever since his illness.

That night he called for her to come and sit by him; then he smoothed her golden hair, and called her his best, his dearest, and his last. At length he dropped asleep, holding her delicate hands, and she sat motionless, fearing to move, when she found from his speaking that he was awake.

"Alice!" his voice was just as it used to be; there was none of the uncertain, broken sound that had characterized it during his sickness. "My darling, do you remember that morning?"

Her heart beat so she could scarce command her voice to speak while she forced herself to say:

"Yes, papa."

"Well, dear child, I will tell you now what I should have told you long ago. Pity me, but do not blame me, love; the effort was so bitter, I could not speak his name, for all the agony of my life is touched by that one spring. Your mother, darling—Can you hear me speak?—come nearer, dear!—your mother left me, and you a baby in your cradle, and fled with that man's father. Ernest Lawrence, his father's very living image—when I saw him stand before me, all came back, and I—I could not bear it! my brain reeled, and I grew wild, and drove him from my presence in fury. Then all was blackened before me, and I knew no more."

Alice listened, and her very blood seemed icy in her veins as she learned that the mother she had worshiped in secret and believed dead—whose name she had been taught never to utter because her father's grief for his loss was so intense that he could not bear any allusion to it—had been a criminal—false to her sacred vows; and that Ernest's father—— Oh! no, no, it was too horrible—her pure young soul, unable to bear the burden of another's shame, shuddered, quailed and shrunk away. With a desolate cry Alice raised herself, staggered, and fell heavily forward on her father's breast, insensible.

When the housekeeper hurried in, startled by her mistress's scream, she was horrified to find the Major quite dead, and Alice in a faint, from which she did not recover for hours. Poor girl, she awoke to find herself entirely desolate, orphaned and friendless. What isolation could be more complete!

Her father, as the doctors told her, had died from the second stroke of paralysis; his brain would have been affected had he survived, they said, and kindly pointed out to her the merciful part of her affliction. She listened passively and seemed resigned, but she was in truth stunned. She moved about like one in a dream, meeting the demands of her position, and attending to every duty, but never fully realizing her loss or the desolation of her existence.

The funeral over, a lawyer, whom she had never seen, but whose name was familiar as her father's man of business, returned from the churchyard, and begged to see her in the parlor. It was then that she learned that she was a great heiress, possessed of immense city property, to attend to the interests of which, her father had made his yearly journeys from home.

In Major Vernon's will he stated his wish that Alice should leave Shelter Cottage at his death, and seek the society for which her wealth and position fitted her.

She was glad to have his sanction to go away, for the change that had turned her existence from light into darkness had made the roar of the sea a sound of unutterable woe to her, and the wild scene she had loved was terrible to look upon.

The lawyer, who was also her guardian, found a charming city home for her, and there she lived—although not yet twenty—the quiet life of a woman of middle age. She sought some employment for her mind, and from natural taste and aptitude chose that of painting.

In course of time she became absorbed in her art, and the intensity of her sorrow was a little lessened. She began to attend art exhibitions, and found something akin to pleasure in gazing at the creations of genius. One day she found a small group gathered about a new picture which they were discussing with great interest.

"He must be passionately fond of the sea!" said one.

"Rather passionately fond of that dreary, dismal coast, with its curling surf and scraggy background!" said another; "for it is that scene he repeats over and over again. I have seen it in London, Paris and Vienna, and now here, and always the same."

"Yes," assented a third; "one would suppose him to be haunted by the idea; and really it produces the effect on those who see it. It was present in my mind for days after I saw it last."

"Yet, it is a popular sort of thing, for all the others were sold."

"And so will this be, if the artist will part with it," interrupted the gentleman of the party. "It is weird and dismal, I admit, but true—wonderfully true to nature. He must have studied some such place."

He stepped back to obtain a different light on the

subject of his admiration. Alice looked through the opening thus made, and beheld the scene of her father's fall, *painted by her lover's hand.*

Yes, there was the unmistakable outline of Shelter Rock—the curling sea-foam winding in among the sea-weed beds, and the jagged rocks, the body stretched upon them, and the sea-gulls rising in startled flight.

"He knew my father fell, but never ran to his aid, nor came to comfort me."

This was Alice's thought as she sank into a distant seat, and leaned her face upon her hand; but though she had retired from the vicinity of one group of speakers, she was fated to come close upon another.

"Yes, he's dying, they say; but I insist that there is nothing, positively nothing, the matter with him, but the sea-picture caprice, that is grown into a positive mania. Three years ago he was one of the most promising exhibitors in the Academy, and his pictures sold, too; but he never could keep money—gave it to anybody that asked for it; now he is dying and penniless."

Alice sprang to her feet and looked about her; the speakers were in the street below. The one whose words she had caught was little more than a lad, evidently a student, for he carried a sketch-book under his arm, and had the air of one before whom the world lay "fair and untried."

Fearing he might be gone before she could reach him, Alice hastened through the hall into the street. The pair had parted company, but she saw the youth in advance, and flew after him. She had reached his side, her hand was on his arm, when the timid habit of her late secluded life caused her to pause. She saw his surprise followed by another feeling, admiration of her rare beauty. Yielding to it, he bowed, cap in hand. She blushed, and hurriedly said:

"I beg your pardon, but do you know Mr. Lawrence, an artist? I thought I heard you speak of him just now."

"Yes," cried the young man, unable to remove his fascinated gaze. "It was there I saw you—your picture, I mean—a curtained one; but I took a peep, and never could forget the face, though it is not quite the same—there is a difference."

Then becoming aware that he was rude, he suddenly grew silent. The poor girl could have told him it was her lost happiness he missed—but she thought of Ernest, not of herself; and being now assured it was he, she begged the young artist to direct her to his lodgings.

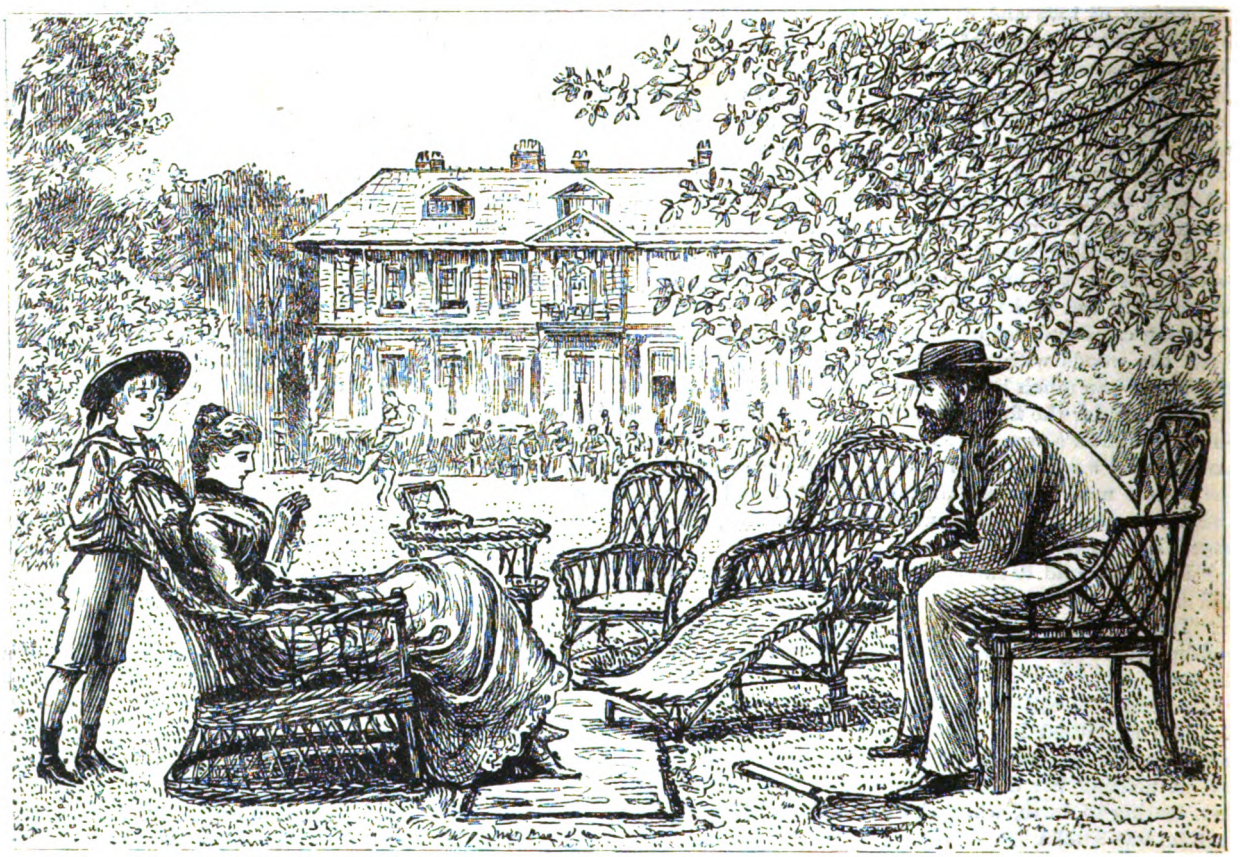
He offered to go with her if she would permit, and she asked, eagerly:

"Is Mr. Lawrence very ill?"

"Why, yes—and no!" replied her new acquaintance. "He's a little off his mental balance; but if any one could cheer him up and conquer some absurd fancies that seem to have got possession of his brain," the student continued, "he could be brought round all right, you know."

By this time they had arrived at the sick artist's abode—a large, dingy lodging-house—and entered the cheerless vestibule.

Yielding to Alice's suggestion that he should go before and prepare Ernest for her visit, her conductor sprang fleetly up the bare and dusty stairs, leaving her to



A FILIAL REPROOF.

Mamma (to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative): "HUSH, NOEL! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU OFTEN THAT LITTLE BOYS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD?" *Noel:* "YES, MAMMA! BUT YOU DON'T LOOK AT ME!"

A STARTLING PICTURE.—"SHE FOUND HERSELF RAISING THE APPARENTLY LIFELESS HEAD, AND CALLING, IN A VOICE THAT DID NOT SEEM HER OWN, TO SOME PASSING FISHERS FOR AID."—SEE PAGE 749.

follow. She mounted slowly, weighed down by vague and dreadful fears as to the coming interview. Had he fled on discovering himself to be the son of the man who had so frightfully wronged her poor dear father? Had he known the story, and, regardless of its import, sought her side, merely to while away a Summer, then to leave her when most she needed his love? The student, beckoning from an upper landing, cut short her painful reverie. She hastened to join him.

"He is sleeping; and he sleeps so little, the old woman who is nursing him says that it seems a pity to wake him, doesn't it? Perhaps you will wait?"

They stood outside the door, while a common-looking woman, with a kindly pair of eyes, held it ajar and watched their movements.

"I will wait, if you will permit me," said Alice, turning appealingly to the woman, who immediately opened the door, and the former passed into the sick-room, which was clean and fresh, but oh, so wretchedly bare! Besides the narrow bed on which the artist lay, and a small stand and chair, there was not a single article of furniture in the room. But Alice had no thought for aught save the pale sufferer on the meagre couch. And, merciful Father in heaven! could that pallid, wasted creature, with the scarlet fever-spot high on his cheek, his sunken eyes darkly rimmed, and his ruddy lips burnt with consuming heat—could that be the handsome, graceful hero of her girl life—the man of genius, under whose spell her own spirit had risen to higher flights of thought and new realms of delight.

"Hush!" said the nurse, with a troubled look. "I'm afraid he's going to rave again. Poor gentleman, the least sound sets him off; that's why I'm so particular about people coming in to disturb him."

"There! there!" cried Ernest, suddenly breaking forth—"there, don't you see, one step backward, and you are in eternity! For God's sake, heed your position! This is a perilous place to stand. Come down upon the sands, I entreat you, Major Vernon."

Alice dropped into a seat beside the delirious artist. Every word he uttered rang through her heart as she listened—as one must listen when Fate seems to guide

the speech. Moaning and tossing, he uttered only incoherent sounds for a time, then again suddenly he cried out:

"Give me some reason—some reason, I implore you. Do not condemn a man to mad despair for a chance whim. I love your daughter as I do my own soul. My life is open to your scrutiny. If I am unworthy, I pray you tell me so, and I will bear my doom; but do not scorn my suit. Oh, God!—take care, Major Vernon! Great Heavens! he's over, and I—I am his murderer. I might have reached him and dragged him back. Oh, Powers of Darkness! was I tempted to let my enemy—he who swore my father's son should never wed his child—go to destruction, to death!"

Following this terrible outbreak came a fit of shuddering that shook the slender frame like a reed in a whirlwind; but Alice, calm and beautiful as some sweet angel of consolation, arose and put aside the mourning hat and vail she still wore for her father. Then approaching his bed, in her softest, tenderest voice, she spoke the words:

"Ernest, dear Ernest, do you not know me?" Was it a miracle? At the first loving tone, those wandering eyes lost their wildness, and fixed themselves eagerly on the beautiful face. Should she tell him all? Should she trust his poor weak mind with such a burden of relief, and risk its breaking for ever beneath the weight? She had no surgeon to consult—she only asked her own overflowing heart, and followed its dictates. "My father had a stroke of paralysis at Shelter Rock," she said, holding his eyes by hers, and his hand in her own. "He did not die, dear—he did not die then; he lived until the second stroke came, and then expired in his bed." She leant over still more closely, her soft, sweet mouth close to his ear. "I have learnt one thing since his death, Ernest. Your father never wronged mine; but it was your uncle, whose name you bear, who deceived my unhappy parent—and the stroke of paralysis rendered unintelligible the words with which he would have told you his reasons for hating that man."

Her experiment—if an effort of a loving heart to save and restore the object of its fondest affection can be called by so cold a name—was successful. Ernest Lawrence's maddening illusion was over. Mania yielded to the tender spell of Love; and Reason resumed her sway, bringing peace and happiness.

As may be supposed, Ernest had fled from what he supposed to be the scene of a tragedy. All he could recall was the inexplicable attack of Alice's father; his fierce, unfounded denunciations; the curses he hurled at the memory of Ernest's dead parent; and the oath he swore, that the son of such a man should never wed his child.

The painter would have been more than human had he not recoiled from such a terrible invective, and seeing his contemner stagger and fall, even with curses on his lips, his limbs refused to move to the rescue of the enemy, and he believed himself in this way to have been guilty of murdering the father of the one he adored.

He could not meet her after such a deed; his brain reeled, he was no longer capable of reasoning, and he fled. Up and down the world he went, like an innocent Cain, his disordered mind only swaying his movements, and ever producing upon the canvas the fatal scene, until by that very means the evil spell was broken.

When, in the bare and desolate room, and beside the bed from which he thought no more to rise, Alice became the wife of Ernest Lawrence, it was only with the hope that she might thus claim the privilege of removing him to a home of luxury, to watch over and bless his remaining life. She did not dream that happiness was so great a magician, and that she should in a short time find her husband restored to what her lover was; but thus it befell, and he and she are blest so supremely as to forget that they were ever severed by the story of Shelter Rock.

NORTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKES.

By Arthur Dudley Vinton.

Some years ago the writer found, most unexpectedly, that he had much spare time upon his hands, and rather than be idle during those periods, he frequented the libraries and became a student of American history. The libraries to which he had access were rich in books relating to colonial affairs; and in the progress of a very desultory course of reading he was astonished at the frequency with which Mother Earth had been quaking and quivering; for he had hitherto entertained the patriotic but mistaken notion that the United States was more favored than other lands in the stability of her territory, and that New England, in particular, was too firmly founded ever to be visited by an earthquake that amounted to anything serious. Finally, when his reading had taught him the fact that scarcely a week passes without some portion of the United States territory being subject to seismic disturbance, he began to speak about his researches to his friends; and, finding many of them almost as ignorant as he had been, he put down on paper the facts which he gleaned from the books he consulted. There was no lack of authorities: Each natural phenomenon of colonial days impressed itself strongly upon the early settlers, for they looked upon comets and earthquakes, tempests and droughts, Indian wars and pestilences, as direct manifestations of the Almighty or the devil. Pious divines kept alive the memory of these disturbances by giving them, in carefully written, ponderous sermons, a spiritual significance which they lack in more skeptical modern times. And the philosophers and *literati* who lived in the latter half of the last century, and loved to bother their brains about ununderstandable subjects, kept bulky journals, memoirs and minutes, in which they set down such data as they could gather about earthquake shocks. One of these ancient worthies—an LL.D., by name Samuel Williams, and by occupation a professor at Harvard—made an elaborate list of all the New England earthquakes prior to the year 1783. That list, with its accompanying comments, was read before (and printed about 1783 in the *Transactions*) the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston. It is the source from which most subsequent magazine writers have drawn their knowledge of American earthquakes. Adopting it as our guide, the following years are those in which noteworthy earthquakes occurred:

1638—June 1st.	1727—October 29th.
1642—March 5th.	1744—June 3d.
1653—October 29th.	1755—November 18th.
1658— ———	1761—March 12th.
1663—Jan. 26th, 27th, 28th.	1783—November 29th.
1720—January 8th.	1791—May 16th.

The wise men of Dr. Williams's day invented several hypotheses by which natural causes could be made responsible for the tremendous phenomenon of an earthquake, and they gathered from all sources such details of the circumstances attendant upon each seismic disturbance as would support an argument in favor of their own peculiar theories. Thus, the adherent of the mechanical

idea of "slipping rock strata" and "geological faults" was eager to know that the earth rose in some places, fell in others, and was cracked and agitated everywhere. The expositor of the chemical idea, who had a high opinion of the powers of fermenting or decomposing pyrites, was on the lookout for sulphuric vapors, queer smells, boiling waters, volcanic sand and subterranean fires; and the electrical philosopher wished to obtain data relating to the wind and the atmosphere, the movements of the heavenly bodies, comets, aerolites, meteors, and every influence from which he could deduce conclusions favorable to the origin of earthquakes from "that subtle and universal agent, *electron*."

If these researches gave little valuable to science, they certainly contributed information to history.

Dr. Williams was succeeded, as the historian of earthquakes, by the Hon. Samuel L. Mitchill, M.C., and the Boston Society gave place to the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York. These latter in turn were succeeded by the magazines and the magazine contributors, and notably by Professor Rockwood and *Silliman's Journal of Science*. These latter authorities have for the last five years collected full data of all the earthtremors of North America, and the following table shows the number of shocks in each year:

	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.
Canada - - - -	5	6	8	5	8
New England - - -	14	5	3	9	5
Atlantic States - - -	3	6	2	5	9
Mississippi Valley - - -	5	11	11	7	3

Of all these earthquakes, there were but four that were destructive. These were in 1663, 1727, 1755 and 1811. The first three were apparently confined to New England and Canada, but the last was felt over nearly all the country, and was especially violent in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys.

On January 26th, 1663, O. S., "at the shutting in of the evening," an earthquake that was much written about shook up the Pilgrim Fathers, Quakers, Anabaptists and Indians, without distinction of creeds or persons. The shocks occurred at intervals during three days, January 26th, 27th, and 28th, and caused general consternation. The earthquake was preceded by a great roaring noise, and the first shock came about seven o'clock in the evening. The houses rocked violently, dishes were thrown from the shelves, walls were cracked and the tops of chimneys were broken off. Men, women and children ran affrighted out into the streets and open places, and passengers staggered to and fro like men on the deck of a tossing vessel. In Canada the effect of this earthquake was severe indeed. An old narrative thus tells of its occurrence: "About half an hour after five in the evening, a most terrible earthquake began. The heavens being serene, there was suddenly heard a roar like the noise of a great fire. Immediately the buildings were shaken with amazing violence. Doors opened and shut of themselves with a fearful clattering. The bells rang without their ropes being touched. Cracks appeared in the walls of buildings and floors separated and in some cases fell down. Chasms appeared in the fields, and the hills seemed to be in motion. The fright of the inhabitants was shared by the beasts and birds, who sent forth fearful cries, howlings and bellowings.

"The duration of this earthquake was very uncommon. The first shock continued half an hour before it was over, but it began to abate about a quarter of an hour after it began. The same day, about eight o'clock in the evening, there came a second shock, equally violent as the first, and in the space of half an hour there were two others. The next day, about three hours from the morning, there was a violent shock, which lasted a long time, and the next night some counted thirty-two shocks, of which many were violent. Nor did the trembling of the earth cease until the July following.

"The earthquake was attended with some remarkable results. Many trees were torn up, and the outlines of the mountains appeared to be much changed. Many springs and small streams were dried up; in others the waters became sulphurous, and the channels in which some had run were so altered as to be unrecognizable. Half way between Tadousac and Quebec, two hills were thrown down, and formed a point of land which extended half a quarter of a league into the St. Lawrence River. The Island Aux Coudres became larger than before, and the channel of the St. Lawrence was greatly changed."

This earthquake was less violent in New York and Pennsylvania. Williams remarks, "Its course must have been between north and south, probably much the same as in 1638."

Sixty-four years after there came another memorable shock. On the 29th of October, 1727, O. S., at 10:40 P.M., the air being clear and the sky serene, and everything seeming to be in a most perfect calm and tranquillity, a heavy, rumbling noise was heard in the north or northwest. At first it seemed to be at a distance, but it increased until it was thought to be the roar of a blazing chimney near at hand, and at last was likened to the rattling of carriages driven fiercely over pavements. In about half a minute from the time the noise was first heard the earthquake was felt. It was observed by those who were abroad that as the shake passed under them the surface of the earth perceptibly rose up and then sank down again; but as it was somewhat late on Sunday night there were probably not many travelers out of doors.

The violence of the shock, like that of the other great earthquakes, was such as to cause the houses to tremble and rock as if about to fall to pieces. Doors, windows and movable furniture made a fearful clatter. Loose articles, china and pewter were pitched from the shelves; stone walls and the tops of several chimneys were thrown down.

There were various opinions as to the duration of this earthquake. The most probable is that the shake began about half a minute after the roar was first heard, and rose to the greatest violence in about a minute more. Its course, like that of the previous ones, seems to have been from northwest to southeast. It extended from the River Delaware, in Pennsylvania, to the Kennebec, in Maine, being perceptibly felt in both places, though the shock there was slight. It was also felt by vessels at sea.

The greatest violence seems to have been at Newbury, on the Merrimac. There the earth opened and cast up a quantity of sand and ashes mixed with sulphur.

A correspondent of the Royal Society says: "A clergyman in a town about twenty miles from Boston assured me that immediately after the earthquake there was such a stench that the family could scarce bear to be in the house for a considerable time that night."

Rev. Mr. Lowell writes: "About the middle of April (1728) the fine sand that was thrown up in several places in this parish at the first great shock, October 29th, had a very offensive stench—nay, was more nauseous than a

putrefying corpse; yet, in a very little while after, it had no smell at all."

"Rev. Mr. Allin, then minister of Brookline, Mass., took notice of an uncommon change in the water of some wells. "About three days before the earthquake," he says, "there was perceived an ill-stinking smell in the water of several wells. Some searched their wells, but found nothing that might thus affect them. The scent was so strong and offensive, that for eight or ten days they entirely omitted using it. In the deepest of these wells, which was about thirty-six feet, the water was turned to a brimstone color, but had nothing of the smell, and was thick like puddle water." Some wells also dried up just before the earthquake, but filled after the shock had passed. Several shocks were felt in the northern part of New England for some months after October 29th, but they were generally inconsiderable.

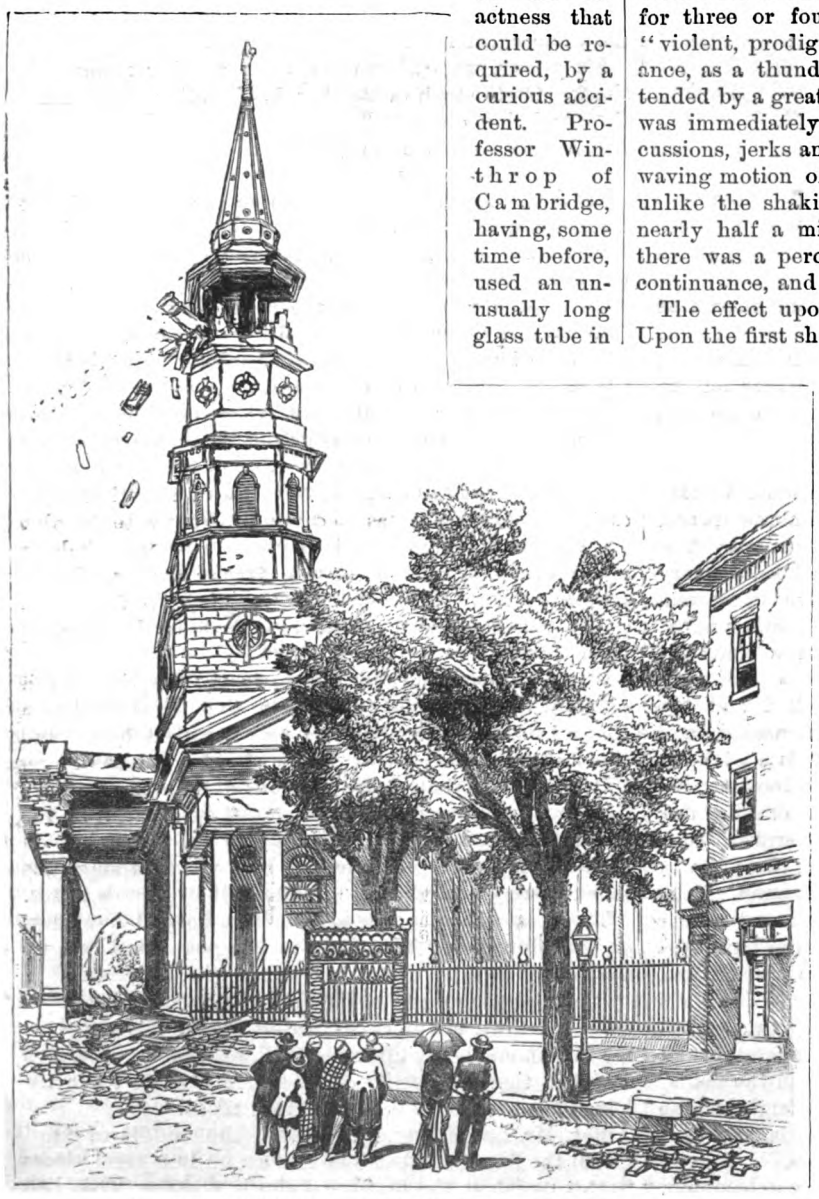
The most violent earthquake ever known in New England was in the year 1755. It came November 18th, at eleven minutes and thirty-five seconds after four o'clock in the morning of a calm, clear night.

The beginning of this earthquake was determined, with all the exactness that could be required, by a curious accident. Professor Winthrop of Cambridge, having, some time before, used an unusually long glass tube in a particular experiment, shut it up in the case of his tall clock for greater security against breakage. This tube, standing nearly perpendicular, was upset by the first motion of the shock, and falling against the pendulum, instantly stopped the clock at the time mentioned. The clock was a good one, and had been adjusted by a meridian line the preceding noon. Professor Winthrop was awakened by the earthquake, but his bed was tossing and the floor was shaking so violently that he did not deem it prudent to walk to the fireplace until the shock was abating. Having then struck a light and lit his candle, he looked at his watch, which had agreed with the clock when he had retired, and found it to be fifteen minutes after four. The jarring was perceptible for about a minute after this, so that the total duration of the earthquake was nearly four and a half minutes.

The shock was preceded by that peculiar rumbling noise or roar frequently the precursor of an earthquake. In about half a minute afterward the surface of the earth seemed to be suddenly raised up, and in subsiding was thrown into a very rapid, jarring, vibratory motion, which acted in a horizontal direction. This motion continued for about a quarter of a minute, and then abated for three or four seconds. Then, all at once, came a "violent, prodigious shock, as suddenly, to all appearance, as a thunderclap breaking upon a house, and attended by a great noise." This severe and sudden shock was immediately succeeded by quick and violent concussions, jerks and wrenches, attended by an undulatory, waving motion of the whole surface of the ground, not unlike the shaking and quaking of a large bog. For nearly half a minute it gradually declined, and then there was a perceptible revival of it, though of short continuance, and so, by degrees, all became quiet again.

The effect upon the people of Boston is vividly told. Upon the first shock many jumped out of their beds and ran into the streets; some lay between the sheets quaking with fear, and afraid to rise; others sprang to the windows, trembling with fright, and seeing, in the dim light that was almost darkness, their friends and neighbors naked, shrieked aloud with the apprehension that the day of judgment had arrived. Others yet thought they heard, among the varied noises, the trumpet of Gabriel sounding, and fell upon their knees and cried out for mercy; some fainted away from fright, and those of the most composed temper expected to be buried beneath the ruins of their houses. Children waked from their sleep, ran crying to their frightened parents; the dogs howled dismally; birds flew into the air with frightened cries, and cattle that were in the fields fled bellowing to the barns and sheds.

In Boston, besides throwing down glass, pewter and other loose articles, about one hundred chimneys were leveled to the roofs of the houses, in some cases breaking through the roof-beams in their fall. About one thousand five hundred were shattered and thrown down in part. Some were broken off several feet below the top, and some, by the



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

suddenness and violence of the shock, were canted an inch or more from the perpendicular. Others, yet, were twisted awry, as if by a circular motion. Many clocks were stopped. The vane on the public market-house was thrown down—the wooden spindle which supported it being broken off at a place where it was 5 inches in diameter and 10 feet in height—yet it had withstood the most violent gusts of wind. A new vane upon one of the churches of the town was bent at the spindle, and a distiller's cistern, made of plank, almost new and very strongly put together, was burst in pieces by the agitation of the liquor in it.

KING STREET, CHARLESTON, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.

Much the same results were observable in the country. At Springfield a metal spindle on one of the churches was bent to a right angle. Through the whole Province of Massachusetts, stone fences, cellar-walls, chimneys and the like were cracked and thrown down. Great alterations were observed in the springs and ponds. In some the quality of the water was changed; in others, the quantity. New springs were opened and old ones dried up.

At Pembroke, Scituate and Lancaster there were chasms in the earth, from which water issued and fine white sand or powdered ashes. Almost immediately after the earthquake numbers of fish came to the surface of the ocean, dead or dying.

On the southwest, this earthquake reached as far as Chesapeake Bay, being, however, felt on the easterly, and not on the westerly, side. At the northeast it was felt as far as Halifax. It was perceived at Lake George, but not at Oswego. Mariners on board of a vessel seventy leagues from Cape Ann thought they had run aground or struck a rock, until, on sounding, they found they were more than fifty fathoms of water.

Nine hours after the great shock was felt in New England an extraordinary motion of the sea happened in the Harbor of St. Martin's, in the West Indies. The sea withdrew, leaving places where there was commonly at least 5 feet of water dry; and then, returning, it rose 6 feet above the ordinary level. On November 22d, at 7:27 at night, and on December 19th at 10 o'clock P.M., in the same year (1755), there were two light shocks, which did no damage.

There were no stone houses and few stone chimneys in the very sparsely settled country that was the centre of the disturbance of 1811.

The following extract summarizes a curious pamphlet printed in Newburyport in 1812. A Mr. Pierce was proceeding on a tour from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and reached the mouth of the Ohio on Friday, December 13th, 1811, and on the evening of the 15th landed on the left bank of the Mississippi, about 116 miles from the mouth of the Ohio. What followed is best told in his own words: "The night was extremely dark and cloudy. Not a star appeared in the heavens, and there was every indication of a severe rain. For the last three days, indeed, the sky had been continually overcast, and the weather unusually thick and hazy.

"It would not be improper to observe that these waters are descended in a variety of small craft, but most generally in flat-bottomed boats, built to serve a temporary purpose, and intended to float with the current, being supplied with oars, not so much to accelerate progress as to assist in navigating the boat and avoiding the numerous bars, trees and timber which greatly impede the navigation of this river. In one of these boats I had embarked, and, the more effectually to guard against anticipated attacks from the savages, who are said to be at present much exasperated against the whites, several boats had proceeded in company.

"Precisely at two o'clock on Monday morning, the 16th instant, we were all alarmed by the violent and convulsive agitation of the boats, accompanied by a noise similar to that which would have been produced by running over a sandbar. Every man was immediately roused and rushed upon deck. We were first of opinion that the Indians, studious of some mischief, had loosed our cables, and thus situated, we were foundering. Upon examination, however, we discovered that we were yet safely and securely moored. The idea of an earthquake then suggested itself to my mind, and this idea was confirmed by a second shock, and two others in immediate succession. These continued for the space of eight minutes.

"So complete and general had been the awful convulsion that a tremulous motion was communicated to the very leaves on the surface of the earth. A few yards from the spot where we lay the body of a large oak was snapped in two, and the falling part precipitated to the margin of the river. The trees of the forest shook like rushes. The alarming clattering of their branches may be compared to the effect produced by a severe wind passing through a large canebrake.

"Exposed to the most unpleasant alternative of remaining where we were for the night or subjecting ourselves to imminent hazard in navigating through the innumerable obstructions in the river, we concluded to remain. At the dawn of day I went on shore to examine the effects of the shocks. The earth about twenty feet from the water's edge was deeply cracked, but no visible injury of moment had been sustained. Fearing, however, to remain longer where we were, it was thought most advisable to leave our landing as expeditiously as possible. This was immediately done. At a few rods' distance from the shore we experienced a fifth shock, more severe than either of the preceding. I had expected this from the lowering appearance of the weather. And it was, indeed, most providential that we had started, for such was the strength of this last shock that the bank to which we were (but a few moments since) attached was rent, and fell into the river, whilst the trees rushed from the forests, precipitating themselves into the water with force sufficient to have dashed us into a thousand atoms.

"It was now light, and we had an opportunity of beholding in full extent all the horror of our situation. During the first four shocks, tremendous and uninterrupted explosions, resembling a discharge of artillery, were heard from the opposite shore. At that time, I imputed them to the falling of the river-banks. This fifth shock explained the cause. Wherever the veins of the earthquake ran there was a volcanic discharge of combustible matter to great heights, an incessant rumbling was heard below, and the bed of the river was excessively agitated, whilst the water assumed a turbid and boiling appearance. Near our boat, a spout of confined air, breaking its way through the waters, burst forth, and, with a loud report, discharged mud, sticks, etc., from the river's bed, at least thirty feet above the surface. These spoutings were frequent, and in many places appeared to rise to the very heavens. Large trees, which had lain for ages at the bottom of the river, were shot up in thousands of instances; some with their roots uppermost and their tops planted; others were hurled into the air; many, again, were only loosened and floated upon the surface. Never was a scene more replete with threatenings of death. With the most lively sense of this awful crisis, we contemplated in mute astonishment a scene which completely beggars description, and of which the most glowing imagination is inadequate to form a picture. Here, the earth, river, etc., torn with furious convulsions, opened in huge trenches, whose deep jaws were instantaneously closed; there, through a thousand vents, sulphurous streams gushed from its very bowels, leaving vast and almost unfathomable caverns. Everywhere nature itself seemed tottering on the verge of dissolution. Encompassed with the most alarming dangers, the manly presence of mind and heroic fortitude of the boatmen were all that saved them. It was a struggle for existence itself, and the meed to be purchased was our lives.

"During the day there was, with very little intermission, a continued series of shocks, attended with innumerable explosions like the rolling of thunder; the bed of the river was incessantly disturbed and the water boiled severely in every part. I consider ourselves as having been in the greatest danger from the numerous instances of boiling directly under our boat; fortunately for us, however, they were not attended with eruptions. One of the spouts which we had seen rising directly under the boat would inevitably have sunk it, and probably have blown it into a thousand fragments. Our ears were constantly assailed with the crashing of timber; the banks were instantaneously crushed down and fell with all their growth into the water. It was no less astonishing than alarming to behold the oldest trees of the forest, whose firm roots had withstood a thousand storms and weathered the sternest tempests, quivering and shaking with the violence of the shocks, whilst their heads were whipped together with a quick and rapid motion. Many were torn from their native soil and hurled with tremendous force into the river; one of these, whose huge trunk was at least three feet in diameter, was thrown better than a hundred yards from the bank, where it was planted in the bed of the river, there to stand a terror to future navigators.

"Several small islands have been already annihilated, and, from appearances, many others must suffer the same fate. To one of these I ventured in a skiff, but it was impossible to examine it, for the ground sunk from my tread and the least force applied to any part of it seemed to shake the whole.

"Anxious to obtain a landing and dreading the high banks, we made for an island which evidenced sensible marks of the earthquake; here we fastened to some willows at the extremity of a sunken piece of land and continued two days, hoping that this scene of horrors was now over; still, however, the shocks continued, though not with the like frequency as before.

"On Wednesday, in the afternoon, I visited every part of the island where we lay. It was extensive and partially covered with willow. The earthquake had rent the ground in large and numerous gaps. Vast quantities of burnt wood in every stage of alteration, from its primitive nature to stove coal, had been spread over the ground to very considerable distances. Frightful and hideous caverns yawned on every side, and the earth's bowels appeared to have felt the tremendous force of the shocks which had thus riven the surface. I was gratified with seeing several places where these spouts, which had so much attracted our wonder and admiration, had arisen. They were generally on the beach, and had left large circular holes in the sand, formed much like a funnel. For a great distance round the orifice vast quantities of coal have been scattered; many pieces weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds were discharged 160 measured paces. These holes were of various dimensions. One of them, which I observed most particularly, was 16 feet in perpendicular depth and 63 feet in diameter at the mouth.

"On Thursday morning, the 19th, we loosed our cables, with hearts filled with fervent gratitude to Providence, whose protection had supported us through the perils to which we had been exposed.

"As we descended the river everything was a scene of ruin and devastation. Where, a short time since, the Mississippi rolled its waters in a calm and placid current, now subterranean forests have been ushered into existence, and raise their heads, hard and black as ebony, above the surface of the water, whose power has been so wonderfully increased that strength and skill are equally baffled. Our boat was borne down by an irresistible impulse, and fortunately escaped uninjured. We passed thousands of acres of land which had been cleft from the main shore and tumbled into the water, leaving their growth waving above the surface. In many places single trees and whole brakes of cane had slipped into the river. A singular instance of this kind peculiarly attracted my observation. A large sycamore had slipped from its station on the bank, and had so admirably preserved its equilibrium that it has been left standing erect

in the water, immersed about ten feet, and has every appearance of having grown there.

"The shocks, I conceive, were most sensibly experienced upon the islands, and numbers of them have been much shattered, for I observed, where the strata of earth were fairest, it did not crack, but undulated excessively. At Fort Pickering, on the extremity of the Fourth Chickasaw Bluff, and 242 miles from the mouth of the Ohio, the land is strong and high. Here, however, the earth was extremely agitated, and the block-house, which is almost a solid mass of hewn timber, trembled like the aspen leaf.

"The obstructions in this river, which already have been quite numerous, are now so considerably increased as to demand the utmost prudence and caution from subsequent navigators. Indeed, I am very apprehensive that it will be almost impassable in flood water, for until such time it will be impossible to say where the currents will hereafter run, what portion (if any) of the present embarrassments will be destroyed, and what new sand-bars, etc., may yet be caused by this portentous phenomenon. *Many poor fellows are undoubtedly wrecked or buried under the ruin of the banks. Of the loss of four boats I am certain.*

"It is almost impossible to trace at present the exact course of this earthquake, or where the greatest injuries have happened. From numerous inquiries, however, which I have made of persons above and below us at the time of the first shock, I am induced to believe that we were very nearly in the height of it. The ruin immediately in the vicinity of the river is most extensive on the right side in descending.

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"Nothing could have exceeded the alarm of the aquatic fowls. They were extremely noisy and confused, flying in every direction without pursuing any determined course. The few Indians who were on the banks of the river have been excessively alarmed and terrified. All nature, indeed, seemed to sympathize in the commotion which agitated the earth. The sun rarely shot a ray through the heavens. The sky was clouded, and a dreary darkness brooded over the whole face of creation. The stars were encircled with a pale light, and the comet appeared hazy and dim. The weather was incessantly varying from oppressive heat to extreme cold, and during many of the shocks some rain fell."

The continuance of this earthquake must render it one of the most conspicuous in seismic history. From the first shock on the 16th, to the last on the 23d of December, or 168 hours, there were eighty-nine shocks, and shocks were also numerous throughout the year 1812.

The recent terrible earthquake in Charleston will, from the damage wrought, become historical. It was the more terrible because the region affected by it had been but little subject to seismic disturbance. Three recorded earthquakes visited that city: on May 19th, 1754, April 4th, 1799, December 16th, 1811. The two earlier ones were so slight as to occasion only the merest reference, but Mr. Mitchill gives the following account of the 1811 earthquake: "In South Carolina the manifestations were more alarming. In Georgetown, the parade-ground of the fort is said to have settled one or two inches. A tub of water standing on a table was upset by the rocking of the building. At Columbia, S. C., the houses appeared to rock as if rocked by the waves of the sea. The South Carolina College appeared to rock to its very foundation, and part of its plaster fell." The students fled from their chambers in their nightshirts. Dogs barked, fowls and animals made a racket. During the first agitation it was observed that the air felt as if impregnated with a vapor, which lasted for some time.

"At Charleston, S. C., the shock was felt a little before three o'clock. Its duration was conjectured to have been between two and three minutes. For an hour previous, though the air was perfectly calm and several stars were visible, there was at intervals of about five minutes a rumbling noise, like that of distant thunder, which increased in violence of sound just before the shock was felt, The vibration of St. Philip's steeple caused the clock-bell to ring about ten seconds. Two other shocks were felt afterward; one a little before eight, and the other about a quarter of an hour after. Both these were shorter and slighter than the first. Many of the family clocks were stopped by the concussions. In many wells the water was considerably agitated. . . The houses were so much moved that many persons were induced to rise from their beds. . . In many persons the motion produced nausea."

In *Silliman's American Journal of Science* (vol. 39, p. 336,) is a reference to an earthquake, simultaneous with the explosion of a meteor on February 2d, 1766; but there is no mention of it in any other book to which the writer has had access. It is, however, worthy of note that in a volume published by the South Carolina State Board of Agriculture (1883), it is stated, "Along a line running northeast, near Allston, on the Greenville Railroad, during the months of drought, tremors were observed and ascribed to slight shocks of earthquake."

As has been previously stated, there are four theories upon which earthquakes have been accounted for: The *theological*, ascribing them to supernatural causes; the *mechanical*, ascribing them to the slipping of rock-strata; the *chemical*, which relies upon chemical changes in the minerals that the earth's surface contains; and, finally, the *electric* theory. Each has its followers and expositors; but seismology is yet in its infancy, and the causes producing these terrible illnesses of Mother Earth cannot yet be stated with any certainty. We must learn more of the effects produced and of attendant phenomena before we can lay down the natural laws governing seismic disturbances.

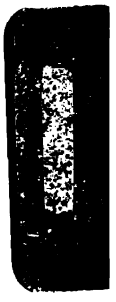
In conclusion, the writer would call attention to the descriptive scale used by the scientists of to-day in describing and recording seismic shocks:

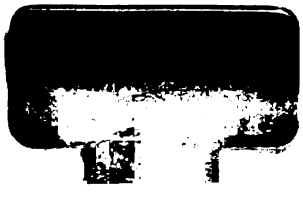
I. *Very light*—Noticed by a few persons, but not generally felt.
II. *Light*—Felt by a majority of persons; rattling windows, crockery, etc.
III. *Moderate*—Sufficient to set suspended objects, as chandeliers, etc., swinging, and to overthrow light objects favorably placed.
IV. *Strong*—Sufficient to crack the plaster in houses, or to throw down bricks from chimneys.
V. *Severe*—Overthrowing chimneys or walls, and injuring some buildings.
VI. *Destructive*—Causing general destruction of buildings, etc.

Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to receive full information of the earthquake shock that was so destructive in Charleston. There can be, however, little question that the general interest which has been excited thereby will promote the gathering of facts concerning earthquake phenomena and promote the study of seismology.

HAPPINESS cannot rest till it has created for itself a claim to happiness; therefore it is a truth that whosoever esteems himself is esteemed by others.

TITIAN'S "BELLA," IN THE PITTI GALLERY AT FLORENCE.





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